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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1855.

THE MONARCH OF MOUNTAINS.



ASCENDING THE MUR DE LA COTE.

"Mont Blanc is the mountain of mountains,
They crowned him long ago."—BYRON.

DURING the present century, when tours have become extremely infectious, the wild and wondrous scenery of Europe's monarch of mountains has attracted a great share of attention. Mont Blanc has become a kind of Mecca for the worshippers of the grand in nature. It is true that the number of persons who have succeeded in planting their feet upon the snows of its summit—the highest point of a continent—is surprisingly small; but we have very many descriptions of its awful crevasses, shining glaciers, and tremendous precipices, and books, lectures, and panoramas have been extensively employed to convey to the world some conception of these wonders. We believe that this monarch deserves all the homage he receives, and that we have yet much to learn in regard to his sublime peculiarities.

Mont Blanc is situated within the limits of Savoy, but all its approaches are from the side of Switzerland. Tourists who intend visiting the great mountain generally proceed to Geneva. The views between that city and Mont Blanc, which lies to the westward, present all that is wild and beautiful in Alpine scenery. The valley of Chamouni is reached by the traveller after a journey of eighteen leagues from Geneva, through the districts of Cablais and Faucigny. This valley is said to have been *discovered* in 1741, by Pococke and Windham; that is, those English travellers first made its grandeur and beauty known to Europe. It forms a long and narrow dell, through which the Aveyron impetuously flows, and above which rises, like a stupendous wall, Mont Blanc, with all its attendant mountains. The valley being nearly three thousand four hundred feet above the sea, Mont Blanc towers more than twelve thousand feet

above, and, with its attendants of Dôme de Gorite, Col de Géant, and La Côte, shoots numerous pinnacles into the clouds. By these giants Chamouni is, as it were, inclosed from the rest of the world.

The pines and larches which clothe the west end of the valley give it a sombre appearance, and this effect is increased by the unvaried snows of Mont Blanc which hang over it. But, after passing the village called the Prieuré, the scene changes, and to this dreary magnificence succeeds a series of majestic pyramids, called *Aiguilles*, or needles, of astonishing height, and too steep to permit the snows to rest on them at any season. The valley, which becomes narrower, is richly ornamented with trees, and the river, rushing between finely clothed rocks and precipices, gives life and beauty to the scene. The little village of Argentiere, with its church and glittering spire, and the two *Aiguilles* above it, together with the cheerful appearance of cultivation, form a landscape sublimely picturesque. The glaciers descend almost to the bottom of the valley, presenting the appearance of lakes frozen during a storm.

Tourists generally ascend Montanvert first, to enjoy a comprehensive view of the astonishing scenery. To behold, however, Mont Blanc in all its glory, it is necessary, by a rugged and perilous route, to ascend the Breven on the opposite side of the valley. The neighboring summits of the Col de Balme and the Buet also afford fine views of the mountain king, arrayed in his robes of shining snow. But a task, sufficient to appal ordinary minds, remains for the person who would stand upon the summit of Mont Blanc and survey the full grandeur of this wonderful region—a task which few have had the daring to attempt, and still fewer the resolution to surmount.

The first person who is known to have encouraged attempts to ascend Mont Blanc was Horace Benedict de Saussure, who was born at Geneva on the 17th of February, 1740. Soon after he became of age, this gentleman was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in the college of his native city. He had a passion for mountains from his earliest years, and, before he was eighteen, had ascended every mountain of importance in the vicinity of Geneva. At length, in 1760, alone and on foot, he visited the glacier of Chamouni. At that time, there was not a decent inn in the valley, and around the Priory, where about two thousand inhabitants are now residing, there were only a few miserable dwellings.

During his earliest visits to Chamouni, De

Saussure cast longing eyes towards the summit of Mont Blanc. Then was born a desire which was destined to remain ungratified for many years afterwards. For a while, he felt convinced that the summit of the great mountain was inaccessible; yet he made it generally known that he would handsomely reward any one who would discover a practicable route to that lofty point.

The guide of Professor de Saussure, Pierre Simac, tried the ascent twice—once by the Tacal, passing up the glacier, and once by the Glacier des Bossons—but he returned, despairing of success. Notwithstanding this disappointment, in 1775 four Chamouni peasants started with the intention of trying to reach the summit by the mountain of La Côte, the ridge which divides the Glacier des Bossons from that of Taconnay. These got on tolerably well for a short distance; but, on entering a vast valley of snow, which seemed near the summit, they suffered so acutely from a feeling of heat and suffocation, coupled with general nausea and utter exhaustion, that they were compelled to return.

The want of success did not check the spirit of adventure. In 1783, Jean Marie Coutel, Lombard Menier, and Joseph Carrier attempted the ascent. They passed the night on the summit of La Côte. The next day they had attained a great elevation, when the hardest man of the party was seized with a drowsiness, and the others were compelled to return with him.

About this time a friend of De Saussure, named M. Bourrit, of Geneva, attempted the ascent of Mont Blanc. But a sudden storm drove him back. He was not deterred, however, from renewing the effort. Two chamois hunters informed him of a new route. He engaged them as guides, and started up the mountain. But he was soon exhausted. One of the hunters went on, and, upon his return, reported that he had been as far as the foot of the dome of Mont Blanc. De Saussure determined to try this new route, and M. Bourrit accompanied him in the ascent—autumn, 1785. The party passed the night on a sheltered ledge at the foot of the *Aiguille du Goûté*. The next day, they climbed the mountain for about five hours, when one of the guides—Pierre Balmat—reported that the snow was in such a treacherous state that it would not be advisable to proceed. The attempt was abandoned; but De Saussure improved the occasion to make some valuable barometrical observations.

The true route to the summit of Mont Blanc

was not discovered until the summer of 1786. The indomitable De Saussure determined to follow up his enterprise by the route of the Aiguille du Goûté. He therefore engaged Pierre Balmat to build up a stone cabin on one of the shelves of the Aiguille. In the execution of this service, Pierre Balmat, Marie Coutel, and another guide climbed the Aiguille on the 8th of June, 1786, and, with much difficulty and suffering, reached the top of the Dome du Goûté. Here they met François Paccard and three other guides, who had ascended by La Côte. Of the two routes, the preference was given, without hesitation, to La Côte. The parties united and continued the ascent. After traversing a large plain of snow, and gaining a huge ridge which connected the top of Mont Blanc with the Dome du Goûté, they found it impossible to proceed, and therefore turned their steps downward.

The discoverer of the true route was with the party, but not of it. He had followed them against their will. When they turned to descend, they did not deign to tell poor Jacques Balmat of their intention. While searching for some crystals, he lost sight of them just as the snow fell and obliterated their traces. The storm increased in fury, and Jacques resolved, in preference to a dark and solitary descent, to spend the night where he had been left—fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. He had no food, and was poorly clad. He got under the lee of a rock, and contrived to heap against it sufficient snow to form a kind of niche, into which he crept, and blockaded himself from the storm. There he passed that awful night. When morning dawned, the storm had cleared away. Balmat found that his feet were frost-bitten; but he could move them without pain. As soon as the sun arose, the brave fellow determined to devote the day to efforts to discover a practicable route to the summit of the mountain. His daring was rewarded. He found that, if the crevices that border the Grand Plateau were once crossed, the path to the top of Mont Blanc was clear; and he then traced out the route which has, with some slight variations, been pursued ever since, and which is undoubtedly the only practicable one. Balmat returned to Chamouni the same evening, thoroughly exhausted. He took to his bed, and did not leave it for some weeks.

The gallant discoverer kept his secret close, until, nerved with gratitude to Dr. Paccard, the village physician, for his kind attentions, the line of the route was revealed. On the 7th of August, Dr. Paccard and Jacques Balmat, now perfectly recovered, started for the summit of

Mont Blanc. They pursued the route by La Côte, and slept on the summit of that ridge. Before daybreak the next morning, they were on the march again. Paccard suffered severely from cold and fatigue; but Balmat contrived to sustain the doctor's courage. After surmounting terrible difficulties, they arrived at the summit about sunset. There they remained half an hour in full view of a number of Chamouniards, who had climbed the Breola to watch their progress. Returning, they reached their night bivouac by midnight. On the following morning, they reached Chamouni in safety, but completely exhausted.

De Saussure, being informed of this bold achievement, resolved to make another attempt to accomplish that which had become a chief object of his ambition. The next July, Balmat, with two other guides, reached the summit in safety; and, on the 3d of August, 1787, De Saussure, accompanied by his servant and eighteen guides, succeeded in standing upon the top of Mont Blanc.

The enthusiastic professor has left us a full account of his adventure. The route he adopted differs slightly from that now pursued by travellers. The Glacier des Bossons lies in a steep valley between two ridges of rock. The one to the left is formed by a huge buttress of the Aiguille du Midi; and the ascent is now commenced through the steep *Forêt des Pelerins*, which clothes its lower side. The ridge to the right is called the *Montagne de la Côte*. Along this latter ridge De Saussure's caravan began the ascent. There was no difficulty or danger in the early part of the journey, and the party reached the summit of La Côte, about 9500 feet above the level of the sea, in six hours. There they remained during the night. The next morning the journey was resumed, and about nine o'clock the party breakfasted upon the lofty rocks, known as the *Grand Mulets*. Between that point and the summit Mont Blanc forms three stupendous steps, from 800 to 1000 feet in depth, termed *Les Moulets*, the highest platform being called the *Grand Plateau*. On the second of the steps, De Saussure and his party passed the night. They suffered greatly from the rarefaction of the air and raging thirst. The next day, with immense toil, they reached the summit. There they remained four hours, during which time the professor made some interesting experiments. At length the sufferings of the party became intolerable, and they commenced the descent. At the *Grand Mulets* they bivouacked, and passed the third night upon the mountain. The next day, they descended



BIVOUAC ON THE GRAND MULETS.

safely to Chamouni. The name of De Saussure is indissolubly connected with Mont Blanc. He was one of the first to achieve the ascent, and, of all the adventurers, he seems to have been the most accurate observer of matters important in a scientific point of view.

During 1788, M. Bourrit, Colonel Beaufoy, Mr. Woodley, an Englishman, and Mr. Camper, a native of Holland, attempted to reach the summit of Mont Blanc. They attained a great elevation; but the intense cold disabled some of them, and compelled the whole party to return. Fourteen years then elapsed before another ascent was achieved. On the 10th of August, 1802, M. Forneret, of Lausanne, and Baron Doorhesea, a German, reached the summit, after suffering dreadfully from the rarefaction of the air. In 1809, Maria Pavodis, wife of a guide, ascended to the top of Mont Blanc, in company with Victor Tairraz. She was the first female who accomplished the astonishing feat. In 1812, M. Rodatz, of Hamburg, gained the summit. In 1818, Count Mateyski succeeded; and, in the following year, two Americans, Dr. Russell and Mr. Howard, and one Englishman, Captain Underhill, were triumphant over the difficulties of the ascent.

In 1820, a frightful accident occurred to a party upon Mont Blanc. Dr. Hamel, an Englishman in the employ of the Emperor of Russia,

determined to ascend the great mountain for the purpose of making some philosophical observations. Two other Englishmen and twelve guides formed the party. They reached the Grand Mulets in safety. There they were detained by bad weather a night and a day. Continuing their journey, they reached the Grand Plateau, and were about to cross a long slope which led to Mount Maudit, when the snow gave way. At the foot of the slope was a crevasse of immense depth. Three of the guides, Pierre Carrier, Pierre Balmat, and Auguste Tairraz, were carried into this chasm and buried beyond all recovery. The rest of the party made an extremely narrow escape. This catastrophe was sufficient to check the expedition, and Dr. Hamel and his sorrowful comrades returned to Chamouni.

After the accident to Dr. Hamel's party, no attempt was made to ascend Mont Blanc until August, 1822, when Mr. Frederick Clissold reached the summit. Subsequently, a great many attempts were made. Mr. Jackson, an Englishman, who ascended September 4, 1823, was the first adventurer who, having reached the summit, descended the same day to Chamouni. He accomplished the entire journey within thirty-seven hours. In July, 1827, Sir Charles Fellows and Mr. Hawes struck out a new route above the Plateau, which, although

It encountered the terrible *Mur de la Côte*, avoided all the avalanche dangers of the old line. This is the one that has ever since been followed. Mademoiselle Henriette d'Angeville was the second female who reached the top of Mont Blanc. She ascended on the 3d of September, 1838, surmounted all difficulties and dangers with astonishing courage, and, when on the summit, made the guides lift her up on their shoulders, that she might say she had been higher than anybody else. She is said to have experienced less inconvenience from the rarefaction of the air than the majority of those who have stood upon the summit of Mont Blanc.

One of the most observant and intelligent of recent adventurers upon Mont Blanc was Mr. Albert Smith, a gentleman of considerable reputation in the literary world. His narrative of his visit to the valley of Chamouni is very entertaining, and his account of the ascent of the great mountain is the most vivid we have yet seen. He visited the glaciers named, from the villages near which they terminate, Taconnay, Gris, Bossons, Bois, Tour, and Argentière. The glacier Du Bois is by far the most considerable of these, the upper part forming the celebrated *Mer de Glace*, said to resemble a frozen sea furrowed with waves. Among the celebrated spots which Mr. Smith and most other tourists to Mont Blanc have visited, is the "*Jardin*," a small verdant patch in the centre of the Glacier du Taléfol, amidst the perpetual snow, and eight thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The journey to this curious spot should only be undertaken by persons of steady nerve, as imminent dangers abound upon the path. In crossing the broad glaciers, the greatest caution is necessary, as the footing is treacherous, and a single false step may prove fatal. The "*Jardin*" is a favorite resort of the chamois hunters, in consequence of being the nearest pasturage for the game during the autumnal season. Mr. Smith informs us that the excursion to this point "abounds with novel and stupendous effects." From it a glorious view of the *Mer de Glace* and other grand features of scenery may be obtained, while the singularity of so verdant a place existing high up in the midst of a wilderness of snow and ice adds to the charm.

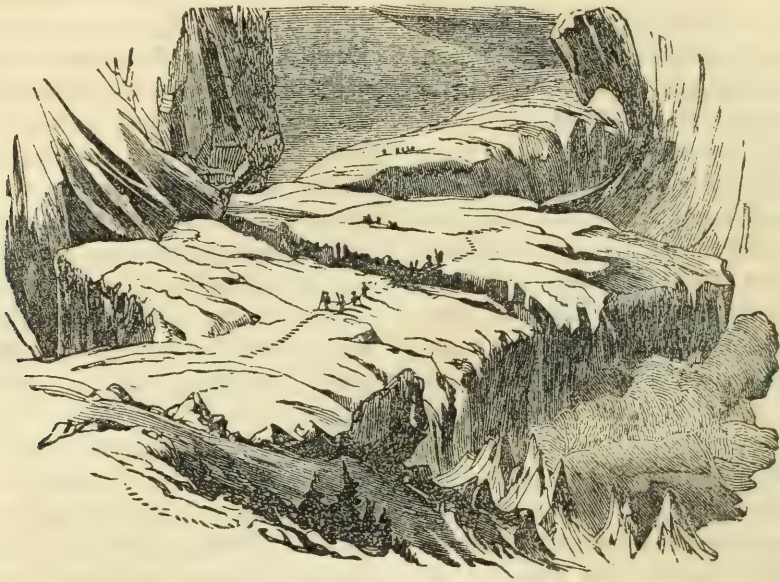
Mr. Albert Smith ascended Mont Blanc in August, 1851. He underwent no training for the tremendous adventure, but started a few days after leaving his toil at the desk, and after having experienced a short illness. The party consisted of Mr. Smith, three young gentlemen,

and the following guides: Jean Tairraz, elder, Jean Tairraz, Jean Carrier, Gedeon Balmat, Michael Couttel, Frederick Tairraz, Pierre Cachat, Michael Couttel, François Cachat, Joseph Tairraz, Joseph Tissay, Edward Carrier, Michael Devonassond, Auguste Devonassond, François Favret, and one other guide whose name is not recorded. They were well provided in every respect, and porters accompanied them a considerable distance, to carry the provisions.

The first two hours of the ascent presented no remarkable features either of difficulty or prospect. The steep path ran upwards through a stunted copse of pines and shrubs. Proceeding in single file, the party at length reached the last habitation on the mountain, called the *Chalet de la Pava*. From this point the vegetation gradually became more scanty. At an enormous block of granite, called the *Pierre Pointue*, the party rested, and the knapsacks were readjusted, to prepare for the more perilous part of the ascent. They had now to climb along one of the ridges that hem in the glaciers, in order to gain the ice. This part of the journey is said to require a strong head. The path is narrow, and upon one side is a precipice, down which few dare to look. The party descended into a ravine, and after a toilsome scramble among loose boulders, gained the second station of the journey, a huge rock called *Pierre à l'Echelle*, under which a ladder is left from one year's end to the other, and is carried on by the guides, to assist them in passing the crevices on the glacier.

The edge of the ice was still half an hour's walk beyond *Pierre à l'Echelle*. The party was so delighted with the view from the rock, and the exhilarating pureness of the air, that they remained there a short time, to eat a hearty meal and recruit their strength. Starting again, they were soon at the famous Glacier des Bossons, where they bade good-by to sure footing for the rest of the journey. If the crust of the snow is hard, the first part of the walk across this glacier is easy enough. Mr. Smith's party marched in single file, the guides taking the lead by turns. The dazzling whiteness of the snow, and the intense blue of the sky, were observed with surprise. Such was the blinding character of the light, that the veils and glasses usually worn by those who attempt the ascent were found to be great comforts. By degrees the road became more difficult. At length the glacier became so broken, and the crevices so frequent, that the guides tied the party together, leaving a space of about eight feet between each two men.

The Glacier des Bossons is described as presenting more of the wild and awful in its upper



CROSSING A CREVICE IN THE GLACIER DES BOSSONS.

portion than even the famous Mer de Glace. The alternate action of the nightly frost and the afternoon sun produces the most astonishing effects. Huge bergs, treacherous ridges, and awful crevices are frequent. The fissure that can be easily crossed one day becomes the next a yawning crevice of tremendous depth. The most experienced guide can have no fixed route over this terrible plain of ice.

Mr. Smith's party made slow progress. The guides astonished the strangers by their daring leaps and sure-footedness, which the latter did not see proper to imitate. Where the crevice was small, all jumped over it, but where it was three or four feet in breadth, a bridge was made of the ladder, and they walked over on the rounds. One scramble is described as rather frightful. There was a valley of ice, very narrow, but of unknown depth. Along the middle of this there ran a cliff, also of ice, very narrow at the top, and ending suddenly, the surface of which was fifteen feet lower than the top of the valley on either side. The feet of the ladder were set firmly on the neck of the cliff, and the other end leaned against the wall of ice. Even then the top round was seven or eight feet below the top of the wall. One of the young guides went first with his axe, and contrived to get safely to the top. If he had fallen, he would have pulled the whole party down to destruction, as all were tied together. Over safe, he helped his comrades to ascend. Mr. Smith cut his wrist while being drawn up. This was the only accident that befell him during the journey. At this formidable crevice, the porters refused to proceed any further, and set off on their way

back to Chamouni. The party of adventurers was now on the ridge which divides the Glacier de Bossons from that of Taconnay. They proceeded with difficulty, but in the middle of the afternoon, they reached the famous place for a night bivouac—the lofty, conical rocks called the Grand Mulets. Here, according to Mr. Smith, they not only recruited their strength, but kept “high festival,” eating, drinking, singing, and racing bottles down the glaciers. Sunset and night, as seen from this lofty station on Mont Blanc, are described by the enthusiastic adventurer who headed the party, as beautiful beyond all the visions evoked by opium or hashish.

A little before midnight the guides began preparations for a renewal of the ascent. The bulk of the provisions was left upon the Grand Mulets. The morn being low, lanterns were brought into use. The march from the great rocks to the foot of the Grand Plateau is described as the heaviest part of the journey. About half-past three in the morning, the party stood safely upon the plateau. Two or three miles of nearly level walking succeeded, during which our adventurers had much difficulty in keeping themselves tolerably warm. Although physically the easiest, this was the most treacherous part of the ascent. A flake of snow, or a chip of ice, whirled from the summit, and increasing in size as it rolled down the mountain, might, at any moment, have swept the whole party into the same awful crevice in which Dr. Hamel's guides perished.

At length Mr. Smith and his friends arrived under the shelter of the Rochers Rouges, and



THE CREVICE IN THE GLACIER DU TACCONAY.

then they were in comparative safety. Here, however, one of the party gave out, being seized with vomiting and bleeding at the nose. A guide was left to take the sufferer back to the Grand Mulets, and the remainder of the party continued the ascent. From the foot of the Rochers Rouges there runs a huge and slanting buttress of ice, round which the party had to climb from the northeast to the east. Above, it terminated in a mighty cliff; below, it terminated suddenly in an edge, which was believed to be the border of a great crevice. Every step of the way had to be hewn out with an axe. After a half-hour's work, the adventurers reached an undulating field of ice, looking straight down the Glacier du Tacul towards the upper part of the Mer de Glace. At this point, Mr. Smith was strangely affected with a sensation of drowsiness and the wildest fantasies. He proceeded on, however, until the party arrived at the foot of the terrible Mur de la Côte, where he sat down, and said the others might go on without him if they chose. Of course, they would not consent. The guides, being used to such cases, set him on his legs again, and aided him in what was really the most difficult part of the ascent.

The Mur de la Côte is described as an almost perpendicular wall of ice, four or five hundred feet high. At one point it can be reached from

the snow; but immediately after you begin to ascend it obliquely, there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice more frightful than anything yet passed in the ascent. A single slip of the foot, and there is no chance for life. Every footstep had to be cut. Even the guides crept over the glistening ice with extreme caution. At length the foot of the *calotte*, or cap of Mont Blanc, was reached. The danger was over, but not the labor, for this dome of ice was difficult to climb. Mr. Smith was almost overcome with drowsiness during this, the last part of the ascent. He has but an indistinct recollection of its incidents. Soon afterwards, the batons were stuck in the ground. The party stood upon the top of Mont Blanc!

Mr. Smith informs us that the rarefaction of the air was nothing in comparison with what he had anticipated. The guides could drink champagne, and smoke their pipes very comfortably; and they experienced no difficulty in breathing. Their faces, however, had a singular dark appearance, the result of congestion. The height greatly takes away from the interest of the view from the summit of this great mountain. All the great points in the neighborhood of Chamouni—the Buet, the Aiguille Verte, the Col du Bonhomme, and even the Bernese Alps stand forth clear enough, but the other second class

mountains seem like mere ridges. The lofty Brevent can scarcely be distinguished, and many of the Aiguilles are weak or merged in the landscape. The entire length of the Lake of Geneva, with the Jura beyond, is clearly defined, and beyond these may be seen the faint blue hills of Burgundy. On the southeast, you may look down on the Jardin, along the same glacier by which the visitor to the Couverele lets his eye travel to the summit of Mont Blanc. Away over the Col de Géant may be seen the plains of Lombardy. Of the entire *coup d'œil*, however, no descriptive power can convey even a faint conception.

The descent of Mr. Smith's party was attended with much amusement. They occupied about three hours and a half in reaching the Grand Mulets, making their progress by sliding, tumbling, and short cuts. After refreshing themselves at the Grand Mulets, they continued the descent. Upon the Glacier des Bossons they encountered the greatest danger of the whole journey. The surface had melted into a perfect sludge. Every minute the bridges over the crevices were falling in, and the adventurers sank almost to their waists at every step they took. The guides insisted on tying the party together. All proceeded with extreme toil and difficulty. At length they reached the granite

rock of Pierre à l'Echelle, and from that point the descent was mere play. The party was received at Chamouni with every manifestation of joy at the success of the expedition, and, for the time, Mr. Smith and his friends were the lions of the place. The expenses of the journey were summed up at 2338 francs and 75 centimes, which was a small amount, considering the number of the party and the character of their equipment.

The number of visitors to Mont Blanc increases in proportion to the improvement of the facilities of travel. Every season the hotels at Chamouni entertain persons from all parts of Europe, and some portions of America. The number of those who attempt the ascent is surprisingly few; but the wonders of the valley, which are far beyond everything of the kind to be seen in Europe, are attractions sufficient to render it a favorite resort for the admirers of the grand and beautiful in nature. To those who dare not attempt to stand upon the crown of Mont Blanc, the Brevent, the Mer de Glace, the numerous Aiguilles, and the beautiful banks of the Arve, offer charms which few persons of sensibility can resist. Let all who can, visit the valley of Chamouni, and render homage to a greater than Olympus, Mont Blanc, "the monarch of mountains."

THE COSMETIC.

A SKETCH OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

THAT a slight event has sometimes made or marred the happiness of a life-time is a fact, doubtless, familiar to all who have read or observed much. Mohammed's life was saved by the flight of a bird, and Bruce drew from a spider's perseverance the energy and resolution to fight his last triumphant battles. If the destiny of those with whom the destinies of nations are involved is influenced by what seems to us such mere trifles, it is not difficult to imagine that the fate of little people often hangs upon a circumstance in itself most trivial and unimportant.

In one of the pleasantest streets of New Orleans stands the residence of Mr. Davis Bertram. It is only necessary to enter it to see that every luxury or comfort that taste could select or wealth procure has been employed to fill and ornament the rooms and halls, all spacious, airy,

and elegant. Into the softly shaded apartments the fresh cool air of morning finds its way through clustering vines and shadowing trees, and leaves everywhere traces of its wanderings over the perfumed orange groves and jessamine flowers around. All through the house, in the halls, on the veranda, or in the luxurious drawing-rooms, the light tones and laughter, and the little tripping feet of children, make a never-ceasing domestic melody. If any visitor, puzzled by the ubiquity of these household treasures, should take the trouble to gather them all in one group, he would find that five little Bertrams—"her little steps," Mrs. Bertram called them—were all that were necessary to keep up from morning till night a chattering and pattering, that ended only when sleep had laid its soft calmness over each little foot and tongue.

Five prettier children it would have been hard

to find. And so evidently the mother thought; for the most delicate muslins, and softest laces, and purest linens set off to the best advantage each little one.

If you would like to pay Mrs. Bertram an unceremonious visit, you need not look for her in the drawing-rooms, with their elegant curtains, their soft, rich carpets, and their comfortable lounges and chairs; neither would you be any more likely to find her in the library, filled though it is with books of every sort, and with a few exquisite pictures hanging against its walls, seeming to invite you to an intellectual kind of dream-life. But Mrs. Bertram is not a reading woman; and, besides her five cherubs that have the range of the house, there is another very little cherub that only perpetrated its first smile a week ago. It lies all the day in the nursery, doubling its rose-bud of a fist, and kicking its equally rosy feet in a way that seems to Mrs. Bertram, who has seen the same phenomenon only five times before in her life, always new, curious, interesting, and delightful.

The nursery has been for the last few years Mrs. Bertram's principal abiding place. But she does not look in the least worn or harassed. She has a fair and matronly kind of beauty, and as she bends over her youngest darling, and tries by all kinds of maternal blandishments to win from it another dawn of a smile, you can see on her placid brow, and by the tranquil light of her eye and her sweet smile, that cares and time have touched her lightly.

In another street, but a little distance from the one in which Mr. Bertram lives, stands a row of low squalid buildings. In one of the smallest and most confined rooms in the poorest of these houses sits a woman busily sewing. The garment she is making is evidently not for herself. People that live in such places do not wear linen of a texture so fine, nor laces so exquisitely delicate. She sews hurriedly and rapidly, for she knows that when that haggard and stern-looking man, who lies stretched on the poor pallet they call a bed, rouses himself from the deep sleep of intoxication, she will have to lay aside the work by which she procures food for both, to administer to the immediate wants of one whose demands are always insisted on with unfeeling pertinacity.

As her fingers move steadily, she thinks of her four children, two of whom are in their graves, and the other two removed from the degrading influence of their father's example, and from the heavy pressure of poverty, by the care of kind relatives, who would do the same service for the wife, if she would consent to

leave her worthless husband. She made the attempt once, but was recalled to his side by hearing that he was suffering under a severe attack of fever, and could never be persuaded to leave him again. Truly there is a love stronger than death.

But for one of those trivial mischances which exercise so great an influence over our lives, Mrs. Bertram would have been in the place of that poor toiler with her needle, instead of living as she did in the midst of all the blessedness of affluence and affection.

My first acquaintance with Henrietta Williams was on the occasion of Virginia Percy's marriage to Lieutenant Marshall. She was to have three bridesmaids—her sister Ellen, Henrietta Williams, a distant relative of the family, and myself. According to appointment, we assembled at Mr. Percy's three or four days before the wedding, to keep up the spirits of the bride elect, and to prevent her from sinking under the crisis of her destiny, that was impending over her in all its awful and irrevocable certainty.

It is no slight matter to prepare for a wedding where there are no confectioners or professed cooks and well-drilled waiters to be found, and Mrs. Percy was quite overwhelmed with the manifold duties that devolved upon her. Besides the general superintendence of the bridal paraphernalia, and of all the ordinary offices of the household, there was an enormous table, the whole length of a very large dining-room, that was to be heaped up with all manner of delicacies, besides a large side-table, on which the substantial part of the supper, the hams, chickens, ducks, and other things of the kind, were to be placed.

Ellen Percy, Henrietta, and myself took upon ourselves the management of the lighter and more ornamental portion of the arrangements. Virginia made a show of assisting us; but, having proved her incapacity by a series of blunders, she was, with one accord, requested not to make another attempt to be useful, seeing that in every instance disaster had followed her like a shadow. She hurried out of the dining-room to avoid the raillery that was showered upon her, and took refuge in her own room, where she remained, for the greater part of the day, in a sort of mazy, but happy kind of state, in which her own thoughts seemed to be to her such satisfactory companions that any interruption from us of the outer world was a thing to be endured with a gentle patience, but not sought or appreciated.

Henrietta Williams was rather a pretty girl, but quiet and reserved. She seldom spoke un-

less she was addressed, and appeared quite absorbed in her occupations.

Late in the afternoon she slipped away from us, and I saw her walking down the broad straight path that led to the gate. As I gazed after her in some surprise at her choice of a solitary walk, at an age when all are generally inclined to sociability of the warmest kind, I noticed that she turned off into a side path that led into the woods. It was winter, though the warm, bright days laughed in our faces as we called them by that cold name, and, through the bare branches and trunks of the trees, I could long distinguish the waving folds of the light gray cashmere as it floated in and out, while its wearer steadily pursued an onward course into the deepest depths of the discrowned woods. At last it entirely disappeared, and then I fell into a self-reproachful train of thought.

"How could I," thought I to myself, "allow Miss Williams to go by herself so far? She is pale; doubtless she is not well, and the physicians have prescribed exercise. She is timid, evidently, and would not like to ask any of us to accompany her, as we are so busy. Virginia and Ellen are really too much occupied to think of it. But I was doing nothing. It was very stupid in me to stand staring after her out of the window, instead of running out to overtake her."

After I had brought myself into a meek and humble state of mind, I was roused from my self-upbraidings by a summons to witness the triumphant success of some culinary experiment, and confess that, in the excitement and delight consequent thereupon, I entirely forgot Henrietta and her solitary walk.

As far as visitors were concerned, our days passed very quietly. It was an understood matter that no gentleman was to be admitted to the house to divert our attention from our important duties; and the ladies of the neighborhood had too much discretion to call at such a busy time. And all day long we were really kept quite hard at work. Our evenings were spent round a large fire in a room which had been appropriated to Virginia and her bridesmaids. Here Ellen took it upon herself to do the honors. She was almost seventeen, and she bore the burden of so many years with a spirit and self-reliance that were truly refreshing. The rest of us were a year or two older, and were already beginning to think it necessary to be a little grave and discreet. But for Ellen, we should have sat still and conversed in a proper and sentimental manner suited to the occasion; but she set us upon all kinds of queer experiments.

After telling us ghost stories and robber stories, and tales of witchcraft and murder, until we hardly dared to look behind us, she proposed a number of charms by which those of us whose destiny was still undecided might discover who their future husband was to be. We spent a long evening trying to muster courage to go alone into a dark place and repeat an incantation, which Ellen dictated to us, three times; after which, we were assured, our future husband would appear in a luminous vision before us. But each attempt ended in a little shriek, and a sudden rushing into the friendly light.

Unsuccessful in this, the next night Ellen introduced the subject of complexion, always an interesting one to young girls, and induced us all to put on, before retiring, a mask of dough, assuring us that it was the best thing in the world to make the skin fair and white. Just as we had fitted the masks nicely to the face, and were beginning to get a little uneasy and nervous at the hideous, death-like appearance our companions made, Henrietta entered the room. She had been mysteriously absent for an hour, and we had been wondering what had become of her. At the first glimpse of our corpse-like faces, she shrieked and turned to run, but fell trembling on a couch near her. Nor would she consent to pass the night in the room until we unmasked. I was quite relieved myself to see Virginia's real face again, for I was conscious of a strong shrinking and repugnance to the figure that had represented her a short time before.

Ellen did not take our weak fears very patiently; but, after reproving us rather severely, and telling us that it was ridiculous to be afraid of each other, she asked "if we had ever tried buttermilk and tansy?"

"No," said we.

"Well, that is one of the best things in the world for the skin. It takes off freckles and sunburn, and everything else. Henrietta, you ought to use it, for you know that, in the spring, you are always troubled with freckles."

"Not much," said Henrietta.

"But there is no need for any. I will get some fresh buttermilk to-morrow, and you must try it."

The next afternoon I saw Henrietta setting forth on her solitary walk. I hastened to overtake and join her. She was far in advance of me, and I soon lost sight of her; but, following the narrow winding path through the woods, I came at last on a small open space. Henrietta was standing there, turned away from the direction in which I stood, talking in a low voice to

a young gentleman. He raised his eyes as I approached, and our glances met. I turned quickly away, and went back wiser than I came. From an instinctive feeling of delicacy, I did not mention to any one what I had discovered, and I saw by Henrietta's manner that she was unaware of my untimely attention to her.

This was the last evening before the important one of the wedding, and Ellen, pressing upon us the necessity of looking as well as possible, urged us to use the buttermilk she had obtained for our beautifying. This was an improvement on any of her other suggestions, and we yielded willingly, not without a certain faith in her assertion, that we should find ourselves as fair as lilies in the morning.

Henrietta was again absent, and did not return until the candle was dying away in the socket, and we were almost asleep.

"Where have you been?" asked Virginia.

"On the porch. It was such a pleasant night that I could not bear to stay in the house."

"Have you been alone all this time?" said Ellen, pityingly.

"Oh, I don't mind that; I sit alone a great deal at home."

I noticed the indirectness in the answer, and understood it; but the others were unsuspecting.

"If you will call Abby, she will bring you a fresh candle," said Virginia, half asleep.

"No, I thank you. The moon gives light enough for me."

I fancied from the tones of Henrietta's voice that she had been weeping; but she kept in the shade, so that I could not see her. Just as she was about to retire, Ellen roused herself to remind her of the cosmetic.

"I put some away for you," said she. "It is in a bottle on the lower shelf in the wardrobe. Shall I get up to find it?"

"Oh, no, I can get it easily. Here it is; how shall I use it?"

"Wash your face thoroughly—very thoroughly with it; that is all."

Henrietta obeyed, and soon all was silent. Virginia slept soundly by my side. From the other bed I could distinguish, amid the regular breathings of Ellen, a deep sigh that seemed to be forced from the heavy heart of her companion. After a while even that ceased, and I was beginning to lose my own consciousness, when I was roused by Henrietta's voice. She was calling Ellen in a low, suppressed, but somewhat impatient tone. Ellen's slumber was never an easy one to shake off, and it was some time before she showed any tokens of wakefulness. At last she asked "What?" in a drowsy tone.

"How does this buttermilk feel on your face?" asked Henrietta.

"Feel? Yes—it feels—yes"—And Ellen was sound asleep again.

"Oh, Ellen, do wake up for a moment. Is it sticky?"

"Sticky? Yes—oh, yes, very."

And again Ellen dropped her head on the pillow. Several minutes passed; then I again heard Henrietta.

"Ellen—Ellen!"

"Yes," murmured Ellen.

"Something is the matter with me, something very strange. I can't open my mouth; my face is perfectly stiff. Do get a light."

Ellen rose slowly, and, calling the nurse from her mother's room, soon procured a candle.

"What's de matter, Miss Ellen?" asked Abby.

"I am afraid Cousin Henrietta is sick," was the reply. "Come and see if she wants anything."

Henrietta lay with her eyes half-opened, and blinking as the rays of the candle fell on them. Aunt Abby looked at her a moment, and exclaimed—

"Bless us, how your face do shine! And it's all red and fiery. What have you been and done?"

"It's that buttermilk," said Henrietta.

"Oh, no, it cannot be that," said Ellen; "that's impossible."

Aunt Abby took a bottle from the toilet-table. "Is dis what you used?" asked she.

"Yes," said Henrietta.

Aunt Abby examined it sagaciously. "Dis is misses' bottle of varnish," said she. "I was in a mighty hurry dis morning, and Miss Ellen called me in to dress her; and so I slipt the varnish in the wardrobe, and never thought no more about it till dis blessed minute. You's varnished yourself, honey, dat's all."

"Oh, Aunt Abby, will it ever come off?"

"Yes, I s'pect so, but your skin will come off, too, mos' likely. I'll do what I can for you."

Mrs. Percy's medical knowledge was called into action in this emergency, and everything that could be thought of was done for Henrietta's relief; but the next morning she was far from presentable. Another bridesmaid had to be obtained to fill her place. While confined to her room and bed, she lay suffering evidently from something more than mere bodily pain. She was anxious and nervous, and her eyes followed us about with an earnest, wistful glance, as though she wished, yet shrank from asking some important question.

Among the guests of the wedding, I observed the same gentleman whom I had seen talking to Henrietta in the woods. He was a small, slight man, whom one, at first glance, might call insignificant; but a few minutes' study of his face and head would remove that impression. There was upon them the marks of an extraordinary mind, of a strong will, and of a perfect, though carefully repressed, consciousness of his own power. I became very much interested in watching him, and perceiving how naturally his intellectual superiority and force of character enabled him to be the tacitly acknowledged leader in every conversation in which he took a part. His manner towards ladies was particularly curious. There seemed to be a kind of unaccountable fascination in it, which gave to his little *tête-à-têtes* with them an air of love-making, so devoted and absorbed did he seem with each one. Young as he was, and he could not have been more than twenty-three or four, he had a *blasé* worldly-wise look that would have suited a man of forty, and that did not harmonize very well with a youthful recklessness and impetuosity that were now and then apparent.

He sought an introduction to me, and I could not repress a feeling of repugnance that rose involuntarily as I returned his salutation. If politeness had permitted, I would have turned away without speaking, but in less than five minutes, I was quite charmed by his manner, so self-possessed, and yet so deferential and insinuating. His powers of conversation were remarkable, and he had a skill in flattery that, distrustful as I was of compliments and complimenters, induced me to listen to the pretty things he said to me, with a feeling of satisfaction that one person at least thoroughly appreciated me.

We did not allude to our former meeting, but when Mr. Powell, for that was his name, had brought me into a general communicative mind, he began to question me about Henrietta and her illness. Henrietta had begged us not to tell the cause of her non-appearance, so that I could not satisfy his curiosity entirely; but, remembering that Aunt Abby had said, "it would be two weeks before she would be fit to be seen, for her face was blistered all over," I mentioned that circumstance to Mr. Powell. He seemed somewhat troubled, grieved I thought, at the prospect of not seeing her for so long; and I sympathized with him. Soon after, I saw him talking with Nannie Porter, a soft, giggling, and rather pretty girl, who had the reputation of being an heiress in a small way. He hovered around her the whole evening, and they talked in whispers in

the corners of the room and in the hall. It seemed to me that he was paying her quite too much attention, considering that his heart was engaged elsewhere.

At last the wedding guests departed. I sought my room with feet so weary with dancing that they could hardly bear me thither. Henrietta was waiting to hear all the particulars of the evening's gayety, and I was sleepily relating them, when Nannie Porter entered.

"I am going to stay here to-night, girls," she said, in a hurried way. "My head aches, and I sent Bob home with the carriage, to say that I could not come till to-morrow."

We said all that was proper, and Nannie was silent for a few minutes; then she asked me for writing materials. I told her that they were all in the library, which, owing to the house being rather crowded with guests, was at present occupied as a sleeping-room. She could not obtain them till the morning. She moved about the room uneasily. She seemed burthened with a secret too heavy for her powers of retention. At last it came out—

"Girls, will you never tell something I am going to tell you?"

Of course we promised.

"Well, I am going to be married to-morrow morning."

"To whom?" asked Henrietta.

"To some one that has loved me ever so long—more than a year. We were engaged six months ago, but mamma made me break it off, and forbade him to come to see me. He went to New Orleans after that, and mamma thinks that he is there still, or she would never have let me come here without her. But I saw him here to-night, and he told me he had been ill with a brain fever in consequence of my treating him so, and that he was near dying. He says he is constantly threatened with it again, and that if I don't marry him directly, he knows he cannot live a year. He looks pale and thin, poor fellow, and I cannot help pitying him. I have promised him that I will go with him early in the morning to a minister, who lives about seven miles from here. We can be married there, and go quietly to see mamma; but I thought I would like to send a little note first."

"What is the gentleman's name?" asked Henrietta.

"Harry Powell."

"Harry Powell!" exclaimed Henrietta. "He is engaged to me. He gave me this turquoise ring, an emblem of his truth, he said."

"He gave me this emerald," said Nannie,

"that I might know that hope had something yet in store for us. He wrote me some pretty verses, too, about it;" and she repeated the poetry.

"He sent those very lines to me," said Henrietta. "I have them at home now."

Nannie began to cry.

"I am sure he loves me better than any one else in the world; he has told me so a hundred times. He did say once that if I did not marry him, and he survived it, he might be induced to marry some one else from interest or necessity, but that his affections would be forever blighted."

"But," said Henrietta, "he has been addressing me for three years, long before he saw you. I have refused him several times, for my friends did not like him at all, and each time he told me the same thing that he told you, and I confess I believed him. I will tell you something else. I promised to slip away from the house this evening, and go with him to the same minister's to which he was to take you, I presume, and for the same purpose. But for that varnish, I should have been Mrs. Powell by this time, and you would have made a great escape. I think we have rather cause for delight than sorrow."

But Nannie went on weeping, while Henrietta flung her ring into the fire.

"Who is this Mr. Powell?" asked I.

"He is the only son of old Judge Powell, one of the most highly respected persons in this part of the country. His father died some years ago, and left Harry a large fortune."

"Ah, I have heard of him," said I. "He gambled his property all away the first year it came into his possession. Did he not?"

"People say so," said Henrietta. "He denied it, and I never believed it till now. But now, I confess, I would believe anything of him."

"It is not true," said Nannie, sobbing.

"I think," said I, after meditating a few moments, "that Mr. Powell's matrimonial affairs are rather speculations than matters of feeling. You have more wealth than Nannie, so you would be his first choice; but, as there is danger that if he waits two or three weeks, your relations may find out his intentions and interfere, he will take the bird in the hand."

"To think that I should have been so blind as to believe him, and doubt all that my father and mother told me!" exclaimed Henrietta, in strong indignation against herself.

"I think, Pauline, it is shameful in you and Henrietta to talk in that way about Mr. Powell. He has told me himself how all these stories originated, and there is not a word of truth in any of them."

"But how do you account for his professing

so much love for you and Henrietta at the same time, and evidently more desirous to win her hand than yours; for he did not speak particularly to you till I assured him that Henrietta would be confined to her room for some time, and that her mother was coming to nurse her."

"He thought I looked coldly on him, he said," said Nannie.

"Do you really believe that he loves you?" asked Henrietta, out of patience with her weakness.

"I know it," said Nannie, and her foot gave emphasis to her words. Her temper, naturally gentle and submissive, was evidently throwing off all control. We said nothing more for some time. At last Henrietta rose up, and turning to the weeping girl, said firmly—

"Nannie, I am sure, if you will only take a few days to think, you will feel as I do, rejoiced that you are saved from a life of misery with an unprincipled man. But before I go to sleep you must promise me that you will not elope with Mr. Powell to-morrow. If you do not, I shall think it my duty to rouse Colonel Percy, and let him know about it."

Nannie resisted, urged Henrietta's promise, entreated secrecy, but in vain. At last, seeing that Henrietta was about to fulfil her threat, she yielded, and gave the promise that was required of her. Henrietta and I were both young and unsuspicious, or we should not have trusted to this "lover's vow." When we woke late on a bright, sunny morning, Nannie was gone. We gave the alarm, but it was too late. Three days after, she called upon us as Mrs. Powell, happy and radiant in her bridal honors and bridal attire. She had evidently repeated to her husband some of the severe remarks we had made about him, and Henrietta and I had not spared him on that memorable evening, for, with the same tact and address with which he had paid me so many pretty compliments when it suited his purposes, he now contrived, in the most courteous manner, to make a number of caustic and bitter remarks. Every sentence he uttered to me had a sting in it, the hardest part of which to bear was, that to notice it would be the most effectual way of giving the speaker pleasure. The message he left for Henrietta with the unconscious Ellen, which she, in her ignorance, delivered with great precision, was concentrated gall and bitterness. Nannie listened to his words with evident delight, and looked triumphantly at me, as if to say—"Are you still so blind as to think that he could ever have preferred Henrietta to me?" She still believed in him.

After living a few years in a style of reckless

extravagance, wasting all that she brought to him in riot and dissipation, Mr. Powell sank at last to his true level, that of a worthless gambler. Even then, in poverty, neglect, and unkindness, Nannie still clung with a blind devotion to her wretched husband, and her love, that could only have been called a foolish instinct in its first madness, became elevated by its patient strength and endurance into a kind of heroic affection.

After Henrietta married and went to reside in

New Orleans, she discovered, by some accident, the position and circumstances of her old friend, and many a little act of kindness and attention, for which Nannie could not account, came from Mrs. Bertram's compassionate heart. In looking over her past life, Henrietta often says, "that the greatest good fortune of her life came from the use of the only cosmetic she ever tried. It proved indeed 'a blessing in disguise.'"

"ONLY A FAMILY PARTY."

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"It is so delightful to have an eccentric old uncle, immensely wealthy! Isn't it, Mr. Cooper?"

"Aw!" returned that individual, languidly, but with a grimace of the most profound admiration at the young creature hanging on his arm.

"To make you elegant birthday presents," continued the sylph in white tarleton tunics. "I've just been looking at Madeline's superb diamond cross. And then he is sure to die one day, and leave you—everything."

"With a naturally bad constitution, and a taste for—awa—quack medicines and water-cures," suggested Mr. Cooper, forming a given angle with his extremely thin arm, as he adjusted his eye-glass.

"Shocking!" Miss Belmont's simper and toss of her sandal-wood fan, on the opposite wing of her partner, proved how deeply her sense of propriety was offended.

"It's such a trifling obligation—the debt of nature," pursued Mr. Cooper, "and my uncle is such a strict man of business, that really it's a wonder he has declined payment so long, ah." And, not condescending to laugh at his own sally, the young gentleman's manner showed very plainly that he expected his companion to be extremely amused.

"*Méchant!*" murmured the sylph, holding up a most delicately gloved hand in playful menace.

"Particularly when he has such a respectable nephew and namesake, quite ready to take charge of his money-bags."

"And empty them," suggested Miss Belmont.

"With the aid of some fair hand," returned her suitor, with weak gallantry, "which is already pledged for the present Redowa."

In a minute more the two stood in that close embrace most reprehensible in private, even proffered by an intimate friend, but entirely sanctioned in public opinion on the floor of a saloon, from the stranger of a five minutes' introduction.

The *tête-à-tête* was all very well, the remarks being quite as respectful as young America usually indulges in towards its elders and betters; all very well in its way, but that it had unfortunately been overheard by the individual in question, the wealthy and eccentric uncle himself.

Imagine the tranquil state of mind with which a precise, kind-hearted, but somewhat choleric gentleman of sixty listened to this delectable dialogue. Mortimer Cooper, Jr., as he had named his card and office plate to be engraved, would not have "wriggled" with such wonderful *abandon* through his favorite dance, had he been aware of the turn Mortimer Cooper, Sen.'s meditations were taking.

"The young dog! the young rascal! And there's Miss Madeline and her diamond cross; wonder how *she* speculates on post-obits? Bless my soul, how fast her tongue goes!"

Mortimer Cooper, better known on 'Change than in the precincts of a ball-room, was for the first time in his life guilty of becoming an intentional eavesdropper. A sudden dive into the reception-room, a cross tack through the conservatory, and he stood behind the fragrant screen of lemon-trees, in front of which Miss Madeline and her escort criticized the dancers.

"A good thing Mort's going to make of it," remarked the scion of the house of Livingston, as the frantic couple dashed for a moment into full view. "Old Belmont's sure to cut up handsomely."

"Not that Mortimer need care for money with *his* expectations," returned the fair Madeleine, thereby insinuating her own.

"Queer old chap, that uncle of yours." Mr. Livingston evidently understood the delicate allusion. "Quite extraordinary, 'pon my honor." Not being troubled with an excess of the last-mentioned article, Mr. Livingston, like many another threatened insolvent, drew largely upon a fabulous capital. "Not likely to marry, eh?"

"Oh, no!" Miss Cooper indignantly repulsed the unthought-of calamity. "Some fortunate disappointment in early life—fortunate for *us*, you know—I've heard mamma say. A *mésalliance*, or something of that sort, broken off by the family, and a romantic Abelard constancy."

It could not be possible that the aristocratic mouth was curled by a sneer! The shrug of the fair *uncovered* shoulders was undeniable. The pendant boughs of shrubbery rustled with the slight contact, and the lemon-blossoms gave out an unnatural oppressive odor, it seemed to the listener ensconced behind them. And she, his cherished niece, the constant recipient of boundless favors, the embodiment of sensibility, and with his diamond cross sparkling in her bosom, could speak so lightly of what had seared his youth and darkened his manhood! Perhaps he had been mistaken in the manner; and then he had been so seldom in society of late years, he must make allowance for the flippancy which seemed the order of the day.

"Oh ho!" resumed the sapient Charles Augustus Livingston; "sentimental and all that; quite antediluvian—quite as much so as his tailor."

This, tingling in the ears of a gentleman of the old *régime*, in neckerchief of the finest lawn, and a frill of unimpeachable delicacy!

"Quite a Noah, isn't he?" How they both simpered at their mutual excessive brilliancy! "But then, you know, one must put up with eccentricities, though one blushes behind one's fan, where so much is to be looked for. Poor uncle Mortimer, his health is really wretched!"

And this was the niece who nursed him so affectionately, listened with such sweetness and patience to the catalogue of his numerous infirmities, prepared such soothing confections, and embroidered such comfortable slippers! It was a wonder the colloquists were not startled by his involuntary groan at these mortifying reflections, knowing, as he did, that this fashionable niece and nephew, with their aristocratic mamma, owed literally everything to him, their

very income, as well as the success they met with in society, from the report of his will made in their favor.

"Dear uncle, do wrap yourself up well, it's shocking cold," exclaimed Miss Cooper, encountering her respected relative in the dressing-room.

"Ugh!" groaned the old gentleman from behind the turned-up fur collar of his travelling-cloak. His niece and the sylph had thrown over their gossamer draperies opera cloaks, in the latest style, scarcely coming to the waist. Their elaborate *coiffures* were shaded by tasselled rigolettes, with about as much warmth as a flounce of lace. The open-work silk stockings and satin slippers were shielded by ornamental Polish carriage-boots. A good lamb's-wool stocking drawn over them would have been much more to the purpose.

"Ugh!" ejaculated uncle Mortimer, again, as his affectionate nephew volunteered his Highland shawl. "Keep it yourself, my boy; you'll need all you have."

Whether he referred to wraps, brains, or pocket-money was questionable, from the grimace which followed the remark. Mortimer, Jr., thought only of the first, and considered it a new proof of his uncle's attachment to his future heir.

"Do have the window up, Mortimer; think of uncle's poor chest!" almost shrieked the niece, as they entered the carriage.

"And do, uncle, take the carriage," screamed both, as the unusually taciturn old gentleman discharged it, on arriving at their maternal residence, and strode away on foot to his own lodgings in cold and darkness.

The brother and sister surveyed each other anxiously, by the light of the turned down gas-burner in the hall.

"Some whim," nodded the rigolette, till the little crowd of tassels danced again. "What a supper-table, Mort! Not a decent thing—not even a *mille fruits*!"

"And that champagne! Bah! Livingston and I emptied our glasses into the spittoon."

Meantime, Uncle Mortimer ploughed along through the deserted streets, making a vehement gesticulation now and then, which would have arrested the attention of the watchman, had there been any abroad such an unpleasant night. But, as there was none, he proceeded in unmolested reverie. The old gentleman was apparently "making up his mind to something," making it up "good and strong," while he was about it. Perhaps it was to marry, after all, and so cut off the succession. Who could tell?

But all this fierce ebullition ended, apparently, in invitations to a New Year's dinner party, the cards, for they were quite formal, dating from a certain number in Fifth Avenue. "What could it mean?" said Mrs. Cooper, the mamma, in her French morning-gown and cap. Time had touched her so gently, and the milliner re-touched so skilfully, that she seemed scarcely older than her daughter. Quite attractive enough to give some currency to the report that the widow had laid siege, at no very late period, to the hand of her wealthy and eccentric brother-in-law.

"It can't be possible he is at last going to give up those remote lodgings and take a house. 197! My dear, it must be that new stone front next to the Belmonts."

"Oh, mamma! And he *can't* be going to live there all alone; it's a perfect hotel."

"Palace," corrected Mrs. Cooper. "Do walk by there to-day, and see if there are any signs of its having been taken. But here comes Adele now; she will be sure to know."

"The *strangest* thing!" exclaimed Miss Belmont, throwing a card of invitation on the table beside their own. "From your uncle! And he's taken that house next to ours. Why, it's magnificent! far the handsomest one in the block. Why didn't you tell me, you mean creature, that you were coming to live there?"

A significant look passed between mother and daughter.

"Uncle is so very peculiar, you know, and wished it kept so quiet." Of course, he must have wished it, since he had not told even them; but *that* they did not mention.

"And Gus Livingston has one too," said Miss Belmont. "He was at our house last evening."

"Quite a family party," said Mrs. Cooper, significantly.

Both the young ladies felt themselves called upon to look conscious. If there had been any doubt of Mr. Livingston's intentions, this public instalment in the Fifth Avenue palace would certainly bring matters to a crisis. As for Miss Belmont, she surely would not say nay to the probable future possessor of its glories.

"I am so impatient to have you there, I declare!" said Miss Belmont. "How are the drawing-rooms to be furnished?"

Here was a poser. But Mrs. Cooper, quicker than her daughter in those little deceits which are called "tact" in society, affected the mysterious—

"It would not do to spoil uncle's surprise. We shall have to wait and see."

"Nine days!" sighed Miss Belmont. "To-

morrow is only the 24th. What are you going to do Christmas? We have only a stupid family party. I wish, Addy, that you and Mortimer would come around in the evening and help get up a little dance."

"Madeline would be delighted," said Mrs. Cooper, quickly; "and she could answer for Mortimer." A family party at the Belmonts! What a step gained for her ingenuous son! And how thoughtful in Uncle Mortimer to ask Mr. Livingston for New Year's!

Miss Cooper volunteered to escort her friend home, that she might have the pleasure of passing by 197, and inspecting its outer glories at least. It never had seemed so imposing before; and, true enough, the workmen were busy fastening a silver door-plate, engraved with "COOPER," to one of the richly carved panels.

"So odd in uncle! I long to see him, and find out all about it," said the young lady, as she carried her report home to her expectant mamma.

"I should have thought he might have consulted us—at least our taste." And Mrs. Cooper looked around her small, but elegant apartments, where every inch of room and every article of furniture were made the most of.

"But uncle has excellent taste," said the younger lady, thinking of her diamond cross. "We must certainly give a ball, mamma, as soon as we get fairly settled. I long for evening to come!"

But evening did not bring Mr. Cooper, nor even Christmas day, though he sent a pretty gift to each of the family, as he always had done, excusing himself on the plea of unusual haste in business; the whole week, in fact, the first since the death of Madeline's father, passed without so much as a call from him.

"He doesn't want to be teased about the home," said Mrs. Cooper, as Madeline commented on this unusual absence. "You know how odd he always was, and he chooses to make the surprise as complete as possible." But, for all that, she had an undefined uneasiness she could not account for to herself, and did not even mention to her children.

Mortimer Cooper, Jr., purported to be a lawyer by profession; but, save the legal business of his relative, a very small share of "practice" fell to his lot. The office was a comfortable smoking-room. It had been handsomely fitted up by the ever kind uncle when he was first admitted to the bar, and was a capital lounging-place for all "the fellows" of his particular set. They talked over this singular "palatial" freak of the Senior, with their feet on the grate, help-

ing themselves from the graceful bronze cigar-stand on the mantle.

"I say, old boy, takes you right home, there by old Belmont's," one of the party suggested.

"I wonder whose hat 'll hang up in your place?" said another, leaning towards the honorable Charles Augustus.

"Gus is a clever fellow!" remarked his expectant brother-in-law, patronizingly.

"With a good look-out for the dimes," said No. 1.

"All right now, though! 179 is a blessed reality. Gus don't like *Chateaux en Espagne*."

"I say, Martin, will you hold your tongue?" growled Charles Augustus from the gothic book-case, where he was consulting, not "Purdon's Digest," but a bound volume of the "Spirit." "What kind of feed does the governor give, Mort?"

"Can't say; this is his first spread. Silver all comes from Ball's—Addy saw it there." And so she had, by the merest accident in the world, and came with the wonderful news that it was the most superb set that she had ever laid eyes on.

Mrs. Cooper, with a true housekeeper's appreciation, looked contemptuously on the Sheffield coffee-urn, which already began to show marks of service. How she panted for the day to come that should place her at the head of this magnificent establishment. Miss Madeline had already commenced amusing her leisure moments in making out a party list, from which many of their present visitors were excluded. "What would do for Ninth Street never would answer for Fifth Avenue."

But this was a daily and hourly remark with Mrs. Cooper; so much so, that the servants began to boast of it to neighboring chamber-maids and waiters as a settled thing, until the removal of the Mark Coopers became an *on dit* with their respective masters and mistresses.

As "birds of the air" are never wanting to "tell the matter," it was not long in coming to Mr. Mortimer Cooper's ears; but that worthy gentleman apparently saw no harm in popular preoccupation of his establishment, for he only shrugged his shoulders in silence, and worked the faster to get it thoroughly complete in every detail.

Very complete it was! Mrs. Mark Cooper exclaimed at every step, when she was conducted through it on the eventful New Year's day, far exceeding her most boundless imaginings. They were invited at five, but took the liberty of coming an hour earlier, to inspect the house by daylight, as Uncle Mortimer evidently expected

they would. He received them in the marble-paved hall in a most elaborate costume, in honor of the occasion, his shirt frill half an inch wider than usual, Addy declared to her brother; but then its old-fashioned diamond brooch was of almost priceless value.

Mr. Cooper had exercised a fine taste, cramped by no narrow expenditure. They confessed to themselves, as they passed from room to room of the magnificent suite, they could not have improved anything if they had been consulted. The second floor was also fitted up in suites, one so plainly intended for Addy that she could hardly help thanking their generous relative on the spot—this time seriously—for his attention to her tastes and pursuits. There was the morning-room, a perfect gem of a boudoir, hung with ruby damask, bordered by blue and gold—pictures, cabinets, a piano-forte, though there was a magnificent instrument that she longed to run her hands over in the drawing-room; the dressing-room opening from it, with wardrobes that looked like one massive mirror, set in a delicately carved rosewood frame; the bed-chamber separated only by a curtain of lace and rose-colored silk. The very best drawing-room in Ninth Street, even in its best days, would not compare to that chamber.

"And how is this for a gay young bachelor?" said Mr. Cooper, opening the door of the adjoining suite.

Mortimer, Jr., was in ecstasies; nothing but a warning look from his mother prevented a volley of thanks; but he pulled up his collar, and examined his hair from right to left, before the superb dressing-glass, with visible satisfaction.

"We old people must be content to take a higher flight," Mr. Cooper remarked, as they reached the second staircase.

It was now Mrs. Mark's turn to bridle and look conscious. Wasn't it as good as saying, "All this belongs to you and your children?" and she felt a fresh curiosity to inspect her own apartments. But, just as they set foot on the stairs, a loud peal announced other guests, and they hastened to the drawing-room to receive them.

Mrs. Mark did the honors quite naturally, and Addy found time to whisper to Miss Belmont, "You should see my rooms; they are superb!" before they were summoned to the dining-room.

Here also was a blaze of light and splendor. Mr. Cooper had attested his title as millionaire in the rich appointments. Mrs. Mark was unconsciously tending towards her seat as mistress

of the mansion, when she noticed plates were laid for eight, yet only six were present.

"Ah," said Mr. Cooper, as if understanding the involuntary pause, "one moment." And the "family party" had scarcely time to look at each other before he returned with a young lady in deep mourning upon his arm, and followed by a gentleman, whose calm self-possession was in strong contrast to the panic of the rest.

"Allow me to introduce my daughter, Miss Emily Cooper—my son, Mortimer Cooper, Jr.—just returned from their travels. My dear Mrs. Mark, your niece; she will take her place at the head of my table, if you will permit her. Mortimer, shake hands; your cousin, my namesake. Only a family party, my dears. Miss Belmont and Mr. Livingston will provide so well for your cousins, that they will not miss any little diversion your appearance may make from their share of Uncle Noah's property."

It was quite a long speech for Mr. Cooper, who rubbed his hands at the conclusion after the true stage-papa fashion, and the tableau would have done no discredit to the foot-lights of the Broadway or Wallack's. Though it certainly was not acting; for, however artificial most of the party might be in ordinary, their surprise and consternation on this occasion were genuine.

"Perhaps you don't exactly understand it, Mrs. Mark. These are poor Emily's children; a better wife never man had, or better children than she's made these. Family interference isn't much use, after all, is it?"

It was well that the soup made its appearance at this critical period, for all the party were too well-bred to continue a scene before servants. The young gentlemen bowed to each other with the most studied politeness, and Madeline could not help acknowledging to herself that her new cousin was remarkably pretty, in spite of her close mourning, and perfectly lady-like. The ordeal of doing the honors at such a table sufficiently proved the last, however low her birth might be. Mrs. Mark found no refuge from her chagrin there, or in watching her nephew in contrast to her own son, who certainly lost by the comparison.

As for Miss Belmont and Mr. Livingston, their sole refuge from the *contretemps* of such a family dinner was in exchanging meaning

glances by stealth at the utter confusion of the Mark Coopers, and took leave as soon as possible after they rose from the table.

"A charming little explanation going on there," said Charles Augustus, pointing over his shoulder to the drawing-room. "Sly old chap that! Quite romantic, 'pon my honor."

"I never was so thunderstruck," returned Miss Belmont, passing one slippered foot on the lower step of her father's house. "Do come in and talk it over."

Mr. Livingston was not slow in responding to such a cordial invitation. Whether it occurred to him on the spot to profit by his friend's mishap, we cannot well say; but, by the end of the season, Charles Augustus visited the Belmonts without invitation, and was made perfectly at home by his *fiancée*.

Mrs. Mark Cooper understood the facts of the case much better than her children, when the explanation was made; though how her brother-in-law had managed to conceal his marriage with the pretty dressmaker, Emily Talbut, from any member of the family was an ingenuity beyond her conception. The outwardly odd and crusty bachelor, Mortimer Cooper, was in reality the most exemplary of husbands in his modest home, and his children, though highly educated, never knew that they had claims to any other.

He loved them; but he had a share of the family pride of birth, which had made him look upon his brother's children as his ostensible heirs. He knew there would be quite enough to provide handsomely for his own family into the bargain. But their mother's death had made him, for the first time, feel what had been due to her, and what were her children's rightful claims; and, while he hesitated between this and custom, and the world's opinion, the memorable evening of the ball decided him.

Mr. Mortimer Cooper was very slow in believing the reality of his niece's repentance, and the warm attachment she manifested for her cousin Emily; but he forgave her after a time, so much so as to consent to receive her for a daughter-in-law. The family party was once more reunited, and, though her son was never entirely reconciled at losing the second story apartments, Mrs. Mark had the satisfaction in time of issuing her "AT HOMES" from 197 Fifth Avenue.

CHARADES IN ACTION.

(For Introductory Remarks, see December number.)

FIREWORKS.—A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

FIRE—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A LADY. PARISH BEADLE. TURN-COCK.
LITTLE BOYS.

SCENE—*Outside of Lady's house.*

ENTER LITTLE BOYS, with paper frills round necks and long pinafores on. They begin dancing about, and pointing to ceiling in the direction of Lady's house, to intimate that the kitchen chimney's on fire.

Enter LADY in great state of alarm at the cries of "Fire." She looks up, and then exit Lady rapidly.

Enter PARISH BEADLE in his full uniform, wearing a lady's colored travelling-cloak for coat, and the footman's gold-lace band on his hat. In his hand he carries the man-servant's tall walking-stick.

Enter troop of LITTLE BOYS and GIRLS, in

pinafores and frills, dragging by a comforter the music Canterbury for the parish engine.

Enter TURN-COCK, who turns on the water, at an imaginary plug, with the kitchen poker.



Beadle and Turn-cock then advance to the door of Lady's house, and keep giving single knocks, but nobody will answer. Little Boys and Girls keep jumping about all the time, and putting their hands up to the sides of their mouths, as if they were shouting fire.

Enter Lady's head through half-opened door. Turn-cock demands his fee, and Beadle requests that he may be paid the expenses of bringing out the parish engine. Lady refuses to pay them. Turn-cock points to the palm of his



hand several times in an energetic manner, but the Lady will not listen to him, and keeps shaking her head. Beadle attempts to enter, when Lady closes the door violently.

They, with much ceremony, take the number of the house, and exit Beadle and Turn-cock, followed by parish engine and Little Boys and Girls dancing.



ACT II.

—WORKS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TAILORS. BOOTMAKERS. CARPENTERS.
MILLINERS. DRESSMAKERS. LADIES AND
GENTLEMAN.

SCENE—*A large work-room.*

ENTER TAILORS, who seat themselves cross-

legged upon the ottoman, and begin working at coats and waistcoats, cutting out patterns with



the tongs for shears, and ironing their work with a flat-iron for goose.

Enter **BOOTMAKERS**, who begin repairing boots, putting the ends through *à la mode des*



cobblers, whilst others hammer away at the soles, and some cut out shapes on the pasteboard with a table-knife.

Enter **MILLINERS**, who arrange bonnets on



umbrella-stand in supposed window, whilst the



terns, and minutely examines a panorama of London that is held up before him. He fixes upon one, and desires to be measured. Next he patronizes the Bootmaker, and is shown some Wellingtons, which he forthwith purchases.

The Carpenter also disposes of his chair, and a bargain is struck for the boudoir.

Exit Ladies and Gentleman, followed by Tailors, Bootmakers, Milliners, and Carpenters, who bow them out into the passage.

ACT III.

FIREWORKS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. WAITERS, &c.



Suddenly, a bell is heard to ring violently in the passage, by means of the tongs and the poker, and the Ladies and Gentlemen, with

DRESSMAKERS gather round, and all of them begin working at the same robe.

Enter **CARPENTERS**, who commence repairing



a chair, whilst others are French-polishing the boudoir.

Enter **LADIES and GENTLEMAN**. The Ladies advance to the Milliners, and hold up their hands in admiration of the bonnets in the hat-stand. They try them on before the glass. Others hand to the Dressmakers brown parcels of silks they have brought with them, and describe by their actions the exact style in which they wish them to be made up. The Gentleman requests the Tailor to show him his pat-

SCENE—*Vauxhall Gardens on a gala night. At the end, window curtains arranged as seat with table. The countless lamps, statues, fountains, and grottos can only be imagined and not described.*

ENTER **LADIES and GENTLEMEN**, who walk



about the gardens with umbrellas up, whilst others seat themselves under window curtains.

Enter **WAITERS** with dishes and glasses, which they place on table bower of window curtains.



their umbrellas still up, form themselves in a ring round the door.

Then the well-imitated ascent of a rocket is

heard ush-h-h-ee-ing without, and the crowd, looking towards the ceiling, cry, Oh! oh! oh! which is followed by a loud bang! This is repeated several times, until at last the quick suc-

cession of ohs! and bangs! tell that the grand display of rockets has gone off, and the Ladies and Gentlemen make for the door as quickly as possible.

LETTERS LEFT AT THE PASTRY-COOK'S:

BEING THE CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KITTY CLOVER AT SCHOOL, AND HER "DEAR, DEAR FRIEND" IN TOWN.

EDITED BY HORACE MAYHEW.

THE THIRTEENTH LETTER LEFT.

(Dated June the 15th.)

SHOWING HOW A LONG PURSE IS SOMETIMES NEEDED AT SCHOOL TO MAKE IT "THE HAPPIEST TIME OF OUR LIVES."

I SHOULD have written before, dearest Eleanor, if I had not been reduced to poverty. I have actually been incapable of paying Susan's postage fee. There is not a queen's-head even left in my purse. Almost everything has been cleared out of the pretty work-box that dear Fanny Jackson gave me before she went away to the north, and I have scarcely anything left to raise a loan with. But, worse than all, I am two shillings four and a half pence in debt!

It was cruel of you, Nelly, not to have sent me some money. I wouldn't have asked you, dear, unless I really wanted it; for what with forfeits, mistresses' birthdays, charity, and our system of "mothers," it is nothing but pay, pay, pay, all day long.

You mustn't start, Nell, if I tell you that I am a "mother," and I can assure you I find it anything but agreeable. All the elder girls are supposed to be "mothers;" that is to say, two or three tiresome little plagues are placed under their care, and they are responsible for their clean faces, tidy clothes, and good behavior. This system is established, as Miss Priscilla observes, in order that "the heart and affections may be cultivated with the mind, and woman fitted for the sphere of love she is born to adorn." It rather *unfits* me than otherwise, for I can assure you it is as much as I can do to attend to myself, without having a family to look after.

My troubles were not yet over, for what did Miss Meggy Sharpe do but assemble the senior girls around me, and began telling them such *big stories* about my engagement to Sydney, revealing all I had foolishly confided to her honor, and adding considerably to it. She then completed

her cruelty by *reading out aloud to them Sydney's last beautiful letter*, making fun of every sweet expression, and turning all its tender vows of love into ridicule. Each word went like a pair of scissors into my heart. She is cleverer than I am, Nelly, but only turns her cleverness into acts of cruelty. I did not envy the meanness of her triumph, though I cried my eyes out with vexation, until Amy, who is the guardian angel of everybody, not only put a stop to the *fun*, but even got me Sydney's dear letter back again. I consoled myself by reading it over several times to myself.

I find education is a very expensive thing, Nelly, and my *worries* have certainly had one good effect; they have taught me *to be more grateful for the education I am myself receiving*.

Yesterday afternoon Miss Priscilla addressed us in a neat speech, reminding us that our "esteemed preceptress's natal day was fast approaching, when she knew that our affectionate hearts would only be too desirous to present some *trifling* offering as a loving memento of our grateful respect." All the school was, of course, unanimous in this proposition, and Noble was appealed to, as head-monitress, for her opinion about what would be the most acceptable gift. A work-box, a desk, an ink-stand, a dressing-case was each in its turn proposed, but all of them rejected, as having been given on previous birthdays. Then the modest Priscilla came generously to our aid. "She knew our beloved instructress had long desired a time-piece to decorate the mantle-piece of her *boudoir*, and by a strange coincidence, as felicitous as it was fortuitous, she had recently expressed much admiration for one seen in Regent Street;" but Priscilla kindly feared the price would exceed our wishes, prodigal as she knew they were. Although no one appreciated better than herself the affectionate attachment which bound the entire college in ties of motherly love to her

sister, still she could not permit any giddy extravagance, the more especially as Mrs. Rodwell would value the simplest offering as highly as the richest gift. "As a friend, therefore, she would request us frankly to say if we could afford nine guineas, for such was the price of the desired clock." Again was the school unanimous, and Noble undertook to say—"we could easily manage it."

A small committee was then formed; Noble was elected to the honorable post of banker, and Priscilla headed the list with a donation of half-a-guinea, "begging, however, that it might not be taken as any guide of what the subscriptions should be." I had already emptied my purse on a collection the week before, and if it had not been for Amy, who lent me five shillings, I shouldn't have been able to subscribe the additional sum that was wanted on this occasion. I should like to have put down a great deal more, to give pleasure to our Lady Principal, who, after all, has a number of good qualities, and who has greatly endeared herself to our affections by her recent kindness to Mary Owen. I have no doubt I should like her very much, *if she wasn't our schoolmistress*, but somehow that fact does freeze the fountain of one's love a little bit!

We had hard work to accumulate the nine guineas, for some girls are more stingy than others; and it is not always the richest who are the most liberal. I must say, it pained me to witness the numerous coaxings, and threats, and petty artifices that were called into requisition to induce the little girls to part with their shillings and sixpences; but what grieved me most was to see the *begging-box* (it is a hard term, Nelly, but really it was very little better) being carried round to the poor schoolmistresses, and their being *compelled* to give, for, if any one of them had refused or complained, it would have been as much as her situation was worth. In this way, I saw Blight put down half a sovereign, which seemed to be all she had in her purse; and little Fraulein, too, had to change one of the golden treasures she had put aside to send to her parents, in order to pay her subscription. Surely, it is not right to make the small pittance they receive even smaller, by asking them to contribute to these forced compliments.

At last, the necessary sum was scraped together, and a deputation of happy girls, guarded by Snapp (our *Snap-Dragon*, as we call her), started one fine morning, and brought back the beautiful clock, an ormolu figure of Minerva

seated on the world, teaching a little fat Cupid in bronze his celestial globe; and we had, besides, an ice and a bun apiece at Farrance's. Then begun the mysterious preparations. Snapp wrote the speech, and little Minnie Campbell, who is the youngest girl in the school, learnt it, but not until she had been scolded by Snapp to that degree, that when the little thing was taken up before Mrs. Rodwell, in her best Sunday frock, to recite it, she burst into tears, and forgot it all. Snapp had to deliver the speech, with all its long words, herself.

To-morrow is the grand day, and we are in such a flutter that we can talk and think of nothing else. I must leave you, Nelly, as I have to run to look after my dress.

I remain, dearest,

Yours, in a perfect fever of excitement,

KITTY CLOVER.

I wish those boys at Dr. Hawkes's would learn to behave themselves! We never meet them but they try to break our ranks, and go on in the most ridiculous manner. They blow kisses to us, and throw up their eyes as if they were dying, and put their hands upon their hearts, and say the most impudent things as we pass. I declare it's quite disagreeable to come near them. Their conduct, too, in church, is so disgraceful that I am astonished the beadle doesn't turn them all out! I do detest boys, Nelly; and these seem to be the rudest, the very worst-behaved specimens I ever saw. What do you think one silly, overgrown hobbedehoy, with a turn-down collar and a monkey-jacket, had the impertinence to throw into my parasol as we were out walking last Wednesday? Why, a letter, dear! and it was *written on a sheet torn out of an exercise-book!* It began with, "Vision of beauty! deign to cast thy cerulean orbs of beauty"—I didn't read any more of the rubbish. How different to dear Sydney's!

Talking of that, Nelly, you mustn't say a word about Meggy Sharpe's reading his letter out aloud to the whole school. It would only make him unhappy, poor fellow; and he would naturally imagine I was in the habit of showing his treasured correspondence to everybody.

P. S. Mind you bring the money with you, Nelly, or else I shall not be allowed to go home; for no girl is allowed to leave this place in debt. You wouldn't wish me, dearest, to miss my holidays for the matter of two shillings four and a half pence, and *I have so much to tell you*, Nelly!

A SERIES OF PAPERS ON THE HAIR.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY.

THE hair of the head among all nations, civilized and savage, ancient and modern, has ever been considered an ornament to the person, and its healthy preservation and orderly arrangement have usually occupied a considerable share of attention. Luxuriant and tastefully arranged hair certainly adds a peculiar degree of style, elegance, and finish to the features of the female face, and excites admiration in the most casual observer; and a due regard to the trim and appearance of this appendage to the human face is not out of place even in the opposite sex; for all should cultivate and preserve the gifts with which Heaven in its good providence has seen fit to adorn the person.

The hair has met with little consideration from the scientific world, and few works have been written on the subject, whilst the most trivial things have furnished materials for elaborate treatises and learned discussions; it cannot, therefore, be deemed out of place that one of the most prominent characteristics of the human countenance should be investigated and popularized, so as to render its properties and purposes better understood by the many thousands to whom a fine head of hair is justly an object of solicitude.

The growth of the hair is limited. In the female it grows longest, waving over the neck and shoulders, screening and protecting, as it were, from injuries which might be sustained by free exposure to air, light, &c. In the softer sex, the hair of the head usually reaches to the waist, and frequently, when suffered to grow, much longer. Sir Charles Bell mentions one woman who had hair six feet in length. So Tennyson speaks of the Lady Godiva—

“Anon, she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee.”

No animal in creation experiences from his mane such inconvenience as man would do from the hair of his head, if obliged to walk on all fours, an evident proof that he was intended by his Maker to maintain an erect position. The hair supplies a sort of pad to the head, by which it is protected from mechanical injury, and guarded from the inclemencies of the weather.

Although hair seems so smooth to the touch, yet the fact is confirmed by Bichat and others, that it actually possesses an imbricated or bristled texture, the projections all pointing in one direction from the root to the tip, analogous to the feathered part of the quill; it was long supposed that upon this structure the operation of “felting” depended, in which hairs are mechanically entangled together, and retained in this state by the inequalities on their surface; but careful investigation proves that this is not the case.

The bulb from which hairs grow consists of three coverings or membranes, superposed, or placed in the same manner as the different coverings of the onion or any other bulbous plant, the third, or innermost, constituting the nucleus. At the bottom of the bulb, the nucleus of which is a sort of bag, there is an opening, connected with very minute vessels, resembling roots. These convey nourishment from the blood-vessels, which supply the necessary secretions to the hair. At the top of the bulb, about a dozen stumps grow together in a circular form, and by their union constitute a round hollow tube, which is the hair. The white knob at the lower extremity of the hair, and which is erroneously termed its root, is only the part inserted in the sac of the bulb. It is the first formation of the collective stumps growing together, which constitute, when united, a single hair.

The hair has strong electric properties—witness the fact of stroking the hairs of a cat in the dark. Brushing and combing the hair have a soothing effect, and frequently lull to sleep.

The various uses and economical purposes of the hair are not clearly understood. There is little doubt, however, that, like the pubescence and leaves of plants, the hairs perform some useful operations for the skin, in absorption and ventilation. The leaves of plants and trees, we know, are mainly instrumental in absorbing the noxious carbonic acid gas of the atmosphere, and, after retaining the carbon, giving out the oxygen purified. Plants which are divested of their leaves are invariably weakened in their growth or destroyed. So a deprivation of the human hair is usually found to weaken and enervate the frame; and the history of Samson

proves that strength lies in the luxuriance, vigorous growth, and proper functions of the hair. Occasionally, however, it is found necessary to remove the hair from the head, in cases of fever or disease, to stay the inflammatory symptoms, and to relieve the brain. The head should invariably be kept cool—close night-caps are unhealthy, and smoking-caps and coverings for the head within doors are likewise detrimental to the free growth of the hair, weakening it, and causing it to fall off.

When screened from contact with the atmosphere, hair may be preserved uninjured for centuries, as it does not possess within itself the principle of decay peculiar to all other animal substances, but would seem to be in a great measure incorruptible. It does not even rot or decay when exposed to air or immersed in water. Next to the bones, hair is evidently the most indestructible of the constituents of the body; there are accounts of its having been found in old tombs, after all the soft parts have disappeared; and has been detected on portions of the human skin which have been nailed to church doors for centuries; an interesting account of which is given by Mr. Quekett, in the "Transactions of the Microscopical Society of London."

A remarkable property of hair is the manner in which it is affected by the dampness of the atmosphere, which, by relaxing its substance, increases its length—hence, hairs are often used for the construction of the best hygrometers. Hair can be stretched to one-third of its ordinary length, and will contract again to its ordinary dimensions.

The hair of different individuals differs considerably in thickness, ranging between one-three-hundredth to one-seven-hundredth of an inch in diameter; and it is no less variable in its other physical properties; some kinds being much more dense and elastic than others—a circumstance which, as we have just seen, depends greatly upon the proportion of gelatine which it contains. Some measurements of the hair of the head have been made, by which it is ascertained that black hair is thicker than brown, and brown than blonde. The average diameter of the hair of the head seems, however, to be one-three-hundred-and-fiftieth of an inch. From inquiries instituted into the number of hairs grown upon a square inch of the skin of the head, it appears that of black hairs there were 147, chestnut 162, and blonde 182.

The chemical properties of hair are like those of horn, the nails, &c. Sulphuret of iron and a fluid secretion give the prevailing color; black

hair containing the largest proportion of iron, while in red or gray hairs the sulphur is absent.

With the varieties in the color of the skin, there generally coincide analogous differences in the hair and eyes. It is probable, indeed, that the coloring matter is the same in all, being combined in the cuticle with its peculiar cells and scales, in the hair with a horny substance.

The hair from its structure, we have seen, has, not inappropriately, been compared to the section of a plant. Every hair has a stem and a root, the latter being imbedded in the skin, as a tree is in the earth. But the comparison does not end here. The tree has bark, medulla, and intervening substance—the hair has the same. The bark (or cortex) of the hair displays a series of imbricated scales, placed, one overlapping another, just as we see tiles or slates overlap on a house top. Immediately below this scaly bark, we have a fibrous portion forming two-thirds of the bulk of the hair. These fibres are seen to separate when hair splits from being left too long uncut. The centre of the hair has a little canal, full of an oily lubricating substance, containing the greater part of the coloring matter, which is blackish-green in black hair, brown in brown hair, red in red hair, and is almost absent when the hair has become gray, containing then phosphate of magnesia, which is not met with at other times.

The hairs ordinarily appear round or cylindrical, but the microscope also discovers triangular and square ones, which diversity of figure arises from that of the pores, to which the hairs always accommodate themselves. Their extremities split into two or three branches, especially when kept dry, or suffered to grow too long, so that what appears only a single hair to the naked eye will be found a brush in the microscope. All short curly hair is mostly flattened, particularly the hair of the whiskers, beard, and moustaches. A transverse section of the hair will therefore show an elliptical form in some cases, from one side being grooved, appearing in shape like a bean.

The hair does not derive its support from the nutritious juices of the body, hence it will live, though the body be starved. And we thus find that the hair and beard grow for a considerable time after death.

The manner of the formation of the hair is identical with that of the production of the scarf-skin on the surface of the sensitive skin. A fluid filtrated from the blood is deposited on the surface of the vascular layer of the tube; this is converted into granules, then into cells, and the cells, by a subsequent modification of

their arrangement and form, become the bulb of the hair. The cells then undergo a little alteration from their original spherical form, which, by a process of lengthening, are finally converted into fibres, so that a hair in its section presents three different textures: a loose cellular texture in the centre, a strong texture of parallel fibres, and a thin varnish-like layer of flattened cells, constituting the polished surface.

The hair differs almost as much in its texture as in its color. Its chief varieties are observed in the copious, long, soft, and more or less curly hair, of various colors, in the European; the strong, straight, and scanty hair of the South Sea Islanders; and the black, fine, wiry, crisp hair of the Negro. A very general characteristic of the darker-colored nations is, either an entire want of beard, or a very scanty one, developed later in life than in the white races.

All shades of color of hair, from coal black to light flaxen, may be reduced to two classes—the black and the yellow; and in all varieties of mankind, the color of the hair corresponds with that of the skin—being black or dark-colored, with a dark complexion; and red, or yellow, with a fair skin. When a white skin is seen in conjunction with black hair, as among the women of Syria and Barbary especially, the apparent exception arises from protection from the sun's rays; and opposite characters are often found among people of one prevailing feature. Thus, red-haired Jews are not uncommon,

though the nation in general have dark complexion and hair.

In Europe, we find several well-marked varieties of complexion succeeding each other with gradations of latitude and climate, from south to north, and the people of Europe may thus be grouped under the four latitudes of the Mediterranean, France, Germany, and Scandinavia. In the first division we have the Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, Moors, and Mediterranean islanders; among these, black hair and dark eyes, with the complexion termed “brunette,” are almost universal. In the latitudes of France, the prevalent color is a chestnut brown, to which the complexion and color of the eyes bear a relation. In the latitudes of Germany, in England, Denmark, and a great part of Russia, yellow hair and fair skin are prevalent. Lastly, in the northern latitudes of Scandinavia, we find the Norwegians and Swedes generally tall, with sandy hair and light gray eyes.

In all climates, however, the inhabitants of mountainous districts approximate in character to those of northern latitudes. For instance, the Swiss of the mountains above the plains of Lombardy have sandy or brown hair; while the Milanese peasants have black hair and eyes, with strongly marked Italian features. In the higher parts of Biscay, the fair complexion, light blue eyes, and flaxen hair, contrast with the black hair and dark complexion of the Castilians.

FLOWER-STANDS AND GLAZED CASES FOR WINDOW PLANTS.

OF all modes of enlivening the aspect of an apartment, there is perhaps none more pleasing than the sight of plants and flowers, suitably arranged and distributed. They are ornaments of Nature's own producing, which inspire an interest apart from their beauty by the care and attention required for their culture. They employ the hand, delight the eye, and inform and edify the mind; and, unlike many artificial objects, the enjoyment and instruction they afford are within the reach of all; the poor may partake as well as the rich. Great means and appliances are not needed; we want neither large gardens nor costly hothouses to afford ourselves the pleasure of looking on flowers and plants, of watching their growth, seeing them unfold their beauties day after day, and of inhaling their fragrance. To the thoughtful mind,

the contemplation of the phenomena of vegetation is a constant source of interest.

“For in the poor man's garden grow
Far more than herbs and flowers—
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours.”

If such be the result to one in health, how greatly is the pleasure enhanced to the invalid! to one confined for tedious weeks to the same apartment, tired by pain and weakness! In such a case the introduction of plants and flowers, by giving a beneficial stimulus to the mind, not only cheers the “weary hours,” but promotes more or less restoration to health.

As an element of household economy, the rearing of plants can hardly fail to be salutary, seeing that it may lead to the formation of a duty. The task is but simple; so easy, indeed,

that any one may learn it; and it is scarcely possible that any one can devote a few minutes every day to the care of plants without finding himself the better for the employment. To the workingman, especially, it offers a most delightful recreation; and he who is accustomed to keep his plants in perfect order will not rest satisfied unless all his domestic arrangements are equally well ordered. Few would take the pains to rear nice plants to expose them at a dirty window; and, if the window be constantly clean, that will be a good reason why everything else in the room should be clean also. And further, there will be an object for outdoor exercise; a walk in search of rare or curious plants, or even of those commonly cultivated, interests and exhilarates the mind, inspiring a feeling very different from that which an individual suffers who knows not what to do with himself. There are many persevering and excellent botanists among the workingmen in some of our manufacturing towns. To their honor be it recorded! Then, again, plants assist in the purification of the atmosphere, and, except when the smell is too powerful, they freshen the air of a room.

We have said that great means and appliances are not needed; flower-pots are very cheap, and the mould to fill them can generally be got for the trouble of a walk, or by collecting the dirt from the scraper of the street door, and mixing it with a small quantity of ashes. Numbers of plants can be bought for a small sum, and there are always persons willing to give away slips and cuttings; and others in great variety can be collected in walks in the fields, lanes, and woods. Any one who has a sixpence, and but a single window, may commence the culture of plants.

Neither is a knowledge of botany necessary; that will come by experience. Perseverance and a systematic habit of attention will, in most instances, effect all that is desired. Observation will soon teach that some plants require more heat, light, and moisture than others; that some creep on the ground, while others need a support on which to climb high into the air, or maintain themselves on strong stems and push forth numerous branches. The varieties are almost innumerable; and in the study of these there is always something new to engage the attention. Observation will show also that nature follows certain laws in the growth of plants, to which cultivators must conform who wish to be successful. There must be seasons of rest and of activity, of dryness and dampness, and care has to be taken with slips and cut-

tings, that the evaporation from their leaves shall not exceed the supply of moisture to their roots, so that all the requirements of the plants shall be satisfied. Instructions on these points can generally be obtained from the gardener who supplies the plants.

It is possible even in the heart of towns to grow window-plants. A box filled with mould may be placed on the ledge, for mignonette, or some other favorite root, and in it various climbing plants may be grown to run all round the window, and give it quite a fresh and lively appearance. The ivy suits well for this, being an evergreen; and the hop, the clematis, and the varieties of convolvulus, and such like quick growers, may be trained to twine round wires or strings in the summer. All this may be done for a few cents. By a little further outlay, the charm may be brought into the room. Climbers may be grown in pots; these pots may be made to sustain a light support of wire reaching to the ceiling, and thus some of the most graceful of our flowery tribes may beautify our apartments for many weeks. Where there are balconies or deep window recesses, greater facilities are afforded for the rearing of plants, and greater space for variety. Cowper says:—

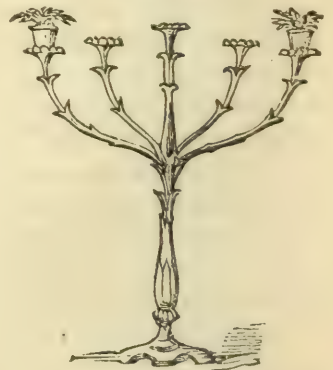
"That man, immured in cities, still retains
His inborn inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts the best he may.
The most unfurnished with the means of life,
And they that never pass the brick-wall bounds,
To range the fields and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct; overhead
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And watered daily. There the pitcher stands,
A fragment, and the spoutless teapot there:
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardor he contrives
A peep at nature, when he can no more."

Besides the ordinary tray and basket flower-stands, others may be contrived which will dis-

Fig. 1.



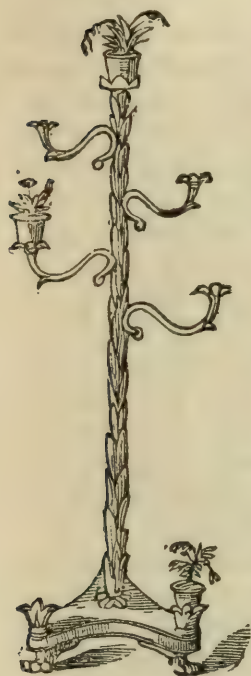
Fig. 2.



play their burden to the best advantage, and take up but little space. Fig. 1 shows a stand

for a single pot, which may be made of wood or metal; it would not be difficult to make one on this pattern of twisted wire. Fig. 2 is another which, though taking up no more space on

Fig. 3.



the floor, will hold five pots; and Fig. 3 is another form with a holder for a pot on each point of the tripod. The number of brackets or arms may be increased at pleasure; if disposed from the base upwards in a gradually diminishing spiral, the effect is very pleasing. In a similar way, brackets may be attached to the wood-work at the side of the window, or suspended from the ceiling.

In most cases, there will be no difficulty in accomplishing all that can be desired in the way of raising window-plants in pots or otherwise; but in those large towns where

the atmosphere is always filled with smoke, success is very uncertain. The smoke chokes the pores, especially of those plants which have rough or sticky leaves, which is one of the reasons why plants with smooth, shiny leaves, such as the laurel, will live where others perish. Even hardy plants, only met with in wild and barren spots, will not live in a smoky atmosphere. The difficulty is, however, overcome by a discovery which, at first sight, appears really surprising. In 1829, Mr. Ward, a surgeon in London, wishing to keep a few insects for observation, placed them on some mould in a wide-mouthed bottle, which was kept carefully covered. He saw that the moisture which arose, was condensed on the inside of the glass day after day, and ran down again into the mould. After a time, a seedling fern and a grass made their appearance, and, to his surprise, they grew and flourished, although they were cut off from the external air. He thought over this singular phenomenon, and came to the conclusion that, as the young plants had all they wanted of light, warmth, and moisture, while the noxious air was kept out, they were really in a favorable condition for growth and development. Improving on the idea suggested to his mind, he tried further experiments, and always with the most satisfactory results; and from that time he has grown ferns, some of which are the most intractable of plants, in the

greatest perfection. One rare species, the *Trichomanes radicans*, had never been made to grow out of its native haunts, but he succeeded in rearing one under glass; and when Baron Fischer, superintendent of the Russian emperor's botanical gardens, was in England, he saw the plant growing in Mr. Ward's case, and such was his astonishment, that he took off his hat and said, making it a low bow: "You have been my master all my life." Yet he then learned the method of reducing the plant to obedience.

Botanists speedily availed themselves of glazed cases for the conveyance of rare plants from one country to another, which had always been a work of great difficulty, and impossibility as regards certain varieties. In 1833, the Messrs. Loddiges, of Hackney, sent out to Sydney a number of cases filled with plants which, although placed on the deck, arrived safely, as the glass excluded the spray and external air, without excluding the light. The cases were then filled with Australian plants, and, though on the vessel rounding Cape Horn, snow fell on the ship's deck a foot deep, the plants were delivered in England healthy and vigorous, after the long voyage and changing temperature, some among them being kinds that had never before been seen alive in Europe. When Sir William Reed was governor of Bermuda, he had glazed cases constantly on the way to and from other countries, exchanging plants; and Mr. Fortune, in his late voyage from China, brought 215 out of 250 plants in good condition by similar means. Formerly it was exceedingly difficult to save twenty plants alive out of a hundred.

There is no mystery in making these glazed cases: a wide-mouthed bottle, or glass jar, such as used by confectioners, will show what can be done on a small scale. It should be about half filled with light peaty earth, well moistened, but not sufficiently so as to have the water to stand at the bottom, and in this the seed or plant is to be set. The cover is then to be put on, with a strip of soft leather to insure its fitting closely, and nothing more is necessary. Leave the jar in a place where it may receive a due amount of light, and the plant will grow and flourish, fed by the moisture arising from the earth, and which, as it cannot escape, is condensed and returned to its source, to be again diffused, and so on for years, while the plant not unfrequently grows till it fills the whole interior. Another way is to take a common soup-plate, put a thin layer of soft sandstone at the bottom, and cover it with three or four inches of sandy or peaty earth; put in the plants, supply moisture as above directed, and cover them with a bell-glass

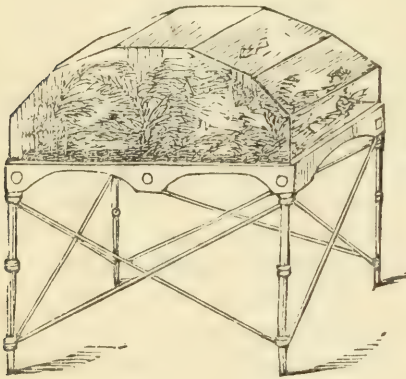
(see Fig. 4), pressing it slightly down into the earth so as to exclude the air, and the growth will go on in like manner. If water be needed

Fig. 4.



after lapse of time, it may be poured on the rim and suffered to soak through without lifting the glass. Cases may also be made square, or oblong, and of any dimensions, by fitting glass with putty into a light framework of wood or zinc; and, as will be easily understood, a variety of forms may be made to suit different apartments. Fig. 5 is an example, combining light-

Fig. 5.



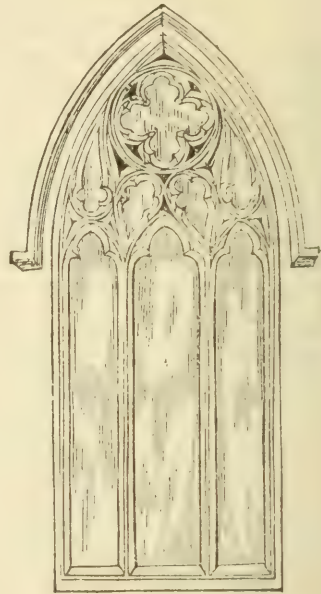
ness with elegance; or it may be arched, or pyramidal, or roof-like, or constructed so as to represent a temple, or a ruin, with the graceful tracery and foliations still remaining in the window.

Fig. 6 will serve as a guide to those who may feel inclined to a gothic style. There is one that is called Tintern-abbey case, from its representing one of the windows of that ancient edifice. If there be a window recess, the sash might be made to form one side of the case, the other being towards the room. When the case is large, it is desirable to have one portion of the glass made to open as a door, with close-fitting joints, to allow of the hand being passed in to supply moisture, or to clip the plants and remove dead leaves. This, however, would not need to be done more than once a year.

In such a case, as shown at Fig. 5, the upper portion of the stand is a tray of zinc from four to six inches deep, filled with earth and small lumps of sandstone, and watered as above stated. It is convenient to have a small trap-door in the bottom to allow of the escape of superabundant

moisture. A large case of this kind affords space for building up a little patch of rockwork, in which plants may be made to grow.

Fig. 6.



Care must be taken to assort the plants according to their nature; those that like moisture must have a case to themselves, and so of those which like but little moisture. The two cannot be expected to thrive in the same case. Also, plants which grow best in the shade must not be mingled with those that flourish in the sun; by the use of a screen, or by drawing the stand away from the window, the amount of light may be regulated at pleasure. It should be remembered, however, that a sufficiency of light is indispensable; plants suffer more by sudden removal from a light to a dark situation than by changes of temperature. Light enables them to resist cold.

Ferns, and all kinds of cryptogamous plants will grow in these cases; there is none of the trouble of daily watering; if properly started, they only want to be let alone. Fuchsias, fairy roses, primroses, toad-flax, ranunculus, wood-sorrel, wood-anemone, yellow pimpernel, veronica, stitchwort, besides irises, tulips, and the convolvulus, are a few of the plants which may be successfully grown. Of ferns, we have thirty-six species, comprising eighty different varieties, and these are among the most beautiful and graceful of plants: rock-brakes, polypodium, hymenophyllum, maiden-hair, and lycopodium, or common club-moss, may be mentioned as suitable, and such as can be collected or purchased. Some of them are to be found on every moor and heath throughout Britain.

Thus, even in the most smoky towns, we may

gladden ourselves with the beauty, freshness, and variety of nature. These cases form the most beautiful blinds that can be imagined, and there is not a window that cannot command throughout the year the most luxuriant verdure. Admitting more light into the dwellings, continually purifying the atmosphere, and furnishing food to the mind as well as the body, they would be invaluable to those who have not the opportunity of visiting the country. They might be made, moreover, the means of illustrating the antiquities of any country, by erecting in them models of old towers, castles, gateways,

&c., and which, when covered with plants, would form *tableaux vivants* of the highest interest. Nothing can be conceived more cheerful than the appearance of rooms thus furnished, and in proportion as the use of these cases becomes more general among the middle and higher classes, a new field of healthful and profitable industry will be opened to the poor, who might not only be employed in procuring plants from the country, but whose ingenuity might be called into play in executing the models above referred to in sandstone, chalk, or other suitable material.

MODEL HUSBANDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

NO. I.—A BAD MODEL.

"JANE, dear," said a feeble voice, that issued from a chamber adjoining a small sitting-room, where a little girl, not over eleven years of age, sat sewing, while with one foot she now and then touched the rocker of a cradle in which a babe was sleeping.

"Did you call me, mother?" asked Jane, entering the chamber where her mother lay.

"Yes, dear. I want to know what time it is."

The little girl went down stairs to examine the clock. "It is nearly five," she said, on returning.

"So late! Oh, dear! I didn't think I had slept so long;" and Mrs. Burr rose up quickly. As she did so, she clasped her hands across her forehead, and uttered a stifled groan.

"Does your head ache so badly?" inquired the child, with earnest sympathy.

"It aches as if it would burst," returned the mother.

"I wouldn't try to get up," said the child.

"Oh, I must. Your father will be home at six, and if he doesn't find his supper ready"—

The mother checked herself. A little while the two remained motionless and silent. Better than the mother thought, did the child comprehend what was in her mind. The babe's awakening cry aroused them. Jane returned to the cradle, and sought to hush the little one into sleep again; but the effort was unsuccessful. Its cry continued until the mother gave it a place on her bosom.

"I'll go down and see to the fire, while you nurse Eddy," said Jane; and away she glided with light footsteps. Five, ten, fifteen minutes

passed, and yet the child was not satisfied, and resisted every attempt to withdraw him from the place where he lay.

"You must go to your sister," said the mother, at last, in a fretful voice, forcibly removing the babe, and handing him to Jane. This invasion of the little one's comfort was resented by cries and struggles, that were prolonged until Jane's strength and patience were exhausted, and until the mother's nerves were thrilling with pain.

On going into the kitchen to see about the fire, Jane had found it nearly out, and her efforts to rekindle it had been but partially successful. Only a feeble flame was apparent when Mrs. Burr entered.

"Oh, dear, dear!" was the unhappy exclamation. "What is to be done? It's a quarter past five now, and George will be here at six, hungry as a bear, and as cross, too, if supper isn't ready. Oh, my poor head!" And she clasped her hands tightly across her forehead, and stood for some moments bewildered and irresolute. One impulse was to return to her chamber, throw herself upon her bed, and claim the immunity of sickness. But, were she to do this, what was to become of her little household? No—no; she could not abandon her post while she had strength to remain there, and so she addressed herself to the task of quickening the feeble flame on the hearth, and making hurried preparation for the evening meal.

Mr. Burr was a strong, hearty man, with a good appetite. He was, moreover, a very punctual man in coming home to his meals. One o'clock was the dinner hour, and he was never

a minute behind time. At six o'clock they took supper. If the meals were not served at these hours, it was no fault of his. Mrs. Burr was, of course, to blame, and she never escaped the censure due to her unpardonable delinquency.

"It's a pity if I can't have things in *my own house* as I want them. I don't see any use in having a wife if she won't see to home comforts. I want my dinner at one, to a minute. If you can't get it ready for me, just say so, and I'll dine at a tavern."

These, and like unkind and cutting remarks, were addressed to Mrs. Burr whenever she failed, from any cause, to have a meal ready precisely at the minute. She did not fail often, and this was the more surprising because she was in poor health, and their circumstances did not permit the keeping of a domestic. At least, she did not feel justified in hiring a girl to help in the kitchen and about the house, because her husband always grumbled when he gave her money, and not unfrequently declared that, unless she managed to reduce expenses, he would have to fail.

The fire kindled slowly, and the babe cried on steadily. It was nearly six o'clock, and though the table was set, a poor prospect for an early supper was seen in the kitchen. It seemed as if the kettle never would boil. Mrs. Burr sat before the fire, now stooping down to blow it with her mouth, though the effort caused her head to ache wildly, and now fanning it with her apron. Soon she started, and a slight flush went over her pale face, as the resounding bell on a neighboring steeple rung out the first loud chime of six! Ere the iron hammer had counted the full number of strokes, the decided tread of Mr. Burr was heard in the passage, followed quickly by his impatient exclamation of—

"Cry! Cry! Forever crying! Can't you hush that child, Jane?"

The weary little girl, who had been struggling with, and endeavoring to quiet the restless, unhappy babe for nearly an hour, and whose strength was almost gone, renewed her efforts, now walking the child about, now singing to it, and now endeavoring, by baby talk, to divert it from fretfulness, at least into silence; but all was vain. The child wanted its mother, and with nothing less would it be satisfied.

In the mean time, Mr. Burr had gone up to the chamber, and there refreshed himself with a cool basin of water, in which he laved his hands and face. He was all ready now for supper, for a good supper—ready with his usual keen appetite; and so he descended to the little dining-room, expecting to see a comfortable meal await-

ing his special arrival. As he passed the parlor door, in which his weary little girl was vainly striving to quiet the grieving babe, he shut it with a quick jerk, muttering, as he did so—

"If I had the management of that child, I'd soon break him of crying, or give him something to cry for. It's a real nuisance, I declare!" Such was his disappointed ejaculation as he entered the dining-room. "Tea not ready! Too bad! Margaret!"

"I'm here," a low voice answers, fretfully, from the kitchen.

"Why isn't tea ready?" The strong, hearty man stands in the door, almost filling it with his robust proportions, and draws himself up imperiously, while the pale, feeble, emaciated woman he calls his wife, shrinks, almost cowering, before him. She dreads his anger. His harsh words, whenever uttered, fall like strokes on her feelings, wounding and bruising her heart, and causing it, for hours afterwards, to palpitate with pain.

"Why isn't tea ready?" Mr. Burr repeats the question.

"I couldn't get the fire to burn," says the wife.

"What did you let it go out for—hey?"

"My head ached dreadfully, and I thought lying down would relieve it. I didn't mean to lie so long, but I fell asleep."

"Humph!" Impatience and displeasure were in the voice of Mr. Burr as he left the door, and went back into the house.

"Come, hush that crying at once!" said he, sharply, as he entered the room where Jane was still endeavoring to quiet the fretful child. Well might the little one stifle its cries, for there was a tone in the father's angry voice, and an expression in his countenance, that would have frightened a stouter heart.

"There—there—h-u-s-h, petty—h-u-s-h," soothingly murmured Jane, as she drew the startled infant closer to her bosom, and forced a loving smile to her face. Its lip curved grievously, and its eyes, fixed upon her face, appealed for protection.

"There—there. Hush—hush. Mother will soon come to dear little Eddy," said Jane, in a tender, comforting voice.

Briefly the flood of grief was stayed in its course; but the barriers soon gave way, and the child's voice again rung out upon the air, even wilder and more passionate than before.

"Hush up this instant!" and Mr. Burr approached with a threatening manner. "Hush, I say!"

Again the power of his tones prevailed, but

their influence was briefer than before. The crying went on again.

"I'll stop that!" And Mr. Burr was about taking the babe from its sister's arms, when the mother, who had heard what was passing, came in from the kitchen in time to prevent the rough and cruel chastisement which the angry and half brutal father would, in the blindness of passion, have inflicted.

"Go out, Jane," said she, in a subdued voice, "and try to keep the fire brisk. As soon as the kettle boils, let me know."

"Always the way—no time—no order. I'm getting sick of it. After a man's been hard at work all day, the least his wife can do is to have supper ready for him when he returns, tired and hungry, at night."

Mrs. Burr answered not a word to these unkind remarks of her husband, and even turned her head partly away, so that he might not see the blinding tears that came stealing from beneath her quivering lashes; for, on more than one occasion, he had said to her, with brutal impatience—"I hate a crying woman!"

Little Eddy, nestling on his mother's bosom, soon lapsed into peaceful slumber; but the moment Mrs. Burr attempted to lay him in his crib, he would be aroused, and, clinging to her neck, refuse to be separated. Nearly a quarter of an hour was passed in vain attempts to get the child hushed into unconscious sleep, during most of which time Mr. Burr tramped about the floor, or up and down stairs, every now and then muttering some impatient denunciation against his wife for her want of order and punctuality.

At last—what a long time it seemed to all!—the refractory kettle began to give out puffs of steam, to sing, to bubble, and finally to jet forth welcome steams of water. Eddy, dear little fellow, was sound enough asleep not to perceive his transference from the arms of his mother to those of his sister.

"Tea's ready, George," said Mrs. Burr, finally, glancing into the sitting-room, where her very bad model of a husband, exhausted by his chafing impatience, had taken possession of a large rocking-chair, in which the measured swaying to and fro of his body exhibited the deep ground-swell of his indignant feelings.

"Humph! Possible?" was the gruff, sneering response, and the hungry man rose up, and went moodily to the dining-room.

"Where's your supper?" Mr. Burr's countenance assumed a look of disappointment, while his lip curled. On the table were bread and butter, and a plate of dried beef. "I expected

to find a dozen different dishes after all this time and mighty effort!"

"I intended to have made you some hot cakes, George," said the wife, in a deprecating voice, "but it was too late to get them ready. I'm sorry." A sigh fluttered the bosom and curved the lips of Mrs. Burr.

"Sorry does no good," gruffly retorted the husband. "I never did like slops, and you know it. Tea and bread and butter may suit some people's appetites, but they don't mine. I want something more substantial after a hard day's work."

Mr. Burr helped himself while he was speaking, and whether he liked tea and bread and butter, or not, he managed to dispose of three large cups, something like a loaf of bread, and a full plate of chipped dried beef. As for Mrs. Burr, she drank a cup of tea, but she had no appetite for anything beyond this. If Mr. Burr noticed the fact, his mental commentary thereon did not express a very marked sympathy. It was, probably, something after this wise: "She needn't try to excite my pity by pretending that she can't eat. I understand all this sort of manœuvring. Let her wait longer, like the Indian. Her appetite will come. Women don't usually die of starvation."

After satisfying his hunger, Mr. Burr leaned back in his chair, feeling somewhat better in mind, as well as body.

"Margaret," said he, now speaking coolly, and with a deliberate utterance, "I don't want this to happen again. You know that want of punctuality always annoys me. I can forgive anything else, but this is an unpardonable offence. Pray, don't give another occasion for complaint, and if you love me, don't set me down again to bread and butter, and slops. I'm going out for the evening. If you are not well, you'd better go to bed early. You needn't sit up for me. I sha'n't, in all probability, be at home until after ten o'clock."

Mr. Burr really thought that he was speaking with great kindness and consideration to his wife, particularly in the concluding part of the sentence. As he finished the words, he took a cigar from his pocket, lit it, and gave two or three preliminary puffs in the dining-room. Then, without a parting remark, he walked out into the passage, took his hat, and went by the door of the room in which his weary, hungry little daughter sat holding the sleeping child, without pausing to notice—indeed, without so much as thinking of her.

Jane waited for some minutes, expecting her

mother to come in and take Eddy, or to hear herself called; but, neither occurring, she rose up, with the child in her arms, and went to the dining-room.

"Mother!" she called in a slightly alarmed voice, as she saw her mother sitting at the table, with her face bent low down and buried in her arms. "Mother!" she called again, in a louder, quicker tone.

Mrs. Burr, arousing herself from a sad, but too vividly conscious state, lifted her colorless face and dim eyes to those of her daughter.

"Oh, Jane, dear!" she said, rising quickly, "I had almost forgotten you. Give me Eddy. And now sit down and get some supper, while I undress him and put him in his crib."

The mother went up to her chamber with the babe, with a weight upon her heart so heavy that it almost stilled its pulsations, while her patient daughter, feeling too lonely to sit down and eat, commenced clearing away the table, merely satisfying the appeals of hunger by an occasional mouthful of bread and butter, taken at intervals, as she went on with her work.

An hour afterwards, and Mrs. Burr sat alone, sewing on a garment for her husband, which she knew he would call for in the morning, and failing to get which, she knew he would not spare words of complaint and censure. Exhausted though she was, and suffering from a throbbing pain in her temples, she sewed on until his return at half past ten o'clock, when she bore silently his rebuke for not having gone to bed earlier.

Long after Mr. Burr was buried in refreshing slumber, his poor, weak, nervous wife lay vainly seeking the restoring power of sleep, without which she felt it would be impossible for her to bear up under the exhausting duties of another day. It was after midnight ere she found the sweet forgetfulness so ardently desired.

We have drawn the curtain, reader, and given you a single scene in the drama of a life. Life dramas are acting all around you. In how many are such scenes of almost daily occurrence! Mr. Burr is a bad model of a husband. You know the original doubtless, and have him in your mind's eye. In a few years, the shadowy creature now seen occasionally, shrinking by his side, will be at rest. He will be slightly disturbed at the occurrence, but his appetite for the next meal, which comes in due course after the inevitable event, will show no perceptible diminution. A few times he will go with his children to the graveyard, where he has placed commemorative marble for the world's eyes, and

then he will dissolve his home, and let the tender ones, love for whom kept the departed alive for years, be absorbed, separately, by their mother's friends, whose love for them is truer than the love of their father.

INDIA RUBBER SHOES.

CONTRARY to the general impression, India rubber, in the process of manufacturing, is not melted, but is passed through heated iron rollers, the heaviest of which weigh twenty tons, and thus worked or kneaded, as dough is at a bakery. The rubber is nearly all procured from the mouth of the Amazon, in Brazil, to which point it is sent from the interior. Its form, upon arrival, is generally that of a jug or pouch, as the natives use clay moulds of that shape, which they repeatedly dip into the liquid caoutchouc, until a coating of the desired thickness accumulates, when the clay is broken and emptied out.

The rubber, after being washed, chopped fine, and rolled to a putty-like consistency, is mixed with a compound of metallic substances, principally white lead and sulphur, to give it body and firmness. Those sheets designed for the soles of shoes are passed under rollers having a diamond-figured surface. From these the soles are cut by hand, and the several pieces required to perfect the shoe are put together by females, on a last. The natural adhesion of the rubber joins the seams. The shoes are next varnished and baked in an oven capable of holding about 2000 pairs, and heated to about 300 degrees, where they remain seven or eight hours. This is called the "vulcanizing" process, by which the rubber is hardened.

A large quantity of cotton cloth and cotton flannel is used to line shoes, and is applied to the surface of the rubber while it is yet in sheets. Not a particle of any of these materials is lost. The scraps of rubber are remelted, and the bits of cloth are chopped up with a small quantity of rubber, and rolled out into a substance resembling paste-board, to form the inner sole. The profits of this business have been somewhat curtailed of late, by the prevailing high price of rubber, which has varied within a year from twenty to sixty cents per pound. The demand, however, is very large. A species of rubber shoes lined with flannel is extensively used in some parts of the country as a substitute for the leathern shoe.

AUNT TABITHA'S FIRESIDE.

NO. X.—CLOCK-WORK; OR, MORE NICE THAN WISE

BY EDITH WOODLEY.

"WELL, Lizzy, I've got back alive, and I'm thankful for it."

"Why, aunt, what makes you say so? Have you been unwell during your absence?"

"I've been well enough as to my health, but have been dreadful tired in my mind. I came terrible near losin' my temper a number of times—had hard work to keep from speakin' right out, and givin' Miss Tasker a piece of my mind; and, if I hadn't hild my lips together as hard as I could, I r'al'y b'l'ëve I should."

"Have you been to Mrs. Tasker's? I thought you were going to see Mrs. Blandon."

"Well, that was what I calc'lated on. I went there in the first place, and should have had a grand good time, if I'd on'y stayed; but, you know, I'm naterally of an obleegin' turn, so I went to Miss Tasker's. But I'll begin at the beginnin', and tell you jest how it was. Miss Blandon had got her housework all done up arter dinner, and sot down to her sewin'; and we were havin' a right down good sociable time, when who should knock to the door but Miss Tasker. Miss Blandon invited her in; and, arter she'd sot a spell, says she to me—

"I seed you pass by, and went out to the door to see where you went."

"Much obleeged to you," says I. "I didn't know I was worth lookin' arter."

"Come to find out what made her so mighty airnest to see me was, she wanted me to go and stay at her house while she and her husband went to make their darter a visit. She's married, you know, and lives over to the further eend of the town. I felt purty offish about goin', for I knew how awful partic'lar she was. I told her I was afeared I shouldn't suit her, she was so nice; but she said she didn't want me to do anything—on'y oversee things, and keep 'em straight. Sally, the gal she took to bring up, would do all the cookin' and everything about house. So I was fool enough to be over-persuaded, and went right home with her, 'cause they were goin' to start airy in the mornin'." I wish you could 'ave seen her fuss round, and tease and worry about packin' her trunk. A body would 'ave s'posed she was goin' to take a v'y'ge to Grinland, instead of goin' to spend a

few days with her darter. She wouldn't let Mr. Tasker wear his best clothes—was afeared he'd sile 'em—said he could put 'em on arter he got there. And sich a time as she had brushin' 'em I never seed afore, nor never desire to see ag'in. She was so afeared that there would be a speck of lint on 'em, that 'twas a wonder to me that she hadn't brushed every mite of the nap off. She'd brush away a minute with all fury, jest as if she was possessed of an evil spirit, when she was brushin' Mr. Tasker's coat; then she'd hold it up to the light, and eye it all over as sharp as if she was lookin' for a needle in a haymow; and, if she seed a speck of anything on it, if it wa'n't larger than a midge's eye, she dart her thumb and finger at it the spitefulest you ever seed anything. Arter worryin' and frettin' over it a long time, she came and hild it up to me—

"Do look," says she, "and see if I've got it so that people won't think I keep Mr. Tasker's best coat done up in a feather-bed."

"Well," says I, arter lookin' all over it mighty curful, "it looks tol'able clean, considerin'."

"Now, there wa'n't a particle of dust on it more'n there is right in your eyes this minute; but I spoke so jest to teaze her, she was so tormented nice."

"Well," says she, "tol'able clean won't do for me. It must be *clean*; there must be no tol'able about it."

"So she fell to brushin' ag'in, and kept at it till I thought the critter was detarmined to brush it into inch pieces. At any rate, she took a year's wear out of it, I've no manner of doubt. I thought I'd tell you about the coat, 'cause the way she amplified and fussed with that is a fair specimen of the way she managed with the rest of the things she had to pack. I offered to help her, she went on so slow; but the very first thing I undertook to fold she snatched out of my hand, as if she expected I should spile it."

"La," says she, "don't rumple it up in that way, for massy's sake!"

"I never opened my lips, but sot down and went to knittin', as meek as Moses. I took

good care, though, not to offer my sarvices ag'in, I can tell you. She had a great notion of makin' Mr. Tasker wear his old hat, and carry his best one in a hatbox; but he had sperits enough not to submit to that, or to have a handkercher tied over the one he wore, so as to keep the dust off. Well, I was r'al'y glad next mornin' when they got started. Never had my patience tried so afore in my life. How Mr. Tasker gets along I don't know. When she heerd him comin' in from out doors, she'd run with a wing or the broom in her hand and make him, arter he'd scraped the soles of his boots on the scraper, stand on the door-step till she'd brushed the tops of 'em. He'd got to be so used to it, that he'd stand as patient as Job till she'd satisfied herself that there wa'n't a grain of dust on 'em, and then he'd come in and walk along as meek as old Tray used to when he'd been in mischief. Arter they'd been gone a spell, I says to Sally—

“‘What are you goin' to get for dinner?’

“‘Miss Tasker told me to bile some pork and corn beef, and pertaters, and cabbage, and other kinds of garding-sass,’ says she.

“‘Well,’ says I, ‘’tis high time ’twas on b’ilin’, then. ’Twill take a good clever piece of corn beef full three hours to bile tender, and it’s hard on to ten o’clock now. ’Twill be impossible to get it done till an hour arter noon, if you do your best.’

“‘Miss Tasker said I must put the kettle on jest as the clock began to strike ten,’ says Sally. ‘She al’ays cooks everything a sartain time by the clock—never varies the eighth of a minute.’

“‘Well,’ says I, ‘I’d rather go by reason than rule, any time; but, if Miss Tasker give orders how long to bile the beef, you’d better foller ’em. I s’pose she told you how long to bile the pork, too, and the sass, didn’t she?’

“‘Yes, um; I ’m to bile the pork and the bates an hour, and the cabbage and pertaters half an hour; and she said she’d give me a new calico apron if I did jest as she told me.’

“By the time the clock had done strikin’ twelve, the dinner was on the table. Sally and I sot down; but, set aside the pertaters, there wa’n’t an indiviual thing that was more’n two-thirds done. I slivered off a leetle thin piece of beef, thinkin’ the outside might be done, and tried to eat it, but had to give it up for a bad bargain. That was Wednesday, and Sally said that Miss Tasker told her she needn’t cook anything new for dinner till Saturday, and that then she was to bake some beans, and an Indian puddin’. I didn’t consarn myself with the bakin’, for I s’posed it was to be all clock-work,

the same as the b’ilin’ was. Howsomever, I kept an eye on the proceedin’s, and found, when Sally took the shovel to clear the coals out of the oven, that it wa’n’t more’n half hot enough. I would speak then, I thought; so says I—

“‘Don’t you see, Sally, that the black isn’t off of the oven yet? There won’t be half heat enough in it to bake the puddin’ and beans.’

“‘Well, ma’am,’ says she, ‘I’ve burnt all the wood Miss Tasker told me to, and she said I must put the things into the oven the minute the clock struck ten.’

“I said no more; and, when the clock struck twelve, the puddin’ and beans were on the table. Jest at that minute, a horse and shay drove up to the door, and a well-dressed man jumped out, and then helped a woman to ’light.

“‘Who, on airth, are they, Sally?’ says I.

“‘I guess,’ says she, ‘’tis Squire Wilson and his wife; but I don’t know sartain. What shall we do? They’ll stay to dinner, and the beans ain’t done sca’ce a mite. They’re jest as hard as shot. The puddin’, though, looks purty nice.’

“It proved to be Squire Wilson and his wife, sure enough. They’d come the matter of twenty mile on purpose to make Mr. Tasker and his wife a visit. Well, I helped Miss Wilson take off her things, and got her seated in a rockin’-cheer afore a good fire, and then I went to work. I put some pertaters on to bile, and then I fried some bacon and eggs, and warmed a mince-pie and an apple-pie; for I mistrusted that the puddin’ wa’n’t an eatable any more’n the beans. I never once looked at the clock, but went on and did as fast as I could; but Sally told me, when everything was ready, that it was jest half an hour to a minute. Sally put great dependence on her puddin’, said there was no need of warmin’ any pies; and, arter Squire Wilson and his wife had done eatin’ the bacon and eggs, she said to me, in a mighty perlite, mincing way—

“‘Won’t you be so obleegin’ as to help the gentlefolks to some puddin’?’

“It proved ’xact as I thought it would. ’Twas seared over on the top, and looked mighty nice; but underneath ’twas as raw as ’t ever was.

“‘Well, I can’t help it,’ says Sally. ‘I heat the oven as long as Miss Tasker told me to, and baked the puddin’ as long.’

“‘Cousin Jane’s cookin’ is all clock-work, the same as it used to be, I guess,’ says Miss Wilson. ‘Now, I cale’late to have my meals ready at the proper season, and sildom fail in my cale’lation; but there must be some judgment exercised about the matter. Now, when I

bake, I al'ays, in the first place, make myself sure that the oven is hot enough. If it ain't, even if it has been heatin' as long as common, I heat it a while longer. I do wish that Jane would be governed by reason instead of the clock.'

"'You speak my mind 'xactly,' says I. 'I like to have things go on orderly as well as Miss Tasker or any other pairson; but to be so sot and so partic'lar, as not to bile a tough piece of meat any longer than a tender piece, and to cook garding-sass jest so long and no longer, whether it's done or not, seems to me to be nothin' more nor less than right down nonsense.'

"Well, arter dinner, they concluded they'd go over to Miss Barcom's and stay an hour or two. The minute they'd gone, Sally says to me—

"'I must wash the settin'-room floor up, sartain. Miss Tasker never misses havin' it washed every Saturday; and she wouldn't sleep a wink all night long if 'twan't done.'

"'Why, there ain't a speck of dirt on it,' says I.

"'No matter for that; she al'ays will have it washed, dirty or clean,' says Sally.

"'Well,' says I, 'you go along and wash up the dishes, and put things to rights in the kitchen, and I'll wash up the floor.'

"'Twas a white floor, and, as I said to Sally, there wa'n't a speck of dirt on it; but, thinks I to myself, 'twill be so much the easier to wash it. There was a whole kettleful of hot water hanging over the kitchen fire, and I soon had it done. I kept a good fire burnin', and, by the time the Squire and his wife got back, the floor was as dry as a bone. Mr. Tasker and his wife didn't expect to get home afore eight o'clock in the evenin', so we had our tea, and then we sot down by the fire and had a good, sociable time. Miss Wilson was what might be called a great talker; but, for all that, she was as purty a sort of a woman as one will see in a thousand; and, as for the Squire, he was as pleasant as wine. I don't know when I've enjoyed myself better than I did talkin' and chattin' with 'em about things that happened when we were young, and they apparently enjoyed 'emselves as well as I did.

"It was gettin' along purty well towards eight o'clock, and I could see that Sally had hard work to keep her eyes open; so I told her she'd better not set up any longer, and, when Mr. Tasker and his wife got home, I would do all the waitin' on 'em that was necessary. In about a quarter of an hour they came. It was a

darkish evenin', so, when I heerd the shay stop, I went to the door with a light.

"'Do bring the wing, or the broom, or some-thin',' says Miss Tasker; 'for I warrant that Mr. Tasker's boots are all over mud and mire.'

"So I run and got the broom, and then hild the light. Mr. Tasker stood on the door-step like a statur, while she flourished the broom over his boots till I was r'a'ly afeared she'd trip him up. Mr. Tasker was tickled to death to see Squire Wilson and his wife—the Squire was an own cousin to him—and Miss Tasker seemed kind o' glad at first; but, arter a while, I could see there was something laid dreadful heavy on her mind. I said nothing. I thought she might divulge it or not, jest as she was a mind to. Well, we sot and talked—all but Miss Tasker—till the clock struck nine. She hadn't said a word for a long time. Whatever was on her mind seemed to grow harder and harder to bear every minute, and, when the clock struck, she jumped up all of a sudden and went out into the kitchen. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes, she came back with a mop and a small tub of water. She had her sleeves rolled up above her elbows, and a checked apron on, so large as to kiver her all up a'most.

"'I hope you'll excuse me,' says she; 'but it's one of my rules to have this 'ere floor washed up every Saturday. I forgot to tell Sally to do it afore I went away, and she is such an idle, good-for-nothin' shirk that, if she wasn't obleeged to do it, she'd let it go till it was so dirty that we should all die of the corollary and yaller fever. I'll wash this side of the room first, and then you can all move over, and I can wash t'other.'

"'I'm sure, I wouldn't take the trouble to wash it,' says Miss Wilson; 'for there ain't a speck of dirt on it that I can see. I was ob-sarvin' to Mr. Wilson, jest afore dark, how white it was.'

"'Don't say a word ag'inst her doin' it,' says Mr. Tasker; 'for she happened to forget it once—didn't think of it till she'd been abed two hours. 'Twas a bitter cold night, the latter eend of January; but up she got, heat water, and washed it, for she said she couldn't sleep with sich a dirty floor bearin' down on her mind, more'n if she'd been raked up in a bed of red-hot embers.'

"You see, I was so stomachful I wouldn't tell her I'd washed it. I thought if she was so awful shaller that she couldn't tell when a thing was clean by the looks on 't, 'twas no matter how much trouble she went to.

"'I can tell you what will be much better

than for us to all huddle together like a parcel of sheep in a pen,' says Squire Wilson. 'We'll go into the kitchen and set till you get through with washin' the floor. 'Twill give me and Mr. Tasker a good chance to talk over old affairs.'

" 'Well, I should be dreadful glad if you would,' says she, in so faint a voice that Miss Wilson winked to me, and said, in a low whisper, that she didn't know but Cousin Jane felt the symptoms of the yaller fever and the corollary comin' on a'ready, from bein' obleeged to set half an hour where there was such an on-common dirty floor.

"Well, we sot there in the good warm kitchen, gay as so many larks, while Miss Tasker was scrubbin' away at the floor. A body would 'ave thought that the floor had been on Mr. Tasker's mind, as well as his wife's, by his appearance, for he seemed as light as a feather, like an entire new pairson, as soon as he was out of her sight. Arter a while, Miss Tasker made her appearance.

" 'Well,' says I, 'does your floor look a good deal nicer than it did afore you washed it?'

" 'If it don't look nicer,' says she, 'it smells sweeter. We sha'n't stan' a chance now to be poisoned with the foul air.'

" 'I hope not,' says I, 'it bein' on'y the se-

cond time it has been washed to-day sence noon.'

" 'The second time!' says she. 'Why didn't you tell me Sally had washed it?'

" ' 'Cause she didn't wash it. I washed it myself; and I thought if I didn't do it well enough for you to find it out by the looks of it, I wouldn't say anything about it.'

" 'I didn't think you'd treat me so mean as that,' says she, 'when I engaged you to come and keep house for me. No one, in our days, knows a friend from a foe.'

" 'The land!' says I. 'I didn't want you to risk havin' the yaller fever and the corollary; for, if you'd happened to, 'twould 'ave been laid to me for not washin' the floor clean, and there's no knowin' but you'd 'ave had one or t'other of 'em; for, accordin' to the old sayin', consait in a pitchfork will kill a pairson.'

" 'Never mind, Cousin Jane,' said Squire Wilson. 'You've had the pleasure of washin' the floor, and now we'll all stay where we are, and leave it to dry, while you tell Miss Wilson and me how your darter's gettin' along.'

"With that, she brightened up a little, took off her checked apron and sot down. Now the floor was off her mind, she grew quite humor some, and was tol'able good company."

DRIVE YOUR BUSINESS, AND LET NOT IT DRIVE YOU.

ENERGY and force of character are among the first requisites essential to success in business. A man may possess a high degree of refinement, large stores of knowledge, and even a well-disciplined mind; but if he is destitute of this one principle, which may be termed *resolution of soul*, he is like a watch without a mainspring—beautiful, but inefficient and unfit for service. Man was never made to act the part of an automaton or mere machine. His powers are not designed to act quite so mechanically. He is to act as well as to be acted upon; he must give life and stimulus to his calling. Is he not endued with a life-giving power, whose emanation is referred to that original source whence alone can be derived all inspiration? Man's efficiency must give character to his business. That employment upon which is stamped the impress of a living and energetic soul will do honor to any man, in any place or at any age. It is poor policy, indeed, to loiter until you are driven by force. We thereby lose all the pleasures of satisfaction. Voluntary service, urged forward

by a determined purpose, will give hopeful assurance, if not full warrant of success, and all the happiness of a just conquest.

Behold the sluggish man! His occupation is a worthy one, but it finds him unworthy of the trust. It presses upon him with all the demand of imperative necessity. It finds him but a drone. He is confused by a multiplicity of cares. He is pressed down by a crowd of responsibilities, but makes no generous effort to discharge one of them. Thus his occupation suffers; his family are in want; and that good name which is better than great riches is lost.

True, man is said to be a creature of circumstances; and he ought to be, in a sense, subject to the superintendence of a leading Providence; but this does not justify inertness of character. Man by his own decision of character and determined spirit can do much to remove and surmount the inconveniences and barriers incident to human life. Then be resolute, and both you and your business will go on and prosper.

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

LESSON XIII.

PROPORTIONS OF THE HUMAN FIGURE.

(Continued.)

THE hand is the same length as the face, and its width is equal to one-half (fig. 11). The side view of a hand is the same length as when seen in front (fig. 12). The foot in profile is

nine eyes in length and three in height (fig. 13). Figures 14 to 17 inclusive, are examples of hands, arms, &c. &c. The generally received proportion of a man is ten faces in height; by extending the arms horizontally their full length, the same proportion is obtained. The length of two noses gives the width of the neck when seen in front. Two heads give the width of

Fig. 11.

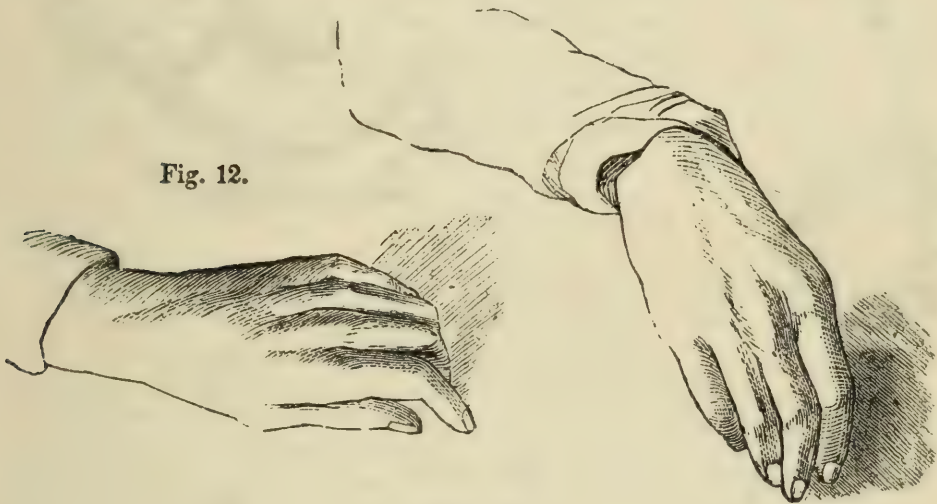


Fig. 13.



the shoulders when seen in front. The length of the forearm to the extremity of the fingers is equal to seven noses and a half. The width of the wrist as seen in front is equal to a nose and one-third. When seen in front, the width of the knee is equal to two noses; but in profile it

is a degree less. The length of the leg from the knee to the heel is equal to three faces. When viewed in front, the width of the leg near the ankle is equal to a nose and a half, but it is less when viewed in profile.

At this stage of her progress, the pupil should

procure a plaster cast of the human form, or part of it. The materials she will require are a drawing-board on which to fix her paper, a few

sticks of black chalk, a leather stump, a small quantity of charcoal, and a port-crayon; it would also be well if she obtained a quantity of the

Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.



Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.



crayon paper, which is slightly tinted, and takes the chalk well.

The light should be allowed to fall on the

sketch from the left hand. In order to catch the proper effect of the parts sketched, the pupil should sit so as to throw back the head as far as

possible from the drawing. A correct outline of the bust or figure should first be drawn with the charcoal, which may be erased by slightly brushing it with a silk or other light handkerchief: this is better than rubbing the lines out, as the friction destroys the surface of the paper. After a correct outline of the subject is obtained, the pupil should trace it with the black chalk as faintly as possible, then by means of the handkerchief remove the charcoal, which will leave a beautiful clear outline; after this, she may begin the shading. She must first scrape a little of the chalk on a paper as fine as possible, and rub the leather stump among it; taking this, she must rub in the shadows: these will by this means be soft and beautiful, and will prepare a good ground for the finish. Having rubbed in the shading as like that of the model as possible, carefully observing the different strength of the shadows, she must point or

sharpen her chalk, and begin to put in the details. She should patch over all the shading with the fine point of her chalk: this, when done in a proper manner, gives a very beautiful effect. In shading, the pupil must observe there are two kinds of shadows; one is called the *shadow of incidence*, the other the *shadow of projection*: the shadow of projection is always defined, having a sharp decided edge; the shadow of incidence is always soft, having no defined edge, but softening imperceptibly into the lights. The pupil must be careful to leave no hard edges; for, although the shadow of projection is decided, the edges are not hard; moreover, the deepest shadows are always nearest the highest lights. The drawing of the bust or figure will require a slight background to detach it from the paper. If any mistakes are made in sketching, a little stale bread will remove the defective parts.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY PATIENCE PERKINS.

I AM the *late* Patience Price, immortal by my history of "My Brother Tom," published originally in this magazine, translated and cockneyized in England, and reproduced in this country as an English affair.* I married a widower with ten children. If you wish to know *why*, ask my brother Tom, and he will tell you. So much for my antecedents; now for "My Mother-in-Law."

I flatter myself that I have common sense; even my brother Tom admits *that*, as a general rule, though he cites exceptional circumstances. I do know enough to retire into the house when it rains, or to take an omnibus, or spread an umbrella. I have seen children before to-day; if never any of my own, actual own, all those of my sister's (not a few), and my husband's ten by a former connection; and I do think that my husband's mother might give me credit for some capacity. If marrying a man with ten children is any proof of imbecility, as some people pretend, mother-in-law should, at any rate, be the last to reproach me with it.

I do not know how good a medlar among fruits may be, but I do know that a meddler in one's household affairs is intolerable. I do not know precisely what the first Mrs. Perkins died

of, but if ever a coroner's jury sits upon me, or if the doctor makes a true return to the superintendent of the health-office, I know the verdict in the one case, or the report in the other, will be—"an overdose of mother-in-law." Mr. Perkins, my dear lord and master, is well enough, perhaps I should say, very well. I don't think he killed his first wife, but I do hope I shall never be required to declare, upon oath, what are my firm convictions upon the subject. It might make a disturbance in the family.

If the woman was born for a plague, she is fulfilling her mission. Such a peaked face! Such a long neck! Such lengthened sourness, long drawn out! Such a lean and hungry look! If she were anybody but my husband's mother, I could appeal to him for protection; but I cannot ask the man to rise in rebellion against his own flesh and blood, the author of his being. I wish she could be content with the original production, and not imagine that he needs her continual supervision, as an author supervises new editions, and makes alterations in every one!

My welcome to the house was a damper. Perkins, before his marriage, never let me see his mother. Widowers are prompt and artful. Let them but breathe on a maiden with intent to capture, the proverb says, and the end is sure. The fascination of a serpent, exerted upon a bird,

* See "Godey's Lady's Book" for May, 1852.

is not more certain. I am half inclined to accuse my husband of duplicity—of obtaining a wife under false pretences; the second offence, too, the monster! A man's children we expect to be plagued with; and perhaps the escape from early nursing, Godfrey's cordial, Dalby's carminative, teething, and all that sort of thing, is quite an equivalent for any inconvenience which may grow out of being a mother at second hand, with a family capital all ready to commence married life upon. But why did not the creature tell me that he was to be taken with this other and extra incumbrance? Why is not the marriage-service altered to meet such cases, thus: "I, Patience, take thee, Timothy [and thy mother], to my wedded husband [and mother-in-law], to have and to hold"—and the rest of it? I am sure I have and hold more, by two-thirds, of the mother than of the son. Oh, poor me!

My welcome, as I said, was a damper. She kissed me heartily enough—too heartily—for she smelt horribly of snuff. She tasted of it, indeed; and if I could believe that any woman ever put powdered tobacco in her mouth, instead of in the proper place—if the nose even is that proper place—she is that person. She turned me round and round, and looked me all over with most wonderful *nonchalance*. She wondered whether my eyes were black or dark hazel, suggested caps as part of the toilet of the mother of ten children, and desired to know my Christian name, as she intended to be very kind and very motherly. "Besides," she said, "I am Mrs. Perkins, and one Mrs. Perkins is enough in a house." Perkins winced a little at this, for it was not the first time that she had told him so. When I answered that my name was Patience, she said—"Patience! Humph! You are well named, for you will have a time of it. But la, dear, we must be cheerful, and begin with a cup of tea." And such a pleasant look as she put on to second her invitation! Her face is the habitual incarnation of lamentations, and when she attempts a smile, her features are so unused to it that it seems more like a twist of pain than an expression of pleasure.

"You *will* have a time of it," she repeated, for my encouragement, as she placed me at the head of the table, behind a wilderness of cups and saucers, and other tea and toast paraphernalia. "There's no company to-night, Patience; just *ourselves*!"

She watched with a hope for *contretemps* as I proceeded to tea and toast the little multitude, but I survived it. I have learned since that, with *malice prepense*, she trusted to disgust and force me to surrender to her at discretion. The

next morning at breakfast she hoped to reap the fruits of her manœuvre.

"Well, Patience," she said, "will you sit at the waiter, or shall I?" (with a motion toward that coveted post—a dignity perhaps, but no sinecure.) "Now, or never," thought I, and slipped into the seat, with a determination to assert my prerogative once for all.

"Well, then, I must tell you," says mother-in-law, "Mr. Perkins does not take much cream, Tim don't take sugar, James don't take cream, Will don't take either, Tom has milk and water, Sally has milk, Jane drinks water, John mustn't have coffee, and you are not to give Ruth any butter, Susy has milk and water, sweetened, and Lizzie mustn't have hot bread."

"Well," said I, having dispatched Mr. Perkins's cup, "what does grandmother take?"

You should have seen her eyes! There were the scintillations of fourteen furies in them. "Who? Oh, yes, I understand. I—oh, never mind *me*! I'm nobody!" And then she sobbed and sniffled, and Mr. Perkins was in an unwonted state of excitement, and the children exchanged winks and smiles, and I—sat still. If a woman with ten grandchildren in one lot, to say nothing of their probable cousins, is not entitled to the honored name of grandmother, pray who is?

So breakfast passed. Mother-in-law recovered her serenity before the meal was over. Husband—dear me, what a word that is for *me* to write!—husband went about his business, and mother-in-law undertook to invest me with the power of the keys, enlivening our progress through the establishment with some very interesting remarks. "Mr. Perkins is a very fine man, my dear, though I am his mother who says it—a very fine man; but he has a dreadful temper, and you must not let him get set against you. He is very easy to please, but you must be particular to get up his shirts carefully, for he will storm like an earthquake at a missing button. He is not at all difficult about his table, but things must be served up right, or he will not eat them. I'm his mother, and am used to his ways. He is very neat and careful, but he never puts anything away, and will keep a person picking up after him all the time; and he wants everything he calls for brought to him just to a minute. He is not at all hard to please when one knows him, only it takes all your thoughts to do it; but I'm used to that."

This was a pleasant introduction, certainly, to my marital duties. "Then there's the children," she continued; "a nice family as one need desire. But the oldest, that's Timothy, has picked up some bad habits. He will swear

dreadfully, but he's a good boy for all that. And James, that's the second son, is a fine lad, and willing; but you must not expose him to temptation by leaving loose money about. Willy is a healthy and well-doing boy in the main, but he likes to creep into the store-room. As sure as he eats a handful of raisins, and he will do it when he can, he goes into convulsions. Tom is quiet, but dreadful mischievous sometimes; and there's no harm in the girls, except that they quarrel, as all children will, and won't take care of their clothes; no children do. And John, he plagues them almost to death, and Mr. Perkins has no government over any of them, and you'll have to do it all, my dear; but you must not be discouraged. *I'm here, and if they don't mind, just turn them over to me!*"

Do you wish to know what I did? Go marry yourself to a widower, ten children, and a mother-in-law; place yourself, a foreign substance, among three generations of cognates, and you'll find out. I "just naterally," as they say out west, went to my room, threw myself on the bed, and cried. Tears won't provide a dinner, I know, and I knew it then; but I did not imagine that any one expected that I should fall at once into providing for the household—I, a stranger, and in a strange place—oh, how strange! I don't know how long I laid there in my half sleep, half sob. Presently I heard "Mother!" screamed in childish treble—"Mother!" growled in the hobbledehoy accent—"Mother" whined—"Mother!" shouted—"Mother!" piped—"Mother! Mother!! Mother!!!"

"Who is that wretch of a mother?" I said, angrily, as I bounced from the bed to the glass, and then laved away the traces of my tears. "Who is the wretch, and why don't she answer?" I did not dream that *I* could be meant. "What is the matter?" I asked, opening the door and running out, to find seven or eight of the Perkins young fry sitting on the stairs. "Who calls?"

"It's all of us," said the oldest, as spokesman for the whole. "Grandmother said we were to call you mother."

"But she did not tell you to set up such a horrid concert, did she? If she did, I forbid it. Call me mother, and I'll try to be one; but never shout the word again, or call me at all when you are near enough for me to hear you speak in your natural voice. Come to me when you want me. Where is your grandmother?"

"She went out, and said she would not be in till dinner; and there's no dinner getting ready, and nothing to eat, and we're all hungry."

"Go then and eat anything you can find."

"But everything is locked up, and you have the keys. Grandmother said so before she went out."

"Oh, she did, did she?" said I, laughing, and running down stairs over a score of legs and arms. Now I saw the conspiracy. The pantry was speedily unlocked, and the key has not been in the door since. Leaving the children to discuss their lunch, I walked on to the kitchen. There sat a great lump of a cook, with her feet in the ashes, and her face turned to me with an expression which said, "now for a battle!" "Where's your fire," said I, "and what's for dinner?"

"Sure yourself, that's the new musthress must tell me what. The ould musthress tould me I was to do nothing till you dirhected."

"Did she? And why did you not come to me hours ago?"

"Sure, I was tould to wait till you bid me."

"Well, then, I do bid you. Pick up your movables and leave the house. Call in the evening, and Mr. Perkins's mother will pay you your wages." The girl stared, as if doubting her senses. "Come! move! You are in my way!" And she did move, muttering something about upstarts, which I did not heed. As my first order and last to that individual was obeyed, I cared not with how little grace she did it. I heard her stop to speak to the children in the pantry. The sound of my footsteps approaching was enough, and she was off. "Come, children," I said, "what's to be had? Your father will be home to dinner presently, and we must have it up in a hurry."

Each did his or her part, highly amused at what they considered a good frolic. One did one thing, and another something else. The boys brought fuel and water; the girls discovered the edibles and comestibles. A fine dish of ham and eggs, a cold joint, a pie—a decidedly picnic affair—were served up to the moment. Perkins came in, and we twelve were seated in the best possible humor of pleased excitement. I had found my way straight to the hearts of the children, and had no fears for the rest.

Mother-in-law walked in as we were enjoying ourselves. A strange expression of disappointment came over her face at seeing everything so comfortable. "I ought to make you an apology for being late," she said; "but I made allowances for a young housekeeper, and did not think you could be so punctual." "No thanks to you," thought I, but I said nothing. No sooner was mother-in-law down to the table than she was up again, and calling "Charlotte," at the head of the kitchen stairs.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"That stupid girl of ours! She has put on a dirty table-cloth, and the old knives and the steel forks; and there's no spoon for the gravy—and this is stale bread—and—and—I'm sure my son can't abide such a table!"

"Then it must be me that he finds fault with. I dismissed Charlotte three-quarters of an hour ago, at which time she had not taken a step towards dinner. Since then, the children and I have got up this, such as it is, *impromptu*."

"And a very good dinner, too," said Perkins. "I don't desire a better."

Mother-in-law gave him an angry glance, and then, turning to me, said, with forced composure—

"You don't mean that you have turned a girl out of doors, without warning, who has lived here five years!"

"I did not use physical force certainly, but I did employ very powerful moral suasion. We are too strong in young girls to tolerate kitchen impertinence."

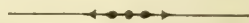
Such was the *coup d'état*, or rather *coup de cuisine*, with which I inaugurated myself. It was effectual. Mother-in-law was completely checkmated, and my authority was established. Perkins is a sensible man. Widowers generally are experienced and wise. As a matter of prudent investment, let me recommend the young lady who has love to lay out, to expend it upon a widower, if one is to be had. Such is my experience. My husband left the whole house to my management, and I must say that I have succeeded wonderfully. The children are not at all the nuisances that their affectionate grandparent represented them. Indeed, they have become, in a couple of years, quite models, so Perkins says, and he knows them best, of course. I stick to my text. I had rather have twenty children all "mothering" me at once, than one brother Tom.

But the mother-in-law—oh, dear! She is the thorn in my side. I can't discharge her as I did the girl, or manage her as I can the children. Perkins talks of buying her an annuity, that she may set up housekeeping on her own account. I almost wish he would—and yet I don't want her to get up a grand claim for sympathy on the plea that I have separated mother and child, turned her out of doors, and twenty other horrid things, as she would be sure to do.

* * * * *

It is three months since I saw the preceding till now. I opened my portfolio this fine May morning. Do you know the world looks very cheerful to me now? I have a new stake in it. As I

said, I opened my papers, and have been quite amused at my own nonsense about the old lady, which I had really entirely forgotten. Family cares put the pen aside, and authorship, letters to friends even, are quite unheeded. But I may just remark, by way of conclusion, that mother-in-law has become useful as well as ornamental. She thinks herself indispensable. Well, I've no objection. Employment keeps her out of mischief, and I give her the baby to hold.



RESTORATION OF RUBENS'S PAINTINGS.

THE following description of the mode of restoring panel paintings is given by the foreign correspondent of Moore's "Rural New Yorker:"

In the cathedral at Antwerp are two celebrated pictures by Rubens, "The Descent from the Cross," and "The Elevation of the Cross." They have recently been submitted to the process of restoration, and are now quite fresh and brilliant. By the way, have you any idea in what this process of restoration consists? It is not a little curious, and I think you will be interested in an account of it. You must know these old paintings are all upon wood, the planks having originally been an inch or so in thickness, but in process of time this wooden back has become worm-eaten and decayed. The restoration consists, therefore, in a transfer of the paintings to new planks. First, the picture to be transferred is covered with a coat, perhaps half an inch thick, of a preparation composed mostly of mastic. The person who has invented the process, keeps secret the ingredients and proportions of this varnish. Then the wood at the back of the picture is cut away, rapidly at first, and more carefully as they approach the painting. After all the wood has been removed, the new planks, carefully joined, and prepared with a coat of linseed oil, are applied to the under surface of the painting, which has been exposed by the process just described. Sufficient time is allowed for the painting to become firmly attached to the new back, and then the varnish which was placed upon the surface is dissolved by means of a chemical preparation, the composition of which also remains a secret, and the picture is left safe and sound on its new foundation, ready to endure the assaults of another century or two. The government charges itself with these restorations, at an immense expense—10,000 francs, I have been told, for a single picture, after having assured itself, by repeated experiments, that the process was a safe one.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND CORTES.

FOR GODEY'S YOUNG READERS.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—Birth, parentage, and early life of Cortes—He departs for the New World—Incidents of the voyage—Cortes in Hayti—He joins the expedition to conquer Cuba—His quarrel with Velasquez—His marriage.

IN the year 1504, just as the great discoverer of the New World left it forever, there landed at San Domingo, on the island of Hayti, a poor and almost unknown youth of some nineteen summers, the eventful story of whose life I am now about to tell, in as few and plain words as I can. The name of that youth was FERDINAND CORTES.

Hernando, or Ferdinand Cortes, was born in 1485, at Medellin, a town of the province of Estremadura, in Spain. His father was the captain of a company of foot soldiers, and had little to live on besides his scanty pay. Yet, though not accounted rich, he and his wife came of high families, and for their honesty and goodness were beloved by all who knew them.

In his childhood, the little Ferdinand was weak and sickly. As he grew up, however, he gained health and strength, and soon began to show signs of unusual cleverness, but had more fondness for play than for books. Still, thinking that the boy might yet become a lover of learning, Ferdinand's father sent him, at the age of fourteen, to the University of Salamanca, there to study such books as would best fit him for rising to wealth and greatness as a lawyer. After spending two years at the University, where he was more distinguished for his mischievous pranks than for his love of study, the young Cortes gladly took advantage of a spell of sickness and returned home, much to his father's mortification, with but a passable knowledge of the Latin, and scarcely any of the law.

Ferdinand now gave himself up to out-of-door sports and soldierly exercises. Having no fondness for the quiet and order of his father's house, he longed to start out into the world in search of stirring adventures. To this his parents at first objected warmly; but, after being worried during almost a twelvemonth by his wild conduct, they were at length glad to give him permission to go.

Turning towards the New World, where wealth as well as fame was the tempting fruit of adventure, Cortes made up his mind to seek its still mysterious shores. Nicholas Ovando, lately appointed Governor of Hayti in the place of Columbus, was just then about to set sail for San Domingo. Knowing Ovando, and hoping to be favored by him, our young adventurer took passage in his fleet. But, before the ships were ready to depart, and while engaged in one of those wild frolics which caused his parents so much sorrow, he received a number of severe bruises by falling from the crumbling top of a high wall. He was still in bed, suffering from this accident, when, greatly to his mortification, tidings came that Ovando's fleet had sailed.

After this disappointment, Cortes remained at home about two years, during which time he gave but few tokens of being anything, save a somewhat headstrong and ungovernable follower of idleness and pleasure. Still, even those to whom these tokens were most painful could not help liking him; for he was handsome and good-humored, and had a quick and lively wit. Perhaps, too, they could hope, as well from his faults as from his better qualities, that, if a suitable way to fame and fortune were once opened to him, he would enter it with a disposition wonderfully fitted to overcome whatever obstructions he might have to encounter.

At length, in 1504, Cortes, then nineteen years of age, was enabled to depart for that New World he had so long wished to visit. His voyage across the Atlantic was beset by mischance and peril. The ship in which he sailed was so tossed about by storms that the pilots lost their way, and for many days steered blindly on, scarcely hoping to see the land again. Meanwhile, provisions became scarce, and none drank any water but what was wrung from the sails when it rained. Alarm and apprehension weighed down every heart save that of the youthful Cortes, who, even now courageous and self-reliant, strove unceasingly to cheer up the spirits of his companions. At length, in the morning of Good Friday, a white dove alighted on the top of one of the masts, "seeming," to the wayworn voyagers, "like that which re-

turned to Noah with the olive branch." Hope now took the place of fear and anxiety; and, when the dove presently flew away, the ship was steered in the direction of her flight. The Sunday morning afterwards, the pleasant cry of "Land! land!" brought all on deck, to behold the beautiful shores of Hayti rising up from the ocean. Four days subsequently, anchor was cast in the harbor of San Domingo.

Though poor and little known, Cortes yet had a friend in Ovando, the Governor of Hayti, who welcomed him kindly, appointed him notary of the settlement of Azua, and gave him a farm, with the advice that he should till it, and try to subdue the restlessness of his disposition. Taking both the farm and the advice offered him, he spent some seven years as a planter, and in the performance of various honorable duties which the governor found occasion to employ him in. Though these duties were frequently of a stirring and warlike nature, the still ardent longings of Cortes for a life of glorious adventure were far from being satisfied. When, therefore, in 1511, the Spanish government resolved to send a body of troops, under the leadership of James Velasquez, to conquer and settle the island of Cuba, he gladly volunteered to join the expedition.

Warned that the Spaniards were coming, the Cuban Indians prepared to meet the invaders. Hatuey, their chief, called them together. "Behold," said he, taking some gold from a little basket of twigs, "the god whom the Spaniards serve and follow. To seek him, they are about coming over hither. Let us, therefore, make a festival and dance to him, that he may order them not to harm us." Understanding the scornfulness of this speech, the Indians danced their war-dance from nightfall till the break of day; and, when the Spaniards landed, an army of savages met them, and for two months fought bravely in defence of their homes and native freedom. Defeat and submission, however, ended their bloody struggle. Hatuey, their undaunted leader, being taken captive and doomed to a fiery death, was asked, when at the stake, to become a Christian, that his soul might be allowed to enter Heaven. "Will the Spaniards go there?" he inquired. He was answered that they would. "Then I will not be a Christian," said he; "for I do not wish to go again to a place where I shall meet with men so cruel!"

After the conquest of Cuba, Velasquez, being appointed its governor, seemed disposed to favor Cortes, whose courage and activity during the invasion had not been unnoticed. Yet, thinking his services worthy of a higher reward than

he had received, the latter joined a party opposed to the governor, and undertook the perilous task of voyaging by night, and in an open boat, to Hayti, there to make certain serious charges against Velasquez. The governor, however, informed of what was plotting, seized Cortes before he could depart, and would have hanged him but for the intercession of mutual friends. Sparing the captive's life, Velasquez nevertheless ordered him to be heavily ironed and cast into prison. Soon afterwards escaping, Cortes fled to a church, where, in those days, it was not allowable to seize any who had once obtained the privilege of its sacred protection. The fugitive was in love, however, with a "very modest maiden," named Catalina Xuarez, who lived close by; and, going out one night to visit her, he unexpectedly found himself in the arms of a number of stout fellows, who dragged him off to a ship which was to set sail the following morning for San Domingo. But that night Ferdinand managed to get loose from his bonds, and, partly in a boat, and partly by swimming, he had the good luck to reach the shore, when he again sought safety in the church where he had previously found it.

Shortly subsequently, Cortes and the governor became friends again. How they made up their quarrel is not very well known; though the strange story is told by some authors that the fugitive one night stalked fully armed into the house of Velasquez, who was alone at the time; when, after a hot dispute and many explanations by both parties, they were completely reconciled to each other.

This story may or may not be true. It is certain, however, that Velasquez presently took Cortes again into favor, and gave him a large farm, together with the office of magistrate, in the town of St. Jago. Marrying his "modest and beautiful Catalina," with whom, he was often heard to remark, he "lived as happily as if she were the daughter of a duke," he moved upon his plantation, spending there several quiet years of prosperity, and acquiring what at that time was considered no small fortune.

CHAPTER II.

Discovery of Yucatan and Mexico—Velasquez fits out an expedition to colonize those countries—Cortes appointed to command it—Difficulty between him and Velasquez—His abrupt departure from Cuba—His address to the troops—His various adventures on the voyage to Vera Cruz.

CORTES was still living the quiet life of a

planter and magistrate when, in 1517, a discovery was made, the consequences of which had an important bearing on his future career. The discovery I allude to was that of Yucatan, by Francis Hernandez, who, on his return to Cuba, gave a most glowing description of the newly-found region, representing it as a country of extraordinary beauty, rich in gold, and dotted with numerous villages and lofty temples of stone, evidently the work of a more cultivated people than any hitherto met with in the New World.

Inflamed by this picture, Velasquez, the next year, fitted out a fleet to follow up the late discovery. Command of it was given to his nephew, John Grijalva, who, first of navigators to sail along the coast of Mexico, and to hold communication with its singular people, returned safely to Cuba after nearly half a year's absence.

Meanwhile, however, Velasquez, growing impatient, hastened to fit out a second and larger expedition, to conquer and colonize those golden countries, of which, from the river Alvarado, in Mexico, his young kinsman had already sent him word. Looking around for a proper person to command this expedition, he was finally persuaded to fix upon Cortes; who, eagerly accepting the high dignity offered him, gathered together what money he had and could borrow, and gave it and all his energies towards getting ready the ships, military stores, and other things required for the undertaking.

Apprehensive, from the wonderful activity and enterprise displayed by Cortes, that he would not be the mere tool he had designed making him, Velasquez suddenly repented of his choice, and determined to give the expedition in charge of some one with less ambition and self-reliance. But repentance came too late. Hearing of the governor's determination, Cortes took a bold, but decisive step. He had hazarded his whole fortune in the expedition. To have the command of it stripped from him would be his ruin. He instantly resolved, therefore, to set sail that very night, before Velasquez could officially inform him of his removal. Having generously helped many of his officers and men to clothe and arm themselves, he found most of them his fast friends, and easily induced them to agree to his plans; so that, going to work with a will, by daybreak the fleet, which on the previous evening seemed wholly unfit for sea, was safely outside the harbor of San Jago, ready to spread every sail to the fair wind blowing.

Tidings of this reached Velasquez while he was yet in bed. Hastily rising and dressing himself, he mounted a horse and galloped to the

beach, within hearing distance of which there presently came a boat filled with armed men, in the midst of whom stood Cortes. "How now, my friend," shouted the mortified governor; "are you going from me in this manner? Truly, you have a strange way of taking your leave." "Pray, sir, excuse me," was the reply of Cortes; "for things of this nature are sometimes to be done before they are even thought of. Consider what commands you have for me." Before Velasquez could find words to answer this bold and resolute speech, Cortes was out of hearing on his way to the fleet, which in a few moments sped on its voyage, with every sail open to a brisk breeze.

Proceeding along the southern coast of Cuba, and stopping, meanwhile, at various towns, to enlist troops and obtain provisions, Cortes presently voyaged round the western end of the island, and came to anchor in the harbor of Havana. Here he received a letter from the governor, begging him to delay his final departure. Another letter, to the captain of the port, ordered his immediate arrest. This order the captain was neither willing nor dared to obey; while Cortes sent Velasquez word that, "God willing, he would sail the next morning," and accordingly did so.

Mustering the expedition at Cape San Antonio, our adventurer found himself in command of eleven ships, on board which were six hundred and sixty-three Spaniards and two hundred Indians, having thirteen muskets, sixteen horses, and ten large and four small cannon. With this seemingly insignificant army, he hesitated not to undertake the conquest of an empire that counted its warriors by hundreds of thousands.

In the morning of February the 18th, 1519, all things being ready, Cortes, before finally embarking, assembled his followers, and unfurled the standard of the expedition. It was of black taffeta, trimmed with gold, and adorned with a red cross, surrounded by white and blue flames, beneath which were the words, "FRIENDS, LET US FOLLOW THE CROSS, FOR UNDER THIS SIGN WE SHALL CONQUER!" After this ceremony, the chief addressed his troops nearly as follows:—

"It is certain, my friends, that all brave men aspire to equal the best of their own or of former times. Knowing you to have such aspirations, I can foresee that, in the great enterprise we are now about to begin, you will subdue vaster dominions than our sovereign is already master of. Yet a truly brave and discreet man ought not to regard riches when he has heroic actions in view; and, therefore, I desire you to

take notice that I aspire less after profit than honor, which is the end all good men should propose to themselves. As we are now going on a just war," he continued, "I trust that God, in whose name it is made, will steadily assist us. Of the nature of that war, since the wind invites us to set sail, I will not lose time in discoursing, only reminding you that great hardships are to be encountered in it. But if you ground your hopes upon virtue, and do not forsake me, I will make you the richest of men that have come over to this New World. Your number, indeed, is small, yet I trust in your valor. Go on, then," he concluded—"go on with cheerful confidence, that the end of this undertaking may be answerable to its glorious beginning."

This artful and somewhat hypocritical harangue was loudly applauded by the assembled soldiers. In their thirst for gold or glory, the greater part cared not to consider whether the contemplated "war" were "just" or not; while the really pious Christians, of whom a few graced the expedition, lost sight of this question in their earnest desire to bring a nation of idolaters to a knowledge of the true God. Among these latter, I may mention the good and kind-hearted father Olmedo, who, accompanying the armament as chaplain, now solemnly celebrated mass, after which, seemingly eager for battle and victory, the whole force hurried on board the fleet. All sail being then spread, Cortes, steering for Yucatan, at last found himself in that path of glorious adventure he had so long desired to follow.

After a stormy voyage, our hero reached the island of Cozumel, where he spent several days repairing damages, and endeavoring to Christianize the natives. Sailing again, one of his ships began to leak, and he had to return. Before setting out a second time, he had the good fortune to redeem from Indian slavery Jerome Aguilar, a virtuous and well-educated Spaniard, who had been shipwrecked on the coast of Yucatan some seven years previously. Knowing perfectly the language or dialect of the people with whom he had so long lived, Aguilar soon became of such value as an interpreter that a pious writer of those days has called the accident which led to his recovery "a great mystery, and a miracle of God."

Leaving Cozumel, Cortes sailed around Cape Catoche, and keeping close to the ever-beautiful shore, sped on his voyage through Campeche Bay till he reached the Tabasco River, up which he proceeded in his boats and lighter vessels to obtain fresh water and provisions. About to land towards evening, not far from the Indian

village of Tabasco, the natives, flocking to arms, forbade his doing so, but furnished him with such provisions as they could spare. Cortes declared that he must have more, and the Indians promised a further supply on the following day.

Encamping that night on a near island, the next morning Cortes beheld, lining the opposite shore, a multitude of canoes crowded with armed warriors, who, offering him what food they could collect, ordered him to depart immediately. As he seemed determined not to obey, the Indians began to let fly their arrows, whereupon, crossing the river, the Spaniards, after a short but fierce struggle, forced their way to land. Here the Tabascans fought bravely, till, terror-stricken by the thunder of the cannon, they fled, and Cortes entered their town without further opposition.

That night all was quiet. The following day, however, brought the general tidings that the whole country was arming for his destruction. Quickly deciding to strike boldly, he immediately led out his troops against the Indians, who, to the number of forty thousand, darkened the plain of Ceutla, a few miles from the village of Tabasco.

Having to cross a country cut up by numerous ditches, his march was long and tiresome; but he at length came in sight of the dusky mass of the enemy, drawn up in battle array. Ordering the foot soldiers to engage them in front, Cortes himself set out with twelve horsemen to fall upon their rear. Scarcely had he gone, when, yelling hideously, the Tabascans rushed fiercely upon the line of his foot soldiers, who, though they staggered under the shock, finally took stand in a kind of hollow, shaped like a horse-shoe, and opened with their muskets and cannon upon the dense throng of the enemy. Swept down by hundreds, the Indians yet showed no signs of fear, but charged again and again upon the little band of Christians, and in such numbers "that," writes one who shared in the fight, "if each had thrown a handful of earth, they might have buried us." Just as the Spaniards seemed about to be overwhelmed, a fearful stir ran through the Indian army. Cortes and his cavalry had charged upon the rear of the Tabascans, who, having never seen a horse, fled in horror before so terrible a combination, as they deemed it, of man and beast. Content with a victory in which but two of his men were slain, the Spanish general did not follow the flight of the enemy, who had left eight hundred of their bravest warriors dead upon the bloody plain.

In the name of his king, Cortes now took

possession of the country, with the singular ceremony used by Spanish cavaliers of that day. Donning his shield, he drew his sword, and, giving three cuts with it on a great tree which grew in the midst of the town, he declared that, if any person dared to dispute his possession, he would defend it with that sword and shield.

Completely broken by their late defeat, the Tabascan chiefs presently came in and acknowledged themselves subjects of the King of Spain. While they were yet conferring with Cortes, some of the horses, stabled in a neighboring court-yard, were heard to neigh. "What is the matter with those fierce creatures?" asked one of the Indian ambassadors. "They are angry," replied the general, "because I have not punished you sufficiently for making war upon the Christians." The simple-minded chiefs immediately ordered cloths to be given the horses to lie on, and fowls for them to eat; after which, going out, they stood in awe at a distance from the fearful creatures, gazing at them as if they would never be satisfied, and begging them to pardon their people, who would henceforward treat the Christians as friends.

Cortes now brought forward the good father Olmedo, to whose explanations of the faith of the Spaniards the Indians seemed to listen with equal pleasure and wonder. They then gave the general a number of presents, among which were twenty female slaves, and some trifling ornaments of gold. When asked where they obtained the latter, they pointed towards the west, repeating the words "Culhua," "Mexico."

Cortes at once determined to set sail in search of these golden countries. Accordingly, he bade farewell to his new friends, and, wafted by a fair wind, reached the island of San Juan de Ulua on Holy Thursday, the 21st of April. Scarcely had he anchored, when a large canoe filled with natives rowed from the opposite main land to the side of his vessel. Coming fearlessly aboard, the Mexican chiefs—for such they were—spoke to the general in a most respectful manner, but in a language his interpreter could not understand. Cortes was puzzled what to do, when, greatly to his relief, one of the female slaves given to him by the Tabascans, happening to be by, told Aguilar, in Yucatanese, what the Mexicans said. This being turned into Spanish, a somewhat roundabout way was thus opened for conversation between the general and his visitors.

Dona Marina, as the Spaniards afterwards christened the young woman just alluded to, was by birth a Mexican, and the daughter of a cacique. Her mother, being left a widow, mar-

ried again, and had a son, out of love for whom, and that he might fall heir to all their wealth, she and her husband sold Marina to some merchants living near the borders of Tabasco. To conceal this wrong, the cruel mother pretended that her first-born had died; as proof of which, she buried one of her female servants, whose death just then happened, with every sign of the sorrow that a parent would show for a lost child. Meanwhile, Marina had been given, or sold, by the merchants who purchased her, to their neighbors of Tabasco, who presented her, as we have seen, to Cortes. Beautiful, ready-witted, and having great spirit, the young captive soon won the affections of the Spaniards, to whom she ever remained faithful, rendering them services which can never be rated too highly.

CHAPTER III.

First meeting of Cortes with the Mexicans—Speech of the governor, Teuhtlile—Effect of the tidings of the arrival of the Spaniards on Montezuma—His timorous policy—Rupture between the Spaniards and Mexicans—Trouble in the camp of Cortes.

Now able to converse with his visitors, Cortes learned that they were subjects of Montezuma, a mighty monarch, whose chief city, named Mexico, was some two hundred miles to the westward; and that they came from Teuhtlile, a governor under that monarch, to ask the Spanish general what he wanted on their coast. Courteously informing the Mexican nobles that he wished to speak with their governor, Cortes sent them away with many presents, and immediately afterwards landed and encamped his forces on the plain where now stands the city of Vera Cruz.

The following Sunday, which was Easter, Teuhtlile came into the camp with many attendants. After listening reverently to a solemn high mass, the governor was admitted, with much ceremony, to a conference with Cortes, who, saying that he was an ambassador of the greatest monarch in the world, desired, in his sovereign's name, a personal interview with the Emperor of Mexico.

Teuhtlile could not hide his uneasiness at this request. "Scarcely are you in our land," he exclaimed, "and you ask to see our king!" Continuing less haughtily, he expressed his astonishment at learning that there was a greater monarch than Montezuma. "But," said he, in conclusion, "as you assert the existence of such an one, I trust that my sovereign

will be glad to hear from him, and will highly honor you, his ambassador. Meanwhile, take these presents, which I offer you in the name of our emperor." So saying, he gave Cortes many gifts, some of which were golden ornaments of great value.

Accepting these presents with numerous thanks, the general returned for them gifts of trifling worth to himself, but much prized by the Mexicans, who immediately prepared to depart. Before they left, however, Cortes treated them to a grand military display. By his orders, the trumpets sounded a loud alarm. In a moment, as it were, the Spanish troopers were in motion upon the plain, the foot soldiers flourishing their bright weapons of steel, and the cavalry galloping about on their fiery chargers. The Mexicans looked on in an ecstasy of wonder; but when the cannon were fired many of them fled, some dropped trembling to the ground, and all were so terrified that Cortes could scarcely quiet their fears.

Singularly correct representations of this scene, pictured upon cotton cloth by some painters who had accompanied Teuhtlile, were now hurried off, along with the presents and wishes of Cortes, to Montezuma. On receiving them, it is said, the heart of that monarch was filled with dismay. In his trouble, he called together his counsellors; but, as they could agree upon nothing, he finally determined to send messengers to the strangers, with an abundance of rich gifts, and a polite refusal to grant their general a personal interview.

To understand why Montezuma acted in this way, it should be known that, according to an ancient prophecy current in Mexico, that empire was to be finally overthrown by a certain god, who had been driven thence many ages before, and who was to be recognized by his fair complexion and flowing beard, and by his bearing the thunder and lightning in his hands. At the time of which I now write, the notion was common among the Mexicans that the period for the coming of this deity was not far off. Entertaining this notion, and half believing that the Spanish general was either the expected deity or his forerunner, Montezuma had taken such steps as, he thought, would not offend Cortes, if he were the god, and might yet send him away pleased, should he prove to be nothing more than a man.

Seven days had scarcely passed by since the departure of Teuhtlile, when he returned in company with the two noble Mexicans sent as ambassadors to Cortes from Montezuma. Presenting themselves before the general, they

saluted him with all the respect they would show to great lords of their own nation. After a few words of thanks which they bore from the emperor, who expressed himself much pleased with the presents Cortes had sent him, their attendants, one hundred in number, came forward with the princely return gifts of Montezuma. These were many and valuable. But what most attracted the eyes of the Spaniards were two round plates, "as large as carriage-wheels," one of gold and the other of silver. Both were beautifully ornamented, and the golden one, which had on it exquisite carvings of various plants and animals, was estimated to be worth more than half a million of dollars!

While Cortes and his officers were feasting their eyes with the view of this glittering treasure, one of the Mexican ambassadors thus addressed them: "This present," said he, "my sovereign sends to you. For your king, he will in a short time send some jewels of inestimable value. Meanwhile, you may remain upon this shore as long as may be necessary to rest yourselves after the fatigues of your voyage hither, and to provide yourselves with provisions for returning to your native country. But with respect to your demand of visiting our court, I am charged to dissuade you from so laborious and dangerous a journey, as the way to it lies through uninhabited deserts and the countries of enemies."

This smoothly worded, yet plain refusal to allow his visit gave Cortes no great satisfaction. Judging of the emperor's wealth by the richness of his gifts, he became more and more desirous of seeing him. Making light of the labors and dangers of the journey to Mexico, he sent word to Montezuma by the ambassadors that he could not return with honor to his own country until he had visited him.

In the first heat of his anger on receiving this message, the haughty, yet weak and changeable emperor threatened to seize the audacious strangers and sacrifice them to his gods. But, still fearing that Cortes might be the expected deity to whom I have already alluded, he resolved on sending the general another rich present, yet with plain and positive orders to quit the country immediately.

Though mortified at the receipt of these orders, Cortes had no notion of obeying them, and once more asked to be allowed to visit the emperor. Great was the astonishment and indignation of the Mexican ambassadors on hearing again what they deemed so presumptuous a demand; and, when they departed from the camp, their looks and motions showed plainly that trouble was to

be apprehended from their anger. Next morning there was to be seen not one of the many natives who, on the previous day, had been trading with the soldiers, or supplying them with provisions free of charge. All had "slipped away during the night," in obedience to the commands of their emperor. Being a prudent general, Cortes took immediate measures to prevent surprise from any sudden attack, which these movements of the Mexicans led him to expect would soon be made upon his camp.

The same day, five Indians, differing some little in dress and appearance from the Mexicans, and having their ears and nostrils ornamented with rings, came into the camp, and were brought before the general. Neither Marina nor Aguilar could understand their language; but, two of them speaking Mexican, Cortes thus learned that they were natives of Cempoalla, the chief town of the Totonacs, a people lately added by conquest to the number of the subjects of Montezuma. Having heard of the great victory won by the Spaniards in Tabasco, their cacique, they said, thinking it a good time to throw off the Mexican yoke, had sent them to invite the wonderful strangers to his court, not doubting but that they would gladly aid him in freeing his people from the oppressions of their proud and cruel conquerors.

"On hearing this," writes Robertson, "a ray of light and hope broke in upon the mind of Cortes. He saw that the great empire which he intended to attack was not united, nor its sovereign beloved." Perceiving at once how, by encouraging the ill feeling with which the Totonacs regarded their conquerors, he might be able to wonderfully weaken the apparent strength of Montezuma, he sent away these ambassadors with many presents, promising soon to pay a visit to their lord, and to make such arrangements with him as would be to the advantage of both.

Immediately after the departure of the Indians, Cortes made known his intention of marching to Cempoalla. Meanwhile, however, troubles had arisen in the camp, which it was first necessary to quiet. Some of the friends of James Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, tired of the hardships they had undergone, and fearful of greater toils and dangers to be encountered, now began to speak loudly of the rashness of Cortes in attempting the conquest of so mighty an empire as Mexico with so small a number of soldiers. Taking a still bolder step, they openly declared their own intention to return without delay to Cuba. Replying "that he, indeed, would rather remain in the coun-

try," the general went on to say that since, as was asserted, the army did not think as he did, he would, however unwillingly, give up his design of staying. Accordingly, early the next day, orders were issued for the troops to prepare to embark at once for the island of Cuba.

Great was the excitement that ensued. In a moment, as it were, the whole camp seemed in open mutiny. The friends of Cortes declared that he had betrayed them. It was unworthy, they cried, of the Castilian courage to be frightened at the first appearance of peril, and disgraceful to fly from an enemy they had not yet seen. They had come, they continued, to form a settlement independent of the governor of Cuba. For their parts, they were resolved not to give up that undertaking; and, if Cortes should abandon it, they would protest against his conduct as being disloyal.

Pretending to be surprised at what he heard, though it had all been suggested by himself, Cortes now addressed the troops, concluding his speech by asserting that he was entirely willing to do as they said. Since it was their desire, therefore, to plant a colony in the name of the king, he would begin by naming persons to be magistrates of the intended settlement. Having done this, he resigned to the newly-appointed magistrates all the authority he had received from Velasquez, declaring that, in so great an enterprise as the present, he was willing to serve even as a common trooper. But as the officers of the lately formed settlement were all his friends, and had been chosen by himself, this apparent disinterestedness cannot be regarded as being much more than mere show. At any rate, the new magistrates, pretending to act in the name of the king of Spain, at once chose him captain-general and chief justice of the colony.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.—BIRD OF PASSAGE.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

THE Bird of Passage, prescient, ever knows
 The sure approach of elemental strife,
 Sees stormy tempest and the chilling snows,
 And icy Winter, with his terrors rife.
 So, he premeditates a rapid flight,
 And hastens on, with strong and vigorous wing,
 To where more genial climes would him invite,
 And Nature offers a more lasting spring.
 Some friendly power doth now its aid dispense,
 To warn us off to a more happy clime,
 Our guide a good and gracious Providence,
 Who sitteth on earth's circle, so sublime:
 Then let us leave these spots where Sin hath trod,
 To hasten home, through Virtue's path, to God.

THE HYMN OF LABOR.

BY R. T. CONRAD.

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work."

ST. JOHN ix. 4.

WORK while 'tis day! for the dreary night cometh,
When the laggard lies down—but it is not to sleep;
Scorned Time is avenged in the worm that ne'er dieth;
Whatsoe'er a man soweth he also shall reap.
Work out your salvation with fear and with trembling,
And dull not the duty with doubt or delay;
For God and your brother! Earth's harvest-field calls
you;
Then faint not, nor falter, *but work while 'tis day!*

Work while 'tis day! For God gave not your being,
A mockery of life and a burthen to men,
To grow and to grovel, to be and to perish,
Like weeds on the waste, or like fogs o'er the fen.
Ye were formed for a purpose—'tis active and earnest—
To live and to labor while labor you may;
In the forum or furrow, at helm or at hammer—
Whatever the duty—still *work while 'tis day!*

Work! For the true Christian shrinks from no duty;
His spirit of Love and of Power is brave;
Not hearing, but doing—not talking, but toiling;
Not sleeping—there 's slumber enough in the grave.
The twelve were all chosen from earth's earnest toils-
men;
St. Paul wrought for bread on his God-guided way:
And wist ye not Christ, in the work of the Father,
Went about doing good? *Oh, then, work while you may!*

Work while 'tis day! It is not in seclusion,
In dim dreams of duty that duty is done:
Come forth from the coward repose of the cloister,
To the field where the good fight is fought and is won!
As husband or father, as friend or as brother,
For kith or for country, as teacher or stay,
There are deeds to accomplish by love and by labor,
By soul or by sinew—*then work while 'tis day!*

Work while 'tis day! True devotion ne'er wearies;
The faith that is sluggard is cold as the clod;
But blest is the servant whose lord finds him faithful,
Peace, honor, and glory the gifts of his God!
Turn cheerly to toil! till life's task-work is over,
And the voice of our King calls his chosen away;
Oh, sweet is their sleep when the light has departed,
The sleep of the just, *who have worked while 'twas day!*

BEHOLD THE LAMB!

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

(See Plate.)

WHERE over Jordan's wild and reedy side
Fitfully sweep the desert winds along,
Upon the margin of the sacred tide
Are gathered Judah's rapt and earnest throng.

Wherefore, O city, are thy thousands here?
To see the reeds wave on the river bank?
Or seek they in the desert, chill and drear,
The robe of purple and the pride of rank?

Not to the desert come ye to behold
Gorgeous apparel and imperial state:
For purple vestments, gems, and glowing gold
Are worn by those in palaces who wait.

Seek ye a prophet? Hark the HERALD's cry—
More than a prophet's is his warning word:
"Level the hill-tops, fill the valleys high!
Make straight the pathway of the coming LORD!"

"The axe is laid! Woe to the barren tree!
Against all such as shall be fruitless found
Hath gone forth HEAVEN's stern yet just decree:
'Sweep from its place the cumberer of the ground!"

"I am the VOICE, sung by the prophet's lyre,
The Witness of ONE mightier far than I,
Whose baptism, of the SPIRIT and of fire,
Will throughly purge all those to HIM who fly.

"I shall decrease, but His great NAME shall rise;
HE, coming after, is o'er me preferred;
Lift to the SAVIOUR, then, your weeping eyes—
Behold the LAMB of GOD, the INCARNATE WORD."

BROTHER CHARLIE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

OH! October hangs its valance,
Crimson lined, around the sky
And its broad and golden hangings
Gently touch the mountains high;
And around the fields of barley
I can hear the night-winds flow,
Talking to me, brother Charlie,
Of Octobers long ago.

And I see the scarlet mantle
Round the chestnut branches bound,
And I seem to hear the dropping
Of the nuts upon the ground,
As I sit here with the twilight
Falling round me still and gray,
Looking down upon the fair light
Of that other autumn day.

In the porch we watched them, darling,
Watched the sun and clouds go down,
And we said, 'twas angels drawing
On the skies their pictures brown;
Oh! how all that hour's dead blisses
To my heart are stealing now,
Till I seem to feel your kisses
Dropping softly on my brow.

But there is a darker story
Which the night-winds tell to me,
And a lone grave, brother Charlie,
Through a mist of tears I see,
Rising, like a dark, green billow,
In the churchyard old and gray,
Over which bends down the willow
Where they laid you, love, away.

But I try to soothe the aching
In my heart that always lies,
Thinking of a pathway reaching
From that lone grave to the skies!
For your feet turned homeward early,
And upon those hills I know
You are waiting, brother Charlie,
Till it comes my turn to go!

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

(See Plate.)

LILIAN, sweetest of maidens, stood
Just on the verge of womanhood,
And tried, with wishful earnest gaze,
To penetrate the future's haze;
To know the high gifts that might be
Stored up for her by destiny,
Should wealth, or fame, or human love,
Or holy fires her spirit move.

One morn, when calm was the summer air,
She sought the dun heath brown and fair;
On deepest thought her mind intent,
She recked not where her footsteps bent.
She long had passed each well-known thing—
The rocks, the tree, the mossy spring—
And all the scene was wild and strange;
Yet scarcely did she heed the change,
When all above, beneath, around,
Was changed as if by magic wand.
The sweetest music filled the air,
And groves, and founts, and flow'rets fair
Shone in the light of the glowing sun,
Brighter than mortal e'er looks upon;
And ere from Lilian's radiant eyes
Had passed the first glance of surprise,
Nine sprites came gliding through the air,
To offer to the lady fair
The votive flower of destiny,
Foreshadowing what her life should be:—

One, with the tulip's gorgeous dyes,
Promised fame that would reach the skies;
He, with a lily's snow white bell,
Of a nun's pure lonely life did tell;
There was one that imaged the priceless dower
Of mind, by the fair chrysanthemum's flower;
The warm carnation, brought by one,
Told of the cheerful joys of home:
"Oh, take my gift, sweet maiden," he cries,
"I rest on the earth, but I point to the skies!"
While from the marsh's tangled weeds
Two sprites came trailing dark-brown reeds:
"Take these, and sleep your hours away;
What need to toil, to love, to pray?
They say that all things bright must die,
Then only seek tranquillity."
But hardly was the sentence spoken,
When with drooping wings and reeds all broken,
The elves were driven from the wold
By him who came to proffer gold.

The maiden turned her glances sweet
From the mimic struggle at her feet,
To list to him that sang of love,
That gift all earthly gifts above:
But the mystic cross of the passion flower
Thrilled her heart with its wondrous power;
It told of aims and purpose high—
It told of immortality.
The maiden's will was quickly spoken—
"I take your flower, I prize the token;"
And hardly had she breathed the word
When the sweetest music ever heard
Swelled on the air, and floated to heaven—
"She hath, she hath, to her shall be given."

They flung their flow'rets at her feet,
And, with songs and music low and sweet,
They led to her home, in the forest shades,
Lilian, fairest of mortal maids.
And ever, if fancy or passion swayed
Her steps from the path by duty made,
Music, sad and low as a sigh,
Filled the air that floated by.
And when she passed from earth away
To the bright realms of endless day,
A burst of triumph, a rapturous sound,
Told the weepers that lingered around
That Lilian, sweetest of maids, had come,
Welcomed by angels to her home.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY LILIAN.

"A happy New Year for the loved ones at home."

Words for Music.

"A HAPPY New Year for the loved ones at home,"
Is the cheeriest wish of my spirit to-day,
As around the bright hearth-stone together we come,
To gladden the hours as they hasten away.
Oh! joyful the time when our loveliest song
Rejoices the heart with its echoing cheer,
And we are merriest, happiest throng
That ever delighted to hail the New Year.
Oh! my heart-wish shall be, wheresoever I roam,
"A happy New Year for the loved ones at home!"

But partings will come to the children of earth,
And the eye be moistened with many a tear,
As one bids adieu to the place of his birth,
With its beautiful scenes and loved ones so dear!
And sadly that sorrow my spirit has known,
For I look for those loved ones, but they are not here;
Yet in spirit I'm with them, and gladly I own
Their influence with every returning New Year.
And my heart-wish shall be, wheresoever I roam,
"A happy New Year for the loved ones at home!"

The cares of life's journey my pathway may throng,
Dark shadows of gloom o'er my spirit may steal,
But mem'ry shall breathe on my sadness a song,
The sunlight of glory again to reveal!
Or if zephyrs e'er breathe on the ocean of life,
And never awaken its billowy foam,
Or flow'rs always gladden the field of its strife,
I e'er shall remember the loved ones at home.
For my heart-wish shall be, wheresoever I roam,
"A happy New Year for the loved ones at home!"

MY FIRST, MY LAST, MY ONLY LOVE.

BY MARTHA G. WITHERS.

My first, my last, my only love,
When first I met with thee,
No fairer vision on the earth
I deem could ever be:
A bud of promise, bright and fair,
And cherished with the fondest care.

I loved thee. Ah! those happy days,
Those golden summer hours,

When in our heart the young hopes sprang,
 Fresh as the vernal flowers;
 And just as fading, too, were they,
 For soon, ah! soon, they passed away!

We parted in our life's young morn,
 But I my troth did keep;
 Though weary days and years rolled on,
 Ne'er did affection sleep:
 And though life's morn has passed away,
 My faith has never known decay.

We met again—few words were said,
 Yet they dispelled my dream:
 Another's bride! And why came I
 To mingle in the scene?
 I lingered but farewell to say,
 And then I went my lonely way.

And from that time we never met,
 But still 'twas whispered me
 That he who won the prize I lost
 Was most unkind to thee:
 And thy young life must pass away
 To harshness and neglect a prey!

I heard in silence—words are vain
 To say what was my grief;
 And next they told me death had come,
 And thou hadst found relief:
 Hadst found at last a peaceful home,
 Where endless love is ever known.

I am an old man now—my locks
 Are thin, and mixed with gray
 You scarce would deem I'd ever been
 A stripling blithe and gay,
 Or deem a heart as old as mine
 Would keep for Love a sacred shrine.

Unchanged by time, undimmed by death,
 Still shall that love endure:
 Thou art, I trust, an angel now,
 Beatified and pure:
 And I yet hope to see above
 My first, my last, my only love.

“THOU CANST PRAY FOR ME, THERE-
 SA; THY PRAYERS ARE PURE.”—*Faust*.

Yes, thou canst pray—then pray for me,
 For I may seek no holy shrine,
 Nor ever take that fearful name
 Upon these sinful lips of mine.

Thy prayers are pure, and thou canst pray,
 Oh! privilege blessed, I may not claim,
 Can sinless take upon thy lips
 The name of Him I dare not name.

And thou, when anguish wrings thy heart,
 Canst find in Heaven a healing balm;
 The voice that thrills my soul with dread
 Can make thy troubled spirit calm.

Then pray for me whenever thou
 At holy shrine dost kneel in prayer;
 Beloved, breathe the name of him
 Who may not, dare not, meet thee there.

TERESA.

Enigmas.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

43. An anonymous letter. 44. A parasol. 45. Mildew.

A CHARADE.

BY A DISTINGUISHED VIRGINIAN NOW NO MORE.

My *first* is a queer little whirligig thing,
 Which painters depict, and which bards often sing;
 'Tis a fanciful, fairylike, rapid affair,
 Now rolling on earth, and now gliding in air;
 And what was a strange and most wonderful notion,
 Old Neptune could guide it through waves of the ocean!

My *second* 's no joke, but a torment of life,
 Whether seen in the lapdog, the child, or the wife;
 A wonderful plague! but what will perplex you,
 Should it chance to be *yours*, it ceases to vex you.
 If this will not do, and I *must* tell you better,
 A *pest* it would be had it one crooked letter.

My *whole* is a source of enjoyment and ease,
 While the fancy and taste it is fitted to please.
 Let England and Scotland and Holland impart
 To this fabric of comfort the splendor of art,
 It still is a *Turkey* you can't boil or roast,
 And akin to the *lamb*, though of *Lyons* the boast.

ENIGMAS.

1.

I'M consumed by some folks, yet I nourish them not,
 Though I'm relished as much as their food;
 For I'm grilled *à la mode*, and served up smoking hot—
 Now I think I must be understood.

2.

I'M pretty and polished, and yet, for your use,
 As efficient a slave as the world can produce;
 I'm slender and graceful, but wont to achieve
 Very wonderful works, as you'll often perceive,
 When under engagement with one to my mind;
 I carry my point without flinching, you'll find.
 'Mongst females, at least with the *notable* race,
 I'm a *notable* pet, as you'll readily trace.
 By your very fine ladies I'm held in contempt,
 Though they're never through life from my service ex-
 empt.
 Most gentlemen deem me a bit of a bore,
 Though I'm sure they'd be wretched if I were no more.
 So essential the service I render them all,
 Yet I'm blind of one eye, and remarkably small.

3.

WHAT'S the liquor whose price, as the laws will enact,
 Must depend altogether on how you extract?
 And why, when, and where it is tapped?
 As humanity, cruelty, honor, defence,
 In their turn, may each offer direct evidence
 Upon the event, as it happened.

4.

My *first* brightly qualifies beauty's best trait;
 With my *second* the same become mad *en effet*,
 And must forfeit my third—though, united, by three
 Will a perfume present of exalted degree.

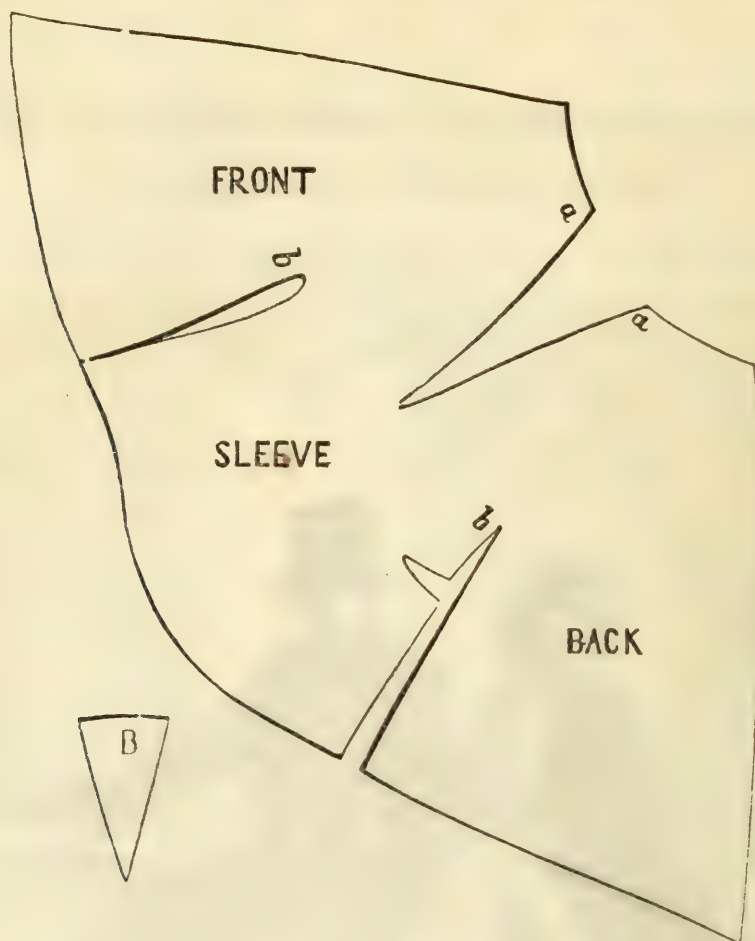
OUR PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR.

THE EMPRESS PARDESSUS.



THE Pardessus shown in the above illustration is the complete rage in Paris. It is one of the most fashionable novelties in the season, and is likely to become a great favorite in this country, on account of its beauty, as well as being so well adapted for the severity of the present season. The Pardessus is composed of either cloth or velvet, and is trimmed with fur or otherwise. The sleeves are opened or closed at the option of the wearer.

Dresses worn at the present season are remarkable for their fulness. A preference is shown, for ordinary purposes, for stuff gowns; and red currant and chestnut are the principal colors, trimmed with wide bands of the same color in flush or velvet. Most dresses are trimmed flat, starting from the point of the body, ascending to the shoulder, gradually widening and coming down the back, following the side seams.



DIAGRAMS OF THE EMPRESS PARDESSUS.

The front, back, and sleeve are cut in one piece of velvet or cloth. Join *a, a*, at the shoulder. *b, b, B*, the gusset, forms the sleeve.

 NAMES.

Blanche

Marie

CAPS, SLEEVES, CHEMISETTES, JUVENILE FASHIONS, AND
OTHER NOVELTIES FOR JANUARY.

Fig. 1.



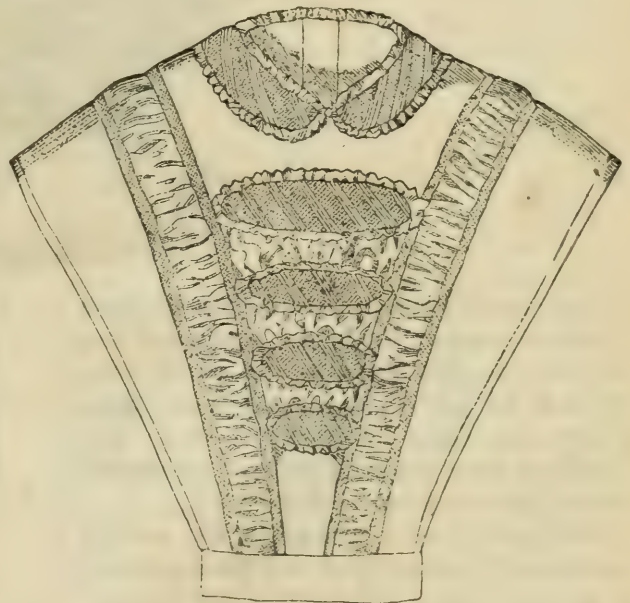
Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



THE Fauchon, or half handkerchief of silk, is much used in the composition of breakfast caps for young married ladies, and dress-caps for those who have reason to thank the inventor,

inasmuch as it effectually disguises the loss of hair.

Fig. 1 is an example. A fauchon of pale violet silk, edged with three rows of narrow

velvet ribbon. This is bordered by quillings of lace, caught up at the back by a knot of narrow satin ribbon, loops of the same at the side of the face. Strings, not intended to be fastened, of broad violet-colored taffeta.

Fig. 2.—Dress cap of black Brussels or Maltese lace, with loops of pale pink satin ribbon. A narrow band of the same crosses the hair on the forehead.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Chemisettes of entirely new style, suitable for dinner and evening-dress, which can readily be copied with the materials of which they are composed—lace and Swiss muslin. Fig. 3 is intended for evening, and ornamented between the muslin puffs by bows of satin ribbon, to correspond with the prevailing shade of the dress, or in contrast to it.

It will be seen, from Figs. 5 and 6 (sleeves to correspond), that there is no necessity to have the undersleeve more than demi-long; that is, just so as to fasten neatly above the elbow by a

hook or button, and allowing an easy fulness for the puff below.

Fig. 5.

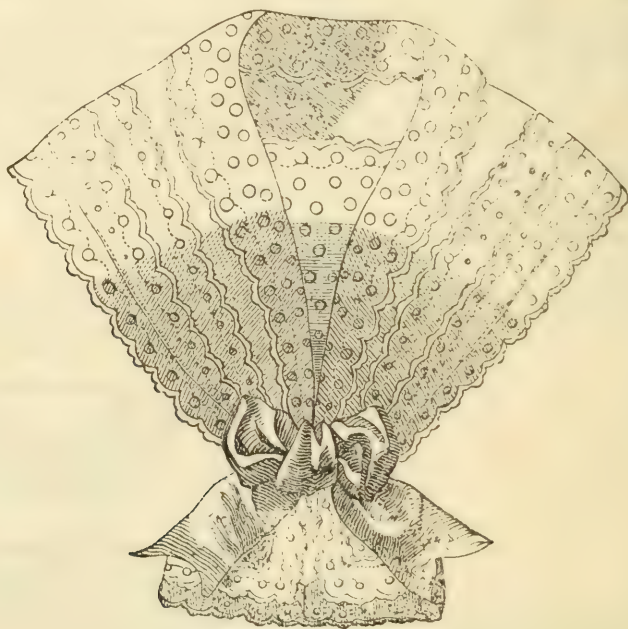


Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.—An exceedingly neat and youthful-

Fig. 7.



looking cape for evening dress, intended for those who do not care to display the whole neck in a low corsage. The shape is first cut in plain net to fit the figure, and covered by any light, delicate lace edging in the style given. The chemisette piece can be laid aside, if not wished. Bow of light satin ribbon at the waist.

THE JUVENILES.—Although a full nursery article may be looked for in our March number, we give in advance a *christening and carriage-cap* (Figs. 8 and 9), intended for an infant's wardrobe. The first is composed of alternate Valenciennes insertions, of two different patterns, edged with a full Valenciennes frill. Rosette and strings of satin or taffeta.

Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.—A juvenile costume, designed and furnished by Madame Demorest. Besides her

Fig. 10.



large establishment 375 Broadway, New York, Madame Demorest has the management of her branch depots, at 77 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, and 238 Washington Street, Boston. This costume will be found among the great variety of styles intended for her spring opening.

We have also received from Madame D. a box containing a most invaluable suite of *patterns for young mothers* preparing a first infant's wardrobe. Nearly everything mentioned in the "Nursery Basket" is included, and the whole set, in perfect proportion of length and size, looking like the dress itself, will be forwarded by mail at a low price. We consider this one of the best and most useful set of patterns we have ever received.

SAC DE VOYAGE, OR TRAVELLING-BAG.

(See Blue Plate in front of Book.)

THIS is worked on canvas in blocks of one inch square, alternate blocks of white and blue, with a narrow bordering of gold-color zephyr or floss silk round each. The flap falling over is

finished with a worsted cord, and fastened by two gilt buttons. The cord extends round the whole bag. At the sides are bunches of acorn tassels. This is a very convenient and useful bag.

WORK-BAG.

(See Blue Plate in front of Book.)

THIS bag is made of a rich blue velvet; the leaves are cut out of white velvet or satin, sewed on to the velvet, and bordered with a narrow gold braid. The tendrils and grapes are worked on the velvet with gold thread. The bag is bordered with a wide gold braid, and has a gold and blue cord on top for a string.

VASE IN POTICHIMANIE.

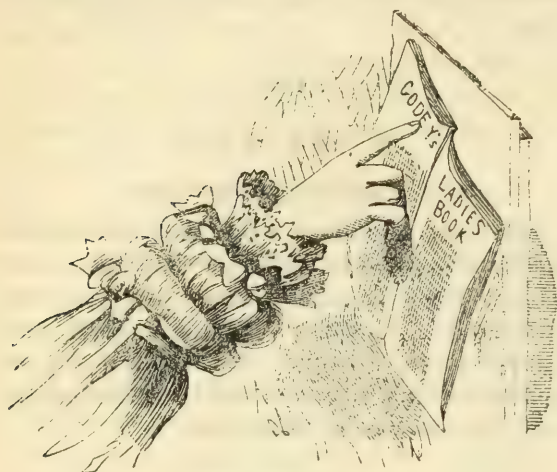
(See Cut on page 8.)

POTICHIMANIE is, as its name implies, a fabric representing china; it is a kind of work which has just made its appearance in Paris, and from the rage it has there, has had the word *Manie* added to the original name of Potichim.

The "Lady's Book" is the first to give this new mode of ornamenting. The materials consist of glass vases (in the shape of which, by the way, we trust ere long there will be considerable improvement), sheets of paper colored with appropriate subjects (colored fashion plates will look very well), liquid gum, prepared oil color, good varnish, spirits of turpentine, and brushes. Cut out the paper, taking away every atom of ground, and when a sufficient quantity of subjects are done, clean your vase, gum on the colored side of the paper, and lay it in the vase, pressing it closely down in every part, so that no air bubbles are left between the glass and the paper. Take care that every part is so gummed. Arrange the subjects according to your fancy, and as nearly as possible like the actual vases: thus, Chinese subjects must imitate Chinese vases in the arrangement of the figures, as well as the coloring of the ground, &c. Medallions are especially suitable for *Sèvres*; and we have also Etruscan, Assyrian, and many other subjects. When quite dry, add another coating of gum at the back of the pictures, not touching the glass; then a coat of varnish. When this is dry, clean the glass well, and pour the coloring matter into it, rolling the vase round and round in the hands, so that every part is colored. Add another coating of varnish afterwards.

KNITTED LACE UNDERSLEEVE.

Materials.—Marsland's boar's-head cotton, No. 40; 2 steel knitting-needles, No. 20.



Cast on 101 stitches. Purl one row.

1st.—Knit 1, * m 1, slip 1, k 2 t, pass the slip stitch over, m 1, k 1 *, repeat.

2d.—Purled.

Knit from fifty to sixty rows in this manner, and cast off. This forms one puffing; and, of course, for a pair of sleeves, you will require four.

FOR THE INSERTION.—Cast on 13 stitches; knit one row, purl 1, knit 1, purl 1; then begin the pattern.

1st.—Knit 1, m 1, k 2 t, k 3, m 1, k 2 t, k 3, m 1, k 2 t.

2d, and every alternate row.—Knit 3, p 7, k 3.

3d.—Knit 1, m 1, k 2 t, k 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 t, k 2, m 1, k 2 t.

5th.—Knit 1, m 1, k 2 t, k 2 t, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 2 t, k 1, m 1, k 2 t.

7th.—Knit 1, m 1, slip 1, k 2 t, pass the slip stitch over, m 1, k 5, * m 1, k 2 t, * twice.

8th.—As second, which completes the pattern.

Do as much of this as may be required for the wrists, allowing a few plain rows at the end to set a button on; and also two pieces to be inserted between the puffs, which must be put rather full into the bands. At the top of the upper puff, sew on a muslin band, which may be tacked in the dress.

According to the present style of sleeve, the ruffle should not fall over the hand, but should be sewed at the other edge of the wristband, with the puff, on which it must fall back. For cold weather, an undersleeve of sarsenet, made of the same dimensions as the knitted one, and tacked under it, will be found a very great improvement; and if of a color that will harmonize with the dress, will be very becoming.

KNITTED LACE RUFFLE.—Marsland's boar's-

head, No. 50; needles, No. 22. Cast on seventeen stitches.

1st row.—Knit 2, m 1, k 2 t, k 1, m 1, k 2 t, k 1, slip one, k 1, pass the slip stitch over, m 1, k 3, m 2, k 2 t, m 2, k 2.

2d.—Knit 3, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 3, p 5, k 5.

3d.—Knit 2, m 1, k 2 t, k 1, m 1, k 2 t, k 1, slip 1, k 1, pass the slip stitch over, m 1, k 10.

4th.—Knit 2, m 2, k 2 t, k 1, k 2 t, m 2, k 2 t, k 2, p 3, k 6.

5th.—Knit 2, m 1, k 2 t, k 2, m 1, k 3 t, m 1, k 4, p 1, k 4, p 1, k 2.

6th.—Knit 12, p 3, k 6.

7th.—Knit 2, m 1, k 2 t, k 2 t, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 2 t, k 2, m 2, slip 1, k 3 t, pass the slip stitch over, m 2, k 2 t, k 2 t.

8th.—Knit 3, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 3, p 5, k 5.

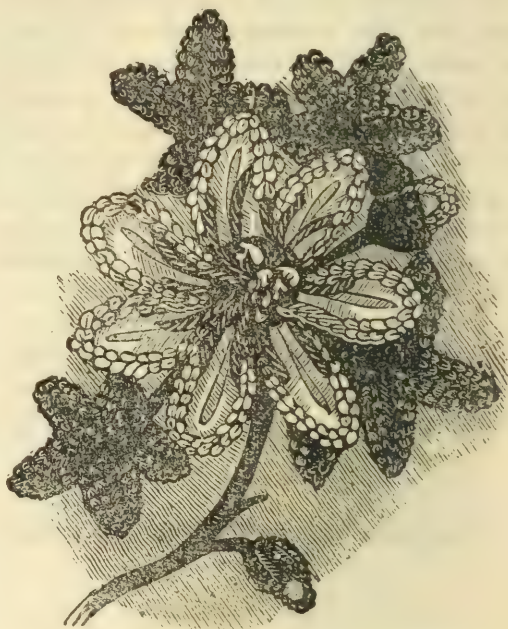
9th.—Like third.

10th.—Cast off 3, k 6, p 2, m 1, p 2 t, p 1, k 5.

This lace should be put on rather full; and on no account should knitted articles be ironed by the laundress. It is quite sufficient to pull them into proper shape whilst they are drying at the fire.

PASSION FLOWER IN CHENILLE.

Materials.—One piece of green chenille, of a medium tint; one of a very delicate green; one of violet ditto; and a small quantity of rather stout litaux. This last is a kind of fine wire, used in making up flowers, &c. The chenille is the fine kind termed *chenille à broder*. Crochet hook No. 14.



Cut a piece of litaux, about a quarter of a yard long; make a loop at one end of it, occupying an eighth of the whole length, and twist the

wire, to keep the round perfect; on this loop work sixteen dc stitches with the lightest green or white chenille, and on these another round of dc stitches. Repeat this seven times more; so that on the length of lileaux eight of these petals are formed. When all are done, twist together the ends of every two, and fasten them thus on a piece of lileaux, as close together as possible. Then prepare the stamens and pistil. Twist some short pieces of lileaux into a form as nearly as possible resembling that of the natural pistil, which, it will be remembered, has three branching arms. Cover this with pale green chenille. The stamens are short pieces of lileaux, some covered with violet, and some with green chenille: they are to be made of different lengths, and the ends to be twisted round that of the pistil, so that they may surround it. Then make a small ring of lileaux, put it round the stamens and pistil, and cover it with violet chenille, when the centre of the flower is completed. Put round it the lileaux with the eight petals attached, so that the ring of violet covers the joins. Work on a small wire ring two rounds of dark green chenille for the calyx, in which place the flower. Twist the ends all together, to form a stem, and cover it with chenille of the same color.

FOR THE BUD.—Work twenty tc stitches with

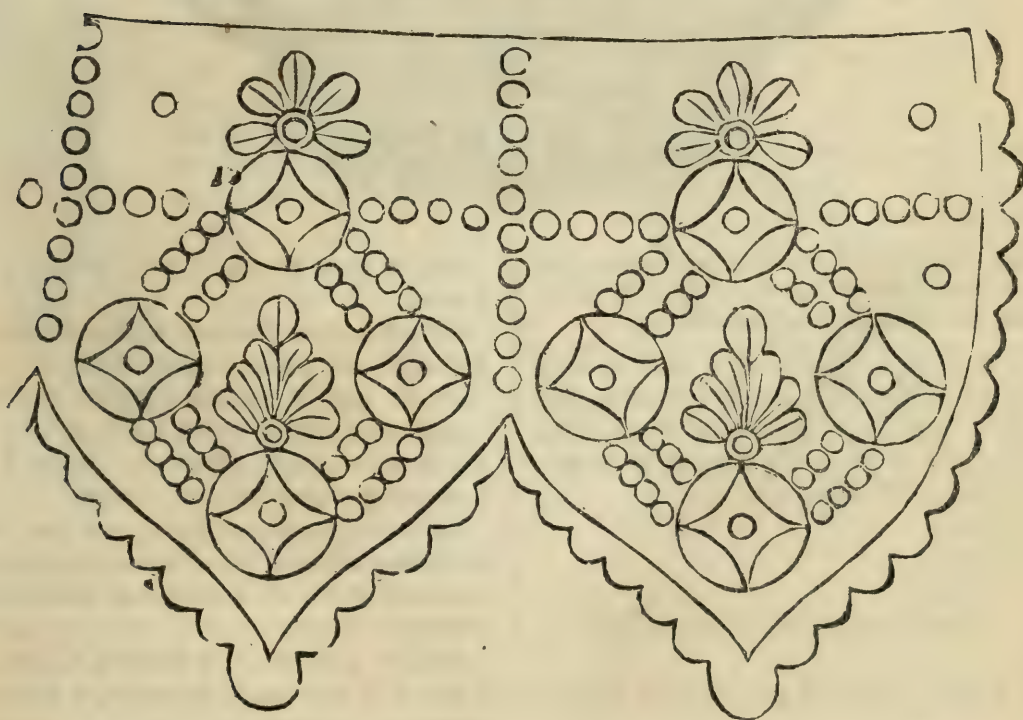
the light-green chenille on a bit of lileaux, laying in another piece of wire at the edge. Draw the stitches rather together, so as to form a cup, in which put a morsel of cotton wool. Work on another bit of lileaux sixteen dc stitches with dark-green chenille; twist the ends together, drawing the wire into the form of a leaf. Four of these make the calyx which is to surround the bud. Twist the ends together, and cover the stem so formed with chenille.

THE LEAVES.—Twist a piece of lileaux large enough to form the centre of a leaf, and work round it in dc with the darkest green chenille, taking care to make your stitches very close together. Work round this another row of the same chenille, with a bit of *very fine wire* in the edge. Do all in dc except the first and last stitches, which must be in sc. Twist the ends of the wires for a stem, and cover with the same shade of chenille. If these artificial flowers are to be used for a headdress, four of them must be made, and a sufficient number of leaves to form a drooping branch on each side of the hair. For a bonnet, they may be formed into a group.

To make a wreath of the present style, unite the two sprays by either a coronet of leaves, or a plait of lilac chenille.

For dark hair, make flowers of scarlet chenille, instead of lilac.

MUSLIN EMBROIDERY.



CARD BASKET IN CROCHET.



Materials.—Rich blue Berlin wool, two ounces; gold color and scarlet filoselle, three-quarters of an ounce each; fine window cord. Bone crochet hook.

Form with the cord as small a round as you can for the commencement of the stand, and continue to work in it, round and round, until all the flat part of the basket is done, all in sc.

1st round.—12 stitches, blue.

2d.—18 ditto.

3d.—24 ditto.

4th.—36 ditto.

5th.—1 gold, 3 blue, 2 gold, 3 blue, 1 gold. 4 times.

6th.—1 gold, 4 blue, 2 gold, 4 blue, 1 gold. 4 times.

7th.—2 gold, 5 blue, 3 gold, 5 blue, 1 gold. 4 times.

8th.—4 gold (the first on the first of last row), 1 blue, 7 gold, 1 blue, 3 gold. 4 times.

9th.—2 gold, 2 scarlet on 1 gold, 3 gold (the centre on the single blue), 2 scarlet on 1 gold, 3 gold on 3 gold, 2 scarlet on 1 gold, 3 gold, 2 scarlet on 1 gold, 1 gold. 4 times.

10th.—1 gold on first gold of last row, 3 scarlet on two stitches, 5 gold, 3 scarlet on 2, 1 gold on centre of 3 gold, 3 scarlet as before, 5 gold, 3 scarlet. 4 times.

11th.—2 gold on 1, 4 scarlet, 4 gold on 3, 4 scarlet, 2 gold on 1, 4 scarlet, 4 gold on 3, 4 scarlet. 4 times.

12th.—3 gold on 2, 4 scarlet, 3 gold on 2, 4 scarlet, 6 gold, 4 scarlet, 3 gold on 2, 4 scarlet, 3 gold on 2. 4 times.

Thus, it will be perceived, the written instructions are for one exact quarter of each round. After having done the last round, do one entirely of scarlet; cut off the cord at the end of the round, and work a few stitches to conceal the termination of it.

FOR THE SIDES OF THE BASKET. The rounds alternately blue and gold.

1st round.—1 dc, 3 ch, miss 1; repeat.

2d.—1 dc on centre of 3 ch, 3 ch, miss 3.

3d.—As last, with 4 ch between.

4th.—Repeat, with 5 ch between.

5th.—As 4th.

6th.—5 dc on 5 ch, 1 ch, miss 1; repeat.

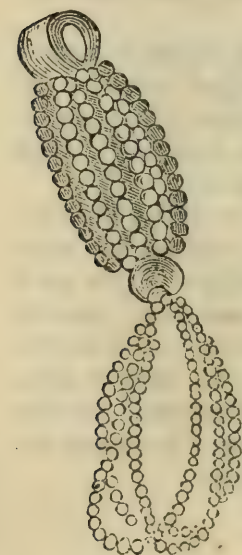
7th.—Sc all round, with cord in as in the first part.

8th.—3 sc on 3 centre of 5, 9 ch, miss 3; repeat.

9th.—To be worked on the same row as the last, 3 sc on the 3 missed, 9 ch, miss 3; repeat. Work these two rows in different colors, and form a band of wire, covered with ribbon or crochet, to correspond; conceal the fastening with bows.

BEAD AND BUGLE WORK.

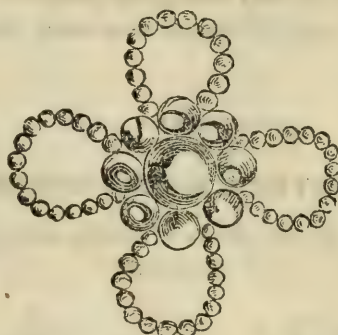
THE oblong or drop-button, of which we give a cut, is worked over a mould pierced down the middle. This one is of cut glass emerald colored beads, the next size to the seed bead, threaded on green silk; there are alternate rows of fifteen and ten, worked according to the directions in our first pattern, given in the December number. It is headed by a cut glass bead the size of a small pea, and terminated by a tassel composed of one of those large beads and four loops of twenty small beads each. A bunch of the smaller beads and a row of the larger ones will



make about a dozen of these drop buttons.

The next pattern given is for an ornament to be tacked on to velvet or ribbon for the head-dress. It may be made in white pearl beads, or colored ones of the same class or make of bead, and requires the usual three sizes, viz., the seed

pearl, the size larger, and those of the bigness of a pea. They are threaded on fine silver wire.



Take about a quarter of a yard of the wire, thread eight second-sized beads on it, and unite them into a circle by twisting the extremity of the wire with the portion left beyond the beads on the other side; thread a large bead on the long end, hold it in the centre by passing the wire through that bead in the circle which is opposite to the place where the circle was joined. Bring the wire back again through the large bead, and pass it through the bead next the join. Then thread sixteen seed pearls and put the wire again through this same bead and through the two next to it. Again thread sixteen seed pearls, and put the wire a second time through the third of the circular beads, or that one which it has just passed through. Make the other two loops over the fifth and the seventh beads in like manner, and fasten off by twisting the wire firmly and neatly.

The last cut is made, in like manner, of three sizes of pearl beads and silver wire, and is



adapted for attaching to velvets for headdresses. The instructions given for the previous pattern will serve as guides for this one; the loops are made by passing and repassing the wires through the central bead, and then the outer circle formed by threading the proper number of beads, and passing the wire from loop to loop.

A very slight study of these patterns will show that they may be infinitely varied, and a constant succession of fresh forms and new combinations produced.

The two last patterns look very pretty when composed of gold bullion, or of silver bullion and pearls; the bullion taking the place of the seed beads, and only the larger ones being intermixed with it.

INSERTIONS IN EMBROIDERY.

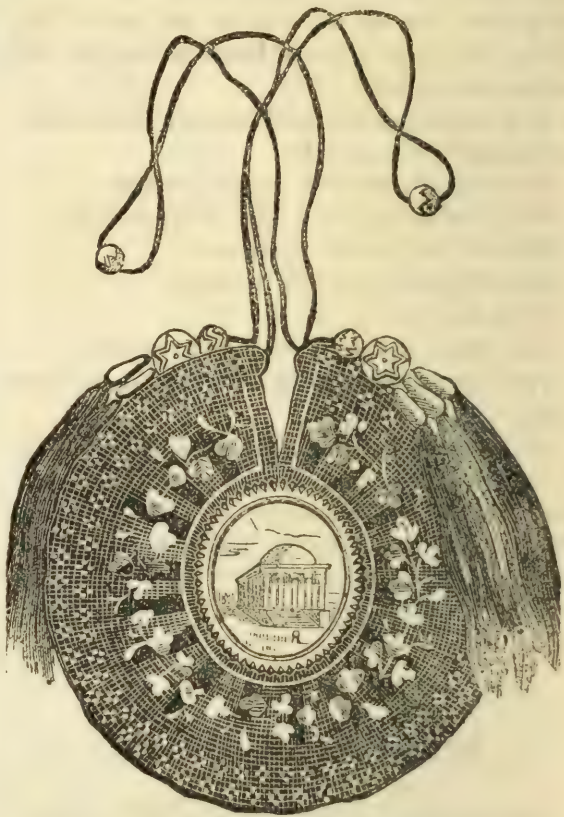
Suitable for the fronts of Shirts, and for other purposes.



To be worked in satin stitch with embroidery cotton No. 80. The centre of the leaves and cups of the flowers may be done in very small eyelet holes; the stalks sewn over with extreme neatness.

THE SANSPAREIL WORK-BAG.

Materials.—Two oval medallions; a piece of black filet eighteen inches by six; a little Vert-islay, cerise, and white silk; gold thread; green cord, tassels, and satin, and white silk; ten steel rings.



THE medallions form the centre, round which the embroidered netting, lined with satin and silk beneath it, is gathered.

The pattern for the netting, of which we give a diagram, is worked in gold and cerise for the flowers, and green for the leaves. Each edge is so darned, and between them the space is filled by small spots of white and gold.

When embroidered, line the filet with satin, under which is white silk, and run the edges neatly together before gathering it. Then set it round the medallion. The ends which meet at the top of each, are to be drawn up; cover the rings with crochet, and set five at each side; through these the cords are drawn, and the ends are concealed by bullion slides. The tassels are placed at the centre of each end.

KNITTED EYELETS.

THE following has been sent us by a correspondent. As it contains information for the ladies, we publish it, and thank the sender.

Cast on three stitches.

1st row.—Knitted.

2d.—Knit two stitches, thread over the right hand pin three times, knit one.

3d.—Knit two, purl one, knit three.

4th.—Knitted; there should be six stitches.

5th.—Knit two, with the left hand pin slip the first stitch over the second, *, knit one, slip over the first; repeat from *, and you will have three stitches remaining, one on the right and two on the left hand pin, knit two.

Repeat the pattern by commencing at the second row.

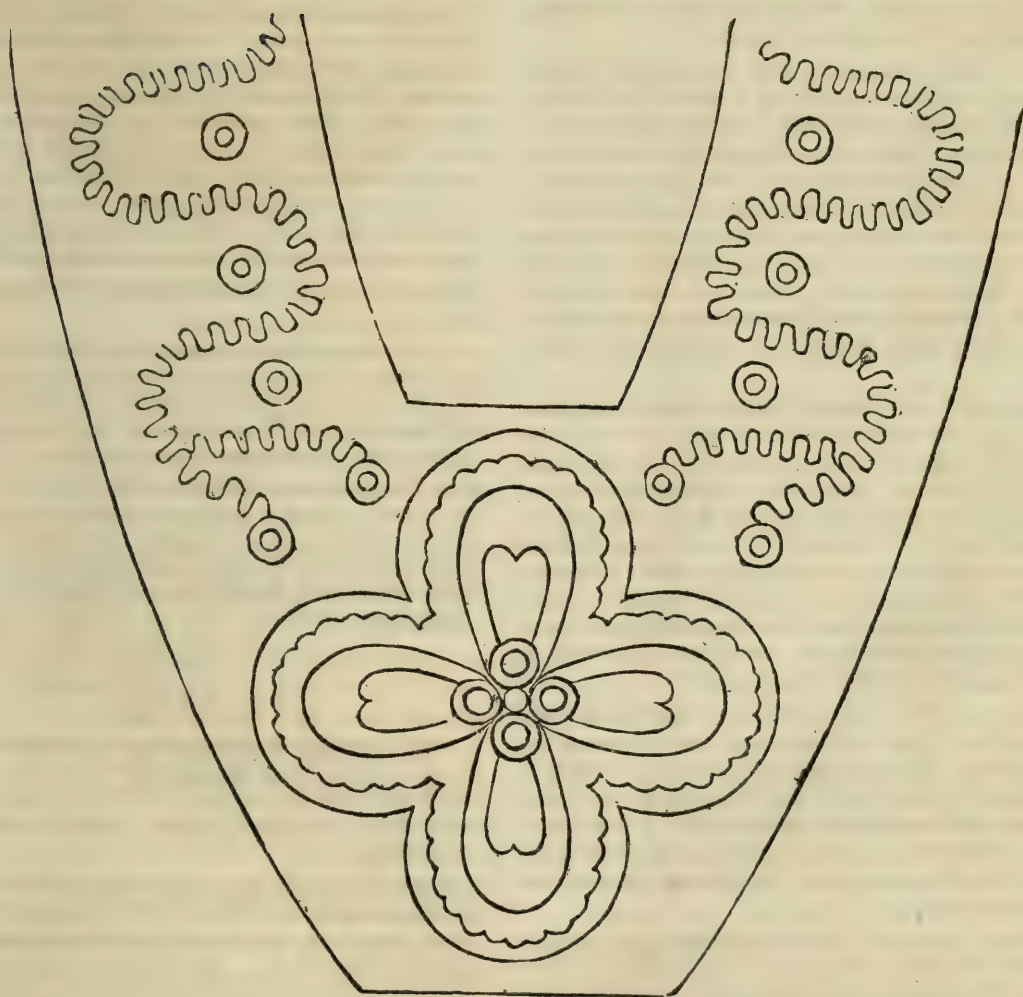
This makes a very cheap, and also neat and pretty trimming, which very much resembles a simple row of eyelets. It should be knitted from spool cotton, corresponding in quality with the articles which are to be trimmed.

AUTOUR BOUTONS.



SMALL pattern to surround shirt-studs; to be worked in embroidery cotton. The small rounds in eyelet-holes to be made with a fine stiletto, and sewed over.

SLIPPER.



Worked in chain-stitch, with different colored silks.

Receipts. &c.

MADE DISHES.

VEAL CURRY.—One pound and a half of veal cutlet from the neck, two tablespoonfuls of curry powder, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt, pepper, and cayenne, a large acid apple, one small shalot, stock sufficient to cover it. Cut the meat into cutlets; take care to have a bone in each, and fry them a light brown with a little butter. The shalot should be fried at the same time. Peel and core the apple, and cut it up; stew the meat, shalot, and apple in the stock for half an hour very gently; then add the curry powder and flour, having previously mixed them with half a cup of stock. Pass it through a sieve. Let it boil up twice, dish up the cutlets, and pour the sauce over them. This curry is excellent. It may be made in the same manner with chickens or rabbits; and should apples not be in season, a little lemon-juice may be added just before it is boiled up. In India, the pleasant acid of fresh tamarinds is used.

As well-boiled rice is so essential with curry, I will add the receipt for it here: Put on a saucepanful of water, let it boil *fast*; sprinkle in a little salt, and then the rice, dropping it into the water with the hand. Do not cover the saucepan. When the rice is done, strain off the water, and set it on a cloth before the fire to drain. Toss it up a little with two forks, and serve it in a dish *separate* from the curry. Select large rice to boil for the curry, and of the best description only.

EGG CURRY.—Take a nice fresh cocoanut and scoop out some of the inside, pounding it into a paste with a little salt and a very little stock. Fry some sliced onions and sour apple a nice brown, in a sufficient quantity of butter; then add good veal stock. Mix the same quantity of curry powder, flour, and stock as in the previous receipt with the cocoanut paste, and add to the stock on the fire, stirring it until it is the consistence of good cream. Boil the eggs hard. Cut each in half across the thick part, and warm them in the stock. When laid in the dish, let them be placed with some degree of regularity.

CURRIED BEEF, MADRAS WAY.—Take about two ounces of butter and place it in a saucepan with two small onions cut up into slices, and let them fry till they are of a light brown; then add a tablespoonful and a half of curry powder, and mix it up well. Now cut up the beef into pieces about an inch square; pour in from a quarter to a third of a pint of milk, and let it simmer for thirty minutes; then take it off and place it in a dish with a little lemon-juice. While cooking, stir it constantly, to prevent burning. Send it to table with a wall of mashed potatoes or rice round it.

FRICADEL.—Take two pounds and a half of veal and a quarter of a pound of suet, chop both fine as if for sausage meat; add three eggs well beaten, half a nutmeg, and some pepper and salt. Soak a slice of bread in boiling milk, and mix all well together with a little flour. Bake it about two hours and a half in a moderate oven, or until it is of a pale brown, but take care the top does not become hard.

PIGEON COMPOTE.—Truss six pigeons as for boiling; grate the crumb of a small loaf; scrape a pound of fat bacon; chop some thyme, parsley, and onion, and some lemon-peel fine; grate some nutmeg, and season it with pepper and salt. Mix it up with two eggs. Put this forcemeat into the craws of the pigeons, lard the breasts,

and fry them brown. Place them in a stewpan with some beef stock, and stew them three-quarters of an hour; thicken it with a piece of butter rolled in flour; serve with forcemeat balls round the dish, and strain the gravy over the pigeons.

SWEETBREADS LARDED.—Parboil two sweetbreads; when cold, lard them down the middle with little bits of bacon, then with slices of lemon-peel on each side, and then with small pieces of pickled cucumber. Stew them gently in rich gravy thickened with flour; add mushroom ketchup to taste, and the squeeze of a lemon.

HAM TOAST.—Boil a quarter of a pound of lean ham; chop it small, with the yolk of three eggs well beaten, half an ounce of butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream, and a little cayenne. Stir it over the fire till it thickens, and spread it on hot toast with the crust cut off. Garnish with parsley.

CALF'S HEAD FRICASSEED.—Clean and half boil part of a head; cut the meat into small bits, put them into a stewpan with a little gravy made from the bones, some of the water in which it was boiled, a fagot of sweet herbs, an onion, and a blade of mace. Take a sweetbread, boil it tender and cut it small; season with pepper, nutmeg, and salt; rub down some butter and flour, and boil altogether with the head. Take out the herbs and onion, and just before dishing stir in two or three tablespoonfuls of cream, and serve hot. Garnish with forcemeat balls and rolled bacon.

STRASBURG POTTED MEAT.—Take a pound and a half of the rump of beef, cut it into dice, and put it in an earthen jar with a quarter of a pound of butter at the bottom; tie the jar close up with paper and set over a pot to boil. When nearly done, add cloves, mace, allspice, nutmeg, salt, and cayenne pepper to taste; then boil till tender, and let it cool. Pound the meat with four anchovies, washed and boned; add a quarter of a pound of oiled butter, work it well together with the gravy, warm it a little, and add cochineal to color it; then press into small pots, and pour melted suet over each.

VEAL CAKE.—Boil six eggs hard, cut them in halves, and lay some of the pieces at the bottom of an earthen pot; then shake in chopped parsley, some slices of veal and ham about two inches square, and then eggs again, repeating the parsley and seasoning after each layer, until the pot is full. Pour in enough water to cover it, lay about an ounce of butter on the top, tie it over with a thick double paper, and bake it an hour. Press it close together with a spoon, and let it stand till cold. If made in a mould instead of a pot, it forms a handsome supper dish.

PUDDINGS.

THE NURSERY PUDDING.—Slice some white bread, without crust; pour scalding milk on it; let it stand until well soaked, then beat it well with four eggs, a little sugar, and grated nutmeg. Bake in small cups half filled.

PRESIDENT PUDDING.—For a two-quart mould, boil a sufficient quantity of chestnuts to produce a quart of meal, pressed into the measure, after being pounded and passed through a sieve. Boil three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar in one pint of water with a stick of vanilla, until reduced to one-third. Boil one pint of cream, add to it the flour of chestnuts, then the syrup, and twelve yolks of eggs nicely beat up; set it on the fire

and stir it until it nearly boils; when cold, put it in the freezing-pot; when frozen, add half a pint of whipped cream, three whites of eggs whipped up strong, a handful of raisins, stoned, chopped, and soaked with an equal quantity of currants in Maraschino; a cup and a half of chopped candied lemon-peel, and a glass of Maraschino: stir the ingredients well together and freeze again, and put into a mould.

BUTTER PUDDING.—Mix half a pound of butter and half a pound of flour together: boil about a pound of new milk and pour it to the butter and flour, beating them well while adding the hot milk, that the mixture may not be lumpy. Then add sugar to the taste, and when cold five eggs well beaten, and sufficient cinnamon, lemon, or almond essence to flavor the whole. Put a paste round the dish, and bake for twenty minutes in a quick oven.

A PUDDING THAT IS NOT TO BE COOKED.—Extract from fresh raspberries one pint of juice. Take a stale loaf of bread and crumble it. Sweeten the raspberry juice and pour it over the crumbs, and let it stand in a dish, carefully covered, all night. In the morning, press it into a shape, and, after some hours, turn it out. It is not to be cooked in any way. A nice plain custard may be poured round it when it is sent to table.

A VERY NICE PLAIN RICE PUDDING.—Take half a teacupful of the best rice, put it in a small pie-dish with three tablespoonfuls of moist sugar. Fill up the dish with milk and water in equal proportions, and bake very slowly. It is eaten cold.

CARROT PUDDING.—One pound of flour, half a pound of potatoes, half a pound of carrots, half a pound of suet, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of raisins, quarter of a pound of currants. The potatoes and carrots to be boiled, and well mashed. The suet to be chopped very fine, and all the ingredients to be well mixed together. This pudding requires to be boiled three hours.

SOUFFLE PUDDING.—One pint of thin cream, the yolks of six eggs, half a teacupful of white wine, sugar to taste, the rind of a small lemon grated very fine; beat all the ingredients together, and put into a well-buttered mould. Drop stiff jam into it (apricot is the best), and boil for an hour. Beat the whites of the eggs into a stiff froth, which you will pour all over the pudding when it is turned out. Dust powdered loaf-sugar over it, and brown it with a salamander made redhot.

BOILED CUSTARD PUDDING.—Boil a pint of new milk with a little lemon-peel and a few laurel leaves; pour it (*boiling hot*) upon five eggs well beaten: sweeten it to taste. When nearly cold, add a dessertspoonful of French brandy. Butter a basin or mould, and boil it for half an hour.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

TO REMOVE WINE STAINS FROM LINEN.—Rub the part on each side with yellow soap, and lay on it a thick mixture of starch; rub it well in, and expose it to the sun and air until the stain is removed. If in two or three days this is not the case, repeat the process; when dry, sprinkle with a little water.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS.—The moment the ink is spilt take a little milk and saturate the stain: soak it up with a rag, and apply a little more milk, rubbing it well in. In a few minutes the ink will be completely removed.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF MARBLE.—No. 1. Mix equal quantities of fresh spirit of vitriol and lemon-juice in a bottle; shake well; wet the spots, and in a few minutes rub with a soft rag until they disappear.

Another mode is to sponge the spots with a weak solution of muriatic acid or aquafortis.

No. 2. If the marble be stained with oils, mix soft soap, fuller's earth, and hot water into a paste; cover the spots with the paste, and let it dry on. The next day scour it off with soft or yellow soap.

No. 3. Boil half a pound of soft soap in a quart of water, very slowly, until the water is reduced to a pint. Apply this in the same manner as the preceding.

TO REMOVE STAINS OF BLOOD.—An accidental prick of the finger frequently spoils the appearance of work; and, if for sale, decreases its value. Stains may be entirely obliterated from almost any substance by laying a thick coating of common starch over the place. The starch is to be mixed as if for the laundry, and laid on quite wet.

The free and early application of a weak solution of soda or potash, and the subsequent application of the solution of alum, is recommended.

LIQUID FOR REMOVING STAINS FROM LEATHER AND PARCHMENT.—One drachm of oxymuriate of potash, two ounces of distilled water. Mix these in a phial, and when the salt is dissolved, add two ounces of muriatic acid. Take in another phial three ounces of rectified spirits of wine, and half an ounce of essential oil of lemon. Shake these two ingredients well together; and *immediately* pour into a bottle of the proper size the contents of the two phials. Keep this liquid closely corked. It should be applied with a clean sponge and dried by a gentle heat. This preparation is excellent for boot tops. When it has been applied, as directed above, they may be polished with a brush in the usual way, and will appear like new leather.

SICK-ROOM AND NURSERY.

COUGH.—A gill of molasses, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, thirty drops of laudanum, well mixed together. Take a teaspoonful when the cough is troublesome.

EXCELLENT REMEDY FOR A COUGH.—One drachm of sweet spirits of nitre, one drachm of exilir of vitriol, sixty drops of laudanum, three teaspoonfuls of clarified honey. Take thirty drops three times a day in a glass of warm water.

A RECEIPT FOR HOARSENESS.—Dissolve one ounce of manna in a little warm water; add a gill of rum, a quarter of a pound of honey, and the juice of two lemons. Take a teaspoonful often, until you benefit by it, and then occasionally.

PILLS FOR THE SICK HEADACHE.—A drachm and a half of castile soap, forty grains of rhubarb, oil of juniper twenty drops, syrup of ginger, sufficient to form the whole into twenty pills; two or three to be taken occasionally.

CURE FOR CORNS.—Mr. Cooper, in his "Dictionary of Surgery," has the following infallible cure for corns: Take two ounces of gum ammoniac, two ounces of yellow wax, and six drachms of verdigris; melt them together, and spread the composition on soft leather; cut away as much of the corn as you can, then apply the plaster, and renew it every fortnight till the corn is away.

AN EXCELLENT WASH FOR THE MOUTH.—Half an ounce of tincture of myrrh, two ounces of Peruvian bark: keep in a phial for use. A few drops in a glass of water are sufficient.

A CURE FOR INDIGESTION.—Rise early and walk a mile or two before breakfast, then drink a cupful of cold spring-water—half a pint will not be too much if the stomach is strong enough—and walk another mile. Continue this treatment regularly for a month or six weeks. It is worth a trial, and has been known to succeed when medical aid would not.

SEASONABLE HINTS FOR CHILDREN.—A frosty air does children good if properly protected by clothing and they are able to jump about and keep their blood in circulation. Care should be taken that they should be so dressed as to secure the chest and bowels from cold. Flannel is the most important article in the dress, both of the old and young. The celebrated John Hunter said: "If you wish your children to be healthy, give them plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and plenty of flannel."

THE TOILET.

MARBLE SOAP BALLS.—Take ten pounds of white oil soap and ten pounds of Joppa soap. Cut them into small square pieces, which set to dry for three days. The oil soap, particularly, must be thus dried: Scrape, very finely, five pounds of oil soap, which dry, for one day, in the open air: mix it well in the shaving-box with five pounds of powder, add one and a half ounces of the best vermilion. In mixing, place pieces of soap and colored powder in layers in the box, making, in all, four alternate layers of each. When a layer of each has been placed in the box, sprinkle a pint of rose-water over the cut soap; for if it be much combined with the powder, it will become lumpy and hard, and consequently spoil the wash-balls. The same quantity of rose-water is to be used for moistening each of the other soap layers. Next mix a pint of thin starch, which has been well boiled in half a pint of rain-water, with half a pint of rose-water, and distribute it equally well mixed among the mass, by turning it over repeatedly, and then press it down close with the hands.

ARTIFICIAL MUSK.—Rectified oil of amber one pound, nitric acid four parts; after some time, a black matter is deposited; this, after having been well washed with water, has very much the smell of musk. True musk is adulterated with this, but still oftener with dried bullock's blood.

MUSK PASTILES.—Gum arabic two ounces, charcoal powder five ounces, Cascarilla bark, pounded, one-fourth of an ounce, saltpetre three-fourths of an ounce. Mix together with water, and make into shape.

MUSK SOAP.—Take of good tallow soap thirty pounds, palm-oil soap twenty pounds, powder of cloves, pale roses, and gilliflower, of each four and a half ounces, essence of bergamot and essence of musk, of each three and a half ounces, brown ochre, or Spanish brown, four ounces.

PEARL WATER.—Put half a pound of the best Spanish oil soap, cut or scraped very fine, into one gallon of boiling soft water; stir the whole well, and let it stand till cold; then add one quart of rectified spirits of wine, and half an ounce of oil of rosemary, and mix it thoroughly. It is reported excellent as a cosmetic, and for removing freckles.

ORRIS PERFUME.—Take best dried and scraped orris roots, free from mould. Bruise or grind them; the latter is best, as, being very tough, they require great labor to pound. Sift the powder through a fine hair sieve, and put the remainder in a baker's oven, and dry the moisture. A violent heat will turn the roots yellow. When dry, grind again, and sift; and repeat the same until the whole has passed through the sieve; mix nothing with it, as it would mould and spoil it.

Parlor Amusements.

TO ASCERTAIN IF A SUBSTANCE CONTAIN ANY IRON.—Hold a piece of loadstone or an artificial magnet near the substance supposed to contain iron, and if it contains a considerable quantity, the two bodies will adhere so strongly as to require considerable force to separate them. If the substance contains but little iron, it will not be sensibly attracted, except it be placed on a piece of wood or cork mixed with iron filings. Sometimes tea is mixed with iron filings; these have been detected by plunging into the supposed tea a magnet, which instantly becomes coated with the filings. Brass founders, by plunging a magnet into brass filings or clippings, are easily enabled to separate from them any particles of iron which may be present.

TO PASS MAGNETISM THROUGH A DEAL BOARD.—Place a common sewing needle on a smooth horizontal board, and move a strong magnet underneath the board, when the needle will revolve along the board according to the peculiar motion given to the magnet.

THE MAGNETIC TABLE.—Under the top of a common table place a magnet that turns on a pivot, and fix a board under it, that nothing may appear. There may also be a drawer under the table, which you pull out to show that there is nothing concealed. At one end of the table there must be a pin that communicates with a magnet, and by which it may be placed in different positions; this pin must be so placed as not to be visible to the spectators. Strew some steel filings or very small nails over that part of the table where the magnet is. Then ask any one to lend a knife or a key, which will then attract part of the nails or filings. Then, placing your hand in a careless manner on the pin at the end of the table, you alter the position of the magnet, and giving the key to any person, you desire him to make the experiment, which he will then not be able to perform. You then give the key to another person, at the same time placing the magnet by means of the pin in the first position, when that person will immediately perform the experiment.

THE OBEDIENT WATCH.—Borrow a watch from any person in company, and request all the party to stand around you. Hold the watch up to the ear of the first in the circle, and command it to go, then ask his testimony to the fact. Remove it to the ear of the next, and enjoin it to stop; make the same request to that person, and so on throughout the whole party. This curious experiment is performed thus: Conceal in your hand a piece of loadstone, which, as soon as you apply it to the watch, will cause a cessation of the movements, which a subsequent shaking and withdrawing of the magnet will restore. For this purpose keep the magnet in one hand, and shift the watch alternately from one hand to the other. Take care that the watch you borrow for the experiment is a good one, and goes well.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE.—A happy New Year, and a year of happiness to all our friends: and a third wish to complete the circle of life's best enjoyments, that each one may contribute to the happiness of others.

What a blessing it would be if we could shut out selfishness from our hearts as we do the frosts of January from our homes! If we kept the pure flame of Christian love alive in the soul as sedulously as we do the fire on the hearth for the warmth of the body, what an Eden of Hope's flowers would be found blooming beneath the snows of winter, and among the dark, dreary places of sorrow, sin, and death! This charity, which "hopeth all things, endureth all things," is pre-eminently the grace of womanhood. The lessons of this divine accomplishment are only taught in perfection by the Great Teacher, and must be studied humbly, in the pages of Holy Writ. The Bible is woman's Magna Charta. It should be her glorying that the Gospel has revealed for her the most exalted destiny, by exalting moral influence above physical might, thus opening a new era of civilization in which she can aid, and where her noblest powers may find full scope and fitting reward. Let us do what we can this year to aid the course of truth and the advancement of righteousness.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT MODERN CIVILIZATION.—The cause of this civilization, or, as it may be better termed, this amelioration of human sufferings, is not from any improvement in the nature of man; it springs wholly from the influence of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

What were the brightest sages of antiquity? The fairest specimens of man in his natural development? Many of these aspired after good, sought it, and effected it in a measure; yet turn to the very best of them, to Socrates and Cicero; see how their lives bear scrutiny! It is the Gospel alone which purifies the heart and thoughts, renders men good citizens, and causes governments to be protectors of the people. It is the spirit of the Gospel only which can give stability to institutions, as it alone goes beyond decaying material wants. It was Christianity, never lost, though hidden by the monks, that, through the Middle Ages, silently but effectually improved the heart and condition of man. From the sanguinary baron, almost a pagan, of the ninth century, who had received baptism, as modern nobles don the ribbon of their order, without a spiritual idea on the subject, but merely as a mark of dignity, run your eye down to his descendant in the days of Louis XV., of France, and George II., of Great Britain, and mark the vast improvement. Martyrs had not shed their blood in vain, nor had the champions of Gospel truth, like Jeremy Taylor and Fenelon, lived and taught in vain. Savage cruelty, selfish pride, were ashamed to show their faces unveiled; vice paid virtue the homage, at least, of keeping up some appearances of the right. What was English liberty before the Revolution in 1688? In the interval between the reign of Charles I. and the revolution which seated William and Mary on the throne, the Gospel was opened to the nation by the

Puritans as it had never been before, and the result is well known in the broad basis of brotherhood, justice, and freedom upon which the new government was founded.

In France, the difference between the horrors of the revolution in 1789, and the comparative order and humanity of the changes in the government during the years of 1830 and 1848, must strike the most unreflecting. France, in the first period, was composed of infidel leaders and ignorant people, upon the mass of whom no Gospel light had ever shone. Corrupt dignitaries stifled Christianity under the power of the church. When that tremendous tornado of revolution arose, it swept off the froth out of the humble presbyteries, and then came forth men of faith, who were allowed to instruct the people in the doctrines of Christ. From this change appeared statesmen like Guizot, and diplomatists like Lamartine, who acknowledged God, inculcated religious feeling, and acted for conscience sake.

We do not say that "the current century is the top and crown of centuries," because we look for a better time still; nor do we think human nature, if left in ignorance of the true God, is improved above the early races of men; but we do say that, as the light of Christianity spreads, the good progress of institutions, of modes of life, and of individuals is undeniable.

In our own country, we know that the sacred lamp of civil liberty was kindled from the holy flame of Gospel truth. It was the concentration of these divine fires, warming the souls of the pilgrims as they stood on Plymouth Rock, that enabled them to sustain the weight of the savage, frozen winter world which, two hundred and thirty-four years ago, pressed down the hope of humanity on these shores. The Bible was the guide and guard of American civilization, and in the principles of the Gospel must be found the power to carry onward the "Ark of Freedom and of God," till the peoples of all lands shall know the truth, and the truth shall make them free. Then woman's holy office as the educator, the preserver, the inspirer will be honored equally with that of man, who will ever keep his high place as the worker or provider, the protector and the lawgiver.

SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG LADIES.—In our November number we gave brief notices of some of the many seminaries now open for the benefit of women. We resume the catalogues of those furnished us, and shall continue the subject in the next number.

Milwaukee Female College, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. We have the second annual report, which shows the institution to be very prosperous, numbering *sixty-eight* pupils in the college, *one hundred and nineteen* in the preparatory department, and *eleven* in the *Normal School*. These last are preparing to become teachers of common schools and of High Schools.

Schools of Design for Women.—These are now established in the chief cities of our land, and, though still struggling through discouraging obstacles, are gaining on the public heart and mind. We hope to have the report of the Philadelphia School to lay before our

readers next month. In Paris, the progress of the female pupils is very encouraging. They are accomplished in the art, so that they may execute designing and working in embroidery of every description; lace, gimp, fringe, and every sort of worsted work; designs for everything relating to jewelry, engraving, and enamelling in gold; fancy works in card and paper, and the patterns of the paper employed in them; pictorial toys for children, dissected maps, puzzles, and porcelain painting in all its branches; lithography and engraving on copper and wood. French women are instructed in all these branches of the fine arts. Cannot American women learn to understand them also?

AN OLD BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

"He is out of humanity's reach,
He must finish his journey alone."—*Cowper.*

"Oh, woe to hearts which, in their gray
December, go a Maying."—*Old Ballad.*

"Soft and silly, sooth,
Not one of the hardly wicked is the doctor."—*Old Play.*

It was towards the close of a magnificent October day, that an elderly man might have been seen slowly walking up and down the piazza of a handsome house, the principal object on a small peninsula which formed the mouth of the — River. The sun was just sinking behind the western mountains, and his last rays tinted the variegated leaves of the forest-trees, and shone upon the white sails of the sloops passing up and down the river. From the distant village of — was heard the bell of the evening boat, announcing to the inhabitants that it was approaching the village. It was a scene of great and peculiar beauty, but in the present instance all its attractions seemed thrown away. The mind of the promenader was already fully occupied. He was a man considerably past the prime of life, in fact, nearly threescore winters had passed over his head. He was tall, *bien maigre*, and looked soft and simpering. His cogitations were upon a highly important and interesting subject; he was deliberating whom he should select to brighten his home. During the earlier part of his life he had been too poor to marry, and since he had acquired a competency, time had slipped away he hardly knew how, while he had been actively engaged in the duties of his profession; and he had now suddenly waked up to the consciousness that, if ever he was to become a Benedict, it must be now. Age, he could not conceal from himself, was stealing upon him; he had been younger once than he was now.

Whom should he select to reign as queen over his beautiful house and extensive grounds? Which should it be? Whom should he woo?" In several instances where he wished to be an admirer, they *would* consider him an old friend, thought his attentions mere fatherly esteem, and of a tenderer feeling did not dream. He wondered why he had never thought of the subject before; he *had* thought of it, but never to any purpose. Now it was very evident that it would no longer do for him to "look serenely round and bless contending beauties." He knew at least a dozen, any one of which he would be willing to raise to the throne, but he could not decide which would suit him best, nor which would be most likely to say, "Hope may be thine." One, he could not conceal from himself, he admired pre-eminently, but would it not "be all one that he should love some bright, particular star, and think to wed it?" She had

lately returned from Europe, and seemed more beautiful than ever; she certainly was more admired. At his time of life, arrived at years of discretion, a refusal was a consummation most devoutly to be dreaded. If one bird flew, it might frighten all the rest. But how was he to ascertain the sentiments of the one beloved, without committing himself too far? She certainly appeared very friendly towards him, but evidently never considered him in the light of a lover. He endeavored to recall his own advantages. He was rich, he was respected, and his vanity whispered he was admired. He could offer his wife an unblemished name, a splendid establishment, a devoted heart. He thought of what would be his happiness in calling her his own, of her beauty, her grace, her talents, and he determined to throw himself at her feet. But, he started; would she accept him? he thought. He wavered, and left his course to fate.

The *denouement* will be given when we get it.

GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.—The following synopsis of the Hegelian philosophy, so called, is a capital summary of the jargon of modern infidelity in its transcendental flights:—

"We worship the Absolute-Infinite,
The Universe-Ego, the Plenary Void,
The Subject-Object identified,
The great Nothing-Something, the Being-Thought,
That mouldeth the mass of Chaotic Naught,
Whose beginning unended and end unbegun
Is the One that is All, and the All that is One.

Hail, Light with Darkness joined!

Thou Potent Impotence!

Thou Quantitative Point

Of all Indifference!

Great Non-Existence, passing into Being,

Thou two-fold Pole of the Electric One,

Thou Lawless Law, thou Seer all Unseeing,

Thou Process, ever doing, never done!

Thou Positive Negation!

Negative Affirmation!

Thou great Totality of everything

That never is, but ever doth become,

Thee do we sing,

The Pantheist's King,

With ceaseless bug, bug, bug, and endless hum, hum,
hum."

THE FRENCH ACADEMY has awarded its annual prizes; and the poetic prize of *one thousand dollars* (5,000 *francs*) was awarded to Madame Louisa Colet, who has, for several past years, won this prize. The subject had been given by the academy—"The Acropolis of Athens."

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN WOMEN'S HANDS.—England leads the way in this improvement. The Queen's speech, on the prorogation of Parliament, was transmitted to the provinces and the continent by female fingers only. The London "Athenæum" says: "The girls were superintended by a matron telegrapher. Some of them, it is said, transmitted the speech at the rate of thirty-five words a minute. They sent the whole to the continent (*via* the Hague) in twenty minutes. The Electric Telegraph Company deserves commendation for setting this example. Why should not women be employed in other analogous cases; for example, in letter-sorting? The persons who perform that duty a,

the post-office seemed to have constituted a difficulty in the way of the improvements contemplated by the late commissioners. Their report does not contain any evidence that they considered the possibility of employing women in that capacity. Girls who could transmit thirty-five words a minute by electric telegraph would soon outstrip the lads whom we now employ in sorting letters. The sorting of sixty letters a minute is, we believe, the greatest feat of dexterity they can accomplish."

THOUGHTS ON AMERICAN PERIODICALS.—The following, sent us by a Christian lady, who is at the head of a large female seminary, we feel sure will be attentively read, and, we hope, approved:—

"We noticed, not long since, but cannot now call to mind where, neither can we give the exact words—our readers may remember the paragraph—something like this: 'On my visit to America, when at church, I was surprised to see young ladies sit unmoved while listening to the most powerful appeals of eloquence. But when I visited their parlors, examined their centre-tables, my astonishment ceased.' These, we say, are not the words, but the import of a remark said to have been made by one of our female missionaries. But why did astonishment cease? '*Our periodicals!*' We would like to know if '*Godey's Lady's Book*' was there; '*Arthur's Magazine*'; '*The Southern Literary Messenger*.' We could name others, but these are best known to us. The first two are monthly visitors; the last shall be. We take nothing of the kind for fashions; we are very careless on that subject. We take them for the reading matter. We read them attentively, carefully, and then lay them on our table for our pupils. After this, they are stored away for binding.

"We love our pupils dearly. Nothing could induce us to place anything in their reach that would impair the mind or injure the heart. We feel that God has placed us here for the express work of the teacher. We glory in our profession. The *desideratum* of our hopes in this life is to be useful in our vocation. Our daily prayer to the Giver of all good is to teach us to train those committed to our care for usefulness *here*, and Heaven and immortal happiness *there*. We believe we have done good. We know there is much yet for us to do. Many of our pupils have cheered our hearts by dating their conversion to holier thought, to their school-days at—Institute. Many of them are now enrolled among the professed followers of God; yet these books have ever been accessible to them. We are delighted to see them on Friday evening, after a week's hard study, form a social circle, and read anything Mr. Godey, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, Mr. Arthur, and others, may send us. We can, 'with a conscience void of offence,' read the '*Lady's Book*,' and allow, even encourage, others to do the same. While some of our so-called literary productions are *very* objectionable, we have never seen anything in the magazines we have alluded to (and, doubtless, the same might be said of many) that was calculated to render the heart so insensible as to enable its possessor to sit unmoved under the most powerful appeals of eloquence. We think these imperturbable young ladies would be imperturbable still, if they had never seen a periodical. Too frequently young ladies glance over, just read the light literature, and cast them aside, as too deep for their comprehension. These will not suffer themselves to be benefited; but we cannot think they are injured by anything they find in the periodicals we have mentioned."

CHRISTIAN BURIAL IN JAPAN.

On the 9th of March, 1854, the day following the first meeting between Commodore Perry and the Japanese commissioners, from Yedo, to negotiate the terms of commercial treaty, a soldier's and a Christian burial was given to a marine, Robert Williams, who died on board the Mississippi.

Over the great South Sea,
Breathing of death, yet not of deadly strife,
Come tones of victory—
"I am the resurrection and the life:

"He who believes in me,
Though dead, yet shall he live;" thus sayeth the Lord.
And Old Idolatry,
Gathering his thousands, listened to the word!

Isle of the rising sun,
Which in thy bosom took our dead to rest,
That deed of kindness done,
Hath made thee neighbor to the Christian West.

And for thy gift—a grave,
Would that America might send to thee
The Word that souls can save,
And from the chains of darkness set thee free.

Then blessings, like the flowers
Which make Japan a paradise to sense,
Would mark the happy hours
That brought her sons the sure intelligence

Of life's grand aim—to ask
Mercy of God, and heavenward work pursue,
Till He* shall end our task:
Such is man's glory and his guerdon, too.

Parts of a mighty whole,
Our Western World hath reached the East her hand,
For to the freeborn soul
God giveth power to form a brother band.

Welcome as morning dawn
To sick man tossing through the troubled night,
Our bannered stars sweep on,
And nations wakened, bless the cheering light.

But where we lay our dead—
The angel of the gospel followeth there,
Sheds peace as dews are shed,
When stars of heaven keep watch in upper air.

Isle of the rising sun,
That in thy bosom took our dead to rest,
Thy deed of kindness done,
Hath made thee kindred to the Christian West.

Our prayer shall be "the Lord's"—
Till Jesus, coming, ends thy heathen strife,
Breathing his holy words,
"I am the resurrection and the life:

"He who believes in me,
Though dead, yet shall he live;" that promise given,
Will wrest from Death the final victory,
And bring all Earth in harmony with Heaven.

SARAH J. HALE.

* The Japanese hold it honorable to commit suicide, and thousands, it is said, die every year by their own act.

† "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."—*Jesus Christ.*

"FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—A lady suffers from a headache, the female physician is called in, and prescribes a new bonnet. Another female doctor finds her patient dying to go to the seaside. The husband might as well write and take the lodgings instantly: the doctor will be sure to order it.

"Prescriptions will be made up of new dresses, bonnets, boxes at the opera, broughams, a party now and then, increased allowances for housekeeping, trips out of town, and the thousand and one other little whims which ladies are constantly 'dying' to be indulged in.

"The doctors will declare late hours on the husband's part most dangerous; order them, as they prize their health, to leave off dining at their clubs; tell them that latch-keys are undermining their constitutions; that cold mutton once a week, on washing-days, is highly beneficial to the system; and as for smoking in the drawing-room, or bringing men home unexpectedly to dinner, they would not answer for their lives a single day, unless they give up such unwholesome practices.

"Women have got already quite sufficient means of mastering us. Let them have doctors of their own sex to assist them, and the husband's case will be indeed a hard one.

"Perhaps, after all, there is no great absurdity in the notion of female physicians. All physicians, except those who practice gratuitously, may be designated by the word female spelt with another *e*; and there are not a few of whom that is all that can be said. If the head of a woman is not calculated for the formation of a diagnosis, she can, at least, shake it in a difficult case, as effectually as a man can; and, having a softer and more musical voice than the masculine, she is better qualified than most men are for that large part of medical practice which consists in whispering comfort to invalids."—*Punch*.

"We copy this from *Punch*. A little ridicule must be pardoned when there is no other argument. We look with great interest and hope to the progress of the public mind in favor of female physicians."—*Lib. Age*.

And we are happy to inform the editor of the "*Living Age*" that female medical education is prospering. The college at Philadelphia has a very promising class. Among these young women are some intending to go out as medical missionaries, to help their poor heathen sisters. Our "*Ladies' Medical Missionary Society*" is in want of *funds*! Who will aid us? Who will send a New Year's offering!—*Ed. of "Lady's Book."*

VERDICT FOR WHIPPING A YOUNG WOMAN.—At Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a few days since, a school-teacher was tried for cruelly whipping a female pupil, seventeen years of age. The judge charged the jury that the teacher stood in the place of a parent, and had a right to correct a pupil, but in so doing must exhibit a parent's feeling, and if it exceeded what was necessary to preserve order, he was liable for assault and battery. He further charged that the means used to preserve order should be adapted to the sex, age, and habits of the pupil, "and left it to the jury to say whether any possible circumstance should warrant a man, whether a teacher or not, laying his hands in violence or anger on grown-up girls." The jury found a verdict against the teacher for the sum of \$365.

THE VICTIMS OF THE ARCTIC.—Among these, the saddest remembrances gather round the lovely women and the dear little children who perished in that awful

catastrophe. A writer in the Iowa "*Journal of Education*," exclaims, in a burst of true western feeling: "We can scarcely conceive of anything more cowardly than the action of the crew of the steamer in taking to the boats, and deserting their captain in his extremity. The execration of an indignant nation will follow them to their lives' end. In consequence of their dastardly conduct, out of *sixty-one women and nineteen children*, not one was left to tell the fearful tale." The sailors and firemen were not western men, we are sure; were not Americans, we hope.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—These articles are accepted for publication when we have room: "The Mississippi"—"Scenes from a Passer-by"—Song, "Be still, fond heart"—"To Angie"—"The Lily of the Vale"—"Duet"—"The Mechanic's Daughter"—"Notes from Dreamland"—"A Reply"—"Lines suggested on viewing an Engraving of 'Retsch's Poesie'"—and "Minnie Lee."

The following are not needed: "Heart Sketches" (the author has talent, but fails in power to convey impressions)—"Ellie's Love"—"Nanny May"—"The Locket"—"Ellen Dalton"—"Old Debts" (better forgive them)—"Great Bargains" (always babbles)—"Estrangement"—"Never too late" (the writer has hope, an organ that may yet stimulate to excellence)—"Song for the Season" (and all the other four pieces, which could never be set to music)—"A story in nine chapters." (The first chapter is sufficient; the writer need not forward the remainder; we have not been able to make out half of the one before us.) By the way, we do entreat our correspondents to use *white paper* and *black ink*. The quires of *blue paper*, written with *bluer ink*, sent us, are sufficient to give the *blues* to the healthiest mind. We are blessed with a cheerful temperament, or the effort might have been fatal long ago. Now, we are resolved to throw aside every MS. unread which is thus illegible. We might as easily decipher the manuscripts from Herculaneum, as read some sent us. So our friends will, we trust, remember the conditions—white paper, black ink; write on one side of the sheet only, and be sure to keep a copy, as we cannot be responsible for the return of any MSS. sent us.

Here is a poem we had overlooked, and will now give two stanzas, showing the pith of the piece. The MS. is a very fair one:—

"THERE IS A LOT OF PEOPLE."

BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS

I knew a stern old man,
With virtues just and ample;
But his virtues stood as a rebuke
Instead of an example.
I have watched the deep-mark'd lines
In his proud, unbending face,
And have wished the power which gave him,
Would also give him grace.

I knew a lovely girl;
But her beauties have grown dim,
For her eye was cold, her lip curled up
And her soul was starched and prim.
She was formed by square and rule;
No weakness proved her human.
She was indeed an angel! *quite*;
But I'd rather have a *woman*.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

From **PARRY & McMILLAN** (successors to A. Hart, late Carey & Hart), corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia:—

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE DEAD SEA AND IN THE BIBLE LANDS, IN 1850 AND 1851. *Including an Account of the Discovery of the Sites of Sodom and Gomorrah.* By F. De Saulcy, Member of the French Institute. Edited by Count Edward de Warren. New edition. In two volumes. This is a work of far more than ordinary interest. The Christian scholar, as well as the antiquarian, philosopher, and traveller, will find it a continuous detail of incidents and researches, worthy in every respect of their closest investigation. Many new facts are brought to light by the industry and learning of the author, which will not merely serve to establish the truth or the errors of former theories and speculations, but which will also open up many new sources of knowledge. The work is written in the most agreeable form of personal narrative, and is, in its descriptions and familiar illustrations, so deeply absorbing as to induce the intelligent reader to fancy, while engaged in its perusal, that he is actually one of the party who accompanied the author.

THE WESTERN HOME, AND OTHER POEMS. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. The poem from which this volume has received its title has never before been published. It occupies forty pages of the book, and is a deeply interesting narrative of events connected with the varied fortunes of a family of the early New England emigrants to the banks of the Ohio. Into this poem the authoress has very delicately introduced the story of Blennerhasset, and his unfortunate connection with Burr. The remainder of the volume is taken up with shorter poems never before published, and with selections made from former editions of Mrs. Sigourney's works, and from such as have appeared from time to time in various periodicals, but which have never before been comprised in a volume. "The Western Home" is a thrilling picture of early life in the savage wilderness, where now all is "peace, plenty, and happiness," and as such addresses itself in a particular manner to the descendants of those who prepared the way and the means for all their present enjoyments.

From **BLANCHARD & LEA**, Philadelphia:—

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND BEFORE THE NORMAN CONQUEST. By Mrs. Matthew Hall. This work will undoubtedly be perused with the deepest interest, especially by such as desire to form a correct idea of the influences exercised, for the civilization and refinement of their country, by the distinguished women whose names are enumerated among the queens of England, and who flourished prior to the Norman conquest. In the work before us, there is evidence of great research, and a large number of important and instructive facts, not commonly known, are rendered easy of access. It is yet true, however, that many things related of the "Queens" and their contemporaries have no other foundation than the legends of poets, and the

superstitious fancies of an age struggling between light and darkness. Still, to all those who have read and studied the admirable works of Miss Strickland, in which the lives and characters of a later line of British queens have been portrayed with all the truth and dignity of history, the volume under notice will be indispensable; since, without it, as will be readily inferred from its title, the *Lives of the Queens of England* will be incomplete.

From **LINDSAY & BLAKISTON**, Philadelphia:—

AFRAJA, A NORWEGIAN AND LAPLAND TALE; or, Life and Love in Norway. Translated from the German of Theodore Mügge, by Edward Joy Morris. This volume of fiction is from the pen of an admired German author, and has been rendered into English by a gentleman possessing a thorough acquaintance with the delicacies of his own language, as well as with those of the language in which the work was originally written. The story is one of thrilling and absorbing interest, and the descriptions interwoven with it of the strange scenes to which the reader is introduced, are apparently as true to nature as they certainly are beautiful and attractive considered only as pictures of the imagination. The tone of the work is highly moral, and a vein of pure, healthy, and noble sentiment pervades the entire composition.

From **LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & Co.**, No. 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA. By W. Chambers. The author of this volume belongs to the firm of William and Robert Chambers, book publishers, of Edinburgh. He is a fair practical business man, and, as such, has been fair and practical in his views of American society, institutions, and progress. He seems to have formed his own judgment on all subjects that came within the scope of his investigation, not heeding even the disreputable things which Americans are in the habit of saying of themselves, and hence he has produced a book unusually flattering to such as are nationally sensitive. Had he trusted to the hard representations which he might have scraped together from the columns of some of our leading newspapers, as many of his countrymen did who came here before him, he would not have produced half so agreeable a volume, and, besides that, might have injured considerably his reputation as an author and his business as a publisher.

WHAT NOT. By Mrs. Mary A. Denison. Illustrated with engravings from designs by White. The contents of this volume have been selected from the numerous contributions of the author made to literary periodicals. They have been retouched in a style of beauty peculiar to the author, evincing a combination of strength of thought and gentleness of diction which is at once invigorating and persuasive. Few of our lady writers have done more to soothe the hearts of the suffering, or to revive the energies of the desponding, than the author of this beautiful volume.

From **WON, NELSON, & Co.**, Nashville, Tenn.:—

MEMORIES OVER THE WATER; or, Stray Thoughts on a Long Stroll. By Henry Maney. With an introductory, by the Hon. Edwin H. Ewing. This is a handsomely printed volume from the West. The style of the author's sketches is familiar, and, although the scenes and objects of interest met on his way were not exactly new, his reflections and remarks impress us as being original and sprightly.

From D. APPLETON & Co., No. 200 Broadway, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

PARTY LEADERS: *Sketches of Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay; John Randolph, of Roanoke, including many other distinguished American Statesmen.* By Jo. G. Baldwin, author of "The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi." The contents of this volume are intimately connected with the past history of the republic. The politicians, in order, we suppose, to convince us of their disinterestedness, continually set forth that they are for "principles, not men." We are of opinion, however, that the perusal of this volume will not fail to convince the most ordinary mind that the connection between men and principles is indissoluble, and that the connection of both with the policy and measures of government is so closely interwoven with its destiny as to be able at any time to control and influence the majority of the whole nation either for good or for evil. Hence the necessity of judging of men by the principles they profess, and principles by the men who profess them. We think that this fact, simple but important, will be made apparent by the deductions to be traced in this volume, the author of which is greatly to be commended for the clearness and perspicuity of his style, as well as for the impartiality he evinces in contrasting and summing up the characters of contemporary and rival statesmen. For these reasons, we feel no hesitation in recommending the "Party Leaders" to the study of such young men as have unhappily determined to enter upon the field of politics, not doubting that they will find therein many lessons that will be serviceable to them when they shall come up to "define their positions," and others which will greatly assist them when, as frequently happens, they shall be compelled to maintain the "position" and the principles they had previously "defined."

A COMPLETE TREATISE ON ARTIFICIAL FISH-BREEDING. *Including the Reports on the subject made to the French Academy and the French Government, and Particulars of the Discovery as pursued in England.* Translated by W. H. Fry. Illustrated with engravings. It is only within a few years past that the attention of scientific men has been attracted to artificial fish-culture. This subject has been treated as one of great interest in Europe, and from the manifest decline in the product of the shad, salmon, and trout fisheries of this continent, is also one worthy of consideration in our own quarter of the world. This little volume contains a great amount of practical information, going to show at how "little care and cost barren or impoverished streams may be stocked to an unlimited extent with the rarest and most valuable breeds of fish, from eggs artificially procured, impregnated, and hatched." Persons occupying the proper locations for putting its lessons into practice, will no doubt immediately avail themselves of the information necessary for their experiments by purchasing a copy of this treatise. We wish we were able to state the price of the work.

EMMANUEL PHILIBERT; *or, the European Wars of the XVIIIth Century.* By Alexander Dumas. We learn from an advertisement affixed to this ample volume, that it is the second of the new series of French writers issued simultaneously in this country and in Europe. It is to be followed by works from the pens of other popular writers of the same school. There are many repetitions in this book of former sketches by Dumas, but presented in new and more brilliant uniforms.

THE YOUTH OF MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE;

or, the Revelations of Court and Convent in the Seventeenth Century. From the French of Victor Cousin. By F. W. Ricord. Persons who are familiar with French history, and who have a relish for the Parisian gossip of the seventeenth century, will no doubt find this a most interesting volume.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Edited by Derwent and Sarah Coleridge. This is a beautiful edition of a volume of poems which have long been classed among the richest and rarest in the English language.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia:—

A PRACTICAL AND COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC: *containing Definitions of Terms and Rules of Operations, with numerous Examples.* The whole forming a complete treatise for the use of schools and academies. By Gerardus Beekman Docharty, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics in the New York Free Academy, and author of "The Institutes of Algebra." The author of this work has had long experience as a teacher, which, taken with the fact that he has already made a valuable contribution to mathematical science, entitles him to great confidence. The paper and binding of the volume are of the most substantial kind, rendering it fit for the hard service through which it will have to pass.

From M. W. DODD, New York, through C. G. HENDERSON, Philadelphia:—

COMPLETE CONCORDANCE TO THE HOLY SCRIPTURES OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS; *or, a Dictionary and Alphabetical Index to the Bible, for all who would understand the Bible, for all who would understand the Inspired Writings.* In two parts. Containing: 1. The common words in so full and large a manner that any verse may be readily found by looking for any material word in it. Part 2. The proper names of Scripture, etc. To which is added, a Concordance to the books called Apocrypha. The whole digested in an easy and regular method, which, together with the various significations and other improvements now added, renders it more useful than any book of the kind heretofore published. By Alexander Cruden, M. A. The whole revised with the utmost care. From the tenth London edition. To which is added an original life of the author. It will be sufficient for us to say, in recommendation of this large and closely printed volume, that it has been issued with the approbation of a number of ministers of various denominations of Christians in the United States.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through C. G. HENDERSON & Co., Philadelphia:—

POEMS BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Collected and arranged by the author. In two volumes. With only a few exceptions, the poems embraced in these handsome volumes have passed through many editions, and consequently through the brains of more than one generation of critics. We think it is now nearly fifty years since we first heard of the genius of Bryant, and first read a poem from his youthful pen, which, if it did not convince us of the sublimity of his imagination, established in our mind his peculiar claims as a political poet. We do not find the poem alluded to in the present edition. Perhaps it is as well that it has been omitted, though we should have been pleased to see it once more, if only for "auld lang syne." From what

we have said, it will not be expected of us, in announcing a new edition of his poems, that we should enter into a stale repetition of all that the critics of Europe and America have proclaimed of the genius and versification of the author for years past. As for his poems, many of them are as familiar as "household words," which they all deserve to be, and which we hope they will become through the extensive sale of the present revised edition.

From J. S. REDFIELD, 110 and 112 Nassau Street, New York, through W. B. ZIEBER, Philadelphia:—

SYNONYMES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT: *being the Substance of a Course of Lectures addressed to the Theological Students, King's College, London.* By Richard Chenevix French, B. D., Professor of Divinity, King's College, London; author of "The Study of Words," etc. etc. As will be seen from the title, this little volume addresses itself in a particular manner to learned theologians and liberal scholars, who take an interest in the settlement of disputed or doubtful texts of Scripture.

EASY WARREN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES: *Sketches for Home Circles.* By William Turner Coggeshall. These sketches, as the author informs us, were written at such intervals of leisure as could be stolen during the past five years, when duty permitted absence from the editorial rooms of a daily newspaper. The author has dedicated them to his children; but they will find favor in the sight and hearing of any other children, grown up or not, into whose company they may be introduced. The style is familiar, and the morality excellent.

From GARRETT & Co., New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

THE LADIES' COMPLETE GUIDE TO CROCHET, FANCY KNITTING, AND NEEDLE-WORK. By Mrs. Ann S. Stevens. A very complete work.

From RIKER, THORNE, & Co., New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

TOTEMWELL. By George Payson, author of "Romance of California." This is a quiet domestic tale, which will commend itself to the reader by the truthfulness observed in all the incidents and characters drawn by the author.

From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co., Boston, and J. C. DERBY, New York, through R. SEE & Co., Philadelphia:—

KANSAS AND NEBRASKA: *the History, Geographical and Physical Characteristics, and Political Position of those Territories. An Account of the Emigrant Aid Companies, and Directions to Emigrants.* By Edward E. Hale. With an original map from the latest authorities. This little volume contains a great deal of information that will be found highly interesting just at this time. With the political preferences of the author we have nothing to do. But, inasmuch as Kansas and Nebraska are open for settlement, it will be well for those persons who intend taking up the line of march for those distant territories to acquaint themselves as accurately as possible with the way they should go before they start. We believe the work before us is the only one, as yet, that has been presented with that object. Emigrants therefore will do well to consult its pages.

From LITTLE, BROWN, & Co., Boston; EVANS & DICKERSON, New York; LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE POETICAL WORKS OF MARK AKENSIDE. Edited, with a Life, by Rev. Alexander Dyce. This volume belongs to the beautiful edition of the "British Poets" which we have noticed in connection with the "Poetical Works of John Gray."

From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co., Boston, through R. H. SEE, Philadelphia:—

THE CITY SIDE; *or, Passages from a Pastor's Portfolio.* Gathered by Cora Belmont. This little volume is a beautiful illustration of the life and duties of a Christian pastor. The intention of the author has been to elevate, not to depress the ministerial character, and, consequently, "to make the ministry appear desirable."

THE INEBRIATE'S HUT; *or, the First Fruits of the Maine Law.* By Mrs. S. A. Southworth. This is a well-written story of an unhappy victim of intemperance, who was restored to health, wealth, and respectability through the influences of the Maine Law. This little volume is calculated to do a great deal of good, and merits the attention of the friends of the measures it advocates, as well as of all those who take an interest in spreading the blessings of temperance.

From TICKNOR, REED, & FIELDS, Boston, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

LITERARY RECREATIONS AND MISCELLANIES. By John G. Whittier, author of "Margaret Smith's Journal," "Old Portraits," etc. In a "prefatory note" to this handsome volume, the author states that most of the pieces which make up its pages were originally written for newspapers with which he has been editorially or otherwise connected. He is a favorite with a large class of readers.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF GENIUS IN SOME OF ITS RELATIONS TO CULTURE AND SOCIETY. By Henry Giles, author of "Lectures and Essays." The contents of this volume will require no heralding from us. The name of the author will be their surest passport with readers of cultivated taste and literary judgment.

From CROSBY & NICHOLS, Boston:—

FANNY GRAY: *A History of her Life.* Illustrated by six colored engravings. This is one of the prettiest gift-books for little girls that we have seen. The design is novel, and just suited to interest children and amuse the home circle who delight to make the little ones happy. The book is not merely for the holidays; and we hope every good little girl will have a peep at "Fanny Gray" as she is "feeding her chickens," or doing some other duty of her eventful life, before the year is over.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. *Report of the Hon. J. Meacham.* Mr. Meacham, who is one of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, was a member of the special committee appointed to consider certain resolutions relative to the proper distribution of the income of the Smithsonian fund. The point under discussion was the intention of Congress in framing the charter of the institution, and more particularly whether the principal object of the legislature was to form a great national library at Washington, or to provide for scientific researches and publications. Mr. Meacham, dissenting from the opinion of the majority of the committee, holds that the library plan was clearly that

which Congress had in view, and that the funds of the institution have been improperly diverted from this object; though he admits that works of great value have been published under the existing system. His report is ably and forcibly written. It is to be hoped that we shall soon have some satisfactory settlement of the controversy, which has hitherto impeded the progress of this valuable institution and impaired its usefulness.

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston :—

MEMOIRS OF A GRANDMOTHER. By a Lady of Massachusetts. We have read this book with deep interest, and only regret it is so brief. The glimpses of the inner feelings of the writer show a lovely phase of womanhood, which should be deeply studied by all who desire to promote the happiness of domestic and social life. The lively, yet innocent gayety of childhood and youth is beautifully shadowed forth, and shown to be compatible—indeed, conducive to the devotional spirit that turns to Heaven as the only true place of happiness. Many valuable lessons for parents and teachers may be learned from this unpretending, but charming little work.

"THE LITTLE PILGRIM," edited by Grace Greenwood, now circulates 10,000 copies. Published monthly, price only fifty cents a year, and handsomely illustrated. It is a most delightful work for children.

MESSRS. H. LONG & BROTHER, the enterprising publishers of New York, have the following books in press : "The Watchman." Founded upon events in Real Life. Illustrated.—"Lily Huson." By Alice Grey.—"The Pride of Life." By the author of the "Hen-Pecked Husband," of which work 10,000 copies were sold in one week.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co., New York, have sent us what they call a catalogue, but which we call a volume. It contains 242 pages, and embraces every variety of books, from six and a quarter cents up to \$10 a copy. The number of authors is 5,067, among which 1,619 are American. Who reads an American book? An engraving of their splendid establishment accompanies the catalogue.

BLANCHARD & LEA, of Philadelphia, have also sent us their catalogue, illustrated, of medical, scientific, and school books. This is the most valuable assortment of copyrights in the possession of any one house in the United States. The embellishments of the medical books alone must have cost an immense sum of money.

CHRISTMAS, NEW-YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.—E. H. Butler & Co., No. 67 South Fourth Street, have prepared for the coming season some of the most beautiful gift-books we have ever seen. We call the attention of our friends and the public to this most beautiful assortment, among which will be found suitable presents for the young and the old, the grave and the gay. "The Bow in the Cloud" and "The White Veil" have never been surpassed.

"Affection's Gift," a Christmas, New-Year's, and Birthday present. Elegantly bound, and splendidly illustrated with eight beautiful mezzotint engravings.

"The Gem Annual." Do. do. Elegantly bound, and splendidly illustrated with eight mezzotint engravings.

"Christmas Blossom and New-Year's Wreath." Do.

do. Six mezzotint engravings by Sartain, after designs by the first artists.

"The Bow in the Cloud; or, Covenant Mercy for the Afflicted." With six engravings in line, after original designs by Schussele.

"The White Veil." A Bridal Gift. Edited by Mrs. S. J. Hale. Eleven engravings and illuminations by the first artists, and in the richest style.

"Leaflets of Memory." Eleven illuminations and engravings in the first style. Elegantly bound.

BOOKS THAT WE WILL SEND BY MAIL, POSTAGE PAID.—On receipt of the money, we will send by mail, *post-paid*, any of the following books written by T. S. Arthur :—

	Price
Ten Nights in a Bar-Room, and What I Saw There,	75
Sketches of Life and Character— <i>illustrated</i> ,	\$2 00
Lights and Shadows of Real Life, do.	2 00
Leaves from the Book of Human Life—30 <i>illustrations</i> ,	1 00
Golden Grains from Life's Harvest Field,	75
True Riches; or, Wealth Without Wings,	50
The Way to Prosper,	50
The Home Mission,	50
Finger Posts on the Way of Life,	50
Shadows and Sunbeams,	50
The Fireside Angel,	25
Tales of Married Life,	1 00
Three Eras in Woman's Life,	1 00
Library for the Household, 12 vols.,	4 50
New Juvenile Library, 12 vols., 60 <i>illustrations</i> ,	4 50
The Angel of the Household,	50

Godey's Arm-Chair.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR" to all our friends. Godey comes greeting with the richest number of the "Lady's Book" he has ever presented them—a perfect "Floral Offering" in this out-door bleak, but in-door genial season of the year. He returns his thanks for the past year of unexampled prosperity, and he knows that his lady friends will also give him good reason to remember with gratitude the year 1855.

THE January number of "Godey's Lady's Book," twenty-fifth year of publication. "John proclaiming the Messiah" is a specimen of an engraving that appears in no other publication than the "Lady's Book." We consider it equal to our celebrated picture of "Christ Healing the Sick." Our friends call it a PREMIUM PLATE. "The Floral Offering" is an original design made expressly for the "Book," by W. Croome, Esq. The fashion plate (would that some of our subscribers could see these published elsewhere) is a master-piece in its way, both in engraving and coloring. The other plates—"Sac de Voyage" and "Sac à Ouvrages"—are the most beautifully got-up designs we ever published. If the slipper in our December number created a *furor*, what will this do when it is seen by our hundred thousand subscribers? "Corners for Pocket Handkerchiefs" we think a prettily designed page. Brodie has also put us under obligations for one of his inimitable cloaks. "Potichimanie" is a new style of work now first given to the American public, as all new things are, by Godey. But we particularly wish to call the attention of the la-

dies to the "Cuff and Collar in Broderie Anglaise, worked on thick muslin, for travelling," which our fashion editress says is the neatest pattern she has ever seen; the collar is just half size. In the body of the "Book" will be found stories both amusing and serious, articles of domestic utility, and engravings of almost everything that can interest a lady. And thus we mean to go on through this year, as we did last, without deception, this being no decoy number.

"A Series of Papers on the Hair" is the first of a series of articles on the same subject, which we advise all our subscribers to peruse. The "Charades" will be continued monthly. We have heard of many families that have found the one we published a great source of amusement.

1855.—We call attention to our advertisement for 1855. What we promise there we will perform. This, we think, is as good as if we had written a whole page on the subject.

"THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND CORTES" by John B. Duffey, Esq., is written in the same style as "The Life of Columbus," which has elicited the praise of the press throughout the United States. The Virginia "Washingtonian" says: "The History of Columbus will more than compensate for the cost of the 'Book.' It is written in an easy, elegant, and attractive style."

The Md. "State Capitol Gazette" says: "The History of Columbus, by John B. Duffey, is continued, and promises to be the best yet given of the discoverer of the American continent."

THE NORRISTOWN "Olive Branch" is always rhyming; here is his last:—

"Godey's last is a splendid number, as indeed are all the others. It compels us to exclaim—

Ever charming, ever new,
When will (Godey) tire the view?"

FASHIONS.—"His fashion plate is again ahead of any other."—*N. C. News*.

"In the way of fashion plates, 'Godey' is ahead of everything."—*Ill. Register*.

"The colored fashion plate exceeds in beauty anything ever attempted by any other magazine."—*Rockland Journal*.

"The fashion plates, the description of which is always written in an intelligible manner, are alone worth the price of subscription."—*Ind. Gazette*.

Here is a notice from one who has made the comparison we so ardently desire: "A comparison between the 'Lady's Book' and other magazines, as to *fashion plates and literary matter*, would result most honorably to Mr. Godey's advantage."—*Ind. Planter*.

"The colored fashion plates of this number are truly magnificent—unrivalled."—*Ala. Eagle*.

"THE NURSERY BASKET:" a Hand-Book of Practical Directions for Young Mothers; including the preparation for a young infant's wardrobe; the choice and making-up the child's bath; out-of-door dress; worsted knitting; flannel; embroidery; the clothes of older children, etc. etc. With engravings." Price, 50 cents.

Please address all orders to the publisher of "Lady's Book" for this most desirable and useful work for all young mothers

CAMDEN AND AMBOY STEAMBOAT AND RAILROAD COMPANY.—We feel it to be a duty which we owe to the public, to make an occasional notice of the successful and safe operations of this company. The facilities which their various lines afford to travellers are indeed known from the far east to the remotest west; and yet many thousands pass over them without a thought of the incessant labor and attention that are required to secure their comfort and safety. Some few indeed seem disposed, and even determined, to grumble, and to be discontented on the most trifling occasions. But where, in such rapid conveyances, do they meet with more careful, obliging, and gentlemanly agents? and upon what other lines do they "realize a greater sense" of life-security? As to the fare, the average price on the different conveyances has, for some time, been above the average of railroads and steamboats in other States. To obviate this, an open competition has been clamored for, and what has been termed monopoly energetically denounced. But now, after competition has nearly run itself into the ground, it has been compelled to form itself into a combination or monopoly which has already raised the railroad fares in one State, at least, to higher rates than on the lines of the Camden and Amboy Company. After all, then, the public and the stockholders of this company have great reason to be satisfied with its management; and for this result, they are particularly indebted to the industry and tact of their principal agent, W. H. Gatzmer, Esq. Much is also due to the active and gentlemanly agents in command of the steamboats, and all the other employees of the company. Among the former is our old friend Captain Kester, and his aids, S. Field, of the John Stevens; Captain Hinkle and J. Morgan, of the Trenton; the worthy Captain Thompson and C. S. Gaunt, of the Richard Stockton; and Captain Simpser and O. Chandler, of the John Potter. These, with their engineers, the two Bloonsbury's, A. Clum, and R. Walker, and the agent, J. Kingdon, at Burlington, and conductors on the railroad, J. R. Graham, W. Mann, J. A. Conover, J. Van Vostrand, G. H. Hasper, S. Fenton, and C. Packer, form as efficient, steady, and gentlemanly a corps of officers as can be found on any public conveyances in the Union. The travelling public have had ample opportunities of judging of the merits of the men, and of their services; and we need, therefore, make no apology for the liberty we have taken with their names.

TYNDALE & MITCHELL, Chestnut above Seventh.—This is the season of the year to visit this splendid establishment, where everything that can delight the eye is to be seen. Beautiful Parian statuettes, after the most eminent sculptors in the world, can here be had of a reduced size, but of most exquisite workmanship. Dinner and tea sets, each plate having on it an exquisite painting, and all different; tea sets of Sevres china; beautifully colored *groupes* of French china; dinner sets of all prices are here to be found. In fact, a visit to the store will well repay the trouble. It is a perfect receptacle of everything beautiful.

"THE BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS."—Messrs. Pettridge & Co., of Boston, have purchased for \$10,000 the sole right to manufacture this delightful article for the toilet, of which more than 10,000 bottles are sold annually. The agent in this city is T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut St. Give him a call and learn its various uses.

MRS. HALE is not the Fashion Editor of the "Lady's Book." We may also state that, when an order is received for the fashion department, it is handed to the editor of that department, who does not know, nor do we, whether the sender is a subscriber or not to the "Book;" and, moreover, she will not send an article until she receives the cash. She can't keep books even by single entry. We mention this statement, because some of our old subscribers have been offended because goods were not sent on credit.

OUR fashion editor will furnish any of the following list of patterns:—

Ladies' Cloaks,	Children's Dresses,
do. Mantles,	do. Basques,
do. Full Dresses,	do. Paltots,
do. Jackets,	do. Jackets,
do. Dress Bodies,	do. Over-Coats,
do. Sleeves,	do. Pants,
do. Aprons,	do. Aprons,

cut in Tissue paper, and trimmed as to be made, or any of the patterns of cloaks in this or any other number of the "Book."

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE AND ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—We call attention to these two publications. The Gazette is the best and purest weekly family paper we have, and the Magazine is only second to the "Lady's Book." We will send the "Lady's Book," and either the Gazette or Magazine, one year for \$3 50.

GIFT LOTTERIES.—A dozen of these establishments have started into existence within the last month or two, having for their basis the magazines. The publisher of the "Lady's Book" deems it proper to announce that he has no connection with them, further than to furnish them with his publication upon receipt of the money, as he would do to dealers and the public. He would respectfully suggest to his old friends and subscribers the propriety of remitting direct to him, as usual, and let the publisher receive the profit that is justly due to him.

WE publish, in this number, a beautiful poem by the Hon. Robert T. Conrad, first mayor of the consolidated city of Philadelphia.

WILL our subscribers think of back amounts, when remitting for the New Year?

OUR prospects look glorious for the New Year. The subscribers' names are coming in already as fast as we can enter them. We received the additional 10,000 we asked for last year, and we certainly think that another 10,000 will be added this year, which will make our list the largest in the Union.

MRS. HALE'S "Cook Book" we will furnish at \$1, and pay the postage. Mrs. Hale's "Household Book" on the same terms. Every one of our lady subscribers ought to have both these books, and they would, if they knew their value.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

EMBROIDERED SLIPPER IN DECEMBER NUMBER.—We ought to have mentioned that the yellow portion of the slipper ought to be worked in gold thread. It is a great improvement. Or it may be worked in any colors to suit the fancy.

A GOOD HOTEL.—It is a comfort for a weary traveler to arrive at this most desired haven, a good hotel. Such a one we can recommend to all our friends visiting New York, and they know we would not recommend them to any second-rate house. The Irving House and Burroughs, they go together. The Irving is the most central hotel in New York; it is near Burton's Theatre, and that is a great recommendation; it is also handy to all other places of amusement. The fare is excellent, the house as clean as even our own wife would desire it. Opposite is Stewart's marble palace, a place that all ladies must visit, and everybody and everything passes in front of the Irving. We wish some of our friends could see the parlors; there are neatness and beauty, some little extravagance, but not too much. Just ask for Burroughs, and say to him that Godey recommended you there, and you are fixed at once.

WE have for many years made a crusade against bachelorism, and we presume the following is from one of those who have felt the effects of our articles:—

"In announcing the fact of our return home with a rib, we cannot refrain from expressing our profound disgust of bachelorism and bachelors; and we expect to be disgusted with both—several weeks. We are well aware that, in days gone by, we occasionally made ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of sensible men, by upholding the bachelor state as the only life of happiness, independence, and earthly glory. But we were young and green then, and, of course, knew but one side of the subject. Now, stand up here, you consarned ugly pickers of humanity, rejoicing in the name of bachelors, and answer us in a few questions. What are you fit for in this world? What interest have you in the 'generations yet unborn,' you read of? Where will you be when old men, if your vile habits ever permit you to arrive at a good old age? Won't you be like lonely, scarred, and scathed trees, standing in a big clearing without a companion, and your life unprotected from the frost by young saplings and shrubs at your feet? Or won't you be like pumpkins in a cornfield, more prominent, because of your prodigious ugliness, than the stalks at your side, laden with golden grain? Hold your heads up, and talk like men whether you can act so or not. Now, don't you feel ashamed of yourselves? Look at the girls about you, all smiling and sugar. Look at 'em, and feel the disgusting position you occupy in the cabbage-garden of humanity! What are you holding back for? Now, just reform; put on your best looks and your other coat, visit the girls, propose, get accepted, marry, and the country will rely on you as a faithful and well-disposed citizen.

WE have received a piece of very pretty music, composed and dedicated to his mother, by "E. A. P.," of East Cleveland, O. The words are by "H. L. A.," and taken from the September number of "Godey."

THE following new music has been received from Andrews & Co., 66 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia: "Lilla," a Song, dedicated to the Prettiest Girl in Cassville, Geo., by an almost confirmed Bachelor; and the "Meade Polka."

WE have in former numbers published testimonials from the press, speaking of the uniformity of our numbers. We do not suppose that those who know us would doubt us; but to those who as yet are not well acquainted with the fact that we always keep our promises, we give the following as corroborative: "One admirable feature in Godey is that his numbers are all alike good."—*Ala. Reporter*. "There is no falling off in Godey; as he starts in January, so he will continue to the end of the volume."—*Coryden Argus*. "This is a magazine that has not fallen off one particle since January. This is more than we can say for some."—*Maine Herald*. "We will add that there is no falling off in its attractions; as it starts in January, so it continues."—*N. Y. Chronicle*. "For three years we have been looking to see if he would not break some of his extraordinary promises, and if there would not be an occasional *falling off*; but we have found neither. Each succeeding number seems a little better."—*Strasburg Bee*.

OUR Fashion Editor has on hand some most beautiful patterns for netted anti-macassars, also collar patterns and crochet mats, which are too large for the "Book." Twenty-five cents each.

"IN old times, when they used to journey in stages, a lady who had a sweet little child with her could scarcely call it her own, the whole way the gentlemen were so fond of carrying, keeping, and kissing it." We copy the above from the Newark "Daily." We remember once upon a time travelling in a stage-coach in Massachusetts, that contained, besides our own party, a woman with a very troublesome and noisy baby. We undertook to quiet it for her, which we did by making more noise than the child, having observed from long experience that, when a child can't hear itself cry, it will stop. However, we succeeded; but the woman did not offer to take Alfonso again—that was his name. We shall never forget it. Presently the stage broke down, and we had the pleasure of carrying Alfonso up a very steep hill. We did it; but we were younger then than we are now. But the worst of it was that the ladies of our party said it was not a "sweet child;" but that was before the introduction of the "Cochituate" in Boston.

HAIR WORK.—We have received very many complimentary letters about the various pins, necklaces, &c., that we have had made up to order. Any one having hair of a relative can have it made up into a most beautiful ornament, either pin, necklace, or bracelet.

RAPP'S GOLD PENS.—Their celebrity is increasing, and we do not wonder at it, for they are the best article of the kind ever offered. We will guarantee them. Prices as follows: Condor size, with a holder, \$6; in a silver case, \$7; swan-quill size, with double extension silver cases, \$4; goose-quill size, suitable for ladies, with holders as above, \$3.

FOWLER BOTHERED.—We once saw the celebrated Fowler, the Phrenologist, knocked back a little. He was feeling the bumps on the head of our late friend, R. Penn Smith. "You have the organ of credulity very large, Mr. Smith." "There is no doubt of that," said Smith, "or I should not be here under your hands." We need hardly say that Smith was an unbeliever in the science.

VOL. L.—8

FROM a lady sending a club for 1855: "I shall get more subscribers for you during the winter. My ambition is to see every young lady in this section of the country a subscriber to the "Book," as it is a sign of civilization.

H. M. W., *Mich.*, Nov. '54."

"OLIVIA MANNERS; or, the Gipsy Wife," is the title of a new *nouvellette* commenced in the Boston "Yankee Blade."

BACHELORS.—It is really provoking to see, as we do, the editors of papers referring to their bachelorhood, when they can easily change and better their condition. An editor—why he has only to throw the handkerchief. What lady is there that would not marry an editor, a man filling one of the highest and most responsible situations in the whole country? Why, they ought to command a premium in the matrimonial market. The Fulton Co. "Union" says: "'Godey' is here. Its beauty and increasing interest will still render it a favorite among the ladies, and a welcome visitor to all places—the dark, lone recesses of an 'old bachelor's' sanctum not excepted—as it contains interesting reading matter for all classes and conditions."

Here is another, from the Cohoes "Cataract:"—

"Being one of that persecuted class termed *bachelors*, we cannot fully appreciate this valuable periodical. But judging from the universal opinion expressed by the ladies, it is the most efficient advocate of their interests published."

In a private letter from one of the afflicted, he says: "I think your advice to get married is good; and when the subject is called up, I often avow to my lady friends my purpose to try 'the silken tie,' but I believe many of them are impressed with the notion that I have no very serious desire to practice what I preach."

THAT witty Dodge, of the Boston "Museum," says:—

CHEAP BAROMETERS.—From a child we have been familiar with this phenomenon. The camphor-bottle makes an excellent barometer. It answers our purpose as well as a barometer that would cost from \$25 to \$50. When there is to be a change of weather from fair to windy or wet, the thin flakes of the gum will rise up; and sometimes when there was to be a great storm, we've seen them at the top. When they settle down clearly at the bottom, then we are sure of grand weather.

HONORS CONFERRED.—Our esteemed fellow-citizen and brother publisher, E. H. Butler, has been knighted by the Masonic fraternity, and he is now Sir E. H. Butler, Grand Sword Bearer.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.—On one of the stands for the sale of roasted chestnuts, opposite the State House, in Chestnut Street, is the following, done very elegantly in chalk:—

hOt ChESNot RoSt

WE give a singular item of expense attending the printing of plates for the "Lady's Book." We use 500 yards of cotton cloth each month for the mere purpose of wiping the ink from the plates. They are afterwards burnt, as no other use can be made of them.

A GREAT SAVING.—"We know of one lady," says the Chester "Republican," "who says Godey's receipts alone have saved her more than the cost of ten years' subscription to the work."

"*LERMANT'S PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE GERMAN LANGUAGE; or, How to Pronounce and Speak German correctly without the aid of a Teacher.*" H. Hooker, S. W. corner of Eighth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia. This work is to be completed in four numbers; two are already published. We think that, if the language can be learned from books alone, this is the very work.

THE following recipe for a corn cake took a special premium at one of the late agricultural exhibitions: "Take the whites of eight eggs; one-fourth pound each of corn starch, flour, and butter; half pound of sugar; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with almond, or to suit the taste."

THERE is a great truth in the following, and it is opposition that has made the "Lady's Book" what it is. Opposition we do not mind, but imitation we despise:—

OPPOSITION.—"A certain amount of opposition," says John Neal, "is a great help to a man—kites rise against, and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants, and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine and lays down by the wayside, to be overlooked and forgotten. He who but braces himself for the struggle when the wind blows gives up when they have done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows."

FIRST PREMIUM.—At the New York State Fair, Messrs. Boardman & Gray took the first premium for piano-fortes—a gold medal. We have long known the superiority of their instruments over all others. The advertisement of Messrs. B. & G. will be found in this number.

"THE BOOK OF THE TOILET."—We are now on our tenth thousand of this very useful work for the ladies. The sale of this ladies' indispensable has been very large. It contains receipts for almost everything that can interest a lady. Price 25 cents.

ONE of the city papers gives the following condensed description of a fashionable New York party:—

"Soirees have their established 'programme,' and all our readers will recognize it instantaneously. Printed cards, two weeks in advance, for large parties, written notes for medium, and verbal invites for small, at intervals of from one to five days' notice; carriage at eight o'clock; front room, second story, for gentlemen; back room for ladies (that the latter have not to pass the former, which will be kept open, and will smell of brandy and cigars); ladies fuming over pin-cushions and tight slippers; gentlemen agonizing with a stiff hair-brush and intractable gloves; meetings at head of stairs, and entering room together; no bowing to most intimate friends until hostess is approached and devotions paid; chairs and comfort for wall-flowers; dancing and small talk for light heels; old tops in the basement, at cards; matrons under the windows, comparing daughters; gabble, gabble, hop, hop, music and lemonade, for three hours; slight odor of fried oysters, and tuning for promenade; grand march of victims in party-colored costumes, like the actors in a Spanish *auto-da-fé*; rush

of gentlemen for plates and forks; screams of ladies about dresses; oysters, salad, and sandwiches, followed by champagne, ice-cream, and jelly; smashing of plates and subdued swearing of waiters; destruction of white kids; alarming volley of small talk; incipient dyspepsia, relieved by adjournment to dancing-rooms for exercise; confusion *à la champagne*; old tops high; matrons low with fright; *belles* and *beaux* getting on famously; host yawns; carriages driving up; shawls and overshoes; empty rooms; smell of stale food; two hundred nodding night-caps. *Finis.*

MR. EARLE, 273 Chestnut Street, has on exhibition for a short time two very beautiful paintings, "Bed-Time, or Mother and Child," by Wm. P. Firth, R. A., the painter of "Village Merry-Making" and "Village Pastor;" also "Timothy," painted by James Sant, as a companion to his "Infant Samuel." They are most exquisite cabinet pictures, and rank among the masterpieces of their respective painters.

TRUMPS.—If we were a card-player, and the question was asked us, "What are trumps?" we should most decidedly answer, "CLUBS." And we hope our friends will remember that, for some time at least, we shall consider "clubs" as trumps.

A LETTER from an editor, now before us, says: "I should be pleased to acknowledge, in the first issue of my paper, the receipt of that favorite of mine, and really 'best of all the magazines,' your 'Book.'"

"T. S. L., Ala."

WE hope our subscribers will be a little particular what kind of money they send us. We cannot afford to pay 10 per cent. discount. We would advise early remittances, as our clerks are very much hurried in January entering subscribers' names.

REMEMBER that on and after January 1st, all postage on letters must be paid in advance, or the letter will lie dead in the post-office where it is deposited. If you write and want an answer from us, you must inclose a stamp to pay return postage.

ENVELOPED LETTERS.—When letters are inclosed in an envelope, the address should be inscribed as well on the letter itself as on the envelope; otherwise, the loss of the envelope may cause grave mistakes and serious confusion, or may leave the letter for an anonymous claimant.

EPITAPH

On a youth who died of eating fruit.

Currants have check'd the current of my blood,
And berries brought me to be buried here;
Pears have pared off my body's hardihood,
And plums and plumbers spare not one so spare.
Fain would I feign my fall; so fair a fare
Lessens not fate, yet 'tis a lesson good;
Guilt will not hide guilt, such thin washed ware
Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.
Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,
That lies not, as it lies upon my clay,
But in a gentler unstrained verse
Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey;
Rehearses I was faithful to my hearse,
Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd away.

BUBBLES FROM SARATOGA.—Baking day was at hand, and Mrs. B— had told her Hibernian help to have the hops in readiness to make “emptins.”

“Bridget,” said the lady, “have you found the bag of hops?”

“Yes, mum,” responded Bridget, very promptly. “But it wasn’t a bag of hops at all, at all. It was a bag of *sage tay*.”

It was not long after that the same serviceable “help,” on being asked by one of her mistress’s children, “Well, Biddy, did you see the menagerie yesterday?” replied, “Why, no, I didn’t see it at all. Was the madgery there? All I saw was the elephants and all them big animals.”

This reminds us of a countryman who saw the announcement of a grand caravan. He paid his money, and, after looking around very attentively, seemed still to be searching after something that he could not find. At last, he saluted one of the keepers with, “Look here, stranger, I’ve seen the elephant, the lion, and the tiger, but where is the grand karaven? I’ve not seen that.” Another innocent was taken in as follows: Mr. Littell, of Boston, publishes “The Living Age,” and has a sign over his door, “The Living Age.” A long and rather lean individual walked in one day, and asked, “What do you ask to see ‘The Living Age?’”

WHERE DO YOU GET THOSE BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS FROM?—The Pennsylvania “Trojan” says: “‘Where,’ said a young lady, in our hearing, the other evening, to another lady, ‘do you get all those nice patterns for embroidery and crochet-work? And how is it that you have the fashions so much in advance of all others? I cannot speak of a new pattern or fashion that you have not already worked a part of, or that you do not know all about. How is it?’ The lady, thus interrogated, said nothing, but reached to her book-case and handed down the last number of ‘Godey’s Lady’s Book,’ which soon explained to the fair questioner the secret of her friend’s early knowledge of passing events in the court of fashion.”

“CHRISTIAN OLD AGE.”—This is the title of one of the most eloquent sermons we have ever read. It was preached in the Church of the Messiah, by the Rev. Henry Bacon, on the death of our late venerated friend, Jacob Thomas. The subject was an inspiring one, for no man was more respected and beloved by those who knew him than Jacob Thomas.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No orders attended to unless the cash accompanies them.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp.

We are frequently written to by young ladies wanting situations in this city. It is out of the question; there are ten young ladies in this city ready to take every situation that may offer. A young lady coming here would have board to pay during the time she would be waiting, and that would be months, perhaps a year.

“Mrs. S. A. S.”—Sent patterns 20th.

“Miss A. R.”—Sent patterns on the 20th.

“Mrs. M. V. P.”—Sent Mrs. Hale’s “Household Book” 20th.

“Mrs. A. R.”—Sent hair-pin 20th.

“Mrs. P.”—Sent whalebone for bonnets 20th.

“Mrs. M. H.”—Sent box by Adams’s Express 21st.

“J. M. De S.”—Sent box by Adams’s Express 21st.

“Miss A. T.”—Sent patterns by Adams’s Express 21st.

“Miss S. S. W.”—Sent patterns by Adams’s Express 21st.

“A. J.”—Sent patterns by Adams’s Express 21st.

“Mrs. E. L. T.”—Sent hair pin, “Unity and Love,” 21st.

“Mrs. S. A. B.”—Sent Mrs. Hale’s “Household Receipt Book” 21st.

“H. C. B.”—Sent patterns by Kinsley’s Express 21st.

“Mrs. R. B. H.”—Sent pattern by Kinsley’s Express 21st.

“Mrs. O. M.”—Sent hair bracelet 23d.

“Mrs. V. R. S.”—Sent Mrs. Hale’s “Bible Reading-Book” 23d.

“Mrs. J. C. R.”—Sent patterns 23d.

“Miss M. S. G.”—Sent patterns 24th.

“Mrs. J. M. B.”—Sent drygoods 24th.

“Mrs. H. H. B.”—Sent patterns 24th.

“Miss T.”—Sent patterns 24th.

“Mrs. L. A. O.”—Sent patterns 24th.

“Mrs. W. H.”—Sent scarf by mail 24th.

“Miss E. S. H.”—Sent patterns 24th.

“Mrs. L. G. H.”—Sent hair fob-chain 25th.

“Mrs. R. C.”—Sent patterns 26th.

“Miss A. M. P.”—Sent bonnet by Adams’s Express 27th.

“Mrs. G.”—Sent the children’s socks by mail 27th.

“A. O. S.”—Sent Rapp’s pen by mail 27th.

“R. S. P.”—Sent furniture as ordered, and sent you receipt 28th.

“Mrs. V. H.”—The curtains will be sent in one week from this date, 28th.

“Miss S. A.”—Sent music 30th.

“Miss A. J. S.”—Sent patterns 30th.

“L. H. A.”—Sent patterns 30th.

“W. T. B.”—Sent child’s clothes by Adams & Co. 31st.

“Mrs. J. B. B.”—Sent patterns by mail 31st.

“H. L. A.”—“I pray for the loved one at home,” in our last September number. The author is informed that the poetry has been set to music; and a copy will be sent to the author on application to “E. A. P.,” East Cleveland, O.

“Mrs. H. A. P.”—Sent patterns by mail 1st.

“Mrs. F. L.”—Sent patterns by mail 1st.

“Mrs. S. M. V.”—Sent patterns and book by mail 1st.

“T. S. H.”—Sent Rapp’s pen by mail 1st.

“Mrs. C. V. Q.”—Sent box by Adams & Co. 2d.

“A Subscriber,” Courtland, A.—Yes; so she said.

“M. J. B.”—Embroidery with cord; see December number, among answers to correspondents. We charge nothing; always happy to give information when in our power.

“Mrs. C. H.”—Sent patterns on 4th.

“Miss C. G.”—Sent your goods to W. O. & Co., to be packed 4th.

“Miss H. S.”—Sent box by Adams & Co. 4th.

“Mrs. M. C. M.”—Sent patterns 7th.

“Miss N. A. R.”—Sent patterns 7th.

“Miss S. V. P.”—Sent hair ear-rings 7th.

“Mrs. O. M.”—Sent Mrs. Hale’s “Bible Reading-Book” 7th.

“Emma A. S.”—“Wait until he asks you.” What a question! We hope it is only intended as a joke.

“Mrs. H. H. G.”—Sent cloak by Harnden’s Express. Mrs. Hale’s “Receipt Book” and “Nursery Basket” by mail, 8th.

"Mrs. W. T. J."—Sent shawl by Kinsley's Express Sth.

"L. M. W."—Answered your letter, addressed Greenfield, Mass.

"Miss M. J. O."—Sent patterns 10th.

"Miss R. C. F."—Sent patterns 10th.

"Miss C. R. B."—Sent patterns 10th.

"Miss J. M. A."—Sent Mrs. Hale's "Bible-Reading Book" 10th.

"Miss A. O."—Am happy to hear that the hair-pin pleases you. Yes, we have different patterns.

"Miss S."—Sent patterns 13th.

"A Subscriber."—If you are content with the length of your feet, we have no reason to complain.

"L. A. D."—Sent patterns 13th.

"Mrs. E. S. H."—The diamond is the only gem that is not injured by the contact; better take them all off.

The Borrower's Department.

"The wicked borroweth and payeth not again."

READ this from the Cynthiana "News":—

"'Godey's Lady's Book' has come to hand. We have said before that this periodical was among the ablest and best in the world, and we stick to it yet. Those 'borrowers' have not taken heed to our advice, given last winter. We have a great aversion to borrowers. One of the first lessons that a mother should strive to impress upon the mind of her child is the one against BORROWING. Look at the habitual borrower—not only in literary matters, but in pecuniary affairs—and seldom, if ever, such a person has a sixpence in his pocket with which to make his heart glad. Reader, we could say more on this subject, but will postpone it for another time.

"Godey offers fine inducements to subscribers, and, if you intend to quit this RUINOUS HABIT, just subscribe, and you will learn salutary lessons on the subject of borrowing."

LADIES, if you want to preserve your own "Book" for your special reading, get up a club, and if any persons refuse to subscribe, when the price in a club is so low, don't lend them your "Book;" they don't deserve it. A large number of clubs we received last year were from ladies, got up, no doubt, for this special object. To those who want the loan of your number, refer them to the "Borrower's Department" in this number. We mentioned in our December number that one lady, who sent us a club, said it was composed of her most inveterate borrowers.

Centre-Table Gossip.

"GOD, SEND A MERRY NEW YEAR!"

IN the celebrated "Roxburghe Ballads," edited by Collier, and published by the Longmans, we find one of such kindly household sentiment, and so suited to the season, that we are sure it will be welcome in our evening circle. The collection is made from ballads hawked about the street in the time of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, the cheap literature of their reigns, and exercising a wide popular influence. It was purchased at the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe, who had added largely to it, and now belongs to the British Museum.

Apart from its sentiment, it has its value as a curious specimen of the literature of the day. The original title is—

THE HOUSEHOLDER'S NEW YEARE'S GIFT:

Containing a Pleasant Dialogue between the Husband and his Wife, pleasant to be regarded.

WIFE.

Grieve no more, sweet husband,
To grieve, it is in vain;
Little it availeth
To grieve or else complain:
Then show thy need to no man,
For it doth breed disdain—
Now comes a good New Yeare!

HUSBAND.

Alacke and alas for woe!
How can I chuse?
The world has grown so cruell
That friendship few do use;
Flattery gets credit,
Plain troth it overthrowes.
O Lord, send a good New Yeare!

WIFE.

The world is deceitfull;
Then trust it not, my deare;
But take this comfort to thee,
Thy saddest thoughts to cheer:
The Lord will never leave them
Where true love doth appeare;
And, God, send a merry New Yeare!

HUSBAND.

What comfort can I take, wife,
When sorrow is so great?
Misery on all sides
Doth us alwayes threat,
When labor is too little
To find us bread and meat.
O Lord, send a good New Yeare!

Scarcitie is planted
In village and in town;
We see our neighbors' children
Go begging up and down;
Few persons do relieve them,
But all on them do frowne.
O Lord, send a good New Yeare!

WIFE.

Greediness is causer,
Kind husband, of this ill;
Pride, the madding monster,
Kind charitie doth kill.
Lord Jesus, soon amend it
According to thy will;
And send us a merry New Yeare!

HUSBAND.

Corne in every market
So deare we dayly see,
We pay more for a bushell
Than we were wont for three:
This cuts the hearts of poore men,
And this undoeth me.
O Lord, send a good New Yeare!

* * * * *

Sweet wife! a thousand sorrows
Doe yet torment my minde;

I thinke, for all my labor,
How I am still behind!
And for the same no remedy,
Alack! that I can find.
Good Lord, send a merry New Yeare!

WIFE.

Take courage, gentle husband,
And hearken what I say:
After freezing January
Cometh pleasant May;
There is no storm so cruell
But comes as fair a day.
Good Lord, send a merry New Yeare!

HUSBAND.

Gentle wife, I tell thee
My very heart is done;
The world's great calamitie
No way can I shunne;
For still in debt and danger
More and more I runne!
Good Lord, send a merry New Yeare!

WIFE.

Be content, sweet husband,
And hearken unto me—
The Lord is still as merciful
As He was wont to be!
Go, then, and ply thy labor,
And I will worke with thee.
Good Lord, send a merry New Yeare!

I will not be idle;
But I will card and spin;
I will save together
That thou bringest in.
No man for a debt is hanged;
Then care thou not a pin.
And, God, send a merry New Yeare!

HUSBAND.

Dear wife, thy gentle speeches
Revive me at the heart,
To see thee take my poverty
In such a gentle part.
If God doe ever raise me,
Thou shalt have thy desert.
And, God, send a merry New Yeare!

WIFE.

Poverty, sweet husband,
Ofttimes hath been blamed;
But poverty with honesty
Never yet was shamed.
The rich man discontented
May be a poor man named.
But, God, send a merry New Yeare!

What thou want'st in riches
I'll supply in love;
Thou shalt be my treasure;
I, thy gentle dove.
Thou art my beloved
No sorrow shall remove!
And, God, send a merry New Yeare!

MUSICAL PRACTICE.—No. 1.

WE have waited until the commencement of a new volume for the musical gossip which we promised some

time since, as it is more than probable that it may be continued through several numbers, as different topics arise.

Our talks are not intended for those young ladies who, living in cities, have every advantage of masters and models; consequently, they will please not curl their pretty lips, or elevate their practised hands, at the plainness and familiarity of our advice. It is not offered professionally, by any means, but as scraps of information gathered by association with musical circles, and the dictates of simple feeling and taste.

Musical cultivation in city and country are two different things, though called by the same name. In Philadelphia, for instance, where it is very general, the pupil commences at eight or nine years, gives three or four to a diligent study of instruction books, scales, lessons arranged from the principal operas to present all the difficulties of fingering, and, as a school-girl of fourteen or fifteen, plays sufficiently well for ordinary purposes. Then come finishing lessons from a fashionable master in instrumentation, and vocal lessons from the popular Italian Signor, whoever he may be at the time, and graduates finally at his so-called private *soirée*—a concert in a public room, with an audience of the five hundred friends of the various pupils. After this she is called, by her own set, “the best private amateur in Philadelphia”—we know of at least twenty ladies dignified by as many cliques by this title—and certainly ought never to be lacking in confidence on any minor occasion.

In a country village, papa *talks* of buying Serena a piano, or having her take lessons when she is fourteen. The next year the lessons commence; and, when she has gone half through Hunten, and can rattle off half a dozen showy polkas and waltzes, the piano is fairly ordered, and she ceases to practise at her teacher's. Or she comes home from boarding-school with the same amount of knowledge and instruction, together with a few popular ballads, which she sings in her loudest, most unmodulated key, to the astonishment of less fortunate acquaintances. Papa sees no particular need of paying out twelve dollars a quarter, when Serena can sing “Ben Bolt” and “Nelly Bly” to his entire satisfaction; and the stock of tunes on hand lasts until marriage introduces a new series of vocal performances.

We do not draw this as an invariable picture, but as one too often met with, when a thorough musical education ought to form a part of every school discipline. And thus much for our *overture*.

THE CZAR'S COUNTRY-HOUSE.

JUST now, the following lively gossip of the domestic life of a certain distinguished family cannot fail to interest an American home circle:—

“Of all the lions of Peterhoff, the ‘Cottage’ is the most difficult of access. Once a year the grounds surrounding it are thrown open to the public, when the Czar, on this solitary occasion, exchanges his military uniform for the dress of a civilian, in which he appears on the balcony, accompanied by the Czarina, their children and grandchildren. The ‘Cottage’ was built by the present emperor at the request of the empress, who, tired of the spacious grandeur of the imperial palace at Peterhoff, begged the Czar to let her have a house just large enough to live in, *en famille*, with only such servants as should be indispensable, their suite remaining at the palace. This little residence is a per-

fect picture of rustic beauty. As its name implies, its style is English, being a kind of demi-Tudor structure of two stories, with numerous gable fronts, which are overhung by broad eaves. From beneath these, bright sunny-looking windows peep out, round which cluster flowers and creeping plants in luxurious profusion. This little bijou is set in a parterre of simple and elegant design, and bedecked with the most ordinary flowers, but those the choicest and most odoriferous of their kind. Several of the sleeping rooms are over the public rooms. Formerly, the beautiful young grand-duchesses occupied some of these apartments; and their little beds, hung with snow-white drapery, and the general arrangement of the chambers, of corresponding simplicity, remain as of yore. But imagine that this fairy bower, this rose-covered cottage, this imperial dwelling, replete with every luxury and elegance, contains one apartment so much the reverse of all the rest that, in comparison, it resembles the penitential chamber of an ascetic. The principal feature in it is a small iron bedstead, upon which lies a thin mattress—some say of straw, others of horse-hair; but it is hard enough, any way—covered with green leather, and a hard pillow of the same kind. A hard couch, stuffed and covered in like manner; a table, a few hard chairs, covered *en suite*, over the back of one of which hangs an old military cloak; and behold the bed-chamber of the Czar. This old cloak is an especial favorite, and is probably related in some way to a cherished pair of slippers, which the empress embroidered for her imperial husband in the second year of their marriage. These slippers have been in use ever since, and, as may be imagined, will now scarcely hold together. Many attempts have been made to supersede them in the imperial estimation, but all to no purpose, and the tattered old favorites still hold office, in spite of every effort to displace them. Another apartment of great interest is the emperor's library, or 'look-out house;' for here, without leaving the room, his majesty can give his orders to the fleet, being provided with speaking-trumpet, telegraph, telescope, &c. At noon, if neither reviews nor military manœuvres intervene, the emperor drives the empress through the shady park, which in most places is impervious to the sun's rays. After dinner (in summer, four o'clock is the imperial dinner-hour), the Czar drives his 'Staroocha,' or 'old woman,' as he lovingly calls her, to inspect some improvements completed or projects in contemplation, and not unfrequently astonishes her with some elegant or sentimentally devised surprise. On one such occasion, the imperial pair were driving through the empress's park, when her majesty was surprised to perceive a piece of ornamental water where no such embellishment previously existed. She looked again, and behold! a beautiful little island floated on its surface; and, still more surprising, this charming islet was clothed with tall shrubs in rich bloom, and full-grown trees! Could it be a dream, or enchantment? It was difficult to believe it a reality; for, but a short period before, her majesty had passed by that same place, and wild trees of the forest stood in countless numbers on the very spot now occupied by the picturesque scene before her. The Czar invited her to alight, and entering a light, fairy-looking boat, which lay moored near, the emperor ferried her across to the enchanted isle, which they entered by a narrow pathway, bordered with the Czarina's favorite flowers, and overhung by the feathery foliage of the dwarf acacia, Siberian honeysuckle, &c. Following the winding course of the pathway up a gen-

tle declivity, the Czarina beheld an elegant temple or dome of rich iron-work, supported on graceful pillars encircled by rare creepers; and beneath this dome, embowered amid the most beautiful blossoms of the choicest exotics, reposed a bust of herself. The Czarina cast one look at the dedication—'To the Joy of my life'—which was inscribed in Russ on the pedestal, and, seizing the hand of the Czar, was conveying it to her lips, when he tenderly clasped her in his arms.

"The inhabitants of Peterhoff are mostly all acquainted with each other; and like one large family, relying upon the paternity of all its members, they deliver themselves up to most perfect security in their free-and-easy arrangements and mode of life. The ladies pass the whole day in the open air, either in the verandas, porticos, or galleries attached to their houses, where they have their meals served; or, strolling away in separate detachments, find themselves miles from home, unattended, and without the least fear of intrusion, even from a drunken man! In what part of the world could one meet with the same privilege?"

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

WE are frequently asked what may a gentleman most properly offer to a lady as a holiday gift, and what may a lady receive without being supposed to encourage a gentleman's addresses.

When a pleasant visiting acquaintance only is to be acknowledged, the gift should never be expensive, at least not apparently so. Jewelry, except in the family, or where an engagement is acknowledged, is out of taste, and many ladies would not accept it. No article of dress, as a scarf, shawl, or lace, should be offered. New books, particularly of engravings; new music; a fine single engraving; a hothouse bouquet; a fan; a fanciful box of Paris gloves, if the lady has a pretty hand, and you can manage to learn her number; or of *bonbons*, if she is not above sugar-plums; a portfolio, or writing-stand, if she dabbles in literature; and, what would be still more acceptable to many, a year's subscription to some favorite magazine, are all suitable.

We cannot too highly censure the practice so many young girls have of throwing out hints or expectations of a gift before their gentlemen visitors. Many are thus made to feel obliged to purchase and offer what they cannot afford, from a feeling of false shame. We know of well-bred women, on the contrary, who make it a rule never to accept any other than the least trifle from any gentleman out of the family circle.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Mrs. A.," of Symsdale.—We remember to have met with a similar experience in removing a piano-forte that had been placed in a damp room. The screws of the legs finally yielded to the pressure of a vice; and we should have used sweet oil to prevent a second catastrophe, had not one of the workmen called for *hard soap* (common brown), and anointed the screws liberally. As he was a "boss cabinet-maker," we yielded to his better judgment. The olive oil served, however, to remove the scratches the varnish had received, notwithstanding every precaution, from the vice, which we at first lamented over as serious.

"Mrs. J."—The bulbs would be flowering now, if the directions had been strictly followed. Many ladies in New York city make it a point to have their hyacinths

in blossom on New Year's day. Berrian has the most graceful stands for flowers; they are light, and really ornamental.

"VIRGINIA C." will find a reliable description of Mrs. Custis, at her marriage with General Washington, in the "Lady's Book" for September, 1852. It gives a better idea of the private character and habits of Madam Washington than any other account we can call to mind at present.

"A YOUNG MOTHER," Allentown, Pa.—The "Nursery Basket" has been forwarded by mail, and contains all the required directions. The patterns are prepared by Mrs. Suplee, Phila., or Madame Demorest, N. York. Children will amuse themselves with very commonplace playthings. A clothes-pin, or a dozen or two large wooden button-moulds, strung on a cord and securely tied, or empty spools threaded in the same way, will be more serviceable than the most costly painted toys, that are wearied of after an hour or two.

"MISS BERTIE L."—Ceremony in country neighborhoods should certainly be dispensed with as much as possible, where society is limited to a few families; still, certain rules of courtesy ought never to be transgressed among well-bred people. The duty of guest and hostess has already been made the subject of an excellent paper. We may perhaps quote it in the future, as it is not likely our correspondent has seen it.

"ALISON."—The magazine inquired about is a foreign publication. We will procure and forward it if desired.

"EMILY HERBERT" is the title of the new book by Miss McIntosh, published by the Appletons. They have also a new work by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," worth several dozen such publications as those our correspondent, "C. S.," justly condemns. "Emily Herbert" is a juvenile, as is also "Nothing Venture, Nothing Have," by Cousin Alice, published by the same firm.

"AN INVALID" should always remove India rubber overshoes in church, or a long ride in a rail-car. The compression of the shoe is probably the cause of the coldness she complains of.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Bridal wardrobes, spring and autumn bonnets, dresses, jewelry, bridal cards, cake-boxes, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, Rapp's gold pens, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Evans & Co.; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New

York; bounets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT.

WE do not often allude to what we have done or intend to do in this department, keeping the even tenor of our way, and letting our chit-chat speak for itself. But of late we have noticed that other publications assume to have been the first to give detailed directions, in addition to the meagre description of the fashion plates at first offered to the public. Hailing as we do from the Quaker City, we shall "mildly remonstrate," and only assert that *this is not the case*.

The present fashion editor was the first to originate the monthly letter or record of the fleeting changes of the season, and since that time has been engaged in collecting, with more or less research and difficulty, from foreign *journals des modes*, the importer, the mantua-maker, and the milliner, such items as will be of practical or suggestive use, and setting these before our readers in a simple, reliable style, differing from the French raptures of the "*Moniteur*," or the meagre descriptions of American prints, where the fashions are a last consideration with the publisher—tacked on, because some one else had set the example. To us it seems as consistent with the scientific and professedly critical character they assume, as a lady's French bonnet would appear as the crowning-point of costume on "a potent, grave, and reverend seigneur." But we have no quarrel with them for assuming our especial badge as a "Lady's Book," nor are we at all particular in demanding credit of them for our borrowed plumes; we would only suggest that modesty might be a becoming addition to them, and truthfulness an equal grace.

Now, any of our lady readers who have been invited by friends in the country to "let them know what is worn this season," will at once understand the time and trouble it takes to answer such a request satisfactorily. To relieve them from this task is what we have undertaken, at the same time giving variety to our chat by the description of any new manufacture, article of jewelry, fashionable shops, furniture, etc. etc. We did not plan or even dream of exciting emulation or envious remark, nor do we feel the slightest malice or ill-will towards those who thus confess their inferiority. Only, as the school children say, "will they please to let us alone," as we do them.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR JANUARY.

Fig. 1st.—Walking-dress of stone-colored taffeta, with four flounces of less than the usual fulness; each of these has two rows of velvet ribbon an inch in width. The same trimming is repeated on the waist and sleeves.

Cloak of purple *moire antique*, richly lined with quilted taffeta the same shade; the trimming consists of broad graduated bands of black velvet. Bows of black *moire* ribbon at the sleeve openings. Bonnet of the same materials as the cloak; a full cap of blonde, mixed with purple and straw-colored velvet flowers; strings of straw-colored taffeta.

Fig. 2d.—Evening-dress of white taffeta, relieved by alternate flounces of pink, in the same material, on the skirt. Corsage plain white; *berthe* and sleeves to correspond with the skirt. Hair in court puffs, dressed with full-blown blush roses, disposed singly, and lap-pets of white lace.

MOURNING.

MORNING-DRESS FOR A WIDOW.—Dress of parametta, trimmed with crape; plain muslin collar and cuffs, and Swiss muslin cap.

DINNER-DRESS.—Bombazine dress, made plain waist, and sleeves confined at the wrist; black crape collar and cuffs; Tarleton cap; black kid gloves; black crape fan.

WALKING-DRESS.—Bombazine dress, trimmed with deep folds of English crape. Bombazine mantle, trimmed with crape, or a merino shawl, bound with silk. Black silk parasol, black kid gloves, black crape collar and undersleeves. Mouchoir of white cambric, with deep hem or plain black border. Bombazine bonnet, trimmed with folds of crape, and deep double crape veil.

ATTIRE TO BE WORN BY A MOTHER.—Morning-dress of parametta, plain crape collar and cuffs, and white tulle cap, trimmed with black or white crape ribbon.

DINNER-DRESS.—Dress of black gros royal or badzimore, with folds of crape. Black tulle cap, trimmed with crape ribbon and flowers; breastpin of hair; silk mitts; handkerchief with deep hem and hem stitch.

WALKING-DRESS.—Plain or drawn crape bonnet, with black cap inside, and single crape veil. Black badzimore mantle, or cloth cloak. Black kid gloves, black silk parasol, Tarleton collar and undersleeves.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

THE peculiar characteristic of the winter bonnets, as differing from those of the early fall openings, is the change in the crown from the cup, or *fouchon*, to an elongated oval, small and sharply defined, one of the most decided changes of the season, which has novelty, if not grace, to recommend it.

The winter opening of this department at Genin's bazaar was thronged as usual, and many graceful styles were displayed. The beaver bonnets were the most tasteful that we have met with. These comfortable bonnets are still worn more or less, and are particularly suited for country wear or travelling. Many fashionable people use them for what is called, by city ladies, "a second bonnet;" though they are too heavy for full visiting or carriage dress. The favorite colors are deep brown and fawn; the usual trimming rosettes, bands, and capes of velvet or satin, approaching the same shade. The cap is of every variety of style, mixed blonde, ribbon, and flowers predominating over the ribbon bows so long worn. There are few faces in city life fresh and youthful enough to dispense with the softening effect of blonde or lace. Good complexions were much more frequent when everybody wore caps of illusion, than in the succeeding reign of bright ribbon bows. The inside trimming of shell bows, so fashionable last season, especially for children, is still used, but by no means so freely. Little knots of narrow velvet or satin ribbon, disposed at intervals inside the brim, is a very pretty style for young ladies. Velvet ribbons, wide or narrow, enter largely into the composition of all bonnets worn the present winter. Strong contrasts of color are very noticeable, black being the relief in most common use, and white dress bonnets having a scarlet velvet bow of the most vivid shade on one side the face cap, or flowers in velvet of the same hue. One of the simplest inner trimmings is a full cap of blonde, with a bow of ribbon upon one side, say pink or blue, and a single flower or spray on the other of the same shade, both added to the blonde. Strings are not worn of any re-

markable width. Lace, with black or white blonde, enters into the composition of nearly all dress bonnets, but not inserted in the brim, as the past season; satin and uncut velvet and flowers are also largely used.

It would be impossible to describe in words the beautiful combinations of the thousand hues of these costly materials found at the rooms of Lawson, Miss Wharton, and Malherbes. They are intended for those who pay fashionable visits, drive out in stylish carriages, and frequent fashionable churches. These ladies, be it always remembered, have plainer bonnets for plainer occasions, and where but one can be afforded for the winter, or as many economically manage for two seasons, rain and sunshine, it would be folly to purchase a very light or gayly ornamented hat.

Oakford's furs are, as usual, unsurpassed. The cut of furs we have already given presents the best idea of the shape and size of capes, victorines, muffs, and cuffs. The muffs are no heavier than a reticule on the arm, and it is quite an art to wear this pretty little addition to the toilet gracefully—not holding it out before one, as if it were to ward off intrusion, or carrying it as if it were an incumbrance to be ashamed of. There never was a more coquettish little feature of the toilet than the tiny muffs now in vogue, when of costly sable, martin, or ermine. Ermine is still considered the most suitable for young people, and sable for more matronly wear. For children, Siberian squirrel and an excellent imitation of ermine are generally used.

Many of the handsomest silk dresses have trimmings of black velvet. For instance, a dress of green silk has three deep flounces; upon each six rows of narrow velvet ribbon are disposed in a large festoon pattern. Rosettes, composed of twenty or thirty loops of narrow velvet ribbon, are fixed at the points where the upper part of the festoons adjoin each other; these points reach nearly to the top of the flounce, and the rosettes just fill the interval they leave. The corsage, opened *en cœur*, or heart-shaped, is edged by three rows of narrow velvet, and small rosettes of the same are placed at intervals up each side, from the point at the waist to the shoulders. The sleeves are pagoda form, slit up both inside and outside the arm; these openings are caught together by velvet bands, finished on each side by a small rosette. This, it will be noticed, is very elaborate, and suited only to a tall, stylish figure.

Many of the most costly taffetas come in robes, the flounces ornamented by a raised pattern of satin or velvet. For a plain walking-dress, nothing is more worn than a good black silk, the skirt in three flounces, edged with velvet or plush galloon, either black or some bright contrasting color. Flounces of alternate colors are considered too gay for the street, though those with different shades of the same, or where a dark brown, blue, green, or purple is used with black, are not out of taste even on the promenade.

Parisian journals of fashion continue to assure us that basques have gone out of fashion, and American ladies continue to wear them. "If worn," says our foreign informant, "they are very deep, reaching over the hip." We do not suppose they will be fairly driven from the field before another winter, as they are at once convenient and stylish. We have seen a very handsome velvet basque, with a deep flounce of guipure over the hip. A rosette of velvet was placed in the centre of the back, exactly at the line of the waist. The petticoat was of rich brocade. Our Fashion Editor can furnish patterns of all the articles in the "Nursery Basket."

FASHION.







MOSAIC TAPESTRY TRAVELLING-BAG.



MOSAIC TAPESTRY SOFA-CUSHION.



The Happy Home.



L I L L A D A Y .

A BALLAD DEDICATED TO

THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN CASSVILLE, GA.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1854, by T. C. ANDREWS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PIANO.

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a series of eighth notes: F#4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, F#4. This is followed by a half note G4, then a quarter note F#4, and a half note E4. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes: D3, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2. This is followed by a half note D2, then a quarter note C2, and a half note B1. The introduction ends with a final chord of F#4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, F#4, D2, C2, B1.

I re - member well, sweet Lil - la, Though 'tis na - ny years a - go, When the har - vest moon was shining, And we

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a treble staff and piano accompaniment on a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment begins with a series of eighth notes: D3, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2. The first line ends with a final chord of F#4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, F#4, D2, C2, B1.

stood be - neath its glow; When I felt her hand's soft pres - sure, And heard her sweet - ly say, For - get me not in

ab - sence, Think some time of Lil - la Day. D.C.

2

Other eyes have looked upon me,
 Other songs have filled my ear;
 But they lack the simple freshness
 Of the one I used to hear:
 My heart beats not so lightly,
 And my hair is tinged with gray,
 And I hear no voice to charm me
 Like that of Lilla Day.

3

I am older now, and sorrow
 May have chilled me, but I feel
 Her gentle spirit's presence,
 And all it would reveal:
 The world may be as beautiful,
 As volatile and gay;
 But to me it ne'er can bring the joy
 I found with Lilla Day.

4

But fare thee well, sweet Lilla;
 Thou art gone, forever gone;
 And here I'm doomed to wander
 All dreary and alone;
 Alone and broken hearted,
 While thou art far away;
 Oh, I ne'er can love another
 Like thee, dear Lilla Day.



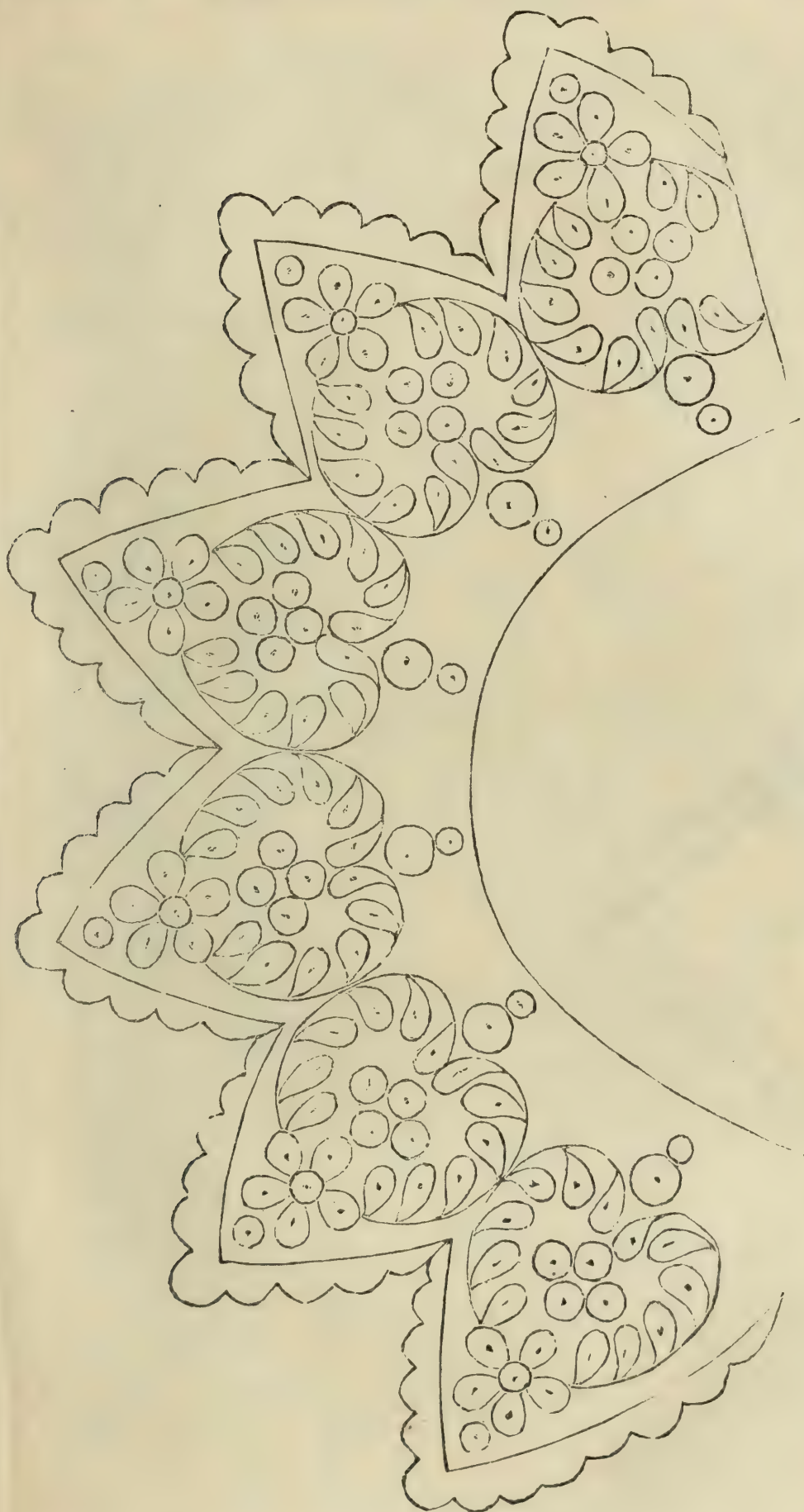
THE ANDALUSIA.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]

ANOTHER novelty! Brodie's Temple of Fashion is never exhausted, but beautiful things daily outvie the loveliest of the preceding day. "EXCELSIOR" is there no unmeaning motto.

The present delineation is made from a garnet-colored velvet cloak, elaborately and most tastefully decorated with needle-work, and finished with an exquisite style of three-strand tassels, depending from the points formed by the arches cut in the cape. The sleeves are cut upon the outside into points corresponding with the cape, and full almost as low as the skirts, and are from the elbows especially very full. The skirt is box-plaited. The undulation of light produced by this fulness of the velvet causes the garment to appear irresistibly charming, even without reference to the peculiarity of its style.

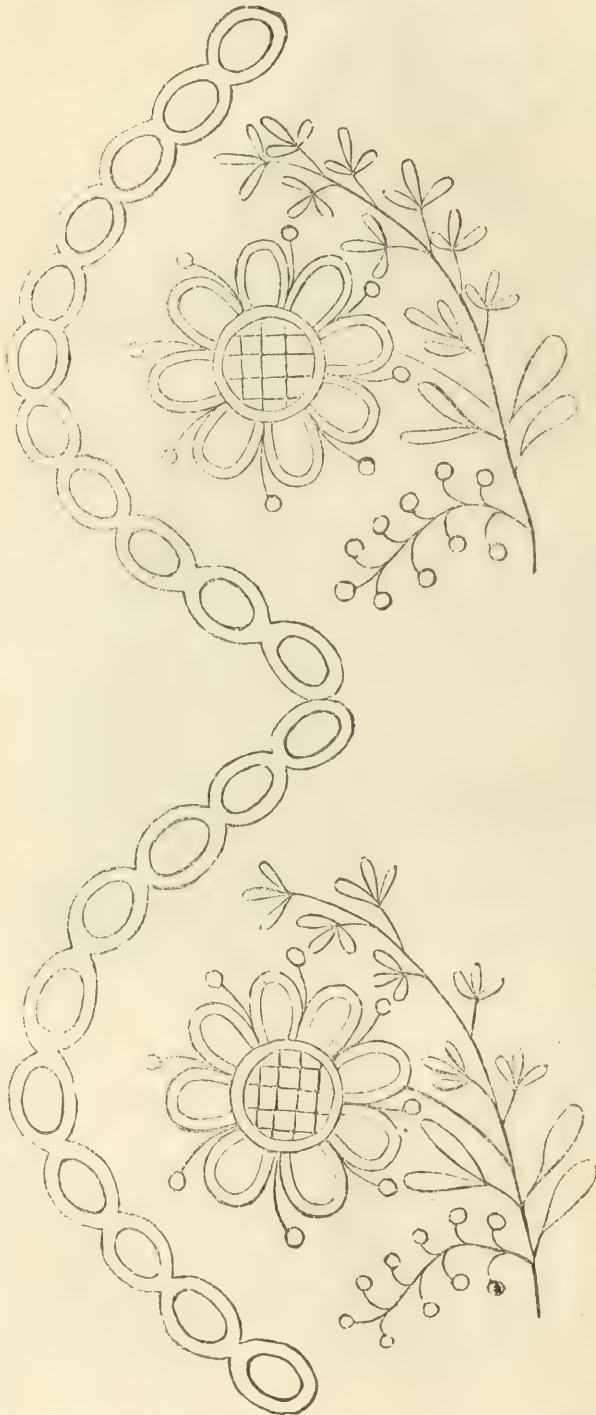
MORNING COLLAR.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.



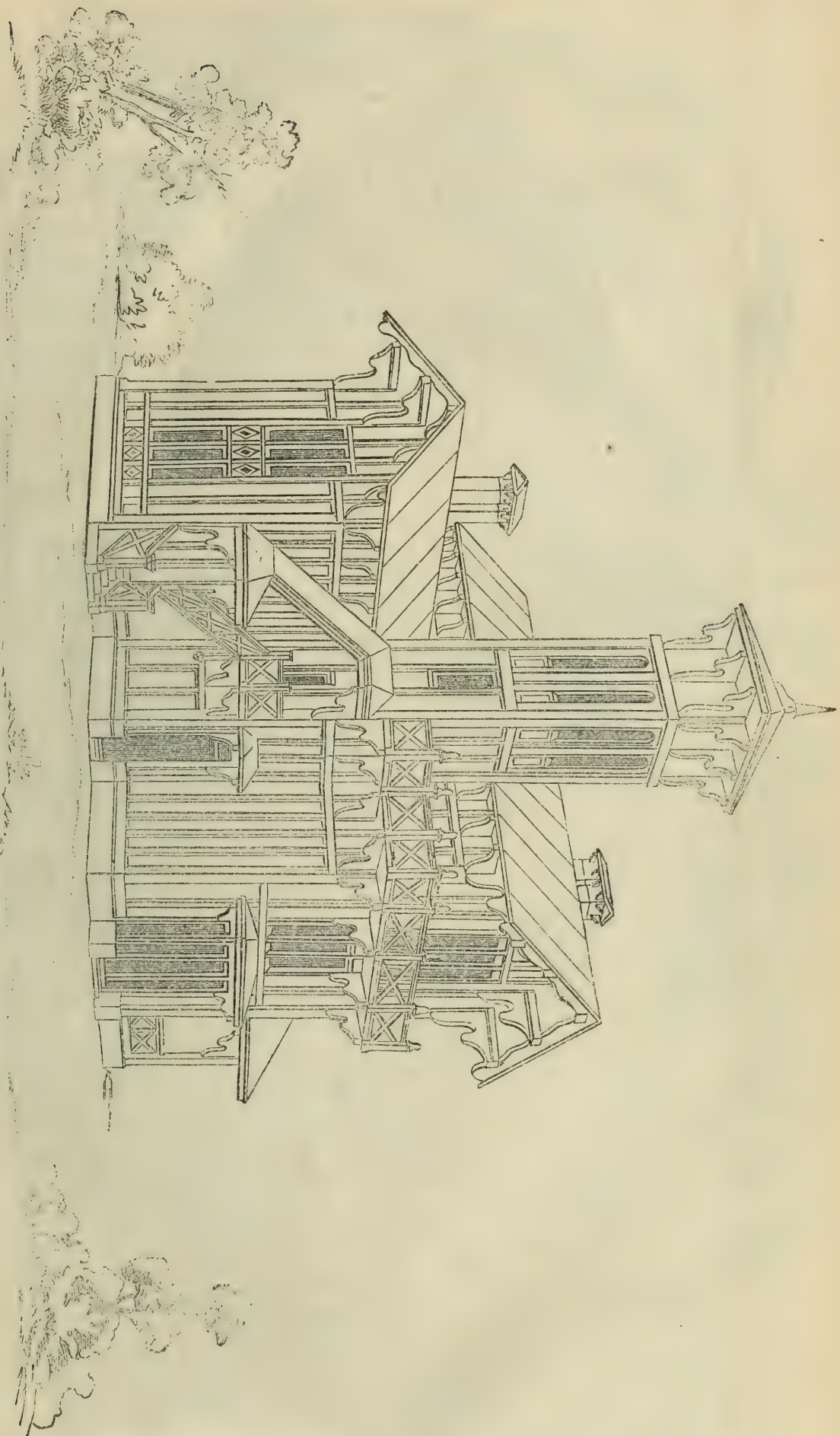
FLOUNCING FOR SLEEVES.

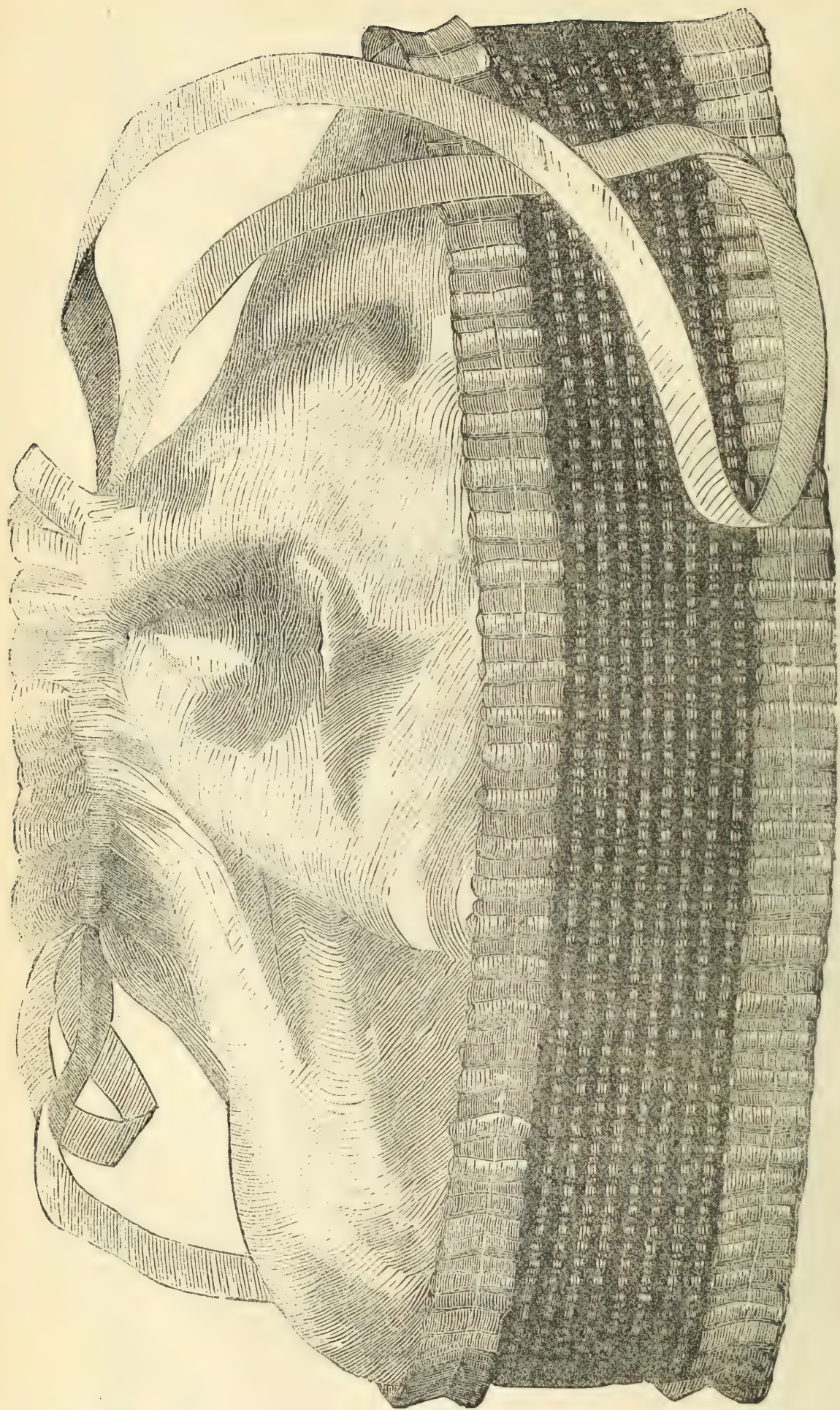


MUSLIN EMBROIDERY.



PICTURESQUE VILLA IN THE SWISS STYLE.





LADY'S RETICULE.—CROCHET.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1855.

FURS FOR THE LADIES; AND HOW THEY ARE OBTAINED.

FUR is a material most abundantly produced in cold countries, where also it is most largely required as a suitable clothing for the inhabitants. It consists of the skins of animals which, for their own protection, are covered with thick, soft hair; and, the colder the climate, the more abundant this provision for their needs. The skins, taken from the animals, having been fitly prepared on the inner side, are exceedingly durable, and often very beautiful, and make altogether the most proper clothing for severe climates. When thus prepared, these skins are called "*fur*;" in their natural state, "*peltry*."

The wellnigh universal use of fur as an article of dress, even during our own comparatively mild winters, will suggest some idea of what must be the demand for it in more rigorous climates. In Russia, Poland, East Prussia, Hungary, Bohemia, Saxony, &c., lambs' skins constitute an essential part of the dress of thousands among the humble classes. The skins, too, of several other animals are considered articles of absolute necessity. The more beautiful and costly furs, which rank as articles of luxury and fashion, are used chiefly in China, Turkey, Russia, England, and the United States.

Even in the sixth century the skins of saibles constituted an article of fashionable attire in Rome, and were transported, at great cost, from the borders of the Arctic Ocean to supply this demand. It was several centuries, however, before Western Europe craved the same luxury. In the reign of Edward III., the Italian traders imported into England so large a supply, that the king judged it wise to interdict their use to all save the wealthier classes.

The Canadian fur trade was commenced by the French soon after their settlement on the St. Lawrence. At first, it was exceedingly profitable, since the Indians, totally ignorant of the value of the skins, would eagerly exchange

them for beads, nails, hatchets, trinkets, &c., of inadequate worth. At the outset, moreover, there was an almost unlimited supply. When, however, the hunting-grounds bordering on the European settlements had become exhausted, longer journeys were necessary; and various settlers, bearing the name of *couriers des bois* (wood-rangers), made excursions to more remote hunting-grounds, where they sometimes remained for many months, adopting the usages of the Indians, and forming connections with them.

But the great success attending this traffic soon aroused competition. A company, formed in London, was chartered by Charles II., in 1670, for trading in fur with the Indians inhabiting the region north and west of Hudson's Bay, and hence named "Hudson's Bay Company."

This association prospered, founded numerous establishments, and prosecuted its trade successfully for more than a century. It then encountered a powerful rival in a new company, composed of opulent and influential settlers in Canada and others, who recognized no exclusive right in the Hudson's Bay Company to trade in a particular region, since their charter had never been confirmed by act of Parliament.

This second association, entitled the Northwest Company, managed its affairs with great spirit and energy, having its principal establishment at Montreal, but pushing its trade upwards of 4,000 miles to the northwest. Wherever these companies came in contact, animosities were kindled, which occasionally produced acts of reciprocal violence between their servants. After protracted dissensions, the two companies were finally united in one powerful body, under the title of the "Hudson's Bay Fur Company," which now engrosses the main portion of the fur trade of British America.

The Indian trade of the great lakes and of the Upper Mississippi is mostly in the hands of the North American Fur Company, whose principal establishment is in New York. We are told, however, that, except the muskrat, most of the fur-bearing animals in the vicinity of the lakes have become extinct. A large proportion, therefore, of the furs in use comes through the Hudson's Bay Company, whose vast hunting-grounds, covering nearly one-eighth of the globe, furnish an almost inexhaustible amount of valuable skins.

The great fur-sales of this company are held annually in London, some time in March, and attract multitudes of foreigners. Through these visitants, the bulk of the furs destined for the continent pass to the great fair at Leipsic, whence they are distributed through Europe.

Formerly, the beaver was one of the most valuable furs of this company. Now, however, its worth is far less, since the hat, in the manufacture of which it was once chiefly employed, is at present made mostly of other materials. Still its value is, in some degree, maintained by its application to new purposes. For, by a novel process, effected by an ingenious machine, the skin of the beaver is now so cut as to make a handsome fur for the use of the ladies. Moreover, its fine, silky wool has been successfully applied to purposes of wear.

In the Russian and Chinese markets, the skins of the black and silver foxes are highly prized, and are, indeed, more valuable than the skins of any other of the family. The felt of red fox, however, is also used by the Chinese, the Persians, the Greeks, &c., as linings and trimmings for robes, which are ornamented with the black fur of the paws of the same animal. The white and blue fox are also used for ladies' wear. The finest raccoon furs are the product of North America. They are largely employed throughout Russia and Germany as a lining for gentlemen's coats, the darkest skins being preferred.

The Hudson's Bay marten or sable, a valuable fur, is extensively used in this country, and in France, Germany, and England, as is also that of the mink, which is the product exclusively of that company's North American possessions. The fur of the wolf, too, is employed in cold countries as cloak-linings, sleigh-coverings, &c. So, likewise, the soft, light, warm fur of the lynx is in great request for the same purposes. Originally, this fur is grayish-white, with dark spots; but, for certain markets, it is dyed of a beautiful, glistening black.

The heavy fur of the sea-otter bears a high

commercial value, and is the *royal* fur of China. It is worn by officers of state, mandarins, and other important persons. In Russia, too, it is highly esteemed for trimmings, collars, &c., of gentlemen's dresses. It is, however, unfit for ladies' wear, from its great weight.

The fur of the North American black bear is valued both at home and abroad for military purposes, being formed into caps, pistol-holders, &c. It is, moreover, shaped into rugs, hammer-cloths, sleigh-coverings, &c.

The fur of the brown bear is used by American ladies. The musquash, or muskrat, is used in England. Once it was employed in the hat manufacture; but now, after some preparation, it is converted to the usual purposes of fur.

The Hudson's Bay otters are procured chiefly for Russia and Greece, where they are used for caps, collars, &c.

The *ermine* is the most precious of all furs. It is produced in many countries, but in perfection only in Russia, Sweden, and Norway. The animal yielding this fur is the stoat, or weasel, of southern climates. Its peculiar value comes from a provision of Nature, whereby it becomes *pure white*, in the winter of those snow-covered regions, where, otherwise, the animal would be exposed more distinctly to the view of its enemies. The ermine, therefore, must be killed in winter, in order to procure that celebrated fur, which is the *royal* fur alike of England, Russia, Germany, and Portugal. The tip of the animal's tail, and this alone, is jet black; and, in ordinary wear, this is inserted in the snowy fur at intervals, as an ornament. There is *now* no restriction on the wearing of this fur in England; though, in the reign of Edward III., it was expressly prohibited to all save the royal family. A kindred interdict still exists in Austria. A distinction, however, is made in the mode of ornamenting this fur, as employed on state occasions, according as it is worn by the monarch and members of the royal family, or by peers, peeresses, judges, &c. The first-named alone may wear ermine trimmings to their robes of state, wherein the fur is spotted all over with black, one spot in about each square inch of the fur. These spots are not made with the ermine's *tail*, but with the paws of the black Astracan lamb.

Peeresses wear capes of ermine, whereon the spots are set in rows, the number of which indicates their degree of rank; while peers wear scarlet robes, trimmed with pure white ermine devoid of spots. In the latter case, however, the rank is denoted by the number of rows or bars of *pure* ermine.

The robes of the judges are also scarlet and pure white ermine. In heraldry, the ermine is entitled *minever*.

Next to the ermine in value and in general use are the Russian sables, the best of which are very beautiful, and correspondingly costly. They are used for *civic* robes, &c., as the ermine is for court and parliamentary garbs. Thus, the lining of a robe of state, if made of the finest sables, may be worth a thousand guineas. Skins of the first quality are procured by the Samoeids in Yakutsk, Kamtschatka, and Russian Lapland. The length of this animal (considered, by some naturalists, a variety of the pine-marten) is from eighteen to twenty inches. The darkest colored are esteemed the most valuable.

Of these beautiful and costly skins, Russia produces annually about 25,000. The tails of sables are used in the manufacture of artists' pencils or brushes. So, too, a large quantity of *mink sable*, the exclusive product, as we have said, of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, is sold to the inexperienced as the genuine Russian sable. There is an inferior sable, named the Kolinski, or Tartar sable, belonging to the weasel genus, and of a bright yellow color, which also comes from Russia. Their fur, when dyed, is sold among the cheaper sables, but is much used also in its natural state.

The fur of the squirrel, produced in Russia,

is exported therefrom to the enormous amount of about 23,000,000 of skins annually. In 1850, England alone received thence above 2,000,000. Of the gray squirrel, the *back* is in most request, though the white portions from the under part of the body are also largely used for linings. The favorite Weissenfels cloak-lining is made from the white part of the dark-blue squirrel, and is so light that the lining for a full-sized cloak weighs only about twenty-five ounces. This animal is known as the *petit gris*.

The lamb skins of Russia are celebrated, especially the skin of the Astracan lamb, which is fine, rich, and glossy, like silk. Of the Persian gray and black lamb, it is said that the young creature is sewed up tightly in leather as soon as born, that the small curls covering the skin may not expand. The national dress of Hungary is made of the lamb skins of that country, worn in summer with the wool outside; in winter, the reverse. The skin is tanned in a peculiar way, and ornamented according to the wearer's fancy. So the short jacket worn by Spaniards is of lambs' skin, decorated with filagree silver buttons.

Thus much for the present on the general topic. We will conclude with a summary description (in part recapitulatory) of some of the fur-bearers previously mentioned.

The *ermine* (called, by pre-eminence, the



ERMINE.

“precious ermine”) is perfectly white, save the tip of the tail, which is of a brilliant black. These black tips being tacked on the snowy skins, they are beautifully spotted; so, indeed, that, though often imitated, they are never equalled by other furs. This animal is of the weasel genus, and its body is from ten to twelve inches long. It lives in hollow trees, in river banks, and especially in beech forests. It preys

on small birds, is very shy, sleeps by day, and forays for food by night. It is taken in snares or traps, and sometimes shot with blunt arrows. It is found too wild for domestication.

The sable is also of the weasel genus, and its habits are like the ermine's. It so resembles the marten in every particular, save size, that naturalists have not settled whether or not it is a variety of that species. Its length is from



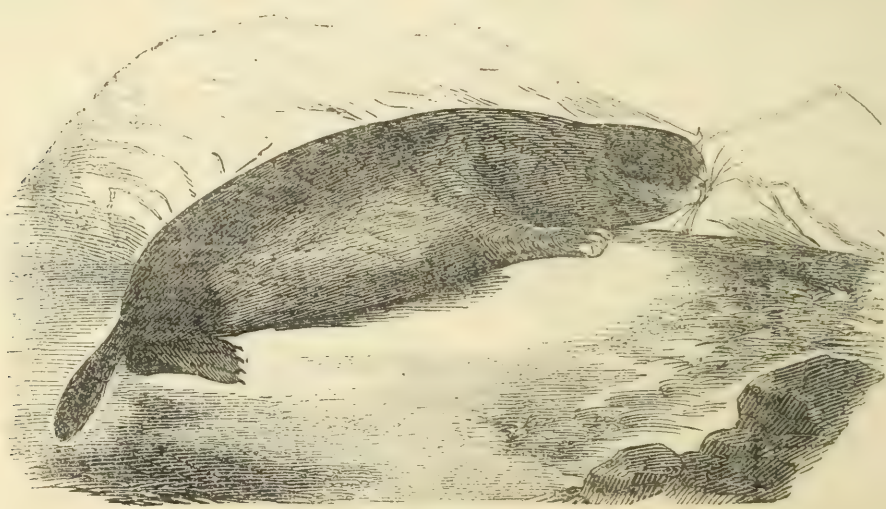
SABLE.

eighteen to twenty inches. The rich dark shades and the flowing softness of its fur have, in all ages, made the sable a rival of the ermine, and have placed the two at the head of all fur-bearers in general repute.

The *sea-otter*, first known in commerce in 1725, has an exceedingly fine, soft, close fur, jet black, and with a silken gloss in winter. It abounds in Bhering's Island, Kamtschatka, and the Aleutian and Fox Islands, as also on the opposite North American coasts. Sometimes it is taken with nets, but oftener with clubs and spears. It feeds on shell-fish.

The Hon. William Sturgis, of Boston, who was formerly concerned in the fur trade on the northwest coast of America, delivered a lecture on that subject in Boston in 1846. Respecting the sea-otter skins, Mr. Sturgis said:—

“The sea-otter skins have ever been held in high estimation by the Chinese and Russians as an ornamental fur; but its great scarcity, and consequent cost, limit its wear to the wealthy and higher classes only. A full-grown prime skin, which has been pressed before drying, is about five feet long and twenty-four to thirty inches wide, covered with very fine fur about



SEA-OTTER.

three-fourths of an inch in length, having a rich jet black glossy surface, and exhibiting a silver color when blown open. Those are esteemed the finest skins which have some white hairs interspersed and scattered over the whole surface, and a perfectly white head.” Mr. Sturgis said that it would give him more pleasure to look at a splendid sea-otter skin than to examine half the pictures that are stuck up for exhibition, and puffed up by pretended connois-

seurs. In fact, excepting a beautiful woman and a lovely infant, he regarded them as among the most attractive natural objects that can be placed before him. Besides the 15,000 skins collected by American traders in 1802, probably the Russians obtained 10,000 the same year within their hunting limits, making an aggregate of 25,000 in one season. Mr. Sturgis said he had personally collected 6,000 in one single voyage, and he once purchased 560 of prime

quality in half a day. At the present time, the whole amount collected annually within the same limits does not exceed 200, and those of very ordinary quality.

"The commercial value of the sea-otter skin, like other commodities, has varied with the changes in the relation of supply and demand.

"The narrative of Cook's voyage shows the value of a prime skin to have been at the time of that voyage \$120. In 1802, when the largest collection was made, the average price of large and small skins at Canton was only about \$20 each. At the present time, those of the first quality would sell readily at \$150. Some seventy or eighty ordinary California skins brought home a few months ago, were sold here at nearly \$60 each, to send to the north of Europe."

Mr. Sturgis said the trade on the coast was altogether a barter trade. It consisted, in part, of blankets, coarse cloths, greatcoats, fire-arms, and ammunition, rice, molasses, and biscuits, coarse cottons, cutlery, and hardware, a great variety of trinkets, &c.; in fact, everything that one can imagine. Copper has long been known, and highly prized by the Indians. The lecturer observed that he had seen pieces of virgin copper among different tribes, that weighed fifty or sixty pounds each. It was put to no use, but still was considered very valuable, and a person having a few pieces was considered a wealthy man.

The natives had no currency; but the skin of the ermine, found in limited numbers upon

the northern part of the continent, was held in such universal estimation, and of such uniform value among many tribes, that it in a measure supplied the place of currency.

Urged by some Indian friends, in 1802 Mr. Sturgis obtained, and sent home a fine specimen, with a request that a quantity should be ordered at the annual Leipsic fair, where he supposed they might be obtained. About 5,000 were procured, which he took out with him on the next voyage, and arrived at Kingarace in 1804. Having previously encouraged the Indians to expect them, the first question was, if he had "clicks" (the Indian name for the ermine skin) for sale; and, being answered in the affirmative, great earnestness was manifested to obtain them; and it was on that occasion that he purchased 560 prime sea-otter skins—at that time worth \$50 a piece at Canton—in a single forenoon, giving for each five ermine skins, that cost less than thirty cents each in Boston. He succeeded in disposing of all his ermines at the same rate, before others carried them out; but in less than two years from that time one hundred of them would not bring one otter skin.

The *common otter* has a body about two feet long, a flat and broad tail, short strong legs, and broad webbed feet, and feeds chiefly on fish. It has two kinds of hair—one long and stiff, and the other exceedingly fine and soft, in color light gray with a brown tip. It can, though with some difficulty, be domesticated, and even trained to fish for its master.



MODEL HUSBANDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

NO. II.—A BETTER SPECIMEN.

It is, at all times, a difficult thing for two minds long accustomed to individual, independent action, to bend the will in a spirit of mutual concession. Much unhappiness in the early days of married life is dependent on this cause, even where correct principles and genuine regard exist on both sides. A false, or rather exaggerated ideal of married life, as well in the young husband as in the young bride, quite as frequently involves a little world of disappointment, if not temporary or lasting wretchedness.

The young bride's ideal too rarely presents any scenes of ordinary work-day life, so to speak. If she realizes anything of toil and duty, the whole has so poetic a tinge that it excites her mind with a sense of pleasure. No weariness, no reluctance, no self-denial, is included; these enter not into her imaginary pictures. Colder, more matter-of-fact, and perhaps more selfish, the young husband has been fondly dreaming of the home-comforts and domestic felicities that were to cluster around him. His imagination has thrown warm colors over the more real and substantial things of life. He has seen the loved and loving one busy in household duties, and occupying every moment of his absence in preparing home pleasures for his return. She is to be the ministering angel of his life, and he the almost passive recipient of her unselfish ministrations. The self-negating lover, whose every thought and act was a deference to the wishes and pleasures of the gentle creature whose heart he had won, is to change all at once his relation, and to become the object of an ever active and ever fond solicitation.

How inevitable the disappointment in both cases! What a sensation of chilliness pervades their young hearts at the first contact with life and its cold realities! How bewildered and wretched they are for a time! How often, alas! does estrangement take place—estrangement that endures for life.

Such was the false ideal in the mind of Charles Lawson when, as a husband, he pressed his lips upon those of his sweet young bride, and felt himself the happiest man in existence. From the marriage altar he bore her to the pleasant home he had fitted up with all the elegance his

means would afford, and proudly installed her the mistress. As competent to take charge of a household he believed her to be, as he was to assume the conduct of a responsible business agency that had been intrusted to his care. In this, however, he was doomed to disappointment. Like so large a proportion of our American young ladies, Mrs. Lawson's education had been far more ornamental than useful. She understood French and embroidery, but was ignorant in regard to toast and coffee; she could play on the piano exquisitely, but her hands were unskilled in the art of bread-making; far more familiar was she with Italian airs than the singing of a teakettle; and she could detect a false note in the one far quicker than a false note in the other. And so it was, strike the line of comparison at any point you pleased, between the ornamental and the useful in the list of her acquirements.

It was not long before Lawson's ideal of home life was clouded. He did not find, on the part of his young bride, such an entire devotion of herself to his comfort as he had anticipated. She appeared to take no pleasure in household duties, but rather evinced a feeling of repugnance thereto, and evidently regarded such a thing as the application of her own hands in the culinary department as measurably degrading.

Young housekeepers are not usually very fortunate in their first choice of domestics, and Charles Lawson and his wife were no exception to the rule. A newly imported Irish girl, who was installed as the responsible and irresponsible head of the kitchen department, scattered, in the course of a single week, all the husband's pleasant anticipations in regard to table comfort to the winds. With some little philosophy, he bore this clouding of his ideal; yet in his thoughts were many questions and doubts touching the conduct of his young wife, who was grieved when he pushed aside his unpalatable food, and hurt if he seemed to regard her as at all in fault, yet who never appeared to think she could, by personal attention, remedy the evil.

Thus it went on, week after week, and month after month, the young husband often growing so impatient, under the disorder and lack of com-

fort at home, that it was only by a strong effort that he kept himself from the utterance of harsh and cutting censure. Of course, under such a state of mind, his countenance was often overshadowed; then his young wife would evince anxiety in regard to him, and, by tender words, seek to draw forth the cause of his depression. Often it was on his lips to explain to her how she might remedy the evils from which he suffered, but, on more than one occasion, he had noticed her extreme sensitiveness to blame, if uttered by him, and he refrained from speaking, lest he should wound too deeply.

Mrs. Lawson was not without her disappointed experiences. The husband was proving himself a different man from the lover. Before their marriage, all his thoughts seemed for her pleasure; now, it was too plainly evident that he thought more of his own comfort, and rarely failed to exhibit signs of impatience if, in anything, she failed to anticipate his wants and wishes. How often she sighed for the lover-like attentions which the husband no longer felt himself required to pay! The expected kiss at parting, or on coming home, was not always received, and, too frequently, the joy of meeting was soon dispelled by some sharp defect—which a little forethought on her part might have removed—wounding his morbid sensitiveness.

One day Charles Lawson came home to dinner with an unusually good appetite, which, as he had sent from market a favorite article to be cooked, imagination considerably heightened. As he entered the street door, a stifling odor of burnt gravy assailed him, and he knew, in an instant, that his dinner was spoiled. At the same instant, the voice of his wife, lingering with exquisite grace and expression on the music of a beautiful air, fell upon his ear. The air was one of his favorites, and this his wife knew; in fact, she was momentarily expecting him, and was now singing, in order that she might give him pleasure on his entrance. She would have been wiser had she devoted this particular time to an observation of her cook; and much more likely to attain the end she sought. Still, she was sincere and unselfish in her purpose. The heart was right, but the head not well instructed.

The sweet voice and beautiful air fell like a jar of discord on the ears of Lawson. He had many times spoken coldly, and occasionally, under a strong impulse, with unkindness to his young wife; but never harshly. That he had not done so was a result of rigid self-control. Often, very often, harsh words were on his tongue, but, until this time, he had been able to

repress them. He was weaker, or more excited now; for, throwing open, with a quick hand, the parlor door, he confronted, with a scowling brow, his wife, and ere pausing for reflection, said—

“If I were a woman, I’d find some other time for musical recreations. A nice dinner we shall have!”

How instantly the face of Mrs. Lawson grew pallid! How quickly her hands fell nervously on the silent keys! From what a height of tender enthusiasm for her husband did her heart go down, bruised and bleeding in the fall!

Charles Lawson had erred in his excitement, and he saw and bitterly repented of his error. Other cruel words were forming in his mind, but he checked their utterance. Angry feelings were still predominant, but he repressed them with so strong an effort that they quickly subsided, giving place to tender regret, and an earnest, unselfish desire to repair the wrong he had done; but so sudden and unexpected an assault wounded deeply—too deeply for the suffering heart to perceive the healing influence of a changed manner, and the first utterance of kinder words.

For a little while, the pale, startled creature sat almost as if paralyzed; then, as a torrent of tears gushed over her cheeks, she rose up, and, passing from the room, went to her chamber, where she remained, in resistance of all her repentant husband’s earnest entreaties to join him at the dinner-table. As a mere form, Lawson sat down alone to the wretchedly cooked meal, which, even with an appetite, would have been unpalatable, but which now he regarded with loathing.

The afternoon that succeeded was, to him, one of close self-communion, and an earnest effort to see what was his true course of action. The life-long happiness or misery of both himself and wife he clearly saw was involved. At first, he was strongly inclined to blame his wife for her lack of interest in household affairs, involving, as he harshly called it, a “selfish love of ease.” Still further reflection led him to see that a good deal of selfishness was included in his own state of mind; that he was more disposed to regard his home as a place where he was to be entertained as a guest, than as the sweet retiring spot from the busy world, where mutual love found its highest delight in seeking to bless its object. The pleasure he was to receive, not the pleasure he was to bestow, had the uppermost place in his mind; he had, in a word, thought more of himself than of his wife, who, not so much from a selfish regard for her

own ease as from ignorance and false notions of her duty, failed to secure for her husband the external order and comfort he so much desired.

In this better and wiser state, Mr. Lawson returned to his home at the close of day, resolved to think less of mere table enjoyment, and to seek a higher pleasure in what was social and intellectual. His good resolutions were to be severely tried. There were neither table enjoyments nor sweet social pleasures. A dark shadow was still on the spirit of his wife, whose clouded brow and cold, distant manner chilled all his warm feelings towards her, and awakened the accusing spirit he had so earnestly been seeking to allay. The evening that succeeded was the most unhappy they had ever spent. Several times it was on the lip of Mr. Lawson to refer to the cause of this sad state; to speak plainly to his wife of the defects in her housekeeping that were marring everything, and to endeavor to make her aware of the pleasure she could give her husband by a more earnest and intelligent devotion to culinary and other details; but, as his thought would come near to utterance, certain almost instinctive considerations would check the words just forming on his tongue.

"This is all too selfish!" would then be the quick revulsion of his thoughts. "Is our life-enjoyment to depend on mere table pleasures? Am I so sensually inclined that I make a good meal the centre of all home delights? No—no; I will not speak of it. I will not let her see this weakness—this grossness of character. Let me rather seek to overcome a tendency which, if pampered and indulged, might gain a degree of power at once weakening to the intellect and debasing to the man."

It was, perhaps, well that Mr. Lawson thus reasoned with himself, and kept silence. The mind of his young wife, obscured by a false education, and warped in its perception of womanly duties through early association with those of her own sex who had wrong views, was, in this first dark night of her life-experiences, beginning to have glimpses of a true light. A few feeble star rays were glimmering down upon her, and her eyes were lifted to them earnestly, and with a dawning hope that she might be able to comprehend the mystic language they seemed uttering to her spirit. In that time, had her husband began to speak coldly, and with something of a husband's tone of authority, portraying a wife's duties and obligations, his words would have been clouds covering the sky in which the stars were glimmering. She would have been in darkness again, and groping about, would assuredly have, for a time, lost her way.

In his denial of self, Mr. Lawson gave his wife strength; yes, and more than this, found a cleared mind, better purposes, and a more forbearing spirit. The few words spoken by him during this evening of darkness and trial, instead of being didactic and in the tone of one who has a right to complain, were full of a genuine tenderness. Instead of clouding the young wife's struggling mind, they made it clearer, and filled it with innumerable stars, from each one of which came down rays of light to make the path of duty she wished to tread clearer for her hesitating feet.

Wiser were both on the opening of another day; wiser because each was more forgetful of self.

From that time a new era dawned on their lives. The husband had seen clearly that he was basing his home pleasures too much on mere external arrangement and sensual gratification; while the wife perceived that, without external order and a due regard to what was excellent in ministering to natural appetites, the mind would fail to have an undisturbed resting-place. Gradually she acquired a knowledge of her husband's peculiarities, and, in seeking to meet them, found a genuine pleasure.

How evenly poised once stood the balance! happiness in one scale, and wretchedness in the other. A passionate word, and cold, selfish assumption of right, and sentence of condemnation on the husband's part, might have given a wrong preponderance, and turned the scale forever! Happily, in the moment of severe trial, the good in him rose superior to the evil. Would that it were ever so!

Not always does it happen that the young husband of Mr. Lawson's temperament—he is one of a class—acts, under like circumstances, as wisely and forbearingly. Too often he becomes dictatorial and exacting, seeking to compel household order and a regard to his particular appetites and pleasures. Sometimes a prolonged struggle ensues, ending by a sort of forced compliance on the wife's part, at the cost of diminished affection. The husband she regards as a sort of domestic tyrant, and she as a weak slave. Sometimes the effort on both sides to harmonize, is made fruitless, for a long while, by the husband's blind impatience breaking out day after day, for weeks and months, as in the case of Lawson in a single instance.

So much for our "better specimen" of a husband. He is not perfect by any means; but, if there were more such in the world, there would be more happier homes than now.

LETTERS LEFT AT THE PASTRY-COOK'S:

BEING THE CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KITTY CLOVER AT SCHOOL, AND
HER "DEAR, DEAR FRIEND" IN TOWN.

EDITED BY HORACE MAYHEW.

THE FOURTEENTH LETTER LEFT.

(Date blotted out this time, decidedly with tears.)

SHOWING WHAT WAS THE CAUSE OF THE
POSTPONEMENT OF THE BALL.

TO-MORROW is our grand ball, Nelly; but all thoughts of the coming joy have been put aside. Our dresses have been brought out in all their smartness; but they lie upon our beds untouched, almost unnoticed. There is sorrow, dear, in the house, and every tongue is still as if the grief were its own, and not another person's.

Mrs. Dove is so ill that, when you look at her, you are obliged to turn your head for fear of making her grief greater by any exhibition of your own. You long to relieve her; you advance to offer what little aid you can, but tears quickly warn you to retreat, and you feel that the greatest charity is to leave her alone; that, after all, the best sympathy your heart can show is that of silence. There is such sanctity about her sorrow that you imagine the only words to approach it with should be those of prayer.

Last Sunday she fainted in church, causing a commotion which brought a letter of complaint from the Rev. Mr. Whyte Choker the following day. The Lady Principal was very cross; and, to listen to her reproaches, you would imagine that Mrs. Dove had done it on purpose. She attributed it entirely to her "delicacy," and made some harsh remarks about "*ladies* always taking care to choose the best opportunity for fainting." But Blight was of a different opinion. She thought there was more illness in the accident than purpose or affectation; and she redoubled her attentions to her sister-teacher, dressing her boy of a morning, encouraging her in all her tasks, and helping her as much as she could. The first visit, too, Dr. Healy made, she waylaid him on the staircase, and told him how she feared the poor young widow was seriously ill. They went together to the Lady Principal, and then Mrs. Dove was summoned to the *boudoir*. She stood at the door, with her hand upon the handle, for full five minutes, before she dared go in!

She came out, dear Nelly, supported by Blight, and weeping violently. She was holding her boy convulsively to her breast, as if afraid that some one was about to tear him away from her; and though her kind supporter was offering every consolation her good heart could think of, still it was evident that not one word entered her ears, or had the slightest effect in stilling the tempest of her passion. Her soul was deafened with the loud noise of its own grief too much to listen, at that moment, to the gentle voice of kindness. All entreaties failed, and, crying as if her heart must break, we saw her carried up stairs to bed, where at least her anguish would be undisturbed by noise and prying looks.

As soon as Blight came down, we gathered round her, and she told us the Doctor had said it was "a rapid consumption," and that she would not live a month, unless immediate change of air and scene were procured. He strictly forbade her looking into a book, and solemnly cautioned her, as she loved her child, and wished to save his life, neither to sleep with him, nor to caress him—in short, not to allow him to be with her more than she could positively help. In fact, to be plain, if she could make up her mind to a total separation, it would be better both for her and for the boy.

This decision hurt her (so Blight said) a thousand times more than the knowledge of her own serious illness. For that she seemed to care but little; but to be told that she must be separated from the only object that made life sweet, seemed to stab her to the heart. To see her boy outstretch his little arms, and to be obliged to turn away and deny him the kisses he was begging for, was a privation of affection that her mother's whole nature revolted at! Her child was her only happiness in this world; and now she mustn't indulge in *that*! nay, worse, she must deny herself all intercourse with him, and, blinding her eyes to his endearing smiles, she must walk away with greater indifference even than if the child had been a stranger's! It was a dreadful struggle, which Blight hopes she may never see again. The baby was crying to go to his distressed mother,

and she was shrinking from him, and creeping round the table to avoid his childish caresses. Then she snatched him up wildly, and covered him with frantic kisses; then, as suddenly, she turned aside her head, as though there were poison in her breath, and she was afraid that one particle of it might fall upon him, and wither the only flower of her life. Unclasping his arm from around her neck, she laid him gently down, and rushed madly to the opposite side of the room, where she fell exhausted upon the floor. Whilst she was insensible, her child was carried away.

At this point, Blight, whom we were all thanking for her sisterly kindness, was called out to assist at a general council. There were present all the governesses, including Twigg, and, of course, the redoubtable Snapp. Miss Priscilla Hextra was leaning against the corner of the mantel-piece, and the Lady Principal presided at the head of the rosewood table, wringing her hands as if she was washing them, which is a habit of hers whenever the boiled mutton is too underdone, or she is at all *put out* by any little scholastic excitement. "What was to be done?" She had assumed a very false position in receiving Mrs. Dove with her infant into the school; and she would take very good care she never did such a foolish thing again! It was wrong of her to allow feeling to silence judgment; and now she bitterly repented of it. The facts were these. Mrs. Dove had formerly been educated at her college, and a very good pupil she was. Well, after the death of her profligate husband, she had consented, much out of pity, to accept a small premium—an exceedingly small premium—to maintain them in comfort until a situation could be found for the mother as a governess, which duty she was sorely afraid she would never be qualified to fulfil. However, that trifle had long ago been consumed—in fact, it had barely covered the first year's expenditure. Now, she *was the last person to behave unfeelingly, or to wish to turn them out of the house*; but she wanted to know what was to become of them? She really could not afford the expense of a lingering illness, that, for anything she knew, might terminate fatally; and then the child would be left destitute upon her hands. As for property, she knew Mrs. Dove had parted with everything to enable her to enter the college; and as for relations, both her father and mother were dead, and she doubted if she had a respectable friend in the world. One thing, however, was certain. Mrs. Dove *must appeal for aid elsewhere*. She did not wish to be harsh; but still the exigencies

of the case were such as to render her immediate removal from the Princesses' College a matter of unavoidable necessity. It was preposterous to suppose she could permit a death in her house. It might be fatal to the interests of her establishment. The parents might take alarm—might fancy it was some contagious or infectious disease—and, in less than a week, all the young ladies might be fetched away, to the great benefit of Mrs. Spankit, who, she had no doubt, would be delighted to receive every one of her pupils. No; it was a source of great grief for her to say so; but Mrs. Dove must leave as soon as her health, for which she entertained the greatest anxiety, would permit; and, as for the boy, *he must be removed instantly*."

Blight pleaded, dearest Nelly, as if she had been pleading for her life. She only asked for "*charity for a dying widow*." She spoke with all the eloquence of a woman's heart; but there was no woman's heart to listen to her. The Lady Principal had steeled herself in alarm—had regularly encased herself in a full-length suit of selfish fears—and there was no touching her in any one point. She was impenetrable to pity, and to all the noble feelings which generally touch a woman's nature, and make her hold out the hand of charity to another in distress. The governesses promised to subscribe amongst themselves for any additional expense she might be put to on account of the illness of Mrs. Dove; but no, the *respectability* of the establishment must be considered above all things—and she felt herself bound to refuse their offer, though she was profoundly moved by the generosity of it. The battle was over. Poor Blight abandoned the attack in hopeless discomfiture, finding that her appeals to kindness only flew off blunted and pointless from the hard armor of calculation in which her mistress had arrayed herself for the occasion.

Oh, I thought to myself all the time I was listening to these sorrowful particulars, if this cruelty had only been known before the subscriptions were collected for the Lady Principal's birthday-present, every girl would have flung all her money out of the window sooner than have subscribed a single shilling for *that* beautiful time-piece!

Well, Nelly, after a long hour had been spent in useless talk and tears, the council was breaking up, when the Lady Principal, alarmed probably by a cry of her awakening conscience, called them back, and made this concession: "Poor Mrs. Dove might linger through her few remaining days in peace at the college, provided the boy were immediately removed to some more

appropriate abode, and a *guarantee given for the expenses of the funeral.*" Blight instantly gave her own word as a guarantee for the latter (how can she do it, Nelly, with all her recent claims? But it's my firm belief that the girls won't *allow her to pay a farthing of them*, supposing it ever should come to a struggle of emulation, which I *pray with all my heart that it never may*), and so the deputation left the drawing-room.

How Blight managed to break this fresh sorrow to her friend, and how she succeeded in supporting her through the agony of that long sleepless night, are mysteries of kindness, which we did not attempt to inquire into, but which have only made us admire our poor persecuted governess the more, and been the cause of our all vowing *never, under any pretence, to tease her again.*

The sun, darting into our little bedroom, awoke me very early this morning, Nelly. It was so happy and brilliant—as brilliant as I should like to see it on my wedding-day—that I couldn't sleep. I stole noiselessly along the corridor, and peeped into Blight's chamber. Mrs. Dove was asleep in her bed, and Blight was lying outside, with her clothes on, asleep also. She had evidently fallen at last, with the fatigue of watching. The sun was shining brightly on them both. On the poor widow's face it fell as on a marble statue, so deadly pale, so immovable were the features. On the poor governess's face, it alighted, as I thought, as on a sleeping angel. Her head was bathed in light, and around it I thought the rays drew a golden line, that burned before my worshipping eyes like a halo of glory. I blessed her in the secrecy of my soul, and, kneeling, kissed the hem of her garment. There was a slight noise—I tried to rise, but couldn't—some strong power kept me on my knees. Blight awoke, and, seeing me, pressed me passionately to her breast, and wept, dear, wept like a mother over me. Oh, Nelly, may the purity of these tears, flowing from so good a woman, wash away all the stains out of my foolish heart, and turn all that is black in it as bright as the halo I saw this morning shining round her head!

She lifted me up, and carried me back to my room, where, kissing me, she bade me not to say a word of what had passed. She then tucked me up in my little bed, and enjoining me tenderly "always to be a good girl," left me, with another kiss, long before any of the girls were awake.

The ball has been postponed, as I have already

told you, Nelly. What a change two short days have made in the school! One day we were full of hopes and schemes—our thoughts played with nothing but ribbons, and flowers, and flounces—and the next our hopes, like all our voices, have been hushed, and the most boisterous expression of joy you can hear is a whisper. Only yesterday we were practising *Valses à Deux Temps* until we were tired, first of being the gentleman and then the lady, and now our footsteps, as we walk in twos-and-twos slowly up and down the room, sound with a hollow echo as if we were walking in a vault. Yesterday we were trying on each other's earrings and finery, and amusing ourselves with anticipations of Blight's ball-room dress, wondering where the drop of ink would be this time, and at present we are lost in admiration of her noble devotion to Mrs. Dove, and thinking that there is something finer in this world than fine clothes.

But hush, here comes Mrs. Dove—so fearfully changed in so short a time—looking sad, but resigned—a saint in suffering. She is leading by the hand her little boy. He is laughing and gambolling by her side, unconscious of the pang each merry tone is sending to his mother's heart. Instantly, upon her arrival, the conversation ceases, as if we were entering a church, and all eyes and thoughts are turned to the poor doomed martyr. Blight advances to receive her, and the two retire together into a quiet corner, and there, for the present, Nelly, let us leave them.

I promise to tell you the remainder of this sad story in my next.

Yours, my pretty Eleanor,

Very, very affectionately,

KITTY.

TAKE BACK THE HARP

BY D. HARDY, JR.

THOUGH Sorrow, with her gloomy train,
Rests on my spirit's wing,
They bid me take my harp again,
And touch each trembling string;
They bid me wake some olden song,
As if my summer days
Had shaken sunbeams from their wings,
To warm my autumn lays.

As once I struck the magic lyre
I cannot strike it now,
For with each passing year I've felt
The roses leave my brow.
Take back the harp—I cannot sing,
For joy no more is mine,
And thorns are growing in my heart,
Where blossoms used to twine.

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

LESSON XIV.

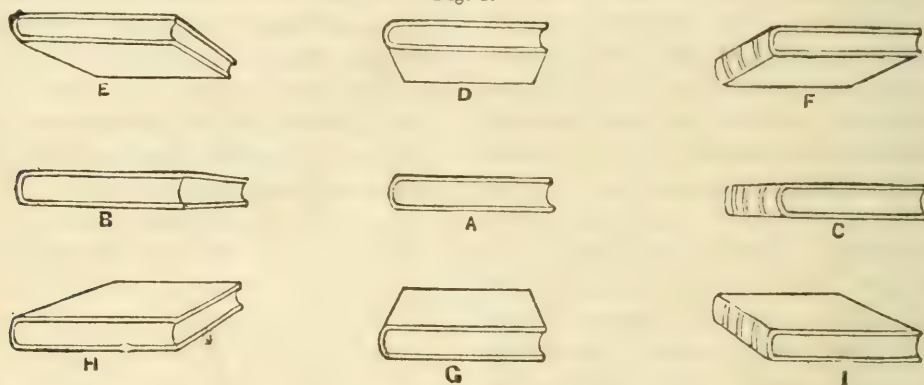
PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

It is important that the learner, before commencing the necessary instructions in this pleasing art, should have a correct idea of the critical meaning of the word *Perspective*, and of the purpose which it is more immediately intended to effect. Its meaning is, the exact appearance which objects assume when viewed from any given point or station; its purpose, the representation of such objects on a plane surface, as a sheet of drawing-paper, in exact accordance with such appearance.

In the work on Geometrical Drawing, instructions have been given how to describe squares, circles, and various other regular and irregular figures. But those instructions refer exclusively to their *geometrical* representation, as they would appear on a plane surface at right angles with the line of vision, that is, placed directly oppo-

site to the eye. If, however, they be not exactly opposite to the eye of the spectator, they will assume different outlines, according as they may be situated above it, below it, towards the right hand, or towards the left. Now, in a view embracing a considerable number of objects, one only of those objects can be situated exactly opposite to the eye; the remainder will all be viewed more or less at an angle, according to their respective positions. Therefore, one only of those objects, if truly represented exactly as they appear, can present a geometrical outline; the others will all have *perspective* outlines, presenting two or more of their sides to the view at the same time. This will be obvious after consulting the accompanying illustration, which gives a series of correct perspective representations of a thick book, which the reader is supposed to hold in her hand in various positions consecutively. If she hold it up level, with one of its edges opposite to her eye, its form and

Fig. 1.



appearance will be that shown at A, in which she will see nothing but a geometrical view of that edge; if, keeping it at the same level, she move it towards the left, a second edge will come into view, as at B; if towards the right, the last-named edge will disappear, but the back of the book will be seen, as at C. If she now bring it back to the first position A, and elevate it somewhat, the front and back edges will both disappear, and the lower side will be seen, as at D; by moving it at the same level towards the left, three of its surfaces will come into view, as at E, or towards the right, as at F, the lower side being in both these cases seen as well as the two edges. Let the book now be held, at G, as much

below the eye as it was previously above it; its lower side has now disappeared, and the upper side becomes visible; and by moving it to the left (H), or to the right (I), three surfaces again become visible, as when the book was held at E and F; with this difference, that the upper side of the book is now visible instead of the lower. It will be observed that, in each of these nine positions, a comparatively slight change of position has effected a material change in the outline of the figure presented by the book; its boundary lines assuming different slopes, and different sides or edges coming into view or disappearing, according as it has been shifted upwards or downwards, to the right or to the left. The

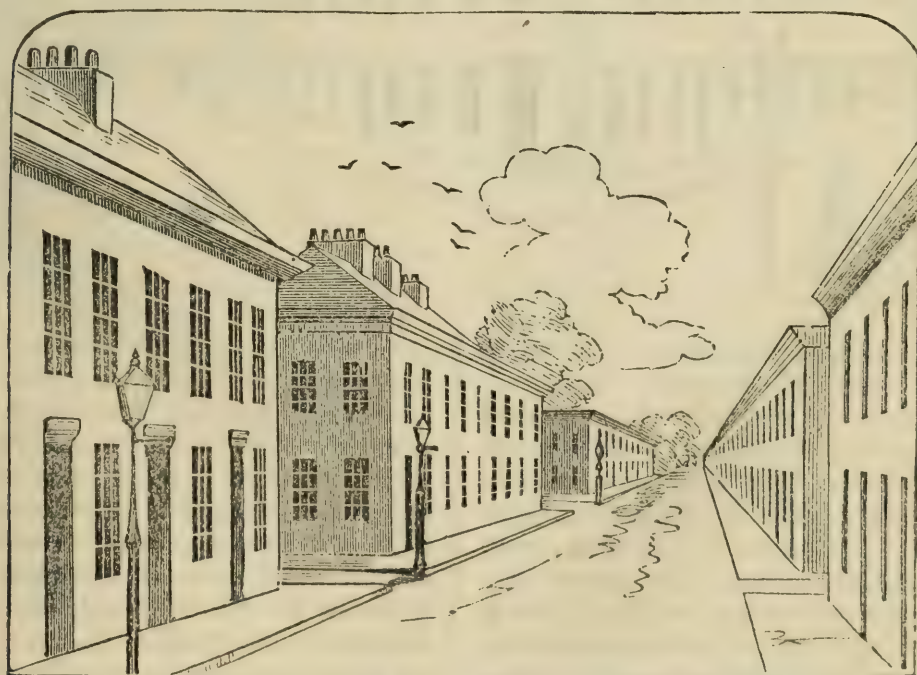
main object of perspective is to discover and apply the rules which regulate these varying slopes and inclinations of the boundary-lines of objects, by which the draughtsman may be enabled to transfer to paper a faithful delineation of them exactly as they appear.

The student is recommended to go through this simple exercise with any thick book; taking care, as she brings it into its successive positions, and observes the outline presented, to keep her head steady, so that her eye may retain its original level and position. A writing-desk, chess-box, or any object of similar shape that may be at hand, will answer the purpose quite as well; and by thus making her observations and exercising her thoughts upon simple and familiar objects, she will easily acquire a clear idea of the change of outline produced by a change in the position of the object relatively with the spectator. This branch of the art is denominated Linear Perspective, inasmuch as it refers exclusively to the lines which constitute the boundaries of objects and determine their form. And as form is the basis of correct drawing or painting, which determines the position and extent of each of the various colors to be superadded to give increased effect to the form, the principles and practice of linear perspective will be first treated of; reserving for the latter part of this section the more advanced subject of Aerial Perspective, which refers entirely to the various degrees of depth or force of color and shadow, by which various distances can be more naturally and effectively denoted than is possible by mere

diminution of size, and the knowledge of which is essentially necessary in every case where it is proposed to superadd to a correct copying of natural forms, those increased effects which result from the further imitation of nature, by adopting her gradations of color and shade.

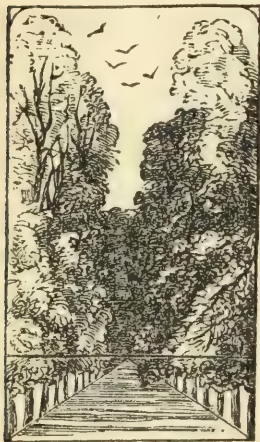
It will be obvious to any person standing at the end of a long straight street, and looking along it observantly, that the line of the curb-stones, which separate the pavement from the roadway, and also those lines of the pavement which run in the same direction as the curb-stones, that is, along the street, appear to draw nearer to each other as they recede from him; and if the street be a very long one, they will approach each other so nearly as almost to meet in a point. If he look at the curb-line and other lines of pavement on the other side of the street, he will perceive in them a still greater inclination, all apparently tending towards the same point, and which point will appear to be somewhere in front of him. Turning his eye upwards, he will remark the same curious effect in the cornices of the houses; which, with the window-sills, the tops of the railings, the lintels of the doors, and the lines of the shop-fronts, all manifest the same tendency to approach each other, and meet at some remote point at the end of the street. He will observe, further, that lines on or near the ground all point rather upwards; those about as high as his own head are tolerably level; while those which begin much above his head, such as the cornices and heads and sills of the upper windows, all incline downwards; also,

Fig. 2.



that the higher the latter are at any point near him, the greater is their slope downwards as they recede from him (fig. 2).

Fig. 3.



A similar effect may be observed by any person standing at the end of a long avenue of trees, and looking along it. The convergence of the lines of the feet of the trees, the commencement of the foliage, &c., is almost equally manifest (fig. 3).

If, again, the observer walk on until he arrive at a crossing where the street is intersected by another street, and then cast his eye diagonally across it, so as to face the corner opposite to that at which he makes his observations, he will per-

ceive a totally different result. None of the lines of the first named street appear to meet *in front* of him, though they still manifest a tendency to approach each other, and meet in some distant point far away *on one side*; while those of the second street which has come into view appear all to tend towards some second point *at the other side*. This effect will be recognized with the aid of the street view in fig. 4.

The same effect may be observed in any room. Let the learner stand at the end of an apartment, and note the direction of the lines of the ceiling, walls, and floor. She will find that those lines which are as high from the floor as her head, are level or horizontal; those of the ceiling, which are above it, slope downwards as they recede from her; those of the floor, which are below it, slope upwards. The degree of this slope or inclination increases near the ceiling and floor, and continues to do so till, at one part of the room, the lines assume a vertical position; thus showing that they all appear to converge to-

Fig. 4.



wards some unknown point, though well known to be all in reality parallel and horizontal.

Now, since flat or plain surfaces are bounded by lines, it follows that changes in the direction of such boundary-lines cause corresponding changes in the form of the planes which they inclose. The ceiling, floor, and sides of the room are planes whose perspective appearance and form are determined by the lines at which they meet each other; and such plane surfaces will seem to converge just as lines do. In the

street view (fig. 4), for instance, the sides of the houses form such converging planes.

After lines and planes comes the consideration of solids. As planes are denoted by lines representing their external configuration, in like manner are solids denoted by planes representing the forms of their various sides. A house, a book, or other object composed of straight lines, may be looked on as a solid body whose external form is an arrangement of various planes: and the true perspective representation of such solid

will be composed of perspective views of such of these planes as can be seen at once by the spectator from any given station. Thus in fig. 1, the sides and edges of the book are planes, of which one, two, or three, according to its position with respect to the spectator, are seen in perspective at once. And as the perspective appearance of planes is changed by any change

in the direction of their boundary-lines, so is that of solids changed by changes in the outlines of their constituent planes. And having shown that lines and planes change their appearance according to the position from which they are viewed, it follows that the *point of view* has a corresponding effect on the outlines and appearance of solids.

GOLD FISH.

FEW objects can be more ornamental or amusing than a glass globe containing gold fish. The double refractions of the glass and water represent them, when in motion, in a most beautiful variety of sizes, shades, and colors, while the two mediums, glass and water, assisted by the concavo-convex form of the vessel, magnify and distort them; besides, we have the gratification of introducing another element and its beautiful inhabitants into our very parlors and drawing-rooms.

Some persons, however, exhibit their gold fish in, to say the least, a very extraordinary manner. They have a hollow globe in the interior of the one containing the fish, and in this hollow globe they put a canary, or other small cage bird, which appears to be hopping in the midst of the water, while the fish are swimming in a circle round it. This conceit, as our ancestors would have termed it, is tasteless and unnatural, and, in an esthetic point of view, richly deserves the severest reprobation.

Though gold fish are seen to the greatest advantage when kept in glass globes, yet we regret to be compelled to say that they are very unsuitable dwellings for them. Just let us consider, for a moment, the conditions which are absolutely necessary for the health and even the existence of fish, and we will find that a glass globe, however beautiful they may appear in it, is one of the most inappropriate of vessels for keeping them in. In the first place, they require abundance of air. Now, scarcely any other shape than a globular one contains so much water with so little exposure to the air. Fish, too, require shade, not when we choose to give it to them, but when they feel the want of it; and it need scarcely be observed that all day long a glass globe is in a blaze of light. Still more, the water in a globe must be daily changed, consequently the fish must be lifted out either by the hand or a small net; and it is utterly

impossible, however careful we may be, to handle or net these delicate, little, struggling creatures without injuring them, at one time or another. Indeed, we find—and we have had no little experience in the management of gold fish—that when we take a few from our store pond and put them in globes, they very soon begin to lose their brilliant colors, become diseased, and die. The large dealers in these fish are well aware of this fact, and keep constantly shifting from the pond to the globe, and *vice versa*.

Where there can be a contrivance made for letting a flow of water, be it ever so small, say a drop a minute, in and out of the vessel containing the fish, the water will not require to be changed; and a small water-plant would afford the required shade.

But, as the globe will ever be the most popular domicile for these fish, we shall give a few directions respecting how they should be treated in it. When purchasing a globe, procure as wide-mouthed a one as possible, and subsequently never let it be more than three parts full of water. By these means you will secure as much air for the fish as is possible under the circumstances. Keep the globe also in the most airy part of the room, never letting it be in the sun, nor near the fire. Change the water daily, and handle the fish tenderly when doing so. Some persons, when changing, use a small net, some the hand; we cannot say which is the better, but would advise our readers to use that which they may find the handier. Never give the fish any food; all they require, when in a globe, is plenty of fresh air and fresh water. They will derive sufficient nutriment from the animalculæ contained in the water. Numbers of people kill their gold fish by giving them bread. Now, we do not deny that bread is good for gold fish, and that they will eat it, but the uneaten crumbs immediately get sour and deteriorate the water, to the great injury of the fish.

One hint more: If, on getting up in the morning, you find a fish missing, and can discover no traces of it, you must not conclude that it has taken wings to itself and flown away, but that the cat has hooked it out with her claws and eaten it. Not that pussy hated wet feet less, but that she loved fresh fish more.

Two diseases, being the most frequent, may be pointed out as the principal ills which it is the lot of gold fish to be heirs to. Sometimes a fish seems less lively than usual, and, on a close inspection, will have a sort of mealy look, and, in a day or two, this mealiness will turn out to be a parasitical fungus. We have heard of several remedies for this very mysterious disease, but never found any of them of the slightest use. There is absolutely nothing for it but to take the fish, at the first appearance of the disease, and throw it away, for it will not recover, and it will infect the others, and thus destroy the whole stock. We would, however, advise the inexperienced gold fish keeper, whenever a fish seems unhealthy, to place it by itself for a few days; he will then see whether the fungus makes its appearance; if not, the fish may recover, and be returned to the globe.

The other disease is apparently an affection of the air-bladder, arising from being supplied with too little air. We have found fish recover from it when removed from the globe and placed in a pond. When under the influence of this disease, the fish swims sideways, with its body bent as if its back were broken, and in a short time dies. Whenever these symptoms are observed, the fish should be placed in a large tub of water, and a small stream of water allowed to drop into it; the water, through dropping, becomes more aerated, and the fish, thus receiving an abundant supply of air, will frequently recover.

The variety of colors among gold fish are, in all probability, principally caused by their being a sort of semi-domesticated animals. The rabbit, pigeon, duck, and many other animals, when domesticated, lose the distinctive markings of their race, and assume a variety of other colors. The young gold fish, also, are at first dark-colored—indeed, nearly black, changing more or less rapidly according to their constitutional power. Besides, we have reason to believe that the silver-colored fish are most generally old ones. The reader must recollect that size in fish, as in men, does not always betoken advanced age. Sauvigny, a French naturalist of the last century, published a most elaborate work on gold fish, with colored representations of eighty-nine specimens, exhibiting almost every possible

shade or combination of brilliant orange, silver, and purple.

Not only do these curious and interesting fish vary in color, but, what is more remarkable still, they vary in the number and size of their fins and tails, some having double anal fins, others triple tails; but when such anomalies occur, the other organs are deficient. Thus, the specimens with triple tails are sometimes without a vestige of dorsal fin. Out of twenty-four that we took out of our pond at random, and accurately examined, a few years ago, we found that no two were exactly alike. Some had dorsal fins extending more than half the length of the back; others, on the other hand, had dorsal fins consisting of five or six rays only; and one, to our amazement, had no dorsal fin whatever, and yet preserved its perpendicular position in the water with apparently the same ease as any of the others. As it was generally supposed, at that time, that a fish could no more preserve its equilibrium without a dorsal fin than a man could dance on the tight-rope without a head, the reader may fancy our surprise, and readily believe that we immediately communicated the fact to a scientific friend, when we were informed that a celebrated ichthyologist had, from observing a gold fish without a dorsal fin, been induced to make some experiments, the result of which proved that the fin was not of the extreme consequence previously attached to it.

When gold fish are bred in ponds, under favorable circumstances, the young will attain the length of four or five inches in the first year; but their subsequent growth is much less rapid. The largest we have ever heard of, from an authentic source, did not exceed ten inches in length; the largest we have seen only measured nine.

SONNET.—EVENING.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

THE gray-clad hour of Evening I do love,
Which ushers in Day's sober sister, Night,
When stars are smiling from their seats above,
To fill man's soul with rapture and delight.
Now, insect-hum steals o'er the gummy air,
To charm us with its shriller harmony,
And to his cot the swain hastes to repair,
While citizens give o'er anxiety.
Fond lovers through the flower-gemmed meadows roam,
To view the queen moon riding in the sky,
And trav'lers hasten now to find a home
In some safe inn or caravansery.
To me most dear is Contemplation's hour,
When Stillness reigns with all her soothing power.

THE SYMPATHY MEETING.

BY MARION HARLAND, AUTHOR OF "MARRYING THROUGH PRUDENTIAL MOTIVES," "THE THRICE WEDDED," AND THE NOVEL OF "ALONE."

"There's a chield amang you takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent 'em."

"I HAD a call from your friend Mrs. Parks, this morning," said Mrs. Cushman to her husband, who had lingered to chat with her for half an hour after their boarding-house dinner. The honey-moon was hardly over, which fact may account for this extraordinary procedure on his part.

"Indeed," he rejoined, with an appearance of great interest, and added that most stupid, yet most natural of questions, which everybody asks and nobody likes to answer, "What did she say?"

"Oh, she was very pleasant, although she did not stay long. She only came to invite us to take tea with her this evening. I told her that I would go with pleasure, if you had no engagement to prevent your accompanying me."

"Of course, I am at your service. All engagements, precontracts, etc., are null and void when they stand in the way of your happiness."

"Come, George," interrupted the little lady, laughingly, pulling his ear just the least bit in the world, "you need not trouble yourself to make fine speeches to me *now*. Can you go or not?"

"So you call my expressions of devotion 'fine speeches!' What language shall I employ to convince you that I am ready, willing, and anxious to attend you? First, because you desire it. Secondly, Parks gives elegant suppers, and oysters are just in season; his cook has not an equal in the Union at a 'scallop' or 'stew.' Thirdly, Mrs. Parks matronized me in my celibacy, and I am desirous that she should see how well I have practised her thousand and one rules for selecting a wife, since mine has a virtue for each"—

"There, do stop, Parson Poundtext! you have got around to the point from whence you started. The party is to be small, and we ladies are to go, unceremoniously, with our work, early in the afternoon."

"An unceremonious afternoon!" repeated the provoking husband, slowly. "What *does* that mean, Lizzie?"

"George, your nonsense would vex a saint." But such she certainly was not, for she laughed

heartily. "What a flow of spirits he has!" she said, as she saw him from the window lift his hat to her before he turned the corner. "I can never be gloomy in his presence, the dear fellow!"

When Mrs. Cushman and her unceremonious work-bag made their *entrée* into Mrs. Parks's parlor, they found most of the afternoon guests already there. Our heroine's reception was flatteringly cordial; and she was speedily working and chatting quite at her ease, casting, meanwhile, well-bred glances at the rest of the company. She had seen nearly all before at her "reception," or when returning her bridal calls. There was but one stranger, and her name, "Oram," did not seem new to her. She was still young, and retained traces of striking beauty, shadowed by a pensiveness that betokened sorrow or ill-health. Mrs. Cushman's seat was next to hers; and even her manner of paying the compliments of the day, trite and commonplace in the mouths of most people, evinced a desire to contribute to her enjoyment. They were like old acquaintances in ten minutes. Mrs. Oram became more silent as the others joined in; and when, at length, they took the lead in the conversation, she spoke only at long intervals, as if to show that she was not selfishly inattentive. The news of the day was summarily disposed of by the dozen busy tongues. The new-style bonnet was pronounced "shockingly unbecoming" to all but young and pretty faces, yet it appeared that each one present had either procured, or intended to purchase one; and those baggy incumbrances, by a fashionable misnomer called "oriental" sleeves, which officiate as spoon, ladle, or broom, as coffee, soup, or dust come within their sweep, were voted to be "exceedingly graceful and pleasant, especially in summer." One lady, who looked as if she might have been "literary," affirming that they "gave quite a classic appearance to the figure." The crochet-mat, then, in Mrs. Cushman's hands, was next admired, and several polite applications made for the pattern.

"I am passionately fond of such work," said Mrs. Harris, examining the iris-hued network; "but, with my large family, recreation of any description is out of the question."

"When do you expect to get into your new house, Mrs. Cushman?" inquired Mrs. Parks.

"Before long, I hope. I am very tired of boarding."

"Do you really prefer housekeeping?" asked Mrs. Harris.

"She has never tried it yet," said another, significantly. "She will change her tune in less than a month, and wish herself back in her boarding-house."

"I think not, Mrs. Lane. I am domestic in my tastes, and have a positive liking for what is generally termed the labor of keeping an establishment in order."

"You are inexperienced. You do not know what you are bringing upon yourself. When boarding, you can live just as you did while single; no bother about servants and dirt. Your husband comes in to a good dinner, over which you have not been puzzled and heated; the house is clean from bottom to top—you never think how it is kept so; you have but to sew, visit, and enjoy yourself. I have tried both ways of living. Take my advice: rent out your house, stay where you are, and don't fly into trouble before it comes to you."

Lizzie thought of the snug dwelling George had exhibited such taste in preparing for her, and was emboldened to reply, half proudly—

"Indeed, I have no fears. As to inexperience, I have kept my father's house ever since my fifteenth year, and should never have resigned the charge, but for my marriage."

"Ah, you will find this a different affair. Husbands and fathers are not alike easily satisfied."

Again, George came to Lizzie's aid. She contrasted his indulgent good-nature with her father's fastidiousness and capricious notice of whatever she did.

"I should imagine that a husband would be more apt to overlook the imperfections of a novice than a parent, who considers it his duty to correct every fault."

"My dear Mrs. Cushman," exclaimed Mrs. Merry, blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked, who was called "Annie" by all, and seemed to be a universal pet, "you never were more mistaken in your life. But I don't wonder; I was as silly once. I married as soon as I quitted school, with my head full of the noble, long holiday I was going to have. There was something grand in the idea of being the head of a family, the lady of the house; and I coaxed Arthur to settle at once. He suggested renting until we should have made the experiment; but I told him that I was not to be hauled from pil-

lar to post in that way. I wanted to live and die in the home to which I had gone as a bride. This and a deal more stuff pleased him so much, that he went to great expense in buying and fitting up a perfectly new building in one of the best situations in town. We took possession on our return from the wedding-tour. My toy was very entertaining for a week or two. Everything was so new and pretty; the servants were upon their good behavior; Mr. Merry ditto; and I anxious to give satisfaction. But, somehow, things began to get a little awry. I could not worry myself to death with the servants. They had their orders. Was I to waste time and patience in following them about, to see that they did their work? If it was not done, I should find it out soon enough; and, if they obeyed, there was no use in watching them. Then Arthur got cross. Instead of, as at first, praising my management upon all occasions, he said nothing about it when others were by, and gave me what he called a 'few gentle hints' when we were alone. 'Gentle,' indeed! 'Twas downright scolding. 'Matters would go more smoothly if I gave them my personal superintendence.' It was my 'duty to be at home at such and such hours' (that is, when he was there); 'the servants were wasteful and slovenly, and I too negligent of their misdemeanors.' For a while, I did not suspect what he was at. I had no idea that he wanted me buried alive, though I knew that some men would gladly be widowers even on these terms. He always wound up by being wonderfully good and affectionate, 'to allay,' he said, 'any feeling of vexation at being what I might consider reproved,' and I could not get angry. But just let me tell you of a little scene that took place when we had been married about six months. You must know that my most intimate friend, Ginnie Hubbard, lived just opposite to us. We had been schoolmates, and changed our names upon the same day; so it was natural and proper that we should be together a great deal. Now, Ginnie had more spirit in the tip of her little finger than I have in my whole body, and, as Mr. Hubbard was easy-tempered, they got along swimmingly. Arthur said she was a capital housewife; but I don't believe she knew any more about cookery than I did. Only that's the way with men; they will praise any man's wife, if, by so doing, they can get a chance to disparage their own. Well, as I was saying, I loved Ginnie very dearly, and one cloudy afternoon, when I did not dare to walk far from home, I ran over to sit an hour with her. Mr. Hubbard was out of town, and she very lone-

some, and overjoyed to see me. We talked and sewed until dark, when I said I must really go home.

"‘Oh, no,’ said Ginnie; ‘these winter afternoons are so short. It is only six o’clock. Only think, Rosa Grant is to be married!’

"Rosa was another school-fellow; and this led us to a long confab about old times and old friends, until I was astonished to see tea brought in.

"‘You *must* stay!’ said Ginnie. ‘You can go after our supper is done, and be in time to give Mr. Merry his.’

"This was true, for Arthur often stayed out until eight or nine. I make no pretensions to sense (I believe Arthur thinks I have *none*); but I knew that it was not polite to run off the instant I left the table; and Ginnie commenced telling me a rigmarole about a man who had shot himself, or his wife, I forget which. After I thought a decent time had elapsed, I peeped at my watch, and you won’t believe me when I tell you that it was after ten. Ginnie held a light in her porch until she saw me safe in mine, then she called out ‘Good-night!’ and went in. I opened the front door. The entry was dark. That stupid Bob had not lighted the lamp; he always wants to be told to do it. I looked into the front parlor, it was like midnight; and, nearly breaking my neck by falling over a chair, I groped my way to the door of the other room. One solitary, forlorn candle was on the mantelpiece, the fender was covered with ashes and cinders, and there was not a living coal in the grate. Arthur was marching back and forth across the floor. Men always do that when they are out of humor. He stopped, and looked at me.

"‘Good-evening,’ said I.

"‘So you have come!’ said he.

"I put out my hand towards the bell-rope.

"‘Stay!’ said he. ‘What do you want?’

"‘Some coal,’ I replied, bridling up.

"‘You may spare yourself the trouble of ringing. There is none in the house, and it will be stormy in the morning. Why was I not apprised of this in time to send some up?’

"‘How was I to know anything about it?’

"‘Robert says he told you of it last night,’ he answered, sternly.

"I could not deny this, although I had not thought of it since. He resumed his promenade, and gave me time for reflection. What was the cause of all this fuss? I had spent an evening with a friend. If *he* had seen fit to stay out until twelve; instead of ten o’clock, it would be no concern of mine, he would say;

but I was to be treated like a child that deserved a whipping. My spirit was fairly up; so I said—

"‘What has happened to put you in such an amiable mood?’

"He did not reply immediately; but, after two or three more strides across the room, he stalked up to me.

"‘You are pleased to sneer, and I shall not attempt to move your sympathies in behalf of one who, after battling all day in the world, fondly expected something like comfort at home.’

"That was the text, and you never heard such a ‘scorcher’ as followed. I say ‘never heard;’ but you will, if you go to housekeeping, and forget, while talking with one you love, that you have the pantry keys in your pocket, and a famishing, fuming husband at home. I asked why he did not send for me?

"‘And have it reported all over the country that my wife cannot leave the house for an hour without being summoned to wait upon me! No; if your sense of duty does not induce you to attend to your household, my commands shall not.’

"Then he went out, banging the door after him; and I sat down upon the rug to have a comfortable cry all to myself. I had not shed more than a dozen tears before he came in again.

"‘Annie, you must not sit here in the cold. Go up stairs!’

"And I had to obey. I have learned since not to regard these little *contretemps*. If Mr. Merry begins to rail, I leave him with the walls for listeners. All husbands are tyrants, and mine is no worse than most people’s."

It was impossible to listen gravely as she rattled off this story with the mimicry and gesture of a spoiled child. So winning did she appear, as she looked up from her low seat in the corner, that it must have been a callous heart which could not find, in her youth and beauty, excuse for the thoughtlessness that in her seemed scarcely to deserve the name of fault.

"Hush, child!" said a middle-aged lady, with an affectation of reproof. "Be thankful that your husband loves his home. You would find it much worse if he sought his enjoyment elsewhere. Now, there’s Mr. Sherman; he has an engagement for every evening in the week. I believe he is a member of all the societies that ever were set on foot."

"He is very active in all projects for doing good, I know," responded Mrs. Parks.

"So people say; but, for my part, I think it is the duty of married men to stay at home and take care of their families. I am jealous of

these new-fangled enterprises. I cannot forgive them for usurping my place. No poor wife can call them 'benevolent organizations.' I never inquire where he is going, if he asks to have an early supper. He drinks his tea scalding hot, seizes his hat, and is off. I put the children to bed, and then sit alone all the long evening, shaking with fright if the wind rattles the windows. I dare not sleep, and am too nervous to read or sew. Every burglar in the city knows that I am a lone, unprotected woman; and this keeps me in nightly dread of housebreakers. Besides this, I am wretched lest some ruffian should attack him in the unfrequented lanes, through which he passes at all hours of the night."

"Oh, horrible!" cried Mrs. Cushman, who was of a very timorous disposition. "Why do you not entreat him to stay with you?"

"Ah, my dear, those times are over now. If I had been married only as many weeks as I have years, I might hope to be heard; but one gets used to refusals in ten years."

"I *never* should get used to them!" thought Lizzie; and the crochet-needle grew to twice its usual size, as if seen through a magnifying lens.

"You have one consolation, Mrs. Sherman," said Mrs. Lane; "you have everything your own way indoors. Mr. Sherman does not pretend to interfere with or condemn your arrangements. As for my husband, he begins to quarrel so soon as he gets within sight of the house. 'Is anybody dead, that the blinds are all shut? The house feels like a vault. It is enough to give a man the blues to come into such a dungeon!' Or, if they are open, 'How long since you opened a tavern? It is no fault of yours, if your neighbors' curiosity is not gratified.' I slave all the morning in the hope of eating one dinner in peace; but no! If I were to put the only rickety chair on the premises in the attic, under lock and key, the plaguy thing would contrive to be the first on which he sat. The child who has been latest at the sweetmeats, or who has the most ragged apron, is invariably first to meet him. Either of these circumstances upsets him completely; and, once wrong, heaven and earth cannot set him right. He looks over the dinner-table in search of something out of order, before he will taste a mouthful. 'Tom, where are the salt-spoons?' And, before the boy can bring them, up he jumps, and snatching them from him, throws them the whole length of the table. 'Zounds, madam, I should think that I have enough to do out of doors without housekeeping!' If he is particu-

larly crabbed, he will not be waited upon, but shoves his chair back and helps himself, especially if what he wants is at the other end of the room. I have been dreadfully mortified, when we have had company, by his going out to the hydrant for a pitcher of water, while we were in the midst of dinner, the servants standing by doing nothing. Then the soup is 'dish-water;' the fish 'as raw as when it was taken out of the river;' the turkey 'might as well be stuffed with cotton.' Sunday is worst of all! He has nothing to do between sermons but growl. The Sabbath evening lecture is upon the evils of my housewifery, ending with, 'There is not an Irish laborer in the United States who lives in such a pig-sty as I do!'"

Lizzie's eyes had dilated more and more as each relation progressed, and now her mouth shared in their expansion. If Mesdames Merry and Sherman had astounded, Mrs. Lane's harangue shocked her. Its very homeliness lent it force. It sounded like unvarnished truth. She had never conceived of such brutality. Already her well-appointed cottage was reft of half its charms. There were more things in housekeeping than had been dreamed of in her philosophy.

This appeared to be a regular "experience meeting." Mrs. Harris next took the floor.

"These are but minor troubles, after all; annoying, but resulting in no serious consequences."

"I don't know what you call 'serious consequences,'" retorted Mrs. Lane, "if having one's life fretted out of her by inches be not one."

"That is disagreeable, I grant; but what is it compared with the pain a mother experiences when seeing her children in the road to ruin without power to arrest them? I have no more control over mine than you have; indeed, not so much, for they might stand in awe of a stranger. Mr. Harris neither corrects them nor allows me to do so. It 'breaks their spirit,' he says. My life is a scene of perpetual discord and disturbance. Archibald, my oldest boy, respects my lowest menial more than he does his mother. When only five years old, he would return my caresses with blows. I endeavored to chastise him but once, and he nearly destroyed the sight of my right eye, besides reducing to shreds a superb lace dress cap. His father upholds him in his unnatural rebellion."

"Take care," interposed Mrs. Parks, who had been visibly uneasy for some time; "Mrs. Cushman will not thank us for teaching her to borrow trouble. We must not abuse husbands too much."

"Where's the harm in telling her the truth?"

asked Mrs. Merry, opening her great blue eyes in comic inquiry. "I don't want her to be disappointed, as she will be, if she goes on thinking that married life is the height of happiness. It is well the novels stop when the characters are all paired off. They would spoil the story by repeating the quarrels that follow."

"You are a silly girl, Annie. Who, do you think, believes you?"

"Why, Mrs. Cushman here (let me call you Lizzie) will remember all that I have told her some of these days. I shall make you a visit of condolence. We shall be sisters in affliction."

"I hope never to have occasion to make you such a call, Mrs. Cushman," said Mrs. Oram, kindly; "but I owe you an apology for having delayed until now a visit which it was my wish as well as my duty to pay. Mr. Oram and myself are under many obligations to Mr. Cushman's generous friendship. This, of itself, would create a desire to cultivate your acquaintance. My babe has been sick ever since your arrival amongst us, and I could not have left her this afternoon, but for the offer of my sister to take the place of nurse for a few hours. It is now time for my return. We shall meet soon, I hope."

Lizzie responded heartily. Her interest in her new friend was redoubled, now that she knew her to be her husband's also. If Mrs. Parks really wished to turn the conversation, her first observation after Mrs. Oram's departure was unfortunate.

"Has Mr. Prescott recovered entirely from his attack of pneumonia?" she asked of one of her visitors.

"Thank you, he is apparently well; still I am not easy about him. Gentlemen are so imprudent. They consider proper precautions against cold or damp as womanly weakness. I have tried again and again to induce James to wear a fur-lined over-coat since his illness, but he only 'pshaws!' and asks if I take him to be a sickly woman. I wish that he was. I could manage him then. He has a great horror of appearing to be ruled by me. The doctor advised him to tie a worsted comforter over his mouth when in the open air. He put it on one morning, but had not gone two squares before he met John Burton, who wanted to know if 'his wife thought he had lived long enough, that she had muffled up his respiratory organs in that style, or was it a gag to prevent his talking to the girls?' He has never touched the comforter since, giving, as his reason for discarding it, that it is hot and inconvenient; but I

know very well that it is nothing in the world but John's ridicule."

The duskiess of the room had put a stop to manual employment, and Lizzie thought with dismay of the impetus tongues would receive from this cessation. She anticipated nothing less than a declaration of an exterminating war against the other sex, should the indignation of these maltreated slaves continue to ferment. She was relieved, and the seditious symptoms quelled by the appearance of Mr. Parks, accompanied by Mr. Lane, who, to her surprise, bore little resemblance to the truculent boor she had imagined; nor did his wife's deportment towards him partake of servility or marked deference. The entrance of these two checked further divulgations, and introduced a new set of topics; but Lizzie's pleasure was marred for that evening. In vain she expostulated with herself. "It was foolish to allow this idle gossip to discompose her. What if it were all true? George was so different from the men they had been describing; and she would try so hard to gratify his every whim, that they could never be participants in such disgraceful altercations." But reasoning and resolving did no good. She was low-spirited and miserable; and, worst of all, George, who came soon after Mr. Parks, saw at a glance that all was not right. Her smiling effort could not hoodwink him. He prudently forbore to take any notice of her dejection; and, by the time that his spicy sallies had set everybody to joking and laughing, she was able to appear quite like herself again.

"I saw Arthur this afternoon," said he to Mrs. Merry. "He will be along presently."

"Yes, I expect him," she rejoined.

"You know Mr. Merry, then?" said Lizzie, in a low voice.

"Know him! What a question! Mrs. Merry, here a moment, if you please. You have to answer to the grave charge of having passed a whole afternoon with my wife, and not hinted once that Arthur and I were old chums and inseparables, until he took an unaccountable fancy to like a certain lady (who shall be nameless) more than he did me. Is this your gratitude for my advocacy of his suit, when an unreasonable old gentleman demurred at granting it, because, forsooth, his daughter was too young to enter into a contract so important?"

Lizzie did not hear Mrs. Merry's retort. George and this tyrannical taskmaster had been boon companions. This argued a coincidence of tastes and sentiments. What if all men should, indeed, be alike? Would *he*, too, learn in time to rave, grumble, and neglect?

"Lizzie," said George, leading up a noble-looking man, who had just entered, "this is my friend Merry. You should have met before."

"I have been unfortunate, but not to blame, that we have not," replied Mr. Merry. And, having paid his respects gracefully to her, his next bow and smile were for "Annie."

"How different men are in society and at home!" reflected Mrs. Cushman, as she remarked this; and this feeling was uppermost in her mind until the company broke up.

"Mr. Sherman was at a *returned* meeting of the *Colonial Society*," his wife stated; and Mr. Cushman, with difficulty, screwed his face into grave respectfulness as he volunteered himself as her escort, her residence being in the same street as their boarding-house. They had the talk all to themselves on the way home, Lizzie speaking only in monosyllables. The poison was not without its effect. She could not help thinking that, if George were suffering, as he must see that she was, *she* could not appear unconcerned. It was her first hard thought of him, and it almost broke her heart to admit it. She had no sullenness in her nature; but she was hurt and disappointed.

"You are not well to-night, Lizzie?"

She stood by the fire, knotting her bonnet-strings around her taper finger.

"Yes, I am quite well."

"You are unhappy, then. It is useless to try to deceive me. I have watched you all the evening. Already a grief which you will not let me share, Lizzie?"

This was the drop too much. She sunk her head upon his shoulder and burst into tears; nor was it until his anxiety had increased to an insupportable degree that she could command her voice to tell him of the boding fears that oppressed her heart, and their origin. He did not interrupt the relation, although his lips parted more than once; but it is doubtful whether the nearly uttered ejaculation might not have startled more than edified the narrator. When she ceased, he looked relieved, vexed, and amused.

"So your afternoon has been spent in discussing husbands," he said. "A sorry entertainment! I do not wonder at your being out of spirits. From your account, I should judge that we were pretty well 'showed up.' Is this a standing dish at these feminine assemblies?"

Lizzie could not refrain from smiling.

"I don't know. I never was at any but young-lady parties before."

"And then you talked of your beaux. Well, this is only a continuation of the same subject—

lovers are developed into married men. You have learned much to-day, dear Lizzie, of which I had rather you had remained ignorant. I hardly know whether you will now believe me, if I say that, as it is, I prefer your lessons in these matters should be taken from any one else than from me—that all your knowledge of the discomforts of housekeeping and sour-tempered husbands should be acquired from hearsay, not experience."

Lizzie's arms were around his neck in an instant. "Dear George!" was all that she could say. He went on, kindly and seriously—

"But this cannot be. I know that, in the revulsion of feeling, you are ready to look upon the histories of the tribulations of Mrs. Merry and her compeers as sheer fabrications, or exaggerations of trivial misunderstandings. The latter supposition may be correct, to a certain extent; and I shall presently enlighten you somewhat with regard to these benevolent ladies who have taken pity on your ignorance; still, I must admit that there is probably much sober truth in what they have said. Women are not angels; and men are more than one remove from perfection. Where there are faults, there must be suffering; but this may be greatly alleviated by mutual confidence, and a just appreciation, on each side, of the peculiar trials of the other. If, hereafter, you shall feel the want of perfect sympathy with your dispirited or nervous mood after toiling through the harassing routine of woman's every-day duties—laborious, if well performed; mortifying, in case of failure—if, seated in my comfortable chair in the corner, I forget, even while reaping the fruits of your industry, whose hands have adorned my Eden, you must not grieve your affectionate little heart with misgivings of my love. The thanks for which you had hoped, as the easily bestowed reward of your self-denial; the look that should have blessed your thoughtful kindness, may be for a time withheld; and instead, a coldly spoken word, which sounds very like a taunt, or a tart notice of some omission or blunder, may pierce you with a bitter sense of injustice. These are darkened moments, such as fall to the lot of the happiest wife. I say it to our shame; but do not judge us too harshly. You know nothing of the world in which we strive; I pray that you never may. I have heard of plants, natives of the tropics, which, on being transplanted in a colder climate, grow strong and hardy, but bear no more flowers or fruits; and a woman, fighting her way in a business life, reminds me of these. Her mind may be more vigorous than that of one raised in the atmosphere of home,

and visited only by the breath of affection, but the sweet blossoms of trust and love will never be again unfolded. It is a hard world, Lizzie—a hateful, suspicious world, full of heartlessness and deceit—a world that fosters men's ignoble passions, and beats down, with a hailstorm of ridicule, their holiest sentiments. You need not cling to me so tightly, love; while I have an arm to shield you, you shall never encounter these hardships. I am a man, and my duty is in the field. I only ask that, when I am worn out and heart-sick with defeat and discouragement, you will think of all this, and pity instead of chide."

Again "Dear, dear George!" And then a silence. George broke it with a laugh.

"And you were surprised at my keeping company with an ogre like Merry, and already beheld yourself crying with Annie upon the rug before a fireless hearth? Arthur deserves sympathy more than censure. His baseless fabric of perfect harmony and contentment came tumbling about his ears before he was a Benedict of two months' standing. Annie is a dear, warm-hearted creature, but incorrigibly thoughtless and frivolous. I shall never forget their first dinner-party. Arthur invited the members of our "bachelor club"—six in number—hinting, as he did so, at the superiority of 'voluntary' over 'hired' housekeepers. Two of us kept bachelor's hall, and the others picked up a living at boarding-houses and hotels. Being quite alive to the manifold disadvantages of these modes of subsistence, we considered this home-thrust cruel and ungenerous; and held a council of resentment for some time before we decided to pocket the insult and go. About an hour before dinner time, I left my office to prepare for the convivial occasion. I met Mrs. Merry ten steps from my door. She looked bewitchingly lovely; and there were two or three girls with her, all in the highest spirits, and apparently bound upon some frolic.

"Oh, Mr. Cushman!" she called, 'have you been to the menagerie?"

"I answered in the negative.

"Then do—there's a good creature! go with us to the door. I don't mind being beauless after we get in, but I can't pass through the crowd around the ticket-box. We must hurry, too, for I have only half an hour to spare. You know you dine with us to-day; and Arthur will be angry if I am not dressed in time. Ain't husbands particular?"

"Thus she prattled until we ascended Council Chamber Hill, on which the show was located. I procured tickets for the party; saw

them seated above the arena of sawdust, and human mingled with brute animals.

"Now," said Mrs. Merry, 'go dress for dinner.'

"As you may suppose, I did not fatigue myself by the hurry of my preparations. I dressed, and read all the daily newspapers ere I started. The guests were gathered together, but I was not surprised that the hostess was minus. Arthur controlled himself wonderfully well; but his eye wandered to the window every other minute, and more than once he broke off a sentence, as a step approached the parlor-door. It was only a servant, who peered in with eyes that told of overdone beef and fowls burnt to a cinder, as plainly as his lips growled, on his retreat: 'I wish mistis would come along.'

"Two hours after the appointed time, a fleet footstep was heard upon the stairs; and Arthur begged to be 'excused for an instant.' His face was no brighter when he rejoined us; and before long we sat down to what would have been an elegant repast, had it been served in time. Annie ran in, like a playful kitten, as we reached the dining-room, with—'I told you so, Arthur! I said I would be ready as soon as you were!'

"He interrupted her by presenting a gentleman, with whom she was not acquainted.

"I am afraid you think me shockingly unpunctual,' she ran on, pouring out the words and soup at the same time, 'but that darling little pony made me forget everything else—and then a real live tiger leaped out upon a man! I screamed, but they said it was a part of the show—and then the monkeys! I never laughed so in all my life—and oh, Arthur! I rode upon the elephant!"

"The perspiration thickened upon Merry's forehead with each fresh course of dishes.

"You don't know how mad he is,' whispered Annie to me. 'I tell you he scolded! But I don't care. I had a splendid time at the menagerie.'

"But once did Arthur look glad or at his ease—when we took our hats to leave. We walked down the street, talking of anything rather than our dinner, when Tom Hinton, whose fun-making propensities are incurable, burst forth with—'Well, boys, it's my impression that, if Mrs. Merry does go elsewhere to 'see the elephant,' poor Arthur need not stir from home to indulge his curiosity in that respect.'"

"How could she be so careless of his feelings, and for such childish nonsense! How absurd!" exclaimed Lizzie.

"Of Mrs. Lane's *ménage*, I know nothing,"

continued George. "Her philippic against her stronger half may be just. My intercourse with him has been chiefly confined to business matters, but I do not think him ill-natured. Mrs. Sherman's piteous lamentations, however, border upon the ludicrous, when one remembers that she was a respectable maiden lady, already past the bloom of life, when Sherman found her living on a snug farm in the country, with no male protector, and no companion except an orphan niece, ten years of age. She looked after her broad acres with a vigilant eye; and the savings of years of thriftiness supplied, in her lover's eyes, her want of personal attractions. I am not surprised at her pretended pretty fears. We are apt to assume the appearance of qualities in which we know ourselves to be deficient. This will account also for Prescott's sensitiveness on the score of being ruled. The man is hen-pecked to such a degree that his very dress shows it. His collar hangs over his stock with a limp helplessness only equalled by the meek droop of his eyelids, and the corners of his mouth, and his hat! I could single it out among a thousand as that of a man who dared not entertain a sneaking notion that his soul was his own. But my gossip is degenerating into scandal. Have I disposed of all your difficulties?"

"Yes. How silly to have let them annoy me! But they all joined, either by word or look, in the condemnation of men in general, and husbands in particular; all except Mrs. Parks and Mrs. Oram."

"Mrs. Oram!" he repeated, with a start. "You did not tell me that she was there."

"She had to go home to a sick child before nightfall; but what of her? Is she not a fit associate for me?"

"A fit associate! Ah, Lizzie, she is one of a thousand; deserving of a far happier fate than the one which awaits her."

"Is *her* husband unkind?"

"No—that is, not habitually. I do not fear to intrust to your discretion a secret known to a very small number of his friends. He is a man of shining qualities and powerful, but perverted energies. He failed in business about two years ago; and being in want of a confidential clerk, I offered the situation to him until he should procure more lucrative employment. His able discharge of duty and engaging demeanor so won upon my esteem and affection that, at the end of twelve months, I made proposals of co-partnership. He listened with downcast eyes and a face in which gratitude struggled with shame, expressions which perplexed and mortified me."

"‘Mr. Cushman,’ said he, as I finished, ‘I am more than grateful for this new manifestation of confidence, unmerited though it is. It is an act worthy of yourself, my best, my only friend. You took me by the hand when all others turned away from the outcast, and restored me to apparent respectability—*apparent!*’ he repeated, with a stinging emphasis of self-reproach."

"‘I was bewildered. He had never been an outcast. His character stood as high when he entered my office as it now did. But his distress was real, whatever was its imaginary cause; and I tried by argument and assurances to dispel the unhappy hallucination. I alluded to his talents; his integrity, as displayed in every act of his past life; to his faithfulness in my service; and added that my offer was prompted by a desire to evince my recognition and appreciation of these things."

"‘Oh, cease, for pity’s sake!’ he exclaimed. ‘You drive me mad! *I faithful! I upright!* Look here!’ and he pulled rather than led me to his desk. ‘There!’ tossing out a bundle of papers. ‘Examine those.’"

"‘I opened the package. It contained copies of deeds, etc., executed in the neatest manner. ‘I see nothing wrong in them,’ I said, after inspection. I seem to feel now the look he fastened upon me."

"‘You gave me the originals to copy?’"

"‘Certainly.’"

"‘And what, sir, do you say of the wretch who permitted his tenderly-nurtured wife to bend for entire nights over them, doing his work while he lay snoring in drunken unconsciousness?’"

"‘Alfred!’ I ejaculated, ready to believe his senses wandering. ‘*You* were never guilty of such a deed!’"

"He laughed like a maniac."

"‘I tell you I have done it again and again! I learned to drink long ago, and she concealed it. When I came here, she knelt to me—knelt to a fiend and a brute! and prayed me to abandon the accursed practice. Then, as she found me going down, down, night after night (for I only indulged at night and in secret), she said not a word, only asked me to bring my writing home in the evening instead of remaining down town. One morning I awoke late, to the horrors of a day succeeding a night of debauchery; and super-added was the recollection of unperformed duty. It was necessary that my task should be accomplished. I have never yet stained my soul with a lie; and ignominious expulsion was before me. With shaking hands I untied the papers and

looked mechanically over them. They were ready-written in a bold hand, a surprisingly accurate imitation of my own; but there were, now and then, delicate strokes that betrayed the woman. *She* had done it all. I might die a thousand deaths without experiencing the agony of that moment. It is a common occurrence now.'

"The poor fellow's face worked frightfully with emotion. 'This is my integrity,' he said, hoarsely—'my fidelity! Why do you look at me so sorrowfully? Spurn me from your door. I am not fit to dwell with honest men. I make but one request. Do not let my ill-used Mary know that the shame which is killing her is public.'"

"Oh, George!" pleaded Lizzie, lifting her tear-laden eyes to his. "You did not let him go!"

"No, dearest. I told him that I would not withdraw my trust. Had my friendship been less strong, regard for his noble wife would have led me to befriend him by every means in my power. The partnership scheme was abandoned, but he retains his clerkship; and although my opened eyes can trace the ravages of dissipation, his books are still kept with strict exactness. But this cannot last forever; sooner or later he will sink to the level of a common drunkard."

"And she has this weight always upon her mind!" mused Lizzie. "This has given her

face its sorrowful cast. I cannot sufficiently admire her prudent silence."

George shook his head doubtfully.

"Do you commend her prudence only? I do not wish to excite in you uncharitable feelings towards your acquaintances of your own sex, but it is enigmatical to me how a woman, who has one atom of love or respect for her husband, can make his faults or foibles the subject of conversation, even in a coterie of her picked friends. It has, to me, the semblance of a violation of her marriage vow. She is bound to 'honor' as well as 'love.' His failings should be sacred—locked up in her bosom; not held up to ridicule and censure."

"Just what I felt all the time they were speaking!" interrupted Lizzie, eagerly. "I cannot think that I could even discuss your peculiarities and offences with my dearest friend. How can I, when my husband is my nearest—my sole confidant?"

"There spoke the right mind and the true woman's heart!" replied he, with an affectionate kiss. "*Confidantes* are dangerous indulgences to both husband and wife. A man who breathes a syllable of disapprobation of his partner to other ears than hers, is a fit candidate for the pillory; and from female cabals the Fates preserve me! I had rather stand with him in the same honorable position than be flayed and dissected in a 'Ladies' Sympathy Meeting.'"

TO MAKE PICTURES OF BIRDS WITH THEIR NATURAL FEATHERS.

FIRST take a thin board or panel of deal or wainscot, well seasoned, that it may not shrink; then smoothly paste on it white paper, and let it dry; and if the wood casts its color through, paste on it another paper till perfectly white; let it stand till quite dry, and then get any bird you would represent, and draw its figure as exactly as possible on the papered panel (middle-sized birds are the best for the purpose); then paint what tree or ground-work you intend to set your bird upon, also its bill and legs, leaving the rest of the body to be covered with its own feathers. You must next prepare that part to be feathered by laying on thick gum Arabic, dissolved in water; lay it on with a large hair pencil, and let it dry; then lay a second coat of the gum Arabic, and let it dry, and a third, and oftener, if you find that when dry it does not form a good body on the paper, at least to the thickness of a shilling; let it dry quite hard.

When your piece is thus prepared, take the feathers off the bird as you use them, beginning at the tail and points of the wings, and working upwards to the head, observing to cover that part of your draught with the feathers taken from the same part of the bird, letting them fall over one another in the natural order. You must prepare your feathers by cutting off the downy parts that are about their stems, and the large feathers must have the insides of their shafts shaved off with a sharp knife, to make them lie flat; the quills of the wings must have their inner webs clipped off, so that in laying them the gum may hold them by their shafts. When you begin to lay them, take a pair of steel pliers to hold the feathers in, and have some gum-water, not too thin, and a large pencil ready to moisten the ground-work by little and little, as you work it; then lay your feathers on the moistened parts, which must not be water-

ish, but *only clammy*, to hold the feathers. You must have prepared a great many sugarloaf-shaped leaden weights, which you may form by casting the lead into sand, in which shapes or moulds for it have been made by means of a pointed stick prodded all over the surface, having small holes to receive the melted lead. These weights will be necessary to set on the feathers when you have merely laid them on, in order to press them into the gum till they are fixed; but you must be cautious lest the gum comes through the feathers, for it would not only smear them, but would stick to the bottoms of the little weights; and in taking them off you would bring the feathers also, which would quite disarrange your work; be cautious, therefore, not to have your coat of gum *too* moist or wet. When you have wholly covered your bird with its feathers, you must, with a little thick gum, stick on a piece of paper, cut round, of the size of an eye, which you must color the same as the eye of the bird, if you cannot procure a glass one of the kind; and when the whole is dry, you must dress the feathers all round the outline (such as may have chanced to start), and rectify all defects in every other part; then lay on it a sheet of clean paper, and a heavy weight, such as a book, to press it; after which it may be preserved in a glass frame, such as are used for pieces of shell-work, &c.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE WESTERN WILDS.

MARINETTE, Oconto Co., Wis.

L. A. GODEY:—

DEAR SIR: Permit a silent, but by no means an uninterested spectator, to trespass for a few moments on your very valuable time. I *should* have said *hitherto* silent, but the "answers to correspondents" have excited my "risibles" so long, that I *must* add *my* voice.

First, though, let me ask, do you know where Marinette is? You reply, of course, "No!" How can you? She is yet far too young to grace a map. It is a little lumbering establishment at the mouth of the Menomonee River, on Green Bay, the boundary line between Wisconsin and the northern peninsula of Michigan. There, *now* you know. (You left school long before I did.) And don't you think, Mr. Godey, we came to this place, *this wilderness*, from one of the most beautiful of all the beautiful little villages on that most beautiful of rivers, our dear old Susquehanna. How could *any* one be

so cruel? What will not men do for money? Father is a poor man, and his family is large; to be sure, it was hard getting along; but, oh! I would rather be *very* poor, and live where I could see the bright streams and green hills of old Pennsylvania.

I have three sisters, young ladies grown, well educated, refined, ladylike, and one is talented, though not for the world would she offer her productions to the public; 'tis only for the home circle *she* writes, and poor Sue would get a scolding if this letter should fall into her hands. I have also three brothers, but they are mere children, younger even than I. And we have not seen a *hill* in nearly eighteen months—we, who were reared among them! Is it not too bad? But I am wandering far, very far, from my main object; in fact, had altogether forgotten it.

One of the pleasures that we enjoy here (I ought not to be so homesick, for indeed we are better off than many who have enjoyed greater privileges to be deprived of) is that we have the "Book" every month. How could we do without it? Then we have other magazines and papers from the cities, two or three old country papers from Pennsylvania and New York, our Wisconsin papers, and the religious papers and magazines that mother takes. Quite a number, is it not? But as *my* father does not use tobacco nor spirits, he can afford to "pay the printer." We have good reading for our winter evenings. Father is an EXCELLENT reader.

"Lydia's Wages" is the best story of the season. But I find a great deal of amusement in reading your "answers to correspondents." This month in particular I notice one young lady ("excessively young," I should judge) has asked you if they have any machine for embroidery. Tell her, if she will "wash my dishes," I'll do her embroidery better than any other machine. I love embroidery, but dishes must be washed, and "SUE" *has it to do*, and that is my "bug-bear!" "Now," said I to mother, "may-be Mr. Godey can help me; at all events, I'll write and ask him if there is a machine to wash dishes, and if I do not get any other, it will be *some* satisfaction to see '*Susan*' in the list."

Now, Mr. Godey, pardon this intrusion, please. Upon my word, 'tis the first time I ever trespassed on the time of any editor—more valuable, if possible, than a *clergyman's*. You can readily perceive that this is a new *business* to me, as I have omitted an important item—that is, the date. Yours, with the best wishes of

Oct. 9, 1854.

SUSAN A. L.

A SERIES OF PAPERS ON THE HAIR

CHAPTER II.

DISEASES OF THE HAIR, AND DIRECTIONS FOR ITS MANAGEMENT.

I COME now to speak of a few of the principal disorders of the hair, and to point out the predisposing causes of baldness and premature gray hair, &c. Bodily infirmity, disease, and mental irritability, as well as sudden change of climate, have an injurious effect on the healthy condition of the hair, and the supply and flow of the coloring principle.

There are many morbid states and conditions of the hair, all of which it would be impossible to allude to here, and many of them, from their virulence and connection with diseases of the skin, come more especially under the province of the medical practitioner.

Those who study the health and preservation of their hair, should avoid all excesses or extraordinary excitement; they should equally shun mental and bodily over-stimulation, and endeavor to preserve an equable temperament of mind and body. Frequent profuse perspiration is extremely injurious to the hair.

Hairs, says Dr. A. H. Hassall, are peculiarly susceptible of being affected by the condition of the health, even more so than the epidermis. If this be vigorous, as a rule to which there are many exceptions, it will be found that the hairs themselves are thickly and firmly set in the skin: if, on the contrary, the powers of the system be debilitated from any cause, the hair will either fall off spontaneously, or a very slight degree of force will serve to dislodge them from their connections. If the basis of those hairs which fall out of themselves be examined, or which are removed by combing and brushing, it will be seen that the bulb alone has come away, the entire sheath remaining behind. In such cases, the hair is doubtless regenerated, and after its regeneration is usually stronger than it was previously. It has not yet been ascertained by positive experiment whether the hair is capable of reformation in those instances in which both bulb and sheath have been removed; it is most probable, however, that where they have been entirely abstracted, no renewal of the hair could ensue.

"When," says Mr. Wilson, "hairs are left

to their natural growth, they attain a certain length, and are then thrown off by a process analogous to the change of the coat in animals, or the moult of birds, their place being supplied by young hairs, which grow from the same tubes; and this temporary decadence of the hair occurs also when it is kept cut of moderate length. When, on the other hand, hair is closely shaved, it appears to become persistent, and at the same time increases in strength and bulk."

Curling the hair in strong and hard paper has a very injurious effect; and twisting, plaiting, and tying it tightly in knots at the back of the head, prevents the circulation of the fluid, strains the scalp, and necessarily injures the roots, besides contributing to induce headache and cause irritation of the brain. The more loosely the hair can be folded or twisted, and the less it is artificially crisped, the better is it for its free and luxuriant growth.

Ladies who curl the hair, should use for the purpose soft paper or silk, which will prevent the hair cracking and other injuries that might result from hard *papillottes*. Those who simply wear the hair in bands or braids ought to twist or fold it very loosely at night, when retiring to rest. It should then always be liberated from forced constraints and plaits. It must be well combed and thoroughly brushed every morning, and afterwards nicely smoothed with the palm of the hand, which gives it a high gloss, after oil has been applied. In order to add to its length and strength, the ends should be tipped at least once a month, to prevent the hair splitting.

In a hygienic point of view, the dress of the hair best adapted for females, and especially for young girls, is that which keeps the hair slightly raised, drawn as little as possible, carefully smoothed, and arranged in large bands so as to admit the air to penetrate; to unfold it morning and evening, and brush it lightly, but carefully; in a word, to dress it in such a manner as will not require dragging or twisting, but leave it free. If fashion requires it to be tied and drawn, and the individual yields to the mode, it should be unfolded morning and evening, and allowed to hang loose for several minutes.

Many mothers are in the habit of having the hair of their daughters cut close when young.

on the supposition that this will tend to prevent baldness and improve the hair, by causing it to grow longer, thicker, and more abundant. This is a mistaken notion, and is rather calculated to injure its beauty and retard its maximum growth. It is quite sufficient to have the ends clipped, or shortened, occasionally, as the original hair is always the finest and most beautiful.

It is asserted that mental emotions and violent passions have, in a single night, made the hair gray. This is said to be owing to the increased determination of blood stimulating the absorbents into preternatural activity, and causing them to take up the coloring matter of the hair. Disappointment, bereavement, deep grief, intense care and anxiety, produce devastating effects upon the hair.

The *fact* that alarm or fright causes the hair to stand on end, is too well established and too common to admit a doubt. The *cause* may be, that sudden fear drives the blood to the heart as the seat of vitality, and the extremities being left cold, the skin thus contracts, and the effect is to raise the hair.

The decay, or fall of the hair, in a gradual and diffused manner, commonly commences first on the crown, or on the forehead and temples. It may take place prematurely, and as a consequence of disorder of the digestive organs, or of the constitution, or of a local affection of the scalp, extending to the pilous follicles. It is often an indication of premature exhaustion of organic nervous energy. Premature loss of hair is not confined to the scalp, but often extends to the eyebrows, beard, and other parts of the body.

The remote causes of baldness, according to Dr. Copland ("Dictionary of Practical Medicine") are: Whatever debilitates and exhausts the system; such as dangerous hemorrhages, low fevers, care and disappointments, the depressing passions and anxiety of mind, excessive application to study, the contact of rancid, septic, or putrid animal matters with the scalp, and the frequent or prolonged use of mercury.

It may also be caused by exposure to the sun's rays, by the fumes of quicksilver, by the friction of a military cap or helmet, by chronic eruptions of the scalp, and by the use of tobacco.

It is said to be endemic in some places. Leo Africanus has stated that baldness is common in Barbary; Tournefort, that it is almost universal in Mycone, one of the Cyclades; and Sir R. Sibbald, that it was frequent in Shetland, in his time, owing to the fish diet of the inhabitants. That living chiefly on fish, and on poor unwholesome food, may aid in its production, is not improbable. The salts of sea-water, left in

the hair, will sometimes cause it indirectly; hence it is desirable, in sea-bathing, for ladies to wear an oil-skin cap, as it will, else, be found difficult to dry the hair thoroughly.

Extreme distress of mind has produced a gradual loss of hair within twenty-four hours; but such instances are extremely rare.

The loss of the hair is frequently the result of some organic disturbance, arising from derangement of the stomach, indigestion, excess of food, want of exercise, and nervous excitement.

The best treatment for this defect is frequent cutting, and due attention to the digestive organs and proper state of health of the body.

Baldness may arise either from contraction or relaxation of the skin of the head. Strong local irritation, producing a tendency of blood to the part, has frequently been found efficacious in restoring the hair in bald places on the head. Blistering; the application of caustic potash; and an ointment composed of cantharides and lard, have been severally tried, with more or less advantage; but they are dangerous applications. If the bald parts become red after smart friction with the hand, there is every chance that the skin may be rendered soft and permeable for the renewed growth of the hair.

To restore the hair in cases of baldness requires unremitting attention; the action of the blood through the thick and deadened tissue of the skin must be promoted, the hair tubes relieved of external embarrassment, and a free secretion of the fluid by which hair is nourished excited. Where hair has once grown, there this organization exists; it may be torpid, but while the constitutional power is unimpaired by advance of years, or actual disease, it possesses vitality, and may be restored to activity.

Several German writers (among others, Dzonde, Dieffenbach, and Wieseman) assert as the result of experiments that hairs plucked from the follicles, and inserted in the punctures of the skin, will take root and grow. This statement, according to Dr. Muller, requires confirmation. Dr. Hassall ("Microscopic Anatomy of the Human Body") also alludes to the assertion. "Hairs," he observes, "may be transplanted, and, it is said, will grow after such transplantation, in consequence of the adhesions and organic connection established between them and the adjacent tissues; a fact of which practical advantage might be taken, if correct."

Among the Hebrews, baldness was accounted not merely a defect, but a curse; and among all nations, a premature loss of hair has been usually considered degrading or humiliating.

The loosening of the hair, which frequently takes place, if neglected, would terminate in baldness.

Blanching of the hair is comparatively rare in persons of light hair and complexion, being most prevalent in those of swarthy complexion and black hair.

The hair of men more commonly falls off than that of women; and they become bald from the greater excitement of the brain which their pursuits occasion. Bald women are scarcely ever seen; nevertheless, some ladies who follow the pursuits of literature are obliged to cover their baldness with headdresses of hair prepared by the coiffeur. It has been observed that agriculturists, and laboring men in good health, who exercise manual labor out of doors, retain their hair to a late period in life, whilst the man of science and literature, the merchant confined to his counting-house, the shopkeeper, and the factory operative, often become bald. This affliction, for it certainly is one, falls also upon ministers of state, lawyers, and legislators; upon all those, in short, who over-exert the intellectual powers, and neglect, or are ignorant of, the precautions necessary to preserve the hair. The sedentary, the studious, the debilitated, and the sickly are, with few exceptions, those who are earliest visited with gray hairs. The farm laborer, the seaman, all whose employment consists in exercise in the open air, and whose diet is no better than is necessary to preserve health, are those whose hair latest affords signs that the last progress has commenced, that the fluids have begun to be absorbed, the textures to dry up and become withered.

The heavy covering for the head to which men have been doomed is an unfailing cause of injury to the hair. Many ineffectual attempts have been made to alter the fashion of the unsightly hats in vogue. "Even at the present day," observes Dr. Cazenave, "the hat, by its weight, impermeability, and the pressure which it occasions round the head, materially assists in the premature destruction of the hair."

I may add, in confirmation of the foregoing remarks, that sailors, butchers' boys, and boys of the Blue-coat School, the lower classes of Irish, the Esquimaux, and others, who continually go with the head uncovered, have usually a copious and fine head of hair.

Four causes have been assigned by different parties for the hair turning gray. 1st. Lack of the coloring, occasioned by debilitated state of the body, from whatever cause arising. 2d. Contraction of the skin, which, nipping the hair too tightly, prevents the colored oil from ascend-

ing. 3d. It has been supposed that an excess of phosphate of lime (which is always formed more largely in old persons than young) causes the hair to change color, by forcing itself into the channels which should be occupied by the oil. And 4th. It has been pretended that the depressing emotions of the mind generate a white fluid, and that hence arises the grayness of the hair.

The two last reasons are, I think, untenable.

White and gray hairs are natural to old age. When the body becomes infirm from the decay of nature, the coloring matter of the hair refuses to flow. Of course, the hair, either in falling off, or losing its color, must yield to that general law of nature by which all organized beings are born, and grow, and reach maturity, and then decline, decay, and die.

Many a *viveur* who has taken no note of time is suddenly startled by the discovery, as he shaves, of a few gray hairs—"pursuivants of death"—and he eradicates the tell-tales with any but an agreeable sensation. Our Parisian friends, who seem to be profoundly afflicted at the appearance of the first snows of age, have organized a diligent army of young girls to war against decay, and to wrest from Time the fatal ensigns he plants upon our brow. The *Salons Epilatoires*, where youth pays this little attention to age for an inconceivably small sum, usually hang out, "*Plus de Cheveux Gris!*" and, indeed, of late, many advertisements in the London papers begin with "No more Gray Hairs!"

An anecdote as to the cause of gray hairs, which is floating about just now, may appropriately be given here. At a private party in London, a lady—who, though in the autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of its spring—said to Douglas Jerrold, "I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn gray; I sometimes fancy it must be the 'essence of rosemary,' with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it. What do you think?" "I should rather be afraid, madam," replied the distinguished dramatist, dryly, "that it is the essence of *Time!*"

Loss of color of the hair may be accidental, premature, or senile, and it may be partial or general. The hair begins to be gray first at its free extremities; but it often changes in that portion which is nearest the skin. Men usually begin to get gray about forty, many between thirty and forty, and some not until a more advanced age. Blanching of the hair appears to arise from a diminished secretion of the coloring matter by the bulbs or follicles. Mis-colored hair, or a preternatural change from a

very light to a very dark color, is not unfrequent.

Shaving the head is injurious to the hair, and should never be resorted to unless absolutely necessary, as in cases of sickness. The injurious effects are plainly visible in the tonsure of the Roman Catholic priesthood, who will be observed, for the most part, bald before they are forty.

Herodotus, indeed, tells us that "those who shave the hair most frequently become bald the latest;" but this assertion is not borne out by practical experience; on the contrary, it increases the irritation on which loss of hair depends; and while it causes the hair to grow thicker, it, at the same time, induces it to fall earlier and more easily

MRS. SLOPER'S SWAN

BY FRANCES BROWN.

WHEN I was last a tiger—Readers, many situations, responsible and otherwise, have been filled by your humble servant since then; but at my latest appearance in the above character the season was dull, genteel families did not like tallish boys, and for the want of a better engagement, I mounted the livery of Mrs. Captain Sloper. The jacket I must say was tight, and the buttons none of the brightest; but these were not the only difficulties about the Sloper establishment. It was situated in Berkeley Street, where Mrs. S. and two grown-up daughters occupied the drawing-room floor; with space for an unwashed woman, called cook, in the kitchen; and a closet in the extreme attic for the maid. As for me, my rest was appointed on two packing-boxes in the lobby, which were ingeniously covered with green cloth, so as to resemble a long table by day, and by night accommodated my mattress, self, and other et-ceteras. Mrs. Budgely, the lady paramount, whose dwelling was in the sunk flat, had a dingy corner-room below stairs, with a half-window in it, the use of which she accorded for a small consideration to us inferiors, by way of a servants' hall. Such were the domestic accommodations of my new place. The duties thereto annexed were, to answer the knocks of Mrs. Sloper's visitors, especially those who came in carriages, to take in all cards and letters, and to walk after the ladies in token of their high gentility, through park and street.

Mrs. Sloper was a little lean lady, with a great deal of preserved pettiness, a soft voice, an insinuating manner, and a habit of talking sentimentally about everything, including the departed Captain. Her daughters, Miss Caroline and Miss Louisa, were unlike their mamma—tall, grim-looking young ladies of I know not what age: but they dressed in the newest style.

Behind that the Misses Sloper would not have lingered half an inch for the world. I always thought it was watching it that made them so very thin; and night and morning they had but two subjects—rank and fashion. The walks they took, with me behind them, seemed to be the glory of their days; though wherein consisted the triumph, to this hour I cannot tell. They had no admirers that ever came under my observation, very few acquaintances recognized them, and they had no eyes for anything below a coronet. Sometimes, however, there was a smile bestowed by a fair equestrian in the park, or a bow from a dowager's carriage-window, and the Slopers went home crowned with satisfaction. The forenoon was always consumed in dressing for that exhibition. When it was over, Miss Louisa practised on the piano, and Miss Caroline wrote letters perpetually. They rarely went out in the evenings, and saw no company except a few queer-looking women, whom Mrs. Sloper called "dear old friends." They kept the drawing-room door particularly well closed while those ladies stayed, and there were always oysters and hot gin for supper.

Mrs. Sloper had, however, other visitors. There was not a day throughout the London season that from two to five carriages did not stop at her door, and all manner of Honorable Misses, Countesses Dowager, and ladies in their own right, came out of them. I have seen a Marchioness meet her daughter-in-law on the stairs, and a paralytic Duchess carried up by her two footmen, but never a sample of aristocracy in broadcloth. I had seen a tiger in too many houses not to know something of high life, and it was a marvel of my days what brought such people to Mrs. Sloper's drawing-room. Under such circumstances, one's ears naturally grow keen. Miss Caroline's eye had been always so;

and though seldom far from the door, all the conversation I could catch regarded a stuffed swan.

Besides the deceased Captain, it was Mrs. Sloper's whole stock-in-trade in the talking line. There was a romantic story which all the house could tell, thanks to frequent hearing—that the Captain had shot it on the anniversary of their wedding-day at Lough something, in the Western Highlands, where they were on a visit to the old Duke of Argyle, together with all his Grace said on the occasion. In consequence, Mrs. Sloper kept it in a glass case perpetually locked, took it with her wherever she went as sure as her bandbox, and brought out the darling bird for nearer inspection only to her titled visitors. What new beauties they saw in the swan puzzled me much, for the same ladies often came day after day, Lucelle, the French maid, who was seldom out of the drawing-room, and who used to scold occasionally in good English with her mistress, might have thrown light on the matter; but though there wasn't man or boy within the walls except myself, she never called me anything but *enfant*, and when particularly ill-tempered, *mon cher*. Confidence was not to be expected from that quarter; but, if the carriages astonished me, they created a still deeper interest in the mind of Mrs. Doctor Meddlington next door, and among our opposite neighbors the Misses Ruggley.

Mrs. Doctor Meddlington was a managing lady, with three grown-up daughters, two growing-up sons, and an obedient husband. Nobody mentioned the doctor, except in connection with some delicate families about Park Lane, amongst whom his practice lay, and they couldn't have had a milder physician. His most decided advice began with, "Now what would you like to take?" and the staple of his prescriptions was rose-water and cinnamon. Whether Mrs. Meddlington had subdued him to that degree, or found the work done to her hand, no man could tell me; but being a country brewer's heiress, she had a considerable income at her own disposal, and the ambition of her life was to be in the great world.

There were five Misses Ruggley, besides a maiden aunt, over the way. The junior ladies had come from Jamaica, on the death of an old planter, some three years before. There was a controversy among us servants whether or not they should be called of color; but it was certain that they rented a handsome house, kept a footman and a phaeton, and were athirst, as six ladies in one house only can be, for gentility.

Readers, it is true that every condition of life

imparts its peculiar knowledge; and among the lessons of my tiger days, I learned that no mortal aspiration is more likely to fall short of goal and guerdon, than that which fired the souls of Mrs. Meddlington and the Ruggleys. The former lady's bold endeavors after good society, known as they were to Greens the maid, and Griffin the coachman, had hitherto been not a whit more successful than the moderate measures put in practice over the way. Both households had bestirred themselves in vain, but not without mutual remark, and more than common emulation. Their rivalry in pursuit of rank was further augmented by a relationship-in-law which somehow existed between the doctor and old Miss Ruggley, a fact which the families acknowledged by keeping up a sort of chilly acquaintance, and a vigilant eye on each other's proceedings. From the advent of Mrs. Sloper in Berkeley Street, which took place exactly three weeks before I entered her service, all this careful observation was directed to the first floor. I think a single carriage did not escape either house, and the smallest information being thankfully received, maid and man were active in collecting intelligence from Mrs. Budgely. To do her justice, she never forgot to communicate; but the good woman had no story to tell. She was sure the Slopers must be real ladies, because they paid their rent regularly, had such good dinners, and brought nothing but carriage people to her door. Mrs. Budgely's cap stood an inch higher on the strength of those daily carriages; the house became magnified in her eyes, from kitchen to attic. She raised the second floor three shillings a week on that consideration, and wouldn't have parted with her drawing-room lodgers, I believe, had there been a falling off in the dinners, or even in the rent. The Ruggleys and Meddingtons pondered long on the problem of so many carriages coming to people with nothing but a first floor and a tiger. Its puzzling power actually brought the families to something like intimacy, making them lay their heads literally together at the windows. Mrs. Meddlington knew, in common with all philosophers, that inquiry was the highway to truth; and a little private investigation being instituted under her management, it was ascertained that the Slopers' last residence was in Sloane Street, Chelsea, where they kept the same style, had as many carriage visitors, and took a little tour at the end of every season.

With these facts before her, the Ruggleys' aunt at once hit on a solution. The Slopers were reduced branches of a peerage, in whom, though fallen from high estate, the friends of

their better days continued to take an interest, at least the fairer portion of them; and having, like most discreet single ladies, an unflattering opinion of creation's lords, that circumstance furnished Miss Ruggley senior with confirmatory evidence on the subject of their self-love, inconstancy, and worldly-mindedness, which she did not fail to improve for the benefit of her nieces. How far the young ladies profited by those sage comments, I cannot tell; but by a vote of both houses, it was determined to cultivate the Slopers. How to begin was the point. They knew nobody acquainted with the fair reduced; and an introduction to the neighbor whose every poke at the fire one hears through the brick walls is among the greatest difficulties of London life. Nevertheless, as might be expected from a lady of her spirit, Mrs. Meddlington broke ground. She found out that the Misses Sloper and their mamma occasionally walked in Kensington Gardens under my protection; and having judiciously dogged them with the three grown-up daughters, contrived to be overheard admiring their respective graces, and then to slide into conversation on the weather and other topics of common interest. Their way home was the same. The ladies walked together; and a speaking acquaintance being thus established, it gradually grew into a visiting one, after the Misses Meddlington presented Miss Caroline with sundry bouquets of rare flowers, and lent Miss Louisa a lot of new music.

As for the Ruggleys, they lay in wait at Saint George's, where both families worshipped fashionably, till fortune and a rainy day granted them the opportunity of driving Mrs. Sloper home in their phaeton. Miss Cassandra and Miss Christabel, the eldest of the nieces, courageously called next morning to hope the damp had done no harm; and from henceforth there was a quiet but unslumbering contention between them and the Meddingtons for the affections of Mrs. Budgely's "first floor."

The Slopers distributed their smiles so equally that an outbreak was impossible; they accepted Mrs. Meddlington's presents, and borrowed the Ruggleys' phaeton. At evening parties, they glorified both drawing-rooms, and were never found wanting at friendly dinners. The young ladies exchanged tokens of love in every shape, from new songs upward. Mrs. Sloper showed the swan, and told tales of the dear captain in connection with earls, marquises, and dukes, to the building-up of old Miss Ruggley's faith, and the general edification of her new acquaintances. Indeed, the Slopers, one and all, made great conversational use of their titled friends.

The "Romance of the Peerage" was not published in those days, or Miss Caroline would have had it by heart. As it was, she rivalled the "Court Journal" in fashionable intelligence, while her mamma and sister dwelt chiefly on the uncertainty of fortune, and their better days.

The date of that golden age remained undiscoverable, notwithstanding the united researches of the cook, Mrs. Budgely, and myself; but it was so talked of, and confirmed by the still coming carriages, that, though I cannot say Madame Lucelle ever looked quite orthodox, we all at length believed in the exalted rank and reduction of the Slopers. Thus the season wore away, the carriages grew fewer, and at length ceased. Mrs. Sloper said all her friends had left town, and they must take their own little tour to Paris. It was a sort of habit the dear captain had taught them, and they would not think the year complete without it.

Going to France, or anywhere else, was, at the period of my story, by no means so common as now. Through how many changes has one to look back! George IV. was in his Pavilion; Charles IX. in the Tuileries; free-trade was undreamt of; steam in its infancy; and French gloves and laces were like the "Hesperian apples" to every Englishwoman. Moreover, a trip to Paris was awfully genteel—none of the Meddlington and Ruggley circle had yet thought of that; but the commanding genius of Mrs. Dr. at once perceived how common people could be distanced by travelling in company of the carriage-visited Slopers. Her plan met with warm approbation in the first floor. It would be so delightful! Mrs. Sloper knew such nice cheap ways for a party to travel. The Ruggleys scorned to be behind their age after that intimation. Did you ever know a West Indian who hadn't some notion of saving? In short, a party consisting of the Slopers, Mesdames Cassandra and Christabel Ruggley, Mrs. Meddlington and her eldest daughter Mary Ann Elvira, with the obedient Doctor, as his lady remarked, "to look after the luggage and be useful," journeyed down to Dover by the ancient respectable coach road, and were duly shipped on board the Calais packet.

Mrs. Budgely was left in charge of our apartments; old Miss Ruggley appointed generalissimo of the rival establishments; Madame Lucelle accompanied her ladies; and I was taken to help Doctor Meddlington with the luggage—no light charge it was; but the abundance of ladies' travelling requisites is doubtless to many minds a subject more familiar than agreeable. Suffice it, therefore, to say that there were boxes of all

shapes, trunks of every size, and the indispensable swan, without which Mrs. Sloper declared she would be miserable.

As everybody knows the way from Dover to Paris, I will only remark that, knowing seven ladies, including his own, expected him to do his duty, the doctor stood by the bandboxes like an Englishman; and certainly, to my unsophisticated youth, it appeared that Mrs. Sloper did know nice cheap ways of travelling for herself and daughters. Under her conduct, however, we arrived safe at Madame Pierpont's boarding-house in the Rue St. Madeleine.

I had famous times in Paris. The ladies never required me to walk after them there, though they went out at all hours to see charming friends among the old noblesse in Faubourg St. Germain, who lived in magnificent hotels belonging to their families ever since the wars of the League. Madame Lucelle sometimes went with them; but she had work enough taking in small parcels, which were brought to my mistress by all sorts of people—old Jews, dirty women, and sharp-looking men, the greater part of whom came late in the evenings. How the rest of our company enjoyed the trip, I cannot exactly say, but they went everywhere, looked very much from home, and helped Mrs. Meddlington to scold the doctor. We had not been a fortnight in Paris till I noticed that the Slopers sat up very late in the large room, which, according to French fashion, the whole family with Madame Lucelle occupied. At the end of a month everybody was willing to go: all was packed up, trunks, boxes, and the swan. I did think I had grown fatter by the journey; so had the Slopers every one, though they said they had caught cold, and wore such heavy cloaks and dresses, that all three looked like moving bundles. I saw them wipe their faces many a time in the diligence; but at length, to the doctor's undisguised joy, we were all fairly on board the Dover packet. It was fine vintage weather, and the luggage was piled on deck. There were many passengers, and among them a military-looking person who wore black moustaches, and was called the chevalier by two smoking companions. This gentleman disgusted all the remaining ladies of our party by, in a manner, attaching himself to Mrs. Sloper. She had never seen him before; but so assiduous were his attentions, and so rapid his progress in

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her good graces, that I caught myself calculating, as a tiger might, on the immediate successor to the poor dear Captain, with all the dukes he visited. I heard my mistress eloquent on that subject as we neared the English shore. She was showing the swan, where it sat proudly in its travelling-box with a plate glass lid. It was a charming swan, he had never seen its like, and the Chevalier wished to examine it more nearly. The key Mrs. Sloper always carried was out in an instant, the box was unlocked, and the Chevalier's admiration knew no bounds. We were running up to Dover pier. He looked up for a moment, and talked of the majestic view. Mrs. Sloper turned to be enthusiastic also. I saw something like the gleam of a small knife between his fingers, and the next minute a long end of the "best point" was slowly drawn out of the swan's craw. There was a general scream from the three Slopers; but a custom-house officer, the first who boarded us, pounced on the swan. The trunks, the boxes, and the whole party were, in short, seized and searched. There were girdles of gloves found with the Ruggleys, and a muff lined with ribbons in the wardrobe of Mrs. Meddlington; but I heard that more than a thousand pounds' worth of lace was taken out of the heavy cloaks and dresses under which the three Slopers travelled so laboriously, and the contents of the swan were considered the noblest capture the Preventives had made for years.

How long Mrs. Sloper had carried on the trade none could tell; but the coming of the carriages was now explained to the satisfaction of all but the Ruggleys and Co. They got home safe, I believe, and paid considerable fines. My honored mistress and her daughters were imprisoned for want of two thousand, in which, as Mrs. Budgely said, "they wis hexchacquered." Madame Lucelle turned king's evidence against them all, and went back to her country with flying colors. I had some trouble in finding another place, but lived nevertheless, and was not unthankful to hear that the friend of duchesses had got the fine commuted to something she could pay. Mrs. Budgely said, "she left" two-and-nine-pence-halfpenny in her debt, and having somehow discovered that her husband had been a tide-waiter and not a poor dear captain, she makes a point of telling everybody who will listen the story of Mrs. Sloper's swan.

CHARADES IN ACTION.

We omit the subject of this Charade, and will do so in future, leaving our subscribers a month to guess and make out what it is. The name will be given in our next number.

ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ELDERLY BACHELOR. YOUNG WAGS.

SCENE 1—*Second floor back of elderly Bachelor.*

ENTER ELDERLY BACHELOR, who seats himself in arm-chair, and commences reading *Sunday Times*. He turns to the advertisements, and reads intently. Suddenly he jumps up, and kisses the second column of the advertisements,



then presses it to his heart, and, in impassioned dumb-show, informs the audience that he must hasten to meet some one in the passage, and, by holding his clasped hands towards the ceiling, intimates that he will force her to accept his love. He snatches up a pen, and writes a letter. Having folded it up, he seizes his hat and umbrella, and rushes forth.

SCENE 2—*Waterloo Bridge by night.*

ENTER YOUNG WAGS with the letter written by Elderly Bachelor. Whilst one of them pretends to read it, the others lean one ear forward

to show they are listening attentively; and, by holding their sides, intimate that they enjoy the contents marvellously.

Suddenly they point to the door to tell that the Bachelor is coming, and one of them runs out, whilst the others all retire behind the window curtains.

Re-enter Young Wag with friend dressed in a lady's gown, and a thick veil thrown over her head. The Young Wag also retires behind curtains, leaving Young Lady alone.

Enter Elderly Bachelor. He sees the Lady, presses his heart, and points towards her. She



lets fall her pocket-handkerchief as a signal. Then elderly Bachelor rushes towards her, and, falling on his knees, declares his passion. Giggling heard behind window curtains. He leads her to ottoman, and prevails upon her to be seated. He offers her his hand and well-filled purse. She consents. He then begs of her to show him her face. She refuses; but he pleads so earnestly that at last she is persuaded. On lifting the veil, he falls back in horror at finding she is—black. Wags rush out



ACT II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HORSE-GUARD. HIS CHARGER.
YOUNG LADIES AND OLD LADIES.

SCENE—*The exterior of the Horse-Guards, with stall under window-pole for Guard and his Charger on duty. The clock seen on the mantle-piece in the distance.*

A TRUMPET is heard, when—

Enter GUARD, mounted on the back of his gallant CHARGER, which he guides to the sentry stall under the window. On his head is his



helmet,* and on his shoulders are hair-brush epaulettes; on his breast he wears bright dish-cover cuirass, and his moustache is of the finest burnt cork, or bird's-eye tobacco.

No sooner has he taken his post, than—

Enter several LADIES, who gather round Guard. Some of them express their admiration of his beautiful eyes; others, in their love for him, stand for minutes with clasped hands, and intimate by their gestures that they are suffering from acute sideache. Every moment the crowd round stall increases, and the last arrivals dart angry glances at the early comers. The Guard smiles graciously at all, but in particular to an

OLD LADY with a well-filled purse hanging from her arm.

Trumpet heard in distant passage, and exit Guard on his Charger.

Re-enter Guard. The Ladies crowd round him. Some present him with screws of full-



flavored tobacco. He is gracious to those who give him anything; but, above all, his admira-



tion is riveted on Old Lady with heavy purse. The others perceiving that, despite their presents, he slights their love, grow jealous of Old Lady, each moment becoming more and more violent, and gathering menacingly round Guard.

At last enter small battalion of Guards, who try to disperse the small mob; but in vain. An imaginary Magistrate makes his appearance. He pretends to read the riot act from a piece of music, but without effect; the Ladies still cling to the Life-Guardsman. At length the Magistrate, by well-expressed gesticulations, directs the soldiers to present walking-sticks. They do so. At the sight of this the Ladies scream, and run off in all directions.

ACT III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR. HIS RIVAL.

OLD LADY AND FAMILY.

MOB. POLICEMAN.

SCENE—*Charing Cross.* To the right are seen two of the opposition Conveyance Association sofas, waiting, on their way to Bank, for passengers.

Enter OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR and HIS RIVAL in great-coats, and comforters round necks. On their breasts they wear their saucepan lid badges. They each mount their sofas, and, holding up their forefingers, lean forward *à la*



Taglioni, hailing the distant passers-by. Every now and then they turn round and shake their fists at each other, putting themselves into the touch-admired attitudes of street disputants.

Enter OLD LADY and FAMILY of four sweet children in great hurry, and all holding up their fingers to stop omnibus. The Conductor and his Rival descend, when a violent struggle to possess the fares takes place. Two of the children are carried kicking to one sofa, and two

are thrust into the other, whilst Old Lady wrings her hands, and by her action intimates she is



calling Police. The Conductor and his Rival return to Old Lady. Each seizes an arm, and endeavors to drag her to his omnibus. Old Lady resists, expressing the strongest indignation. All the time the men are abusing one

* The very best imitation helmet that can be made is the coal-scuttle. Some people object to it, and prefer the water-can; but it's nothing to the coal-scuttle.



another, and each insisting in violent gesticulation that the Lady called him first. At last one drags away her shawl, and the other her bag.

Mob gathers round, and insist on Conductor and his Rival "letting the Lady alone."

Enter POLICEMAN, who immediately releases Old Lady, liberates kicking family, and takes the numbers of Conductor and his Rival.

The Lady expresses great gratitude to Police-

man, and takes an ivory card-counter from her



purse to give to him. Policeman turns his head away.

HILL FARM; OR, A WEEK'S ANGLING.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"COME now, Austin, you must be tired of holding up the soles of your boots to an admiring public."

"Well, what if I am? What else can I do with my feet this outrageous weather?" Nevertheless, the young gentleman slowly removed the highly polished patent-leathers from the chair back which they had been ornamenting, in the great reading-room window of the Saint Nicholas Hotel. "Whom have you been looking up?"

"The Mercers—ought to be here from New Orleans; but, as they haven't arrived, I'm saved the bore of a call."

"Oh, I left them in Quebec; won't be here for a fortnight yet. Fannie's worth talking to—quite fresh."

"And a tolerable catch," responded Mr. Hamilton, replacing his card in one side of a cigar-case, and offering the other to his friend. "What! won't smoke? You must be in the last extremities. Come, take a ride."

"Too—hot—what kind of nags?"

"My own; tolerably fast; not too much so for a family man. You ought to see that boy of mine! By the way, let me drive you out to Edgewater. Your sister and Virginia used to be great friends at Madame Hegary's. She'll be delighted."

"Any young women?"

"Two or three. Any inducement?"

"Not a bit; just the reverse. However, give me out inveterate—a bear—a sworn woman-hater."

"The fact is, Austin, the women spoil you."

"No; they only want to marry me, that's all, and I can't afford it these hard times. A wife's the most expensive luxury a man can set up."

"Better tell Virginia so."

"Dare say I shall by to-morrow morning. There's my carpet-bag now, in the office; stuffed there two hours. I was just getting ready to toss up between Sharon and the White Mountains."

"Well, let's be off, then; fifteen miles is something of a trot. I suppose, by another year, I shall settle down and take to the railroad and morning papers, as my neighbors do; steady-going old covies. Jump in."

The well-matched horses sprang forward through the crowd of drays and omnibuses, through the glare and mire of Broadway in August, when the very stones seem to give out a burning heat, and in the crowd upon the pavement you look in vain for a familiar face. Then they turned into the broad, shadeless avenue, with its rows of deserted palaces and solitary unbarred churches, to the vacant ground beyond, promising fortunes to its future possessors, and beautiful to the capitalist, though as unsightly to the uninitiated as bare masses of rock, dusty flats, browsing goats, swarming children, and the shanties of squatters can make them.

"When the City Hall is located on Murray Hill," began Mr. Hamilton.

"And the sky falls," interposed John Austin, tipping his Canadian straw hat a little more over his fine face, for the glare from the long sandy road was by no means agreeable.

"Nonsense! Bordell—you've heard of Bordell, the great up-town landholder—had a man to survey up as far as Spuyton Duoyl Creek, and by his calculations of unimproved lots, and the ratio of progression in the last ten years"—

"Oh, don't, Hamilton! I hate your New York everlasting real estate mania as I do—politics"—

"And women," said the discomfited Hamilton, who, like every thorough-bred New Yorker, talked "real estate" as naturally as a farmer docs crops and the weather. "What shall a fellow talk about that you can get up an interest in? I believe it's all affectation with you."

"No, it isn't, in honor; I can't help it. You know, we travelled rather fast at Yale—all the '46 Seniors *did*—and then I went abroad, and then 'marched back again,' as the army did 'out of England into Spain.' When I'm on my plantation, there isn't a happier, more contented, hard-working man in Alabama. Only it's confoundedly dull rainy days and evenings."

"Ah, that's it; no Virginia and babies, you see."

"Bah! I beg your pardon; deliver me from pinafores, and hominy and molasses fingers!"

"You have variety enough coming North every summer, when the crop's disposed of."

"And spending every cent it brought before I get home, poor as a church mouse."

"In riotous living," quoted Mr. Hamilton, sententiously.

"No; it just goes. I'm not particularly fast now; got through with that long ago; but, as the boatman said, 'what's the use of high wages, *twelve dollars a month*, when it just wastes off again, like'"—

"Clear case," said Hamilton, tipping a fly from the neck of the off horse; "you want a wife to hold the purse-strings, and see where the money goes to. I married through motives of economy, I tell Virginia."

"Driving into a branch to keep dry?"

"Not a bit of it; I saved a thousand dollars the first year. Ask Virginia if I didn't. There's our place, Edgewater, cost us about eight thousand, and improvements a couple more; stock, well, put that down at another, for one of our cows"—

But what had the careless, good-natured Southerner to do with statistics like this? Certainly he found no more interest in them *then* than in the other repudiated topics of conversation; but Fred Hamilton rambled on, with all the *gout* of an amateur country gentleman, of Durham short horns, China fowls, early vegetables, and astonishing seedlings. He was not half through with his catalogue of experi-

ments and experiences, when they reached the pretty village of Newtown, on the outskirts of which Edgewater, his own place, was situated.

The entrance from the main road had a fanciful Swiss cottage, a little larger than a pigeon-house, by way of a lodge. But there were some fine old forest and ornamental trees lining the short avenue, and on the other side of the house the lawn sloped away towards an inlet of the Sound, and was edged by a hard strip of beach, with its fantastic boat and bath-houses, also in the dovecote style.

The house itself was as comfortable as broad, shady piazzas, plenty of room, and a tasteful arrangement of cool-looking furniture could make it. Mrs. Hamilton and "the boy" were in waiting at the hall door at the first sound of wheels upon the gravel.

Mr. Austin came to the conclusion that she was "a very nice kind of person," as he noticed the affectionate greeting between husband and wife, who had been separated for almost three-quarters of a day. He was only afraid he should be asked to kiss the baby; but, when he found the fond papa gave no one else an opportunity of touching the child, nearly smothered in his own rapturous caresses, he took courage, and shook hands heartily with his hostess, who received him with an unembarrassed, cheerful welcome, that is not always extended by wives to their husbands' unknown and unexpected friends.

By the next afternoon, he was quite at home at Edgewater, skipping pebbles on the beach, hanging over the railing of the boat-house, or strolling, cigar in hand, up and down the shady veranda. He even patted the baby on the head, encountering it by accident in a secluded walk. The nurse, who immediately set him down as a "rale gentleman," did not fail to communicate the fact to her mistress, and a rise in Mrs. Hamilton's good graces was the immediate consequence.

The lady visitors proved "perfectly harmless," to use his own expression: the one, a young married lady with a languid air and insipid, pretty face, continually on the look-out for admiration from every one but her husband, soon found that her pains were thrown away on the nonchalant Mobilian; the other, scarcely seventeen, and just out of school, was too hoydenish to suit his taste, or to care whether she did or not.

Mr. Hamilton drove into business every morning, allowing himself great latitude, however, as to the number of hours devoted to it. When at home, his time was divided between his wife

and boy, fishing tackle, giant cabbages, his fowl-houses, and his shrubbery. There is no country in the world where a gay young man subsides into the steady-going *pater familias* as America, and the belle—for Mrs. Hamilton had been one of no little note—steps out of the ball-room into the nursery or store-room as naturally as she made her *entrée* there from boarding-school. These were the very natural reflections of their guest, as he heard his hostess say she was not sure whether it would be worth the trouble of taking baby to town for the night—hearing Grisi when she arrived—and her husband state his intention of contributing to the agricultural fair, where, by the way, “Fashion” was to appear among the stock. “He must take a look at Fashion, for the sake of old times. Eh, Austin?”

Mr. Austin understood the allusion to one of their college escapades. When on leave for three days, they managed to lose a year's allowance apiece “on old Long Island.”

But then John Austin had not settled into a Benedick. It had been his lot to see only one type of our countrywomen heretofore, that class that are always hunting watering-places; and, however he might have dreamed over night, the morning's jaded looks, and a faint computation of milliners', mantuamakers', and hotel bills, generally disenchanted him. Besides, he enjoyed the usual reputation of passable young Southerners at Northern springs, of being himself a fortune; consequently, he had never been under the necessity of addressing any one; the attentions were all showered on him by match-making mammas and chaperons—we grieve to record—closely seconded by marketable young ladies themselves. It was the fault of the manœuvrers themselves, if he grew more fastidious and unimpressible every year. He could never hope to be surprised into matrimony; for, with them, he had come to be habitually on guard.

“You're going to stay with us over Wednesday?” said Mrs. Hamilton, on this particular morning. “You must, Mr. Austin; we count on you as escort. Beaux are exceedingly few and far between in a country neighborhood.”

Visions of a picnic or boating party, with ruralizing city ladies, who would expect him to be gallant, flashed before Mr. Austin's mental vision, and prompted the startled response—

“Wednesday?—really—no, I think I must be in town the day before. I believe, in fact, it is indispensable.”

“Come now,” laughed Mr. Hamilton; “he thinks we have designs upon him. It's only a tea fight, Jack—very rural—at some out of the way farm-house. Virginia makes it a point of

being popular—can't forget old propensities—and visits everybody in the country.”

“It will be so droll!” said the young lady. “I shall die with laughing.”

“For my part,” and the married fashionist shrugged her fair shoulders, much too visible through her thin morning-dress, “I confess I only go to oblige dear Mrs. Hamilton. Tea at seven! Positively before dark! What wilds unknown you must penetrate!”

“To oblige me, and astonish the natives by Parisian fashions,” returned their hostess, good-naturedly. “You know, Bell, that you intend to make a sensation. So will Mr. Austin, I promise him beforehand. Our rural damsels will be pulling caps for him the whole evening.”

“The long and the short of it is,” said Mr. Hamilton, rising, “Virginia has accepted this tea-party invitation, a kind of social gathering we have once a fortnight or so, and every one is expected to bring the friends they may have staying with them at the time. Sometimes it is at a farm-house, as to-day; sometimes at the most stylish country residence of a *ci-devant* New Yorker. It's a kind of social experiment our ladies are making, and so far works capitally. Now, will you go or not? That's the sum and substance; for I must be off in ten minutes.”

“I rather think I'll go.”

“And your return to the city isn't quite indispensable?” said Mrs. Hamilton, maliciously. “I cannot promise much, for I have never been at Hill Farm, and do not even know the young lady of the house. Our neighbors are mostly people of the plainest stamp, substantial farmers, who have heretofore had very little intercourse with the city; but all the more reliable and good-hearted for that. The novelty will be amusing, if nothing more, to one so travelled as Mr. Austin.”

“Who has seen so much of art as to give him a taste for nature.”

Mrs. Hamilton shook her head playfully, for he glanced as he spoke after the etherial figure of her married guest. “Good-hearted, but spoiled a little.” And the breakfast-party separated for the morning.

It did seem rather an unusual hour, leaving for an evening visit at four in the afternoon, the usual dinner hour at Edgewater. But the ladies had taken a substantial lunch, and the gentlemen were not expected to join them until eight, or later, if they chose.

Mr. Austin, who had exhausted his resources in the absence of his host, stood ready to hand them into the carriage when it was brought round. Mrs. Hamilton, simply dressed, with

only a few green leaves in her beautifully braided hair, began to grow impatient at her friend's protracted toilet.

"It will be so out of place," she said to Mr. Austin. "We make it a rule to dress as plainly as possible, because many cannot afford to do otherwise, or think they cannot. No one but a New Yorker spends all they are worth on their dress. Not that Bell can't afford it. Here she comes at last."

And Mrs. Lawson *swam* through the veranda towards them in a Saratoga evening-dress, of some indescribable tissue, with innumerable flounces, and the least possible supply of sleeve and corsage. This costume was surmounted by a pale rose-colored cashmere opera cloak, thrown back to display her shoulders and the richly quilted satin lining at the same time.

The young lady—Miss Allen, or "Kate," as she desired everybody to call her after knowing them five minutes—was decorated with as many rosettes and streamers as a favorite racer, and wore a very short, very full white muslin apron, also streaming with no end of ribbon.

"Oh, come with us, Mr. Austin; do now," she called out, in the most unembarrassed manner. "Here's a seat by me; and you can ride back with Jim. Can't he, Mrs. Hamilton?"

"Certainly, if he chooses. Will you, Mr. Austin? It is a very wild road, and you may chance on some pretty bits of scenery you will miss in an evening ride."

Mr. Austin had nothing better to do, and the carriage moved on at last, though Mrs. Hamilton was afraid they would be fashionably late, which she particularly wished to avoid.

It certainly was a wild road, over hills almost perpendicular, remarkable hills for that part of the country, and growing narrower every mile. Mrs. Lawson found occasion for various pretty little starts and shrieks, at rough joltings; but Mr. Austin was very much interested. The farms were scattered, and evidently owed good crops to careful culture rather than natural richness of the soil. The houses were nearly all old, entirely devoid of any architectural pretensions; often with a small ill-kept vegetable garden before the front door, and a stable close in the rear. The gray, often moss-grown stone fences, the thrifty gathering of the fields they inclosed, had a peculiar charm in the neutral tint so in keeping with the landscape. Now and then a cur ran out, and barked under the heels of the spirited horses, or geese cackled as they flew with snowy wings outspread directly into the danger they desired to avoid. Domestic-looking families of obedient chickens, led by

motherly hens, sought an economical subsistence from the roadside, while the barnyard champion, perched on the highest rail of the farm-gate, sunned his burnished plumage as he watched over them complacently. The lowing of kine in the meadows, or the distant tinkle of a sheep-bell, blended pleasantly with the murmur of brook, and bee, and waving foliage. The summer heat was tempered by the shadow of trees and clinging vines, or great hoary rocks, along the roadside. It was a tranquil hour and landscape, such an influence as disposes the lover of Nature's quiet moods to happy, if not holy thoughts.

Mrs. Hamilton's expressive face reflected the spirit in which her guest was enjoying their lovely ride, for he managed to seem unconscious of the afflictions of Mrs. Lawson, and the incessant chatter of Miss Kate, by leaning back in his corner of the carriage, with his eyes shaded as if from the glare of the occasional bursts of sunshine.

"It is very rude and old-fashioned," said Mrs. Hamilton, as they passed a homestead, guiltless of paint or shutters, with wall-paper window curtains, and only a well-worn wooden step or two by way of porch to the principal entrance. "It seems to me that our good grandfathers used to think that the squarer, more shadeless, and unpicturesque their dwellings could be made, the better."

"Such vulgarians!" answered Mrs. Lawson.

"Oh, no, not vulgar, Bell; nothing is vulgar in the country. Don't you know that? I'd rather meet the most 'countrified' country people that ever lived than a city vulgarian. The class is quite distinct; isn't it, Mr. Austin?"

"Quite," said Mr. Austin, relapsing into reverie, and, for the first time, thinking of Hill Farm, their destination, of which all they had seen was probably a type. "Windsor chairs and painted floors, I suppose, by way of interior view. Rather a change from the St. Nicholas! And rural damsels of the milkmaid pattern. Well, anything for a variety, and it's only for one evening. I shall survive it, I reckon."

It was certainly the view Mrs. Hamilton, as well as the adjacent habitations, had prepared him for; and she was not less astonished than himself when they came suddenly upon a lawn smooth and trim as that of Edgewater, sloping down to the road, and separated from it only by a kind of natural terrace, edged by a light iron railing. "Jim," the coachman, an old resident, who knew every place for miles around, was certainly preparing to rein in his horses at the stone steps which led up to a winding path

through all this verdure, though as yet they saw no house.

"Are you sure, Jim?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, leaning from the carriage window. "Hill Farm—Mr. Williams, you know."

"Sure," said Jim, respectfully, but decidedly. "There's the new house, up through the locust-trees; the old one used to stand right 'longside the road, jest where you see them laylock bushes."

The new house, whatever the old one had been, was worthy of the greenery around it. A long, low cottage building, with casement windows opening to the ground, and diamond-paned lattices above. It was by no means a costly or showy building, nor in the prevalent fantastic fashion of "model cottages." It had, however, a style of its own, neither Florentine nor Gothic, but tasteful, and apparently as convenient for all practical purposes as the angular, unpainted structures they had found on the road. The out-houses were equally neat, not in full view from the front of the house, and painted a dark brown, relieved by white outline.

Mrs. Hamilton and her gentleman visitor exchanged glances of surprise and approval as they alighted. Miss Kate clapped her hands with her usual emphasis, while Mrs. Lawson seemed only intent on saving her flounces from contact with the ground.

As they came up the path, the figure of a young girl appeared in the door-way, perfectly in keeping with her surroundings, so much so that the whole picture seemed scarcely real; and Mr. Austin almost feared it would fade away, like enchantment, before he could get a nearer view of that gracefully poised head and smiling face.

It was naturally an embarrassing position for the young country girl, who was still a stranger, except by name, to her guests, and they rather a formidable party from their station and habitual associations. But, if she felt a quick flutter of embarrassment, it was not betrayed, except by a very becoming flush, that rose and faded so quickly that no one but a careful observer, such as our gallant Southerner, would have noticed it. She was dressed with perfect simplicity, in a pale-blue lawn, the open sleeves edged by a narrow lace, and the throat by a plain cambric collar. She wore a muslin apron, as well as the city girl, but it was of only one breadth and unornamented. The expression of her face, and the poise of her figure, at once so free and graceful, so frank, and yet so self-possessed, was the greatest charm of the young mistress of Hill Farm Cottage.

"Nature and Art! what a tableau!" thought Mr. Austin, as he watched her reception of the condescendingly patronizing Mrs. Lawson.

"You were very good to come," she said to Mrs. Hamilton, evidently sincerely pleased to make her acquaintance; "the road is so rough, and we are such plain people. Will the gentleman come in?"

"Mr. Austin," said Mrs. Hamilton.

Mr. Austin bowed. "No, he believed not; it was a ladies' party, and he could not think of intruding so early." But, as Mr. Austin bowed again and walked away, he felt strongly inclined to accept the invitation, or to do anything that would bring him again near that face and voice. They had a wonderful influence over him, chiming so with the quiet naturalness of his present mood.

He looked back, as he reached the carriage, and caught a glimpse of her—Lucy, Mrs. Hamilton had said she was called—throwing open a casement window, and parting the muslin curtain of the chamber to which she had conducted her guests. It decided the half-formed fancy he had suddenly taken.

"You may drive home, Jim. Tell Mr. Hamilton he will find me here. I'm going to hunt up a trout stream."

So Jim drove away, and he sprang across a low stone wall, making for an alder-shaded brook that wandered through the meadow, thinking of Wordsworth's Lucy—"a violet by a mossy stone"—and rather astonished at the sentimental train of his own reflections, as he went.

(To be continued.)

TO KATE.

WHEN light drives darkness from the earth,
And gentle morn is brought to birth;
When stars of night fade from the sky
The brilliant sun doth mount on high,
And glistens on the lake and sea—
Then, bonny Kate, I'll think of thee!

When gently sinks the god of morn,
Then twilight to the earth is born,
An hour the world does less allure,
The mind is calm and fancy pure;
While musing thus my thoughts rove free,
Then, dearest Kate, I think of thee.

When reading from that Book Divine,
Where truth shines forth in every line;
When warbling forth your sweetest lay,
Or kneeling by your couch to pray;
While thus bowed down on bended knee,
Then, gentle Kate, oh, pray for me!

HARRY, New York, Sept. 7, 1854.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND CORTES.

FOR GODEY'S YOUNG READERS.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

(Continued from page 57.)

CHAPTER IV.

Reception of Cortes at Cempoalla—His arrival at Chiahuitzla—He causes the tax-gatherers of Montezuma to be imprisoned—His alliance with the Totonacs—Villa Rica founded—Transactions at Cempoalla—Destruction of the fleet—March to Mexico resolved upon.

HAVING, at length, restored peace and order to his camp, Cortes, finding his present situation an unhealthy one, directed the fleet to sail along shore to Chiahuitzla, an Indian town some thirty miles to the northward, near which he designed founding a settlement. He himself led the troops by land in the same direction, intending, on his march, to pay the visit he had promised to the lord of Cempoalla.

When the Spaniards drew near that city, they were met by twenty of its most respectable inhabitants, who, bearing refreshments for the troops, welcomed them there in the name of their lord. Cortes nevertheless marched on as if he feared treachery, sending forward scouts to warn him of any appearance of danger. One of these, having reached the city, came galloping joyfully back, to tell the general that the walls of the houses were of pure silver; but when presently these walls were found to be nothing more than sun-dried bricks brilliantly white-washed, there was much joking at the poor scout's expense. Yet the city was one of considerable wealth and importance, being well built, and containing not less than twenty thousand inhabitants. Crowds of these, women as well as men, came out to welcome the Spaniards, crowning the general and his chief officers with wreaths of flowers. Nearly all wore rings of gold around their necks or in their ears and nostrils, and some had ornamented their under lips with curiously fashioned pieces of gold leaf.

When the army had marched into Cempoalla, the lord of that city, who, being very corpulent, could not walk without help, came forth from his palace and greeted Cortes with a respect that seemed like adoration. The next day the general and he had a long conversation in private. Boasting of his sovereign's grandeur, Cortes declared he had been sent to relieve all suffering

under oppression. "If, therefore," he artfully continued, "I can help you, show me in what, and I will do it cheerfully." Sighing, and with tearful eyes, the Cempoallese lord complained of his Mexican conquerors, who, he said, crushed his people with heavy taxation, and, when they murmured, tore from them their sons and daughters to be sacrificed. "From this oppression," he exclaimed, "we long to be relieved; but who can withstand the armies of Montezuma?"

"I," replied Cortes, "will not allow such wrongs as you complain of, and will help your people to regain their lost freedom. For the armies of Montezuma, I care nothing, since one Spaniard is stronger than a host of Mexicans!"

Having by these and other assurances won the friendship and raised the hopes of his entertainer, Cortes set out for Chiahuitzla. On his arrival there, he was met by fifteen nobles of the place, who received him with great ceremony, perfuming him with the smoke of gum copal, which they burned in little fire-pans or censers. While he was conversing with these persons, some of the inhabitants ran up, crying out that the tax-gatherers of Montezuma were approaching. In a moment all was confusion; and the Chiahuitzlan nobles withdrew trembling, to welcome the new-comers, who, richly dressed, and of a stately bearing, presently stalked by the Spaniards without seeming to notice them.

Cortes was not at all pleased with their haughtiness; but when he learned that they demanded twenty human victims from the lords of Cempoalla and Chiahuitzla, to expiate their crime in having sheltered him, his indignation seemed to rise to a high pitch, and he ordered the Totonacs, if they desired his friendship, to throw the tax-collectors into prison. After some hesitation, they did so; and, having thus committed themselves, they would have sacrificed the captives at once, but Cortes would not permit it.

As he had thus driven the Totonacs to such open rebellion as insured their destruction unless they sought his assistance, the wily general now adopted a course which, no matter how things turned out, might still gain him the friendship of Montezuma. Two of the captives were at

midnight brought before him. "Why were you imprisoned?" he asked. "The Totonacs," was the answer, "seized us in obedience to your commands." "I know nothing," said Cortes, hesitating not to lie. "I am sorry for what has been done. Go," he continued, dismissing them secretly with many presents—"go to your master, and tell him the Spaniards are his friends!"

Meanwhile, some of the Totonacs were for laying all the blame of the ill-treatment of Montezuma's officers upon Cortes; but, cheered by the "sweet hope of liberty," a majority of the nobles advocated an alliance with "those gods," as they called the Spaniards, whose powerful aid would soon enable them to shake off the yoke of Mexican slavery. When they spoke of this to Cortes, he warned them to consider what they did. "Yet," he continued, "if you stand to your words, I will be your leader." This declaration the simple-minded people received with much joy, and readily promised submission to the King of Spain.

The particulars of this alliance being arranged, Cortes, assisted by the natives, speedily built up, not far from Chiahuitzla, Villa Rica de Vera Cruz, or "The Rich City of the True Cross," first of Christian settlements on the main land of North America.

Meanwhile, Montezuma had heard of the imprisonment of his officers. Filled with indignation, he ordered the raising of an immense army to punish the rebellious Totonacs, and to drive the insolent Spaniards from his shores. But when the liberated captives came and told how Cortes had treated them, his anger was changed to admiration, and he immediately sent messengers, two of whom were his nephews, to thank the Spanish general for his kindness. It gave him much pain, however, he said, to hear that they had encouraged the Totonacs; yet, doubting not that the Spaniards were those divine strangers whose coming had been foretold, for their sake he would not punish the rebels at present.

Cortes welcomed the emperor's messengers courteously. To Montezuma he sent word that the Totonacs were blameless, as they had refused their usual tribute only to be able to help the Christians. "I will soon come and kiss your hands," he continued, "and make all right with you." Before the messengers departed, he ordered his cavalry to skirmish on a neighboring plain. With this exhibition the Mexicans were much pleased; nor were the Totonacs without cause for joy. Instead of armies, Montezuma had sent ambassadors to Cortes, of whom "they began to have a great conceit."

Returning to Cempoalla, Cortes assembled the chief inhabitants, and tried to get them to destroy their idols and become Christians. "Our gods are good and bountiful!" exclaimed the priests who were present, clad in robes of dark cotton, and having their long hair matted with the blood of human victims. "We wish for no better." The spirit of Cortes now took fire.

"Soldiers!" he shouted, "what do we wait for! Heaven will frown upon us," he continued, referring to the bloody sacrifices of the Indians, "if we permit such barbarities! Courage then! Now is the time to show our zeal for our religion! Let the heathen idols instantly go down!"

Shouting applause, the soldiers now rushed towards the chief temple, which, shaped like a pyramid wanting its peaked top, rose high, with steep steps in the centre. In a moment, as it were, the whole city rang with the yells of the Cempoallese swarming to the defence of their gods. Acting with his usual promptitude and fearlessness, Cortes had the lord and the principal men of the place immediately seized. "You and your people shall surely die," he said, "if but a single Spaniard be hurt." "Pull down our gods if you will," sorrowfully returned the captives, hiding their faces; "but know, they will straightway punish you for the wrongs you may do them!"

"I will run the risk," replied Cortes, laughing; and immediately fifty Spaniards sprang up the temple's steps. Reaching the top, with loud shouts they tore down the idols and hurled them to the street below, where they were burned amid the cries and lamentations of their worshippers. No fire fell from heaven upon the destroyers, as the Indian priests had expected; whereupon, many of them, convinced that their gods were powerless, presently changed their dark robes for others of snowy white, and took an earnest part in the ceremonies by which their late temple was consecrated to the services of Christian faith.

Leaving an aged soldier to watch over the new church, Cortes presently returned to Villa Rica. As he knew that his recent conduct, unless sanctioned by his sovereign, would bring him into trouble, he now resolved on sending letters to the King of Spain, praying that all he had done might receive the royal approval. But he did not trust to fair words alone. Exercising that wonderful influence he already had over the greedy hearts of his men, he persuaded them to give up all their dearly-earned treasures, to be presented to their sovereign as a free gift, and as a sample of the riches yet to come. A

right princely gift it was, too; and the richest specimen of her wealth the New World had as yet sent to the Old!

Soon after the sailing of the vessels which bore this treasure, some of the friends of Velasquez plotted to seize a ship and steal off to Cuba. The conspiracy was discovered, however, and two of the ringleaders executed. On signing the death-warrants of these poor wretches, Cortes, unconsciously perhaps, used the words of the tyrant Nero on a like occasion. "Would," exclaimed he, "that I had never learned to write!"

Having returned to Cempoalla, and seeing by the late conspiracy that, should the fears of his men overcome their thirst for gold and glory, they might rise against him, seize the fleet, and force him to relinquish at once the country and his ambitious designs, Cortes determined to anticipate any movement of the kind, by having the ships secretly destroyed. Moved by his arguments, entreaties, and gold, the pilots of the vessels reported them unfit for sea. The general seemed to be taken by surprise. "What!" he exclaimed. "Is it so? Well, then, gentlemen," he continued, turning to his officers, "we must make the best of it. God's will be done!" Everything useful about the ships being brought on shore, all but one were sunk. Cortes had now either to conquer or to perish miserably; but of this he was well aware, and he knew also that, if he conquered, this single act of daring would render his name immortal.

When tidings of the destruction of the fleet reached the soldiers, their consternation was indeed great. They gave themselves up as lost, and lamented as none can lament but those who despair. Fear presently turned into indignation at the author of this new calamity. Rushing to the tent of the general, they upbraided him as having betrayed them and sacrificed them to his cursed ambition. From this, the most difficult strait in which he had ever been, the promptness and fearless audacity of Cortes speedily released him. "As for me," he cried, as the soldiers pressed round him, "I have chosen my part! I will remain here while there is one to bear me company. If there be any cravens here, let them take the one vessel left and return to Cuba; and, telling how they have deserted their comrades, wait patiently till we return with the spoils of Mexico!" As he concluded, the air rang with the united shouts of the army: "To Mexico! To Mexico! We will obey you, general! Our fortunes are cast with yours!"

CHAPTER V.

Cortes sets out for Mexico—Interview of his messengers with the Tlascalans—The great wall of the Tlascalans—Battles between them and the Spaniards—Cortes victorious—Peace—Reception of the Spaniards at Tlascala.

ON the morning of the sixteenth of August, 1519, Cortes, at the head of thirteen hundred Totonac warriors, and four hundred and fifteen Spaniards, with seven cannon and fifteen horses, set out to penetrate to the heart of the populous, powerful, and far from friendly empire of Mexico. Crossing a flowery tract of level country, the road began to rise, and, at the close of the second day, the army encamped at Jalapa, since made famous by the well-known drug grown in its vicinity. Still ascending slowly, after passing through a dreary and rugged region, where chilly storms of rain and hail swept down upon them from the mountains, the Spaniards at length reached a delightful plain, where the air was neither too hot nor too cold. Here they came upon a populous and well-built city, adorned with many beautiful temples, one of which contained no less than a hundred thousand skulls of human victims.

Before leaving this city, where he met a cool reception, its lord being a vassal of Montezuma, Cortes, advised by his Totonac friends, resolved on marching to Mexico by way of Tlascala. This was the chief city of a little republic of the same name, the warlike inhabitants of which were deadly foes to the Mexicans, who had long and vainly attempted their conquest. Though aware of the warlike character of these people, the general thought that, since they hated Montezuma, they would welcome him as a deliverer. To make sure of such a welcome, however, he sent forward four Totonac nobles, with several rich presents, to ask the Tlascalans to allow him and his troops a passage through their country.

Receiving "graciously" the messengers of Cortes, the Tlascalan senate met to consider about granting his request. Some of the senators, believing the Spaniards to be those gods whose coming had been foretold, were for greeting them as friends. On this, a venerable chief, whose eyes were dim with the mists of more than a hundred years, rose up.

"Our laws," said he, "bid us receive strangers, not enemies. They who now ask admittance to our city seem to me monsters cast up by the sea, rather than gods; for how can they be gods who so thirst after gold and pleasure? Let their request, then, be denied. Should they try to force their way here, our arms will make

it known if they be mortal ; if they be gods, we shall have time to implore their pardon !”

This speech was much applauded ; but the friends of peace remained firm ; whereupon one of the chiefs proposed a middle course. Xicotencatl, a young warrior fond of battle and glory, commanded the troops on the eastern frontier. “ Let him,” said the new speaker, “ fall at once upon the Spaniards. If victorious, he will have them in his power ; if defeated, we can deny that the attack was made by our orders.” This cunning policy, it is scarcely necessary to say, was adopted, while the messengers of Cortes were detained.

Meanwhile, the general had cautiously advanced until his march was suddenly stopped by one of the most wonderful works he had as yet met with in the New World. This was a huge stone wall, nine feet high, and twenty in thickness, stretching full six miles from one side to the other of the mountain-locked valley through which he was marching. In the centre was its only opening, some thirty feet wide, and so contrived that, if well defended, a strong army would have had hard work to pass through. Stopping awhile to examine this wonderful structure, which, he was told, the Tlascalans had erected as a barrier against Mexican invasion, Cortes, being impatient that his messengers had not returned, boldly spurred his horse into the entrance, calling on his troops to follow. Strangely enough, and fortunately for the Spaniards, it was wholly unguarded, and, in a few moments, the little band stood upon the soil of Tlascala.

Scarcely were the Christians started again, when four thousand Tlascalan warriors fell upon them with unlooked-for fierceness and courage. The struggle was short, however, and the Indians fled, leaving seventy of their number slain. Two Spanish horses were killed, each being beheaded by a single stroke from a Tlascalan sword. Pushing boldly on, the next day Cortes was furiously assailed by an Indian army thirty thousand strong. Long, terrible, and doubtful was the conflict ; but the cannon, the horses, and the desperate valor of the Christians finally prevailed. That night the Spaniards and their allies celebrated the victory with feasts, dances, songs, and martial music.

The following day Cortes sent messengers to Xicotencatl, the undaunted leader of the Indians, offering peace, and declaring his intention to visit Tlascala as a friend. “ Go there when you will,” was the fierce reply ; “ your flesh shall be hacked from your bones and sacrificed to the gods ! If you stay where you are, to-morrow I shall myself come and answer you more plainly.”

Great was the alarm this bold defiance gave the Spaniards—an alarm not lessened by their receiving from Xicotencatl an abundant store of poultry and maize, “ that they might strengthen themselves” for the next day’s fight. “ We feared death,” writes one of the Christians, “ for we were men ;” and for death all prepared that night, by confessing their sins to father Olmedo, and going to communion.

Cortes, however, showed no fear, and, on the following morning, the fifth of September, 1519, led out his troops to battle. Covering a vast plain, the Tlascalan host, one hundred thousand in number, stood ready to meet him. Nothing could be more terrible, yet more beautiful than the appearance of the Indians in battle array. Glittering in armor of gold, and silver, and brilliant feathers curiously worked together ; with lofty plumes of green, scarlet, and purple, and innumerable banners waving in the wind ; and with their copper-headed darts and spears gleaming in the morning sun ; the barbarians, yelling and shrieking, swept like an avalanche upon the little band of Christians. Before their crushing mass the Spaniards wavered, yielded, and were hurled back, despite the cheery tones with which Cortes bade them stand firm. But despair gave them more than human strength. They rallied, and laying fiercely about them, at length shook off the enemy, upon whom the artillery now began to thunder with fearful carnage. Impeded by their own numbers, distracted by a quarrel among themselves, and terror-stricken by the iron storm of the Spanish cannon, the Tlascalans, charged anew by Cortes and his cavalry, wavered, broke, and fled in the utmost confusion.

To account for the disastrous defeat of the Indians, their want of discipline is mentioned, as well as their earnest desire to carry off the bodies of their slain, of whom, it is said, not one, though thousands must have fallen, was found on the field of battle. That the Spaniards lost but a single soldier killed, is explained by the fact that the chief endeavor of the Tlascalans was to take the Christians alive, in order to sacrifice them to the gods.

Great was the consternation of the Tlascalans at their late defeat, and, in their despair, they sought the advice of their priests. After many sacrifices and incantations, the priests declared that the Spaniards, being children of the sun, could only be conquered at night, when they were not strengthened with more than mortal strength by the beams of their great parent. Though night attacks were contrary to their established military rules, that evening ten thousand warriors marched out, hoping to sur-

prise and cut to pieces the enfeebled Christians. But the moon shining brightly, the watchful sentinels of Cortes caught sight of the dusky columns advancing, and gave the alarm. Quietly, and in a few moments, the general prepared his troops for battle.

No sooner had the Indians crept silently to the foot of the eminence on which Cortes was encamped, than they were startled by the loud battle-cry of the Christians, as, bursting from their intrenchments, they swept down the sides of the hill. Panic-stricken by this bold and sudden appearance of an enemy they had thought to be slumbering soundly, the Tlascalans, offering scarcely any resistance, turned and fled in confusion, closely pursued by the Spanish cavalry, who rode and cut them down without mercy.

The next day Cortes sent messengers to Tlascala, threatening to bury the inhabitants of the city under its ruins unless they should allow him peaceable admittance. Hopeless and dispirited, the senate immediately dispatched ambassadors to make peace with Cortes; but, on their way to him, they were stopped by Xicotencatl, the Indian general, whose military fire was yet unquenched by disaster.

The following morning, however, some fifty Tlascalans came into the Christian camp, saying that their general had sent them to make known his desire for peace. Bringing such pleasant tidings, they were welcomed in a most friendly manner. But, being informed that they were spies employed by Xicotencatl, Cortes arrested and examined them; and, finding them to be such, ordered their hands to be cut off. Thus mutilated, they were sent back to their general. "Tell him," was the message they carried, "that whether he comes by night or day, he will find the Spaniards ready for him!" For this piece of cruelty, Cortes has been harshly censured; but war is the fruitful parent of cruelty, and, even in these "enlightened times," I believe, convicted spies are hung.

The sad sight of their returned comrades was to the Tlascalcan troops a source of horror and consternation. The courage even of Xicotencatl gave way, and, hoping no more from resistance, he went, with many attendants, to the Spanish camp, there to consider the terms of peace. As both parties were heartily sick of the contest, they soon came to an agreement, the Tlascalans yielding themselves vassals to Spain, and engaging to assist Cortes, who, in turn, bound himself to make their enemies his.

For the latter, peace was not concluded any too soon. Complaining of their sufferings; that

none in the army was unwounded; and that full fifty soldiers had perished by sickness or in battle since leaving Cempoalla; a portion of the troops called upon Cortes, and begged him to return to Villa Rica, and there wait for reinforcements from Cuba.

"Your sufferings," replied he, "have been great, indeed. But victory has always crowned your hardships. To go back now is impossible. The very stones will rise up against us. Fix your eyes, then, upon Mexico, and go forward, remembering that it is better to die with honor than to live disgraced." Long and loud was the applauding shout that greeted this sentiment, and the spokesmen of the discontented party stole silently away.

Yielding to the urgent solicitations of its rulers, Cortes at length began his march to the city of Tlascala, which was some eighteen miles distant. As the Spaniards drew near it, they were met by an immense throng of the inhabitants, some of whom, bearing wreaths of flowers, crowned the cavaliers with them, while others filled the air with the smoke and perfume of incense. Entering the narrow and winding streets of the city, the army had hard work, though aided by the police, to make their way through the admiring multitude gathered to see the wonderful strangers. Upon the flat roofs of the one-storied houses, built either of clay, sundried bricks, or stone and lime, thousands of women and children, gayly dressed, were collected. Over all the streets through which they passed were thrown arches of evergreen and flowers; and the strange music of barbaric trumpets, mingled with wild shouts of "jubilee and rejoicing, made it appear," says Clavigero, a Mexican historian, "rather the celebration of the republic's triumph than of that of its enemies. This day, still commemorated in Tlascala, was the 23d of September, 1519."

CHAPTER VI.

Cortes marches to Cholula—Massacre of the people of that city—Cortes resumes his march—First view of the valley of Mexico—Narrow escape of Cortes.

HAVING remained in Tlascala a short time, converting the people of that republic from deadly foes to firm and faithful friends, Cortes at length prepared to depart for Mexico, whither, meanwhile, the changeful Montezuma had invited him. Before starting, however, the general, blinded by religious zeal, threatened to do as he had done at Cempoalla, unless the Tlasca-

lans gave up their idolatrous worship. But father Olmedo checked him, saying that such a course would bring ruin upon the Spaniards, and not advance the true faith, which could only be propagated by patient teaching and good example. Moved by the arguments of the worthy priest, Cortes wisely left the Tlascalans to do as they pleased in religious matters. Yet, at his request, they readily consented not to offer up any more human sacrifices.

Against the advice of his new friends, but complying with that of Montezuma, the general resolved to march to Mexico through Cholula. Though they feared treachery, six thousand Tlascalans willingly bore him company. Crossing a high and rocky region, the army reached the broad plain surrounding Cholula, of which, says Cortes, "not a hand's breadth was uncultivated." The next morning they entered the city, being welcomed, as at Cempoalla and Tlascalala, by an immense multitude of the inhabitants, with music, flowers, and incense.

Cholula, where Cortes was thus welcomed, contained some twenty thousand houses, solidly built, along wide, clean, and regular streets. Noted for its age and the excellence of its manufactures, it was also remarkable for its religious character, and therefore was called "The Holy Place of the Gods." Here, it was said, Quetzalcoatl, the god of air, the same deity whose return Montezuma apprehended had spent twenty years teaching the inhabitants religion and the various arts for which they were celebrated. In his honor, the famous "Pyramid of Cholula" had been built. The base of this immense edifice, which is still standing, covered full forty acres of ground, while its top, one hundred and seventy feet high, upon which rose a magnificent temple, containing an image of the god, embraced an area of not less than an acre. This, and its numerous other temples, where every year six hundred children were sacrificed, rendered Cholula an object of great veneration, and drew there thousands of pilgrims, not only from near cities, but also from the furthest parts of the country.

Though welcomed into this city with every appearance of respect and good-will, Cortes soon began to have suspicions as to the faithfulness of its inhabitants. These suspicions soon became certainties. A Cholulan lady of rank, having taken a strong liking for Marina, the faithful interpreters of Cortes, begged her not to stay with the Spaniards, for whose destruction, she said, a plot had been formed by the nobles of the city and Montezuma, twenty thou-

sand of whose troops were near by, waiting for the fatal and now not far distant hour.

This intelligence Marina immediately communicated to Cortes, who, arresting three of the chief priests of Cholula, found it confirmed by their confession. Alarmed though he was, the general, with his usual promptness, laid a counterplot. The Tlascalans, who, at the request of the Cholulans, had been kept outside the city, were ordered to storm it at a given signal; while, saying that he was about to depart, Cortes called on the principal men of Cholula to meet him next morning in the great square, formed by the buildings in which his troops were quartered.

Scarcely had the Spanish general completed his arrangements, when, early in the day, the Cholulan chiefs, attended by many warriors, marched into the square appointed for the meeting.

"Cholulans," suddenly exclaimed Cortes, who was on horseback, "I have tried to make you my friends; but, with mean faithlessness, under the seeming of friendship, you have plotted to murder me and my people."

For a while, the Cholulans were struck dumb. Recovering, however, "This man is like our gods," they said; "it is useless to deny anything." And, accordingly, they confessed to the general that what he said was true. Calling some of them aside, Cortes asked why they had resolved upon such treachery. By the advice of Montezuma, they replied, the Mexican ambassadors had persuaded them to it. The ambassadors were present; and, with eyes flashing indignantly, Cortes addressed them:—

"These wretches," he exclaimed, "try to throw all blame upon your emperor; but I cannot believe him guilty of such treachery. Be not afraid," he continued; "though blood shall flow to-day, it will not be yours. These traitorous Cholulans, however, shall perish. Heaven be my witness, it is their perfidy, not the desire of my heart, that arms me to punish them!"

"Cortes having thus spoken," says Clavigero, whom I condense, "and given the signal of attack by firing a musket, the Spaniards fell so furiously upon the miserable Cholulans, that they did not leave one alive of all who were in the square. The rivulets of blood which streamed about, and the horrible shrieks of the wounded and dying Indians, would have awakened pity in any heart that was not burning for revenge. Having ended the bloody tragedy within the square, the Spaniards rushed out into the streets of the city, sheathing their swords in the bodies of every Cholulan they

met. Meanwhile, the Tlascalans entered the city like famished lions, their fierceness growing with the blood they shed, and their eagerness to please their new friends.

"Though thrown into disorder by so keen and unexpected a stroke, the Cholulans, rallying, made a stern resistance, until, at length, feeling the superiority of the Spanish arms, the greater part sought safety in flight from the city. Others, believing, as tradition had taught them, that, if the foundations of the great temple were torn up, the city would be deluged, tried in this way to ruin their enemies; but, finding that expedient useless, they fled to their houses and to the towers of their temples. This, however, did not help them; for the Spaniards immediately set fire to every building where they met opposition. Temples and houses were soon in flames; the streets were filled with the bloody or half-burned bodies of slain Indians; and nothing was heard but the shouts of the victors and the groans of the dying Cholulans, who bitterly complained to their gods who had deserted them in their need. Of the many who fled to the temples, but one surrendered; the rest were either burned to ashes, or threw themselves from the high towers of the buildings in which they sought safety."

For two days did this horrible massacre continue, during which time no less than six thousand Cholulans perished, without the loss of a single Spaniard. Awful must have been the sight, when, the work of slaughter being ended, the Christians and their allies cleansed the city of its dead.

The chief ruler of Cholula having been slain in the conflict, Cortes, persuading the remaining noblemen to recall their scattered people, assisted at the election of a successor. Convinced that the wrath of the *Teutles*, or gods, as they called the Spaniards, had spent itself, the inhabitants of the city soon began to return, and, before the Christians left, everything seemed as cheerful and busy as if nothing had happened.

Having thus terribly punished the people of Cholula for their intended treachery, Cortes, after remaining in that city fourteen days, once more set out on his march to Mexico. In every town through which he journeyed the chief men welcomed him as one with power to free them from the tyranny by which Montezuma oppressed them. About noon of their second day's march, the army entered a pass between two snow-covered mountains—Iztacihuatl and Popocatepetl. For six miles the road was narrow and rough, and the men suffered intensely from the winds, which, bearing hail and sleet,

swept down upon them so fiercely that they could scarcely speak or carry their arms. But their toils and discomforts were soon rewarded. Having struggled through the mountain defile, all at once, as it were, the valley of Mexico beamed upon their sight.

"When they first beheld this prospect," writes Robertson, who wellnigh literally translates the language of Bernal Diaz, a soldier present, "one of the most striking and beautiful on the face of the earth; when they observed fertile and cultivated fields," covered with golden maize, "stretching further than the eye could reach; when they saw a large lake, resembling the sea in extent," its shores thickly studded with villages and towns, amid which rose the fair city of Mexico, "adorned with its temples and" towers; "the scene so far exceeded their imagination that some believed the fanciful descriptions of romance were realized;" while "others could hardly persuade themselves that this wonderful spectacle was anything more than a dream."

"Different," says Clavigero, "very different were the impressions which the Spaniards received from this scene. Some were gladdened by the sight of the lakes, the delightful plains, the green mountains, and the many and magnificent cities. Others brought up again their hopes of making themselves rich by the plunder of so vast a country. But the more thoughtful of the adventurers, on beholding a region so populous, reflected on the daring of hazarding the perils before them, and were so suddenly disheartened by their apprehensions, that they would have immediately returned to Villa Rica, had not Cortes, making use of his persuasions and the reasons suggested by his ever-fruitful genius," filled their souls with fresh ardor for the great undertaking before them. As for the general himself, he went on, well satisfied with the many signs which he saw of internal disaffection having so weakened the Mexican empire that, whatever its natural strength might be, he would, in the end, be its conqueror. On this, however, he had long since determined.

During the night which followed this first view of the valley of Mexico, Cortes had a most narrow escape. Being very watchful, he seldom let pass an evening without going around to see whether or not the men were at their posts. On the night of which I speak, while performing this duty, he walked within a short distance of one of the sentinels, who, unable to distinguish the general, presented his crossbow. In the twinkling of an eye, Cortes would have been pierced by a well-aimed arrow, when, for-

tunately, not knowing of his danger, however, he sang out, "Ho! the watch!" Recognizing the voice of his general, the sentinel dropped his weapon. "This," says Herrera, "was a

warning to him not to come so near the sentinels for the future, and he ever looked upon it as one of his fortunate adventures."

(To be continued.)

MRS. DAFFODIL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

As I am a true niece of "Uncle Sam," I, of course, visited the Crystal Palace, in New York. Mr. and Mrs. S., and their son George, with your humble servant, started one fine morning from the Irving House to spend the day in the palace. While I was standing admiring Powers's beautiful statues, I felt a touch on my arm, and a too well-known voice cried in my ear, "Which of them sculps is Prosperous?" I turned and beheld Mrs. Daffodil. A bright blue lawn dress, the gay shawl I have before described, and a straw bonnet trimmed with artificial flowers, formed her attire. Ninny, clad in a white muslin, with a scarf of the same, and a simple straw bonnet, stood by her mother. Pete, and a tall man, dressed in uniform, and with a large black moustache, completed the group.

"Well, I declare to gracious!" cried Mrs. Daffodil, when she saw my face, "if it ain't the little gal we saw at the theatre. Sakes alive, how you've grown! I'm powerful glad to see you. How do you do?"

"Quite well, madam," I replied. "But I scarcely expected to meet you in New York," I added, after introducing her to Mr. and Mrs. S.

"No, we didn't 'spect to come; but my brother, the major—this is him, Miss," said she, pointing out the tall man with a moustache. "Major Clapperton." The major bowed. "Well, as I was saying, the major says he to me, 'Sister, if you'd like to go see that 'ere glass palace, why, just you and Ninny pack up your duds and I'll stand treat.' So, Ninny and I, we talked it over, and we concluded to come. Ain't this a big house?"

"The whole exhibition is on a very large scale," I replied.

"Can you see 'em from the outside?" asked she.

"See what?"

"The scales the house is standing on."

"Sister, you are a simpleton!" said the major.

"Ah, well, you *know*, I s'pose. But come, I want to see the Severe china. Ninny says it's all covered with picters."

"You have visited the Palace before, I presume, Miss Ninny," said George S. to her.

"Oh, address me not by that odious cognomen, sir, I entreat!" sighed the fair Euphrosyne. "My Christian appellation is Euphrosyne; but my maternal relative too often does violence to my susceptible feelings by addressing me as Ninny. No, sir, I have never before visited this palace, where Art holds daily festival to gratify the enraptured senses of her votaries, who"—

"Ninny Daffodil, for gracious sake, hold your tongue!" cried her mother. "You must excuse her, sir; but, since she fell in love, she has grown high-flown."

"If we turn into this room, we can see the Gobelin tapestry."

"Gob'lin tap'stry!" whispered Mrs. Daffodil, evidently thinking the name delightfully terrible. "Pete, don't you come; it will frighten you. Where is it, Miss?" said she, after looking round the room.

I pointed it out.

"Why that's nothing but a parcel of folks on the grass, and flowers round them," said she, in a disappointed tone. "There ain't a hobgoblin there. Here, Pete, you may come in. Pete! Pete! I say, Pete! Where on airth is that boy? Pete!"

"Here I am, ma," said a voice in the distance, "looking at Eve after the fall."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed the sympathizing old lady. "Where did she fall from? Is she hurt much? Tell her red ile is good for bruises. Now, you come here."

"Oh, ma!" said Pete, when he at length joined us, "there 's such a pretty parrot in bronze down there!"

"Parrot in bronze! I should think it would suffocate."

"You see," said Mrs. Daffodil to George, after we were once more on our way—"you see, Ninny has acted high-flown, and talked high flown, ever since she fell in love with Joe Smith. She saw him walking with another gal

one day, and was going to fling herself out of the third story winder, all for love, I s'pose."

"A curious symptom of jealousy," said George.

"A simpleton? Of course, she was a simpleton. She took her hair all down, put on a white gown, called him a treachery, and then made for the winder. If I hadn't caught her, she would have been a jelly, sure enough."

A faint sound of music was heard by Mrs. Daffodil, who cried—

"Oh, there's a peany; let's go see it."

"Are you fond of music?" said I to Miss Euphrosyne, when we approached the instrument, which an able performer was testing.

"Passionately! I could live on harmonious sound. As the poet says—

'If music be the food of love,
Play on!'

This piano is in the Louis Quatorze style, the catalogue says."

"What!" cried her mother. "A cat horse! Sakes alive, what a queer critter it must be! My dear departed husband had a roan pony, and my brother, the major, has a white mare; but I never heard of a cat horse. Well, live and l'arn; though, I must say, I don't see what the critter wants of a pianny."

"Suppose we go to the refreshment-room," suggested the major, who had been remarkably silent.

A short walk brought us to the door, and there we rested for some time. On coming out, George gave Mrs. Daffodil his arm, while Ninny joined Mr. and Mrs. S.

"Here is a fine Bengal tiger in plaster," said George, who wished to be agreeable to the old lady.

To his utter amazement, she dropped his arm and ran as far as she could, only stopping for want of breath.

"My dear madam," said George, who overtook her first, "are you ill?"

"No," she gasped, with an expression of profound terror; "but it ain't safe!"

"What is unsafe?"

"Why, keeping a tiger *here* in nothing stronger than plaster. He might break out any time. I won't stay here another minute."

It was with great difficulty that we persuaded her to stay, and only effected our object by promising to go into the gallery and remain there the rest of the morning.

"Here is a fine bust of Laura," said Mrs. S., wishing to direct the old lady's attention another way. "Don't you admire it?"

"I won't look at it! It is bad enough when men go upon busts; but in a woman it's shameful! Ninny says there's a bust of Paris here, too; no wonder they have a revolver there, when the people can't find anything to do, and the whole city goes on a bust. No wonder there's a revolver."

"A revolution, ma," said Pete.

"Well, it's all the same thing. The way people carry on now is shameful. Ninny says there's a Mahometan lace flounce here, worth five hundred dollars. Think of a heathen flounce being bought at that price by a Christian!"

"Miss Euphrosyne, have you visited the opera?" asked Mr. S.

"Once only."

"Ninny's been to the uproar," said her mother; "but Pete fell down stairs, so I couldn't go. I guess it's a terrible noisy place."

"Will you and Miss Euphrosyne give us the pleasure of your company this evening?" said Mr. S. "We will call for you, if you will give us your address."

"Thank you, sir; I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," said Mrs. Daffodil, with a courtesy.

"You are very kind, sir," said the major, "and my sister feels obliged to you, though she is not very elegant in her mode of expressing it. But we must bid you good-morning; I have an engagement which obliges me to leave."

Mrs. Daffodil gave her address, and the party left us.

"Why did you ask those people to go to the opera with us?" said Mrs. S. to her husband.

"Why, we will have much more entertainment from them than from the music, I assure you."

Mrs. Daffodil did go to the opera with us; and, if you'll never let her know I told you, I will tell you about her visit.

SYMPATHY.

BY MRS. MARY FARMER.

WHEN earth and heaven seem to blend,
We know 'tis *only seeming*;
For that low line of rosy light
That kisses land and sea good-night,
As far above us leaneth
As yon cerulean zenith.

So union doth but *seem to be*
Where hearts beat not concordant;
His choice arcana each must share
With him who the same badge doth wear;
While wide the space remaineth
That Heav'n's own law ordaineth.

SUNDIALS.

THE first sundial mentioned in history is that of Ahaz, who began to reign twelve years before the building of Rome. "Behold, I will bring again the shadow of the degrees which is gone down in the dial of Ahaz ten degrees backwards" (Isaiah, chap. xxxviii. v. 8). The dial in use amongst the ancient Jews appears to have differed from that in use amongst us. Theirs was a kind of stairs; the time of the day was distinguished not by lines, but by steps or degrees; the shade of the sun every hour moved forward to a new degree. Several of the Grecian astronomers and mathematicians constructed dials. Thales is said to have made one; as also Aristarchus and Anaximenes. Herodotus informs us that the Greeks borrowed the invention from the Babylonians. The first sundial used at Rome was set up by L. Papirius Cursor, about 300 years before Christ; but this being found to be inaccurate, was subsequently replaced by a more correct one. Before the use of dials in Rome, there was no division of the day into hours; nor does that word occur in the "Twelve Tables." They only mention sun-rising and sun-setting, before and after mid-day. According to Pliny, mid-day was not added until some years afterwards; an *accensus* of the consuls being appointed to call out the time when he saw the sun from the senate-house, between the Rostra and the place called Græcostosis, where the ambassadors from Greece and other foreign countries used to stand.

In course of time, machines moved by water-power were invented for the measurement of the day. The invention of the first of these water-clocks has been ascribed to Ctesibius of Alexandria, who lived about the year 250 before the Christian era. But some means of measuring time by the reflux of water was used at Athens before this period. Water-clocks were introduced at Rome in the year 157 B. C. In these clocks the water issued drop by drop through a hole of the vessel, and fell into another, in which a light body that floated marked the height of the water as it rose. The writer of an able article on "Time Measures," in the "Family Friend," says: "For a long time, the Roman people had nothing in their houses to

announce the hours when night had thrown

'Its dusky mantle o'er the earth.'

During the day, they could know the hours after water-clocks had been constructed at the public expense, and placed in open buildings erected in various parts of the city. The case seems to have been the same in Greece, and rich families kept particular servants, whose duty it was to announce to their masters and mistresses certain periods of the day, as pointed by the city clepsydræ. By and by, water-clocks were kept in the palaces of the great. Potronius mentions a potentate who had one in his dining-room, and a servant attached near it to proclaim the hours, 'that his voluptuous master might know how much of his lifetime was spent, for he did not wish to lose one single moment without enjoying pleasure.' "

In the Grecian courts of justice, a practice was observed which might not be without its use in some of our own departments. Lest the speeches of the advocates should weary the patience of the judges, and prevent them from proceeding to other business, they were limited to a certain time, which was measured by an hourglass, used with water; and, that no fraud might be practised, a person was appointed to distribute the water equally to both parties. When the water had run out of the glass, they were to conclude their speeches. But whilst the laws quoted by them were read, or if any other important business intervened, the glass was stopped. "Let him speak until my water be run out," was said by an orator, who, having ended his speech before the time allowed him was expired, gave to his adversary the remaining part of it.

In England, the use of bells and clock-towers, sundials, hourglasses, and other measures of time, are of considerable antiquity. A famous clock-tower stood formerly near Westminster Hall; that at Christ Church, Oxford, St. Alban's, and several others, still remain; and it is becoming a fashion to erect them in useful places in modern times. At that pleasant watering-place, Herne Bay, a very good example has been put up at the expense of a lady.

TO EMMA MORTON.

BY VIRGINIUS HUTCHEN.

THE first and only eve we met,
 Though lately past, *seems* long ago;
 Thine image, in my soul then set,
 Is sparkling to that spirit yet,
 Like amethystine gems in snow.

And like a cadence of the clime
 Of famed Arcady's fabled zone,
 Thy voice's full, melodious chime
 Yet mingles in my fond heart's rhyme,
 Though *only once* I heard its tone,

Soft as the zephyr's vespers, ring
That eve, when shone the Venus-star;
 I heard it in my wandering,
 In concert with the cadent string
 Of thy lightly-touched guitar.

Thy pensive eye—a tiny sun—
 Though once alone I saw *it* beam,
 Shines on me "when the day is done,"
 And cares forsake me one by one,
 And gilds my brightest dream.

Thy "Parian brow" *will* oft appear
 As on *that* eve with thought it shone;
 As then, 'twill to me seem as clear
 As ever childhood's joyous tear,
 And smoother than the marble-stone.

Thy breath seems like the aura-flow
 From blossoms in completeness,
 When on the winds those blossoms throw
 Their riven leaves, like fragrant snow,
 The very soul of sweetness.

And on that lip, so soft and red,
 The basilisk's enchantment lies,
 Which smiles, resistless, overspread,
 Where kisses have their chosen bed,
 And music's sweetest echo dies.

I've wandered where the *afer* flings,
 As poets say, upon the sea,
 The floral sweets of Aidenn's springs,
 Where Beauty lags on languid wings,
 The prototype, it seems, of *her*.

Yes—as along some eastern bower,
 From day-spring till the sun's decline,
 The Persian bulbul spends each hour
 In flitting fleet from flower to flower
 So roves this wayward muse of mine.

But shall my future path, gay maid,
 With thorns be overgrown?
 Oh, *canst* thou wish my "wandering" stayed—
 Or shall the hope by Fancy made
 By Truth be overthrown?

Alas for love! the fear *will* steal
 Through restless brain and thrilling frame,
 That at a frozed shrine I kneel,
 And sue a heart that cannot feel
 True love's intenerating flame:

And that the gems I seek to woo,
 To aye possess in plighted trust,
 Might prove—though now so fair to view—
 Like "diamonds of the morning dew,"
 And, ere the noontide, *melt in dust!*

How true, that Love in one short hour
 May reign and rule, then aye depart!
 For often Woman *in her bower*
 Is like the beauteous otol flower,
 Which hides a serpent in its heart.

What though the asp's entrancing art
 May gain, perforce, a bed of bloom?
 Though one were buried in *thy* heart,
 From other joys how soon I'd part,
 To share the loathsome reptile's tomb!

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

THE softly gliding river slowly
 Rolls onward, as in days of yore;
 And many a willow bendeth lowly,
 The glassy waters hanging o'er.
 There float the lily's snowy flowers,
 All gently yielding to the tide,
 And yonder stand the vine-grown bowers
 By the sweet river's gentle tide.

In yonder green declining meadow
 Stands the old homestead, ivy-grown;
 The hoary oak, beneath whose shadow
 My weary limbs I oft have thrown.
 I see the well, the latticed dairy,
 The neat white fence, the rustic style;
 That style—ah, me! It speaks of Mary!
 Of Mary's voice, of Mary's smile!

Upon the style I now am sitting,
 With swelling breast and starting tears,
 For well-known forms, before me flitting,
 Speak to my soul of other years;
 Of childhood's years, when lightsome hearted,
 In merry sport I passed the day,
 Ere from this lowly roof I parted,
 To roam in folly far away!

Ye woodland walks with odors teeming,
 Ye mossy rocks, ye flowery dells—
 Ah, speak! Am I in sadness dreaming?
 No—no! Some voice my spirit tells
 That all is changed, that all is over.
 No more those pleasing joys I'll know,
 Yet memory o'er the spot will hover,
 Causing the tears e'en now that flow!

Black is the moral sky before me;
 The world to me is reft of charms;
 Darkly the future rises o'er me;
 I hear the tempests' loud alarms;
 I see the clouds around me lower,
 And the deep thunder muttering nigh!
 The storm must break; I dread its power,
 Yet vainly for escape I sigh.

Vainly—ah, no! This peaceful river
 Flows by a dear and safe retreat,
 From which again I'll wander never;
 Here will I rest my weary feet.
 Here, where life's breath to me was given,
 Far from my soul shall sorrow fly;
 Here will I make my peace with heaven,
 And seek a resting-place on high!

A LOCK OF HAIR.

I HAVE a little lock of hair
 I've kept for long, long years—
 I may not say how oft I've dimmed
 Its lustre with my tears;
 Yet hear it lies before me now,
 All glittering in the light,
 For slender threads of burnished gold
 Are not so fair to sight.

I see him now—his loving eyes
 Are fondly bent on me,
 As light he clasps those hands of his,
 And laughs so heartily;
 But dust is on that fairy brow,
 And darkened are those eyes,
 Where dwelt in stainless purity
 The splendor of the skies!

And laid within Lake Erie deep,
 His form unconscious sleeps,
 While mem'ry o'er that sinless dust
 A sleepless vigil keeps;
 Within the windings of his tomb
 I see the sea-worm glide:
 Yet care not, if the spirit live,
 What doth the clay betide!

I've stood beside the boundless lake
 That forms his resting-place,
 And called to mind his winning ways,
 His beauty and his grace;
 And glancing upward to the skies,
 That glowed in summer sheen,
 I marked the blue and boundless space
 That rolled our souls between!

My gentle husband! when I gaze
 Upon thy brother's brow,
 I strive to think how thou wouldst look
 Wert thou but living now!
 But oh! the waves of mem'ry rush
 In darkness o'er my soul,
 And if I chide the gushing tears,
 They spurn my weak control!

This shining lock of silken hair
 To me more lovely seems
 Than all the gorgeous images
 That crowd the cloud of dreams!
 Were every little thread a pulse,
 That might respond to mine,
 It could to me no plainer speak—
 It would no brighter shine.

THE WINTER NIGHT.

BY COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

STARS in heaven's blue are glowing
 With a brilliant light;
 Luna on the earth is throwing
 Rays serene and bright.
 White clouds through the sky are moving,
 Broken here and there;
 And I see a meteor roving
 Through the "ambient air."

Coldly now the winds are blowing—
 Wildly shriek they now;
 Trees beside our cottage growing,
 Creak in every bough.
 Frosts upon the window gather—
 Fasten on the pane:
 Soon, too soon, came wintry weather
 Back to us again.

On the hearth the fire is glowing
 Cheerfully and bright,
 While its flames around are throwing
 Warmth and dreamy light.
 Pleasantly the hours flit o'er me,
 As I sit alone
 Dreaming of the days before me,
 And of moments gone.

While without cold winds are blowing,
 All is warm within;
 And this heart, with peace o'erflowing,
 Wishes but to win
 God's approval—His rare blessing—
 His protection still;
 And, these precious boons possessing,
 I shall fear no ill.

OTHER DAYS.

BY ANANIAS W. SAWYER.

OTHER days—their guileless pleasures
 Steal like shadows o'er my mind.
 Come their memories
 Whispering melodies,
 Telling sweet of life's lost treasures,
 Golden ruins strewn behind.

Memory wakes all recollections,
 Slumbering voices of the past;
 And they tell me,
 Slowly tell me
 Of my friends, their love and actions,
 Sleeping now of sleeps the last.

Childish forms with radiant faces
 Glide before and gaze in mine;
 Smiling sadly,
 And yet gladly,
 Bringing back their withered graces—
 Bringing back the olden time.

Then within me starts a syren,
 Chanting low of childhood's years;
 Breathing fire
 Through her lyre,
 Which soon opes a fount of iron,
 Setting free its 'prisoned tears,

Gathered there for those now sleeping
 Dreamless slumbers of the dead,
 In the churchyard,
 'Neath the greensward,
 Hearts once sunny, warm, and leaping,
 Cold and throbbless as their bed.

Other days—their friends and pleasures
 Steal like shadows o'er my mind.
 Come their memories
 Whispering melodies,
 Telling sweet of life's lost treasures,
 Golden ruins strewn behind.

LINES TO A LADY WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

BY R. JAMES KEELING.

God bless that loving heart of thine,
With untold treasures nestling there
Like incense on some holy shrine,
Whose fragrant clouds float up in prayer;
That heart of thine, where treasured lie
Resolves to holy purpose given,
With sweet thoughts soaring upon high
Like bird up to its native heaven.

Thy voice and smile; that lip of red
Might bind a heart than mine less true;
But oh! th' insensate soul were dead
That warmed not 'neath thine eye of blue.
Oh, could I find on this wide earth
One spot from grief's dark shadow free,
Where nought but purest joys have birth,
And I might share each joy with thee!

How sweet to wander side by side
At eve, where clust'ring woodbines twine,
And hear the low-voiced river glide
To sounds not half so sweet as thine;
To watch the full-orbed moon at night
Woo like a bride the amorous sea.
Thou be the moon, thine eye the light;
My soul's deep tide would swell to thee.

No more! I own thy magic power,
(And oh, 'twere madness to be free!)
Yet must I calmly wait the hour
That bears my struggling soul from thee.
Oh, lady, would we ne'er had met,
Since doomed, alas! so soon to part!
E'en mem'ry now is half regret;
And hope—be still my foolish heart.

BE NOT IDLE.

BY LILLIAN.

Be not idle; there is work enough for all,
Though they labor hard and long!
Nature ever sounds her universal call,
To arouse earth's slumbering throng!
For throughout her fields are springing weed and thorn,
Which must be uprooted soon,
That the good seed, waking to the light of morn,
May rejoice the harvest-moon!

Broken hearts there are to bind, and wounds to heal;
Lonely orphans to console,
And make happy with heart sunshine, till they feel
Strengthened to attain life's goal;
Faint and weary ones there ever are, who need
Some kind word and helping hand;
Lambs are wandering from the fold, for some to lead
To the shepherd-tended band:

Then, oh, be not idle, but awake to life;
Make an impress in the world;
Fighting for the right in every scene of strife,
'Neath heaven's banner wide unfurled!
And for seed thus late and early sown,
Thou shalt see the springing grain,
Which for thee, when for the heavenly garner grown,
Shall a crown of glory gain!

VOL. L.—14

Enigmas

ANSWERS TO CHARADE AND ENIGMAS IN JANUARY NUMBER.

CHARADE.—Car-pet.

ENIGMAS.—1. A cigar. 2. A needle.
3. Human blood. 4. Frank-in-sense.

CHARADES.

2.

My *first* doth affliction denote,
Which my *second* was born to endure;
My *whole* is a sure antidote
That affliction to soften and cure.

3.

My *first* is a blessing and comfort through life,
And smaller, you'll own, is my *second*;
The *whole*'s a misfortune admits no relief—
None greater I ever heard reckoned.

ENIGMAS.

5.

A SUBTERRANEAN spirit dark,
I prowl about at night,
And may veraciously remark,
I bring the occult to light.

Invisible until I catch
The spark Prometheus stole;
But then enlightened, I'm a match
For each benighted soul.

My origin is as obscure
As any earthly thing;
Yet light the life that I endure,
And bright the end I bring.

Cities and towns I mostly haunt,
In fashion's circles shine;
At balls and operas gayly flaunt—
So bright a course is mine.

Though churches also I attend,
And zealous Christians soothe,
With all their aspirations blend,
And illustrate the truth!

In villages and country roads
A stranger e'er am I;
I shun such rustic, rude abodes:
So now my name supply.

6.

Or steady sturdy servants I
Am equal to the best;
Yet labor hardest when I lie
Upon my bed of rest.

When once into my bed I go,
I'm such a heavy lout,
Folks find it difficult, I know,
Again to rouse me out.

For out of sight must I serve you,
A dismal captive chained;
But whilst my servitude is true,
My master's safety's gained.

NOVELTIES FOR FEBRUARY.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 1.—Lace jacket or spencer, to be worn in evening dress over a low, short-sleeved corsage. The foundation is of Brussels net, with broad vandyked edging in double rows. Knots of satin ribbon to correspond with the color of the dress or ornaments.

and intended for the same use, but of the clearest Swiss muslin. Collar and trimming of needlework. This is particularly suitable for half mourning, with black ribbons and sash, worn over a black or gray silk skirt. It may be worn with any dress, however with bright ribbons.

Fig. 2.—Jacket in something the same style,

Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 3.—The elaborately trimmed night-dress, which we give under this department, is in itself a simple sacque of cambric or fine domestic muslin, reaching to the feet. The upper part alone is given. The collar, front, and sleeves are composed of alternate rows of cambric insertion, a plain puff, and scalloped edging. What would at first seem too costly for use, may be made at very little expense by those expert in *broderie Anglaise*, as what young lady is not at the present date? We have seen the most elaborate collars and sleeves wrought by school-girls, and others of equal beauty the productions of the leisure moments of busy farm lives.

CAPS AND BONNET.

Fig. 1.—Dress cap of white Maltese or Honiton lace, formed of a single crown piece and border. The last is marked by a band of pink satin ribbon, and turned back at the ear by a full cluster of Augusta and blush roses, with knots of ribbon of corresponding color, pink and primrose; a bow at the back of the head, and flowing strings of the same.

Fig. 2.—Also of Maltese lace, but composed of three ruches on a plain net foundation. These are divided in the centre by alternate bands of bright blue and fawn-colored satin

ribbon; knots of the same, surrounded by the lace, form the front of the cap on either side.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.—For those who prefer the sloping crown to the small plain oval so much the style, we give a very graceful bridal bonnet, composed of pure white blonde over white silk or satin. A half wreath of full blown white roses, in crape, is disposed above the curtain,

Fig. 3.



and the same flowers, mingled with buds, foliage, and sprays of white jasmine, form the wreath inside the brim.

Fig. 4.

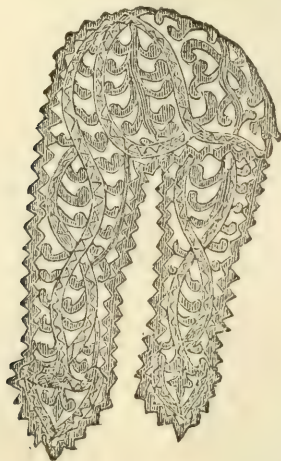


Fig. 4.—*Backe* of black Brussels lace for evening dress. See “Chitchat” upon fashions.

SPANISH POLKA.

FOR A CHILD OF TWO OR THREE YEARS OLD.

Materials.—6 oz. claret 4-thread Berlin wool; 1 oz. of white Pyrenees ditto; a pair of knitting needles with heads, No. 8, and another, No. 10.

With the claret wool and finest needles cast on 242 stitches, and knit two plain rows. Now tie a bit of white thread at the 36th from each end, and at the 56th from them. These four pieces of cotton serve to mark the places where you are to decrease by knitting three together in every alternate row, after the 24th.

Begin the pattern, which is ordinary brioche stitch, adding three stitches at the end of every row, until there are 36 more at each end; in

the next row cast on 21 more at the end, and when you come to the end of the next row do the same. Meantime, after 24 rows done without decreasing, you will take in three stitches at each of the white threads, in every other



row, until you have decreased, in each place, 27 stitches. To produce the proper effect, take in first at one side, and then at the other, of the white thread, so that a ridge from each side disappears alternately. You may then do 60 rows, without increasing or diminishing. It will be necessary to make button-holes at one edge, at the distance of every 30 rows, thus: Knit 6 stitches, cast 9 off the left-hand needle, by passing one over another without knitting them; then cast on 6 on the right-hand needle, in this way diminishing by three at every button-hole; at the other edge you will not decrease at all. You now form a gusset for underneath the arms by making a stitch on each side the ridge which runs up from the side of the outer decreasing, nearest to the front: at each you will increase 18 stitches in as many rows, as the alternate ones only have the made stitches: continue to knit in the brioche stitch.

In the next row, knit as far as the first 18 stitches. Turn back; cast off the 18, and knit the others backwards and forwards as usual, forming one side of the front, up to the shoulder, for 36 rows; always continuing to make the button-holes at equal distances, if this is the side for them. Now cast off a stitch loosely at the end of every row, until one stitch only is left. Draw the wool through. Now continue the piece for the back, from the gusset; knit across the back to the end of the other 18 stitches, turn; cast them off, and do 36 rows; then cast off a stitch at the end of every row, until 8 ribs are cast off at each edge. Cast off the remainder. Do the other side of the front to correspond with the first.

FOR THE SLEEVES.—Cast on 99 stitches, knit 2 plain rows, then the brioche stitch. Gradually decrease two ribs at each edge, and knit about 6 inches. Now cast off 24 stitches at each edge, and knit eight rows before casting off the remainder.

THE COLLAR.—Cast on 102 stitches, and do the depth of an inch with the claret wool, and cast off. Then with the white wool, and the same needles, take up stitches along the two ends and one side, and knit one row.

2d.—* knit 2, make one by bringing the thread before the needle. * all round.

3d.—Purled.

4th.—* knit 2, make 1, knit 1, make 1, * repeat to the end.

5th.—Purled.

6th.—Cast off. This finishes the collar.

The deep lace frill, which gives so elegant a finish to this polka, is done with the coarse needles in Pyrenees wool. It is double, and is to be done as follows: Cast on 30 stitches, and knit one plain row.

1st *Pattern Row.*—Knit 7. * make 1, knit 2 together, knit 6. * repeat till 7 only are left. Make 1, knit 7.

2d.—Purl 5. Purl 2 together, * make 1, purl 1, make 1, purl 2 together, purl 3, purl 2 together. * to the end; purl the last 5.

3d.—Knit 4, knit 2 together, * make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, * to the end, when make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 4.

4th.—Purl 3, purl 2 together; * make 1, purl 5, make 1, purl 3 together, * to the end.

These four rows form one pattern, and must be repeated five times, after which do two plain rows, and slip all the stitches on a finer needle.

Do another piece with a depth of only two patterns, and two plain rows. Then holding the two pieces of lace together, knit one row with a stitch off each needle, thus uniting the two frills. Do another plain row, and a series of holes, thus: Knit 3, * make 1, slip 1, knit 2 (not together), pass the slip stitch over. * repeat to the end, when the last 3 are to be knitted plain. 1 purled row; 1 plain ditto. Cast off. To be sewed round the bottom of the jacket.

To trim the sleeves, cast on 96 stitches, and work in the same way. When three patterns are done, begin the upper frill, to which do two before joining them. Complete like that for the body, and sew on to the sleeve, closing it up the edge.

Now sew up the shoulders, add the collar and sleeves, and plait some white 8-thread fleecy to

make the trimming down the fronts and round the neck. The buttons are covered also with pieces of white knitting, so that every part washes.

Those who are not acquainted with brioche stitch may be glad to learn that it is simply: * bring the thread in front, slip 1 as if purling, knit 2 together, *. The wool of which these polkas are made is the finest Spanish. We have them both in claret and blue, with white lace borders.

By using coarser needles, and 8-thread wool, a larger jacket will be produced.

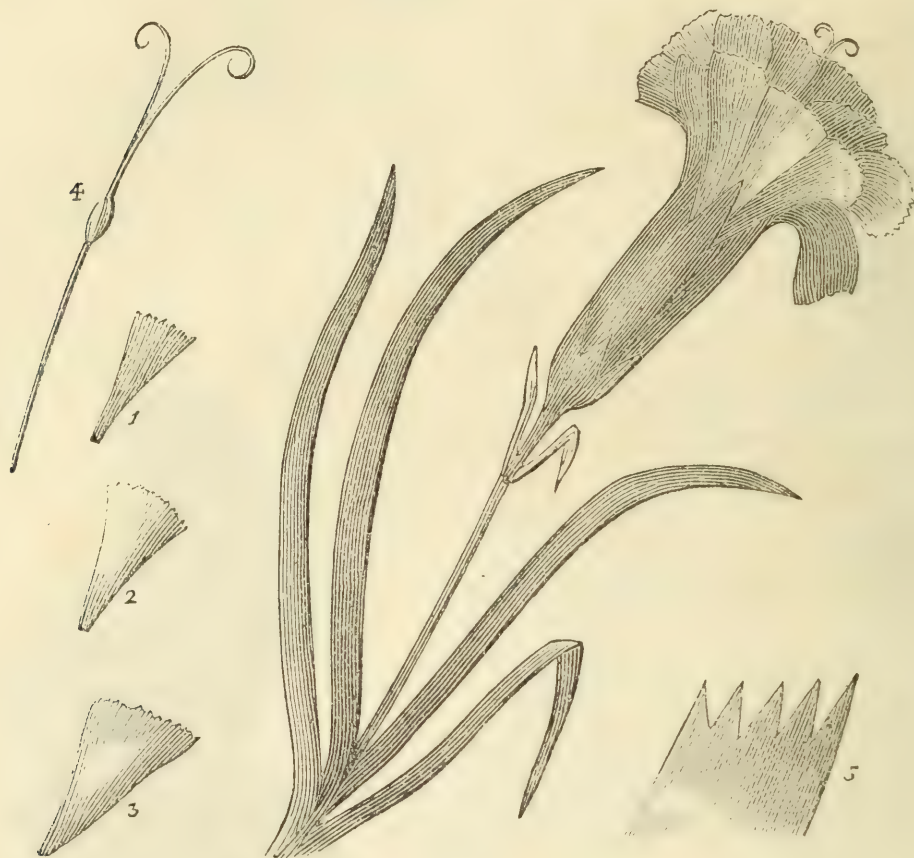
DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.



DRESS for a young lady of twelve, composed of dark blue poplin, the skirt trimmed by graduated rows of black velvet. A basque or jacket opens on the same, and tied by bows of ribbon. Open sleeves tied and trimmed in the same manner. Chemisette and sleeves of jaconet muslin.

FLOWERS MADE OF WOOD-SHAVINGS.

(Something entirely new.)



DIRECTIONS FOR A PINK.—Procure some thin deal shavings, and cut each petal on the cross of the shaving; cut 15 of the size marked No. 1, 15 of No. 2, and 10 of No. 3, which are the outside leaves. Tie a very narrow strip of shaving on the loop of the wire stalk, as at No. 4, curling the top of the stamen slightly with the edge of a scissors (the wire drawn from ribbon-wire is the best for this purpose); tie on the 15 small leaves round the loop of the wire, then 15 of No. 2, and lastly the ten large ones. Bind all firmly on with white thread, cut out the calyx as at No. 5—observe to cut it on the length—and with some strong gum touch the edges slightly to join it up the side, after it is tied on the wire; then thread a strip of the slightest shaving, and twist it round the wire to the end of the stalk, fastening on the grass like leaves with each twist.

A very beautiful vase of flowers can be made in this manner, as all flowers can be imitated in wood-shavings. We give this pink as being the most simple to commence with.

LOUNGING-CAP PURSE.

Materials.—Cerise, stone, and light-green silk, each one skein. Cerise cord, and green and red seed beads.

With the stone silk make a chain of 8, and close it into a round.

1st round.—Increase to 16.

2d.—Increase to 24.

3d.—Stone and green, * 1 green, 2 stone, * 8 times.

4th.—* 2 stone, 2 green on 1, * 8 times.

5th.—* 2 stone, 3 green on 2, * 8 times.

6th.—* 2 stone, 4 green on 3, * 8 times.

7th.—* 2 stone, 5 green on 4, * 8 times.

8th.—* 3 stone on 2, 5 green, * 8 times.

9th.—* 4 stone on 3, 5 green, * 8 times.

10th.—Like 9th.

11th.—* 1 stone, 2 cerise, 2 stone on 1, 5 green on 5, * 8 times.

12th.—* 2 stone on 1, 2 cerise on 2 cerise, 3 stone, 3 green (on 3 centre of 5), 1 stone, * 8 times.

13th.—* 2 cerise on 2 stone, 2 green on 2

cerise, 2 cerise on 2 stone, 3 stone on 1 stone, 1 green, 1 green on centre of 3, 2 stone, * 8 times.

14th.—* 2 cerise on cerise, 2 green on green, 2 cerise on cerise, 6 stone before the next cerise, * 8 times.



15th.—* 2 stone on 2 cerise, 2 cerise on 2 green, 9 stone more, * 8 times.

16th.—* 2 cerise on 2 cerise, and 12 stone between, * 8 times.

There being now 112 stitches in the round, do ten rounds of stone silk; then 2 of cerise, then 1 of stone.

BORDER.—1st round.—* 3 stone, 1 green, * stone, * 16 times.

2d.—* 2 stone, 3 green, 2 stone, * 16 times.

3d.—* 1 stone, 2 green, 1 cerise, 2 green, 1 stone, * 16 times.

4th.—* 2 green, 5 cerise, * 16 times.

5th.—* 1 green, 5 cerise, 1 green, * 16 times.

6th.—* 5 cerise, 2 green, * 16 times.

7th.—* 1 cerise, 2 green, 1 cerise, 2 green, 1 cerise, * 16 times.

8th.—* 2 cerise, 3 green, 2 cerise, * 16 times.

9th.—Like 7th.

10th.—* 2 green, 5 cerise, * 16 times.

11th.—* 1 green, 5 cerise, 1 green, * 16 times.

12th.—* 5 cerise, 2 green, * 16 times.

13th.—* 1 stone, 2 green, 1 cerise, 2 green, 1 stone, * 16 times.

14th.—* 2 stone, 3 green, 2 stone, * 16 times.

15th.—* 3 stone, 1 green, 3 stone, * 16 times.

16th.—All stone.

17th and 18th.—All cerise.

Now, with the green silk, do 12 rounds of open square crochet, beginning inside the last

stone round. Add a little edge, in green, at the top; run in the cord, and put on the tassel.

BEAD AND BUGLE WORK.

IN threading beads, the chief difficulty to be surmounted is usually that of making the delicate and fragile globules pass over a needle of sufficient size to carry a thread coarse enough to give anything like firmness and stability to the work. We obviate this by manufacturing our own needles. Annexed is a drawing of a bead-needle. It has an eye sufficiently large to carry



any thread or silk we may use, and yet so compressible that it will pass wherever silk can. The needle is made of very fine silver wire, doubled and twisted. Many persons merely use their fingers to twist the wire, but the needles thus made are neither so firm nor so neat as those which are twisted by means of a hook, a small button-hook, or a bit of brass wire crooked at one end may be used; the silver wire is then doubled over the hook and firmly twisted almost up to it, and the loop thus made forms the eye. These bead-needles should be about an inch and a half long.

For threading beads many things are used, as much depends upon the color of the bead, and the purpose for which it is employed. Silk twist, china silk, fine linen thread, tailor's thread, &c., are chiefly employed. Where strength is required, the great matter in choosing a material for stringing beads, especially in patterns, is the evenness of the silk or thread, as an inequality will become more and more chafed by each bead that passes it, and necessitate the unstringing of whatever portion of work has been wrought. Economy in such case is extravagance, both as regards time and material; the best plan is to go to a good repository for sewing materials, and there select, with care and judgment, the required silk or thread.

The purchase of beads or bugles, too, is a matter not to be carelessly done. There are, in various parts of town, shops exclusively devoted to the sale of these matters, and in the city they can be obtained at several places, but only in quantities usually too large for an amateur—at prices far lower, and in quality far better. Enough beads for the work about to be undertaken should always be purchased at once, as it is seldom they can be accurately matched, either as regards shade, hue, size, or pattern. Pearls especially require to be chosen with great nicety,

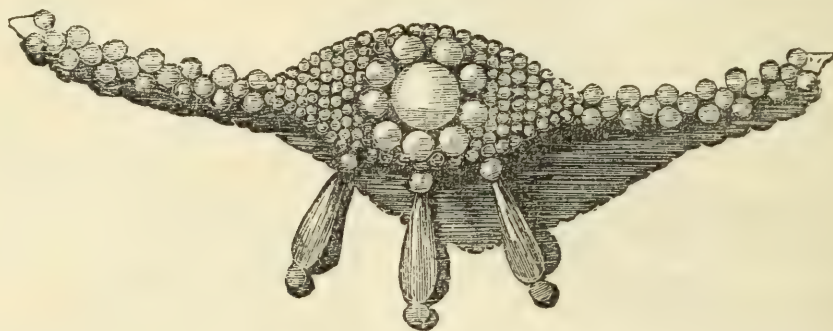
for the glassy white make up very poorly, and look very common, whereas the semi-opaque, yellow-white beads often so closely resemble real pearls as almost to deceive connoisseurs.

In bugles, too, there is much trickery, especially in the black ones; they must always be purchased with reference to their use, and then an even, smooth, bright-looking bugle chosen—not too fine in the pipe, or it will be difficult to work them. Bugles are sold by the ounce or the pound; about sixpence an ounce is a fair price. Bought in the city by the pound, they are cheaper.

Beads are bought by the row or the bunch, according to kind or size. It is impossible to set a price on them, so much depends upon color, size, and variety.

To work our first pattern, one row of seed pearls, four rows of pearls two sizes larger, a row of oblong pearls and beads for the centre of the ornament, are needed. A piece of card-board, a bit of white silk, a skein of strong white China silk, and a clasp, or about a yard of white satin ribbon, will also be required.

Cut out the form of the ornament in card-board, trace on it with a fine pencil the positions



of the rows of seed pearls, and also that of the central group of larger ones; with a strong sewing-needle make a series of clear perforations over these pencilled lines, placing the card over a pincushion to do this, in order to avoid bending it. Thread a bead-needle with the China silk, and take up with it beads enough to cover the first or upper row; then, with an ordinary sewing-needle, also threaded with the China silk, hold that row down into its place by stitches at each end and in the centre, passed through the holes perforated in the card-board. Then thread enough for the outer bottom row, and fasten that down in like manner, and then put in the central ornament and do the same by that. The rest is afterwards to be filled in evenly and similarly. The three pendants are formed by passing the bead-needle through an oblong pearl, then through a round pearl of the smallest size but one, and then back again through the oblong pearl; they are attached in their proper place at the bottom of the ornament by means of the sewing-needle.

Now take two double needlefuls of China silk, each about three-quarters of a yard in length, and threaded in bead-needles, and attach them to one end of the ornament; take the second sized pearls, thread one on the right hand strand, pass the left one through it in the opposite direction, and draw the bead up close to the ornament; thread two beads on the right and one on the left strand, and pass the left strand through the second bead of the right one,

and draw the pattern up. A diamond will be formed. Proceed, always placing two beads on the right strand and one on the left, and crossing the left one through the second on the right, until diamonds enough are worked to form a chain that will go half way round the head or throat, or whatever it may be intended for; then join on two fresh needlefuls of silk to the opposite side of the ornament, and work the other half in a similar manner. Fasten off firmly, and, threading the ends in a sewing-needle, attach them to the clasp, or sew them on to the satin ribbon. Now neatly gum a piece of white silk or velvet the shape of the ornament over the back of it, to hide the stitches, and all is complete.

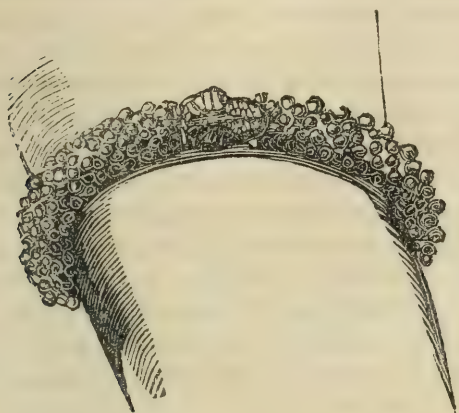
The central ornament may be a crescent, a Maltese or Greek cross, a leaf, or group of leaves—in short, anything fancy or taste may suggest.

We shall hereafter give other rules and patterns for threading pearls for the neck, but the above is simple, inexpensive, and within the capacity of every person.

The next pattern is a bracelet now much in vogue; it is chiefly worked in seed-pearls, seed-coral, cut garnet, black cut-glass, and blue or turquoise beads. It is very simple and easy of execution, though somewhat tedious.

The color of the beads must determine what color we thread on; china silk or fine silk twist are the best materials to be used. We only require the beads, the silk to match them, about

four pieces of round elastic twisted together and sewn into a bit of silk velvet, so as to form a small cord, long enough to go round the arm, and the clasp or snap.



It is worked as follows: Thread two bead-needles with about half a yard needlefuls of silk, tie the ends together, leaving an inch or two, pin them to a pincushion, and work a length of the diamond pattern (we have already given) sufficient for the bracelet. Leave the ends, needles and all. Take two more needles similarly threaded, pin them on close to the others, pass one bead on to the right hand silk and cross the left one through it. Thread two beads on the right silk, and pass the needle of the left silk through the *side* bead of the first diamond of the row already completed, and then through the second bead on the right silk, and draw the pattern up. This is a repetition of the diamond pattern; but, to form the left side of each square, the needle must pass through the right-hand side bead in that square of the first formed row parallel with it.

Work down a similar length, and leave the ends and needles, and then recommence with a fresh couple of needles as before. From four to six rows, according to the size of the beads, will usually require to be woven.

When all is complete, thread two bead-needles with silk as before, tie the ends together at the upper extremity by passing these silks round them, and sew the web of beads together over the velvet cord thus: Pin it to the pincushion, thread a bead on one silk, cross the other through it, draw it up; bring the right-hand needle through a side bead of the first diamond on the right side, and the left hand needle through a similar bead on the left hand side of the web; thread another bead on one silk to complete the diamond, and work the opposite silk through it. There is still the same pattern; but we use for both sides the sides of diamonds already made, in order to form our new and

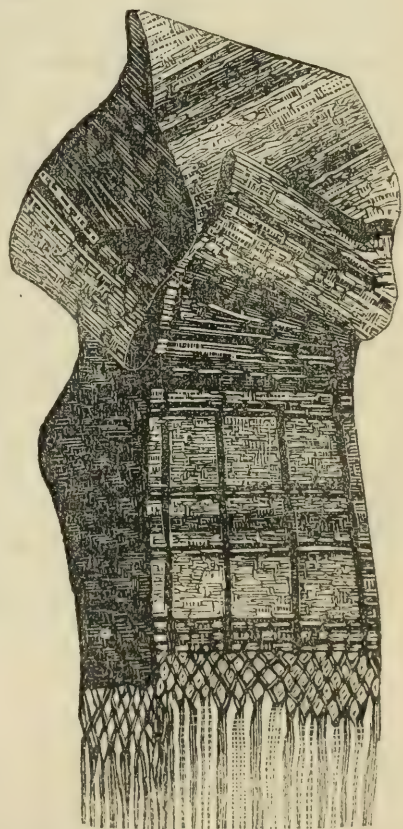
uniting rows, and only add fresh beads for the top and bottom. If, when joined together, the length is found to be sufficient, cut off all the needles, tie the ends together firmly, and then sew them into the clasp. If it is not long enough to cover the cord, add the requisite diamonds to one row after another, and then finish off.

In working, take the beads as evenly as possible, and do not let now a long one and now a short one mar the symmetry of the web. Draw the work up evenly, but not so as to strain upon the silks, or they will snap and destroy the whole.

If wished, tassels can be attached to the clasp, for the making of which we shall give directions in another place; or a snake's head and tail may be added by the jeweller, which has perhaps a prettier effect, but costs more, and prevents the article from being entirely home-made.

GERMAN PLAID COMFORTER.

Materials.—2 oz. of black and white pearl wool; 1 oz. of black 6-thread fleecy; 1 oz. of red ditto. A pair of large wooden knitting-needles, and a coarse bone crochet-hook.



THE pearl wool, which is the chief material for this most comfortable *autour-cou*, is a recent invention, and, for some purposes, extremely

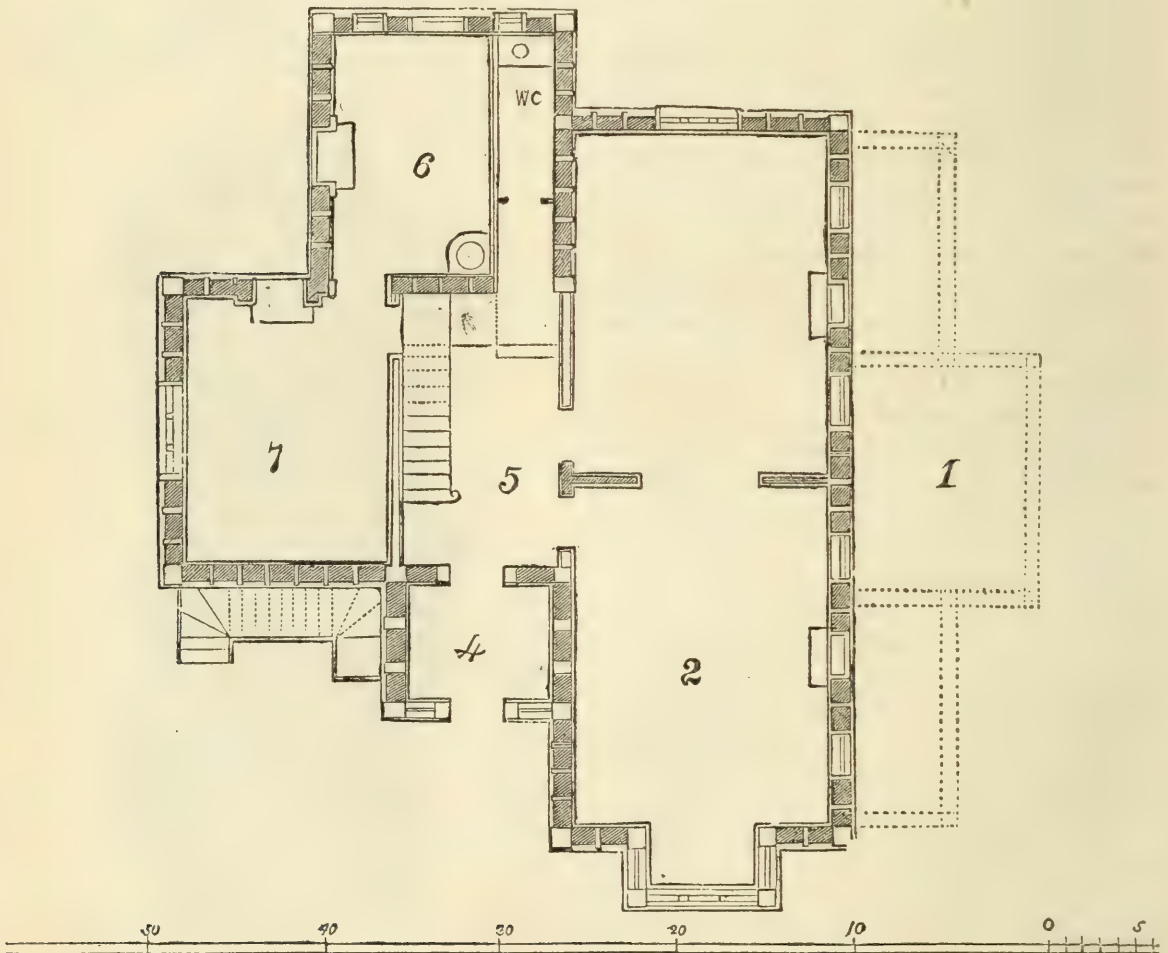
pretty. The wool is dyed alternately in two colors, half an inch, or rather more, of each appearing alternately. That in blue and white is extremely pretty; so is the black and white; and, for imitating Scotch plaids, the black and gray form an admirable mixture. Nothing can be simpler than this scarf. With the black wool cast on 21 stitches, and * do two rows of common knitting. Join on the pearl wool, with a weaver's knot, and do four more rows. Join on the red, and do four, then with the pearl wool do four more, after which two black, then twelve with the pearl wool, and then repeat from the *. Do any length required in this way. About one and a quarter yard will be ample. By knotting the new wools on, with a weaver's knot, you will be enabled to cut off the ends quite closely.

The stripes *across* the scarf being thus formed, do those in the opposite direction with the coarse crochet-hook, alternately in red and black. It is done in tambour stitch. Hold the knitting stretched, and with the right side uppermost; and in the centre of the second stitch from the edge do two tambour stitches, each over a thread of wool. Then a reverse stitch, like a chain in crochet, on the wool only. Then two more across the threads, and so on. One stripe must be done close to each edge, and two others at equal distances from them.

Observe that the ends of the scarf must correspond, so that you will cast off, not at the end of the pattern, but after the second black stripe, and before the twelve rows of pearl wool. Add a deep fringe, of all the colors combined, and cut off the ends.

GROUND-PLAN OF THE VILLA.

(See Plate on page 103.)



1. Colonnade. 2. Drawing-Room. 3. Dining-Room. 4. Porch. 5. Hall.
6. Wash-house. 7. Kitchen.

TRAVELLING-BAG.

(See Blue Plate in front of Book.)

Materials.—Coarse French canvas of any size that the bag may be desired. Two or three ounces of rich brown Berlin wool, and either straw beading or orange silk braid.

THE pattern is to be enlarged according to the directions already given; and the drawing, being inked, should be laid under the canvas, which must then be marked as clearly as possible. A camel's-hair brush, dipped in ink, is better for this purpose than a pen, which is very apt to sputter.

The border need not be marked, as it can be worked by the thread.

The whole may be done in cross stitch. The top and bottom of the border are to be done as follows:—

1st row.—Do about 4 cross stitches for the end, then * miss 3 cross stitches, work two *; repeat, end by missing three and working four.

2d.—Work 4, * miss 1, work 1, miss 5 *; repeat, end with, miss 1, work 4.

3d.—Like the first.

The sides must be made to correspond.

I have advised straw or silk braid to be used, in preference to gold, for this bag, as being much more durable. Neither material requires to be cut in lengths, and it is not necessary to run on the straw. It is merely to be held in its place, and worked over. At the end of the row, turn the straw round, and work the next row in the opposite direction. All the veinings of the leaves are to be done in wool, as are also the centres of the flowers.

The sides of the bag should be piped with stout piping-cord, covered with silk; and handsome tassels and cords should be used for the garniture.

SOFA CUSHION.

(See Blue Plate in front of Book.)

Materials.—A square of canvas, 30 inches each way without turnings in; 3 doz. yards of beaded straw, half oz. black, 1 oz. of rich scarlet Berlin wool, and 1 oz. of green ditto. Scarlet and green cord, and four handsome tassels to correspond.

ENLARGE the pattern according to the previous instructions, and mark the canvas with it. It will be best to draw only one quarter, and use it for all, as by this means a greater degree of regularity is obtained. This straw is to be held on, and worked over, the design being

in straw, the dark part of the ground in scarlet, the light in green, and the four white lines which form the outline in black. The broad white lines which divide the sections of the design are also to be worked in black. The needleful, after being used for the few stitches required, should be left to work those in the same part of the next row.

TO MAKE UP THE CUSHION.—Cut two squares of calico exactly bias, 30 inches square, and tack some fine soft wadding on one side of each. Join these two pieces for the pillow, with the wadding inside, and fill it with feathers or down. Close it up. This pillow will be found not to sink or get out of shape, as most do that are made in the ordinary way. It is then to be covered with the canvas, and the back should have green velvet or satin. Finish with cord and tassels.

Drawn on a smaller scale, this design is well adapted for a lamp-mat.

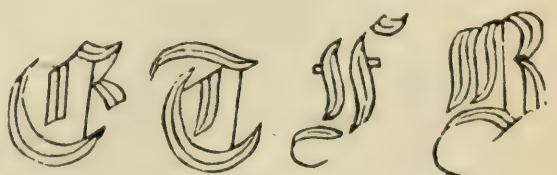
LADY'S RETICULE.—CROCHET.

(See Plate on page 104.)

Materials.—Fourteen yards cerise satin cord, two and a half yards satin ribbon, three-quarters of an inch wide, to match, yard sarsnet, a small piece of card-board, and three skeins of coarse black crochet silk; also two yards of fine cord, gold, cerise, and black.

WITH the crochet silk work on the end of the satin cord thus: * 1 sc over the cord, 1 ch, *; repeat until half a yard is done, then close it into a round, and work on it, holding the satin cord in, * 1 sc on sc, 1 ch, * all round, until the whole of the cord is used; then cover a bit of card-board three inches wide, and long enough to fit the bag, with sarsnet on both sides; and put a piece of silk at the top, with runnings for strings. The silk, as well as the lower part of the bag, should be lined, and a quilling of ribbon put at the top and bottom of the crochet-work, to finish it. Box-plaiting is the best way of doing this ribbon, and the fancy cord is run in the centre, to hide the stitches.

INITIALS.

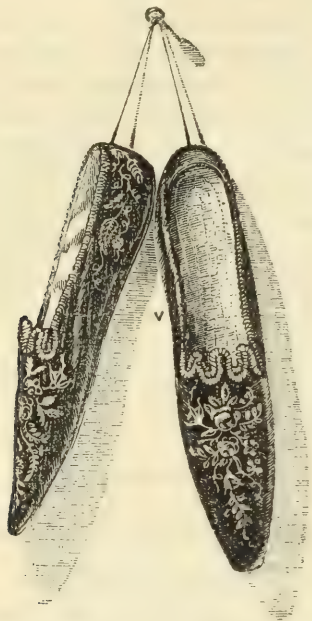


FASHIONS OF SHOES.

Furnished by E. A. Brooks, 575 Broadway and
150 Fulton Street, New York.

LADIES' SLIPPERS.

In continuing our attention to the various
novelties and beautiful varieties of shoes which



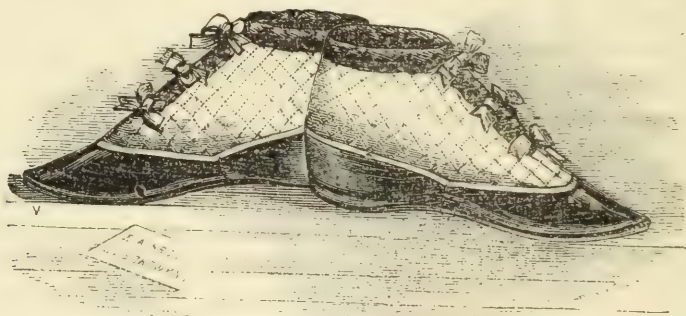
we find in the emporium of Mr. Brooks, we
select, in the first place, a pair of boudoir or
dress slippers, which, if we were able to present

in the rich colors and metallic lustre of the vel-
vet and chenille of the originals, we fear would
almost tempt some of our friends to infringe
upon the tenth commandment. These slippers
are made of various colored velvets—maroon
being that of the pair from which our illustra-
tion is made—with delicately quilted linings of
primrose taffeta; a quilling of satin ribbon
trims the tops; the quarters are exquisitely em-
broidered with natural tinted flowers, wrought
with chenille.

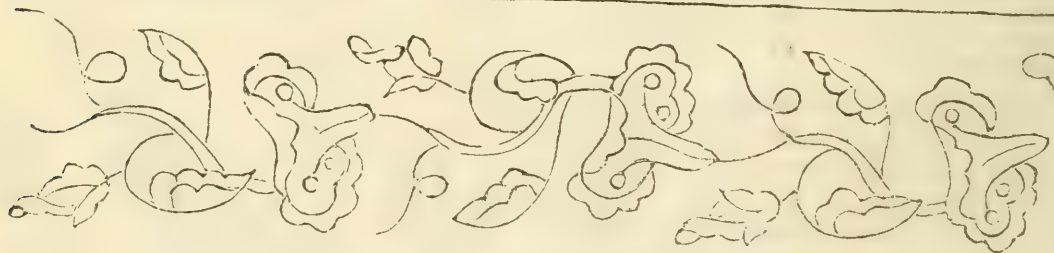
MISSSES' BOOTS.

The second illustration is of a beautiful style
of quilted boots for girls; however, we need not
confine them to *any* age, as their beauty, com-
fort, and adaptability are equally great for
ladies as for children. The lower portion is of
lustrous patent leather, the upper of quilted
taffeta, bordered with velvet of the same hue as
the silk. They are confined by three bows of
ribbon.

We observe some very similar in style bor-
dered with ermine instead of velvet, which
gives them a peculiarly tempting air. We,
however, select the above as combining, with
other advantages, the great one of being adapted
to the wear and tear of *everyday* use. We
strongly recommend this style to the attention
of our fair friends as pre-eminently serviceable.



EMBROIDERY.—THE TENDRIL PATTERN.



Receipts, &c.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

A correspondent sends us the following:—

TO MAKE ICING FOR CAKES.—Take of the best white sugar one pound, and pour over it just enough cold water to dissolve the lumps; then take the whites of *three eggs*, and beat them a little, but not to a stiff froth; add these to the sugar and water; put it in a deep bowl, place the bowl in a vessel of boiling water, and beat the mixture. It will first become thin and clear, and afterwards begin to thicken. When it becomes quite thick, remove it from the fire, and continue the beating until it becomes cold and thick enough; then spread it on with a knife. It is perfectly white, glistens beautifully, and is so hard and smooth when dry, that you may write very well on it with a pencil.

TO CLEAN RIBBONS.—A correspondent states that camphene will take the grease out of the most soiled ribbons, and clean them, and make them equal to new. Lay the soiled ribbon, or piece of silk, in a plate, and cover it with the camphene, and then lay it, after rubbing it a little with a piece of flannel, in a clean cloth to dry it somewhat, and then iron it on the wrong side; then put the ribbon outside in the air.

TO WASH SILKS, RIBBON, &c.—Another obliging correspondent gives the following: Three-quarters of a pound of honey, half a pound of soft soap, and a pint of whiskey. Put the whiskey and soap on a hot hearth till quite melted; then add the honey, and bottle it. Stretch the silk on a clean board, and brush it well every way with the stuff; have ready three vessels of cold water, into each of which dip the silk several times, then hang it up to drain, and iron it while *quite* wet with hot irons; avoid squeezing or wringing.

TO CLEAN GILT FRAMES.—Take one drachm (about as much as will lay on a shilling) of soft soap, and mix it gradually with half a pint of soft water (that is, rain water, or water that has boiled and been allowed to get cold); put the mixture into a bottle, and shake them well together; then add half a wineglassful of spirit of hartshorn, and again well shake the ingredients. The gilt frame that is to be cleansed may now be brushed over with this liquid, taking care, however, to use for the purpose the very softest camel's-hair brush that can be procured. After the liquid has been on the frame a minute or so, using a slight brushing to the dirtiest and most intricate parts of the work, it is to be freely washed off with plenty of clean soft water, and allowed to dry of its own accord. The drying should be accelerated by placing the frame in a draught, or where the sun shines on it. Next day the bright parts of the work may be very slightly rubbed with a new wash-leather, which will enhance their brilliancy. Pictures and glasses should be taken out of the frame during the cleansing process.

TO MAKE BEEF TENDER.—Those who have worn down their teeth in masticating poor old tough cow beef, will be glad to learn that common carbonate of soda will be found a remedy for the evil. Cut your steaks, the day before using, into slices about two inches thick, rub over a small quantity of soda, wash off next morning, cut into suitable thickness, and cook to notion. The same process will answer with fowls, legs of mutton, &c. Try it, all who love delicious, tender dishes of meat.

TO PRESERVE BOOKS.—A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mould and damp. Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch-tree, never moulders; and merchants suffer large bales of this leather to remain in the London Docks, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from damp. This manner of preserving books with perfumed oil was known to the ancients. The Romans used oil of cedar to preserve valuable manuscripts. Hence the expression used by Horace, "*digna cedro*," meaning any work worthy of being anointed with cedar-oil, or, in other words, of being preserved and remembered.

NATURE PRINTING.—The following is a method of obtaining the figure of a plant: A piece of paper is to be rubbed over with powdered dragon's blood, and then the small branch or leaf of which the design is required is to be laid upon it. By means of slight friction, it soon takes up a small quantity of the powder; and being then laid upon moistened paper, an impression may be taken.

TO CLEAN BLACK LACE.—Pass the lace through a warm liquor of bullocks' gall and water; afterwards rinse in cold water; then take a small piece of glue, pour boiling water on it, and again pass the lace through it; clap it with your hands, and then frame it to dry.

TO CLEAN BLACK SILKS.—To bullocks' gall, add boiling water sufficient to make it warm, and with a clean sponge rub the silk well on both sides; squeeze it well out, and proceed in like manner. Rinse it in spring water, and change the water until perfectly clean. Dry it in the air, and pin it out on a table; but first dip the sponge in glue-water, and rub it on the wrong side; then dry before a fire.

HOUSE ANTS.—The best way to get rid of ants is to set a quantity of cracked walnuts or shell-barks on plates, and put them in the closets and places where the ants congregate. They are very fond of these, and will collect on them in myriads. When they have collected on them make a general *auto-da-fe*, by turning nuts and ants together into the fire, and then replenishing the plates with fresh nuts. After they have become so thinned off as to cease collecting on plates, powder some camphor, and put in the holes and crevices, whereupon the remainder of them will speedily vamose. It may help the process of getting them to assemble on the shell-barks, to remove all edibles out of their way for the time.

A FEW WORDS ON SOUPS.

"THE researches of Liebig offer a simple and convenient method of preparing, in a few minutes, a broth of the highest nutritive properties. Finely chopped lean beef is mixed with an equal weight of cold water, and left, if possible, to macerate for a short time, and the whole then slowly heated to ebullition; after gently boiling for some minutes, the clear broth separates from the coagulated albumen and from the muscular fibre, which has now assumed a sinewy appearance. After straining, it requires only to be seasoned, and slightly colored with burnt onions, or with caramel (burnt sugar). The coloring of broth is nothing but a concession to the common prejudice, which cannot, however, be well dispensed with.

"By evaporation in a water-bath, or at a still lower temperature, the broth becomes spontaneously colored, and leaves behind a brown extract, possessing a deli-

cate odor of roasted meat; it may be preserved for any length of time. This extract, when dissolved in about thirty parts of water, and flavored with salt, yields, at any moment, a most excellent broth. The advantage of extract of flesh for the nutrition of invalids, its use in hospitals, or in field service, as well as in domestic economy, is sufficiently obvious. We see, likewise, that bone broth, broth tablets, &c., being preparations entirely different from a true broth from flesh, cannot compete with it as articles of food."

The delicate and proper *blending of savors* is the chief art of good soup-making. Be sure to skim the grease off the soup when it *first boils*, or it will not become clear. Throw in a little salt to bring up the scum. Remove *all* the fat. Be careful to *simmer softly*, and never allow a soup to boil hard.

Put your meat into *cold* water, and let it grow warm slowly. This dissolves the gelatine, allows the albumen to disengage, the scum to rise, and the heat to penetrate to the centre of the meat. But, if the meat be put into *hot* water, or the soup over a *hot* fire to boil, the albumen coagulates, and the external surface of the meat is hardened; the water is prevented from penetrating to the interior, and the nutritious part of the meat from disengaging itself. The broth will be without flavor, and the meat tough, if so managed. Allow two table-spoonsful of salt to four quarts of soup, where there are many vegetables; and one and one-half, where there are few. One quart of water to one pound of meat is a good rule.

Soup made of meat not previously cooked is as good, perhaps better, on the second day, if heated to the boiling point. If more water is needed, use *boiling* water, as cold or lukewarm spoils the soup. Some persons have thought potato-water to be unhealthy; do not, therefore, boil potatoes in your soup, but, if required, boil them elsewhere, and add them when nearly cooked.

The water in which poultry or fresh meat is boiled should be saved for gravies or soups for the next day. If it is not needed in your own family, give it to the poor. The bones, also, of roasts, with a little meat, make a soup; and, if not required for this purpose, you may save them for the grease they contain. But this preparation, be it remembered, is entirely different, in its essential properties, from soup made from flesh; and it should never be given to an invalid or convalescent as an invigorating or nutritive repast. In boiling out the bones in water, not only the fat present in all bones, but also the gelatine (which is tasteless, and can impart neither flavor nor any nutritive property to the soup), is extracted. It follows, therefore, that the fat is the only matter obtained for the soup, the flavor of which must depend entirely on the vegetables and spices that may be added. As fat is both difficult and slow of digestion, would it not be quite as well to keep the grease for soap, and use the vegetables without it?

Keep the vessel covered tight in which you boil soup, that the flavor may not be lost. Never put away soup in metal pots. It is much better to boil your soup the day before wanted, and allow the liquid to cool, that the fat may be all removed. Thickened soups require more seasoning than thin soups; nearly twice the quantity is necessary.

In France, few dinners are served without soup; and the *pot-au-feu* (soup-kettle) is a necessary utensil in the kitchens of both rich and poor. It might be termed the national dish, so constantly is it used by all classes. The white, thin soups are intended only to commence a

set dinner. The substantial, thick soups might, with vegetables, form a dinner satisfactory to any laboring man.

Clear soups should not be strong of the meat flavor, and should be of a light-brown, sherry, or straw-color. All white or brown thick soups should be rather thin, with just sufficient consistency to adhere lightly to a spoon when hot; such as soups of fish, poultry, or game. Simple brown soups, no matter whether of meat or vegetables, require to be somewhat thicker.

If good housekeepers could bring themselves to give up the old notion of boiling for five and six hours, to obtain "the extract" of meat, and follow the advice of chemists, they would be able to serve up a nice soup in a short time, and with comparatively little labor. At the commencement of the French Revolution, public attention was directed to the improvement and management of food for the poor and the army. The scientific men of France were called upon for an opinion; and the government, led away by enthusiastic reports, were induced to send forth such language as the following: "A bone is a tablet of soup formed by nature; a pound of bones gives as much soup as six pounds of meat; bone soup, in a dietetical point of view, is preferable to meat soup." It would seem that even cookery, at that time, was looked at through the same exaggerated medium as political matters. These expressions were soon found to be the grossest exaggerations, and the apparatus which was put up to convert the bones into soup was soon found to be useless, and totally abandoned. The medical officers of the *Hôtel Dieu* drew up a report, which declared such soup to be of bad quality, and indigestible. Therefore, we may conclude soup made from bones of meat and poultry, to be nothing more than the stone soup of old, which, with plenty of vegetables and seasoning, made quite a delicious repast.

SICK-ROOM AND NURSERY.

LIME IN THE EYE.—Occasionally in slaking lime, one of the small pieces which fly off will get into the eye, and stick upon the front of the eyeball. It immediately produces violent pain; and if it has fixed on the transparent part of the eyeball, a little milky spot quickly appears, and very soon spreads, rendering all that part of the eye white and opaque, so that the person is partially blinded. A smart discharge of tears begins immediately after the lime has got in, and continues. The eyelids quickly swell and become closed, and very severe pain follows. If but a short time pass without anything suitable being done, the person runs great risk of certain blindness, either from the transparency of the eye being destroyed, or from the front of the eye being killed by the burn; and when the dead part separates, the blank part of the eye falls out, and the eyeball shrivels almost to nothing.

These dreadful consequences may be prevented by at once bathing the eye with a little weak vinegar and water, which must be applied to the eyeball itself between the eyelids, and any little piece of lime carefully removed with the web of a feather. Whatever lime may have become entangled with the eyelashes must be carefully cleared away with a bit of soft linen, soaked in the vinegar and water. Under the most favorable circumstances, violent inflammation of the eye follows this accident, and it will be necessary to obtain medical assistance where it can be had. If, however, that cannot be obtained, leeches must be applied, and

bathings with warm poppy water or simple warm water. A smart purge must also be given.

FOR A PAIN IN THE EAR.—Oil of sweet almonds two drachms, with oil of amber four drops; apply four drops of this mixture when in pain to the part affected.

CURE FOR BURNS AND SCALDS.—Take half a pound of powdered alum, dissolve it in a quart of water; bathe the burn or scald with a linen rag wetted with this mixture, then bind the wet rag on it with a strip of linen, and moisten the bandage with the alum-water frequently, without removing it, during two or three days.

TO STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD FROM LEECH BITES.—Take a small piece of caoutchouc, and melt by the heat of a candle; when cool equalize it, by rubbing it gently with a piece of thin paper. Apply it on the spot where the leech had fixed itself, having previously wiped the part perfectly dry; and finally keep it motionless, by means of a band or a bit of sticking-plaster. Do not remove the dressing before twelve or twenty-four hours. This method is particularly useful in the case of children, their blood being often very difficult to stop.

HOW TO DISINFECT THE AIR IN APARTMENTS.—Chlorine is the most effectual gas for the purpose of disinfecting the air in apartments. To produce chlorine for the purpose of fumigation or disinfecting, put ten ounces of common salt well dried, two ounces of powdered black oxide of manganese, into an earthen pan, together with six ounces of strong sulphuric acid, diluted with four ounces of water. The earthenware vessel should be placed in hot sand. This will be sufficient for a room forty feet by twenty. It is found that chlorine will combine with pure lime and pure soda, making chloride of lime and chloride of soda, but that the affinity of chlorine for these substances is very weak. Chloride of lime and chloride of soda are the substances now used, as the most convenient and the most effectual preparations for the purpose of disinfecting. In cases where infectious diseases are so near that danger is apprehended, chloride of lime or of soda is the best known preventive; and it is so safe that it may be used wherever there are sick patients, except in the commencement of fever, when it would be hurtful for them to remain in the room with the gas.

THE TOILET.

PARISIAN DENTIFRICE.—Take four ounces each of powdered Florentine iris and Peruvian bark, twelve ounces of prepared chalk (whiting), one ounce of myrrh, one and a half ounces of rose pink, and sixteen drops each of the oils of cloves and cinnamon.

SCENTS FOR POMATUM.—1. Oil of lavender fourteen ounces, oil of cloves one ounce, oil of marjoram two ounces, gum benzoin twenty ounces.

2. Essence of bergamot and essence of lemon, of each twelve ounces, oil of cloves and oil of marjoram, of each three ounces, gum benzoin twenty ounces.

3. Essence of bergamot one pound, essence of lemon eight ounces, oil of marjoram and oil of cloves, of each two ounces, oil of orange one and a half ounce.

4. *Cowslip Scent.*—Essence of bergamot one pound, essence of lemon half a pound, oil of cloves four ounces.

5. *Jonquil Scent.*—Essence of bergamot and essence of lemons, of each half a pound, oil of cloves two ounces, oil of sassafras and oil of orange, of each one ounce.

6. *Mille-fleurs Scent.*—Essence of lemons three ounces, essence of ambergris four ounces, oil of cloves and oil of lavender, of each two ounces.

Parlor Amusements.

THE MAGIC BOTTLE.—This trick, if well managed, is one of the most wonderful that can be performed in a drawing-room without apparatus; but it requires dexterity at the conclusion.

The person performing the trick offers to pour from a common wine bottle, port wine, sherry, milk, and champagne in succession, and in any order.

To accomplish the trick, you must make solutions of the following chemicals, and label the bottles with numbers, thus:—

1. A saturated solution of the sulphocyanate of potash.
2. A diluted solution of the above; one part of the solution to four of water.
3. A saturated solution of nitrate of lead.
4. A saturated solution of perchloride of iron.
5. A saturated solution of bicarbonate of potash.
6. Sulphuric acid.
7. A clear solution of gum Arabic.

Procure a champagne bottle, and wash it out well; then pour three teaspoonfuls of No. 4 into it. As the quantity is very small, it will not be observed, especially if you are quick in your movements. Pour some distilled or rain-water into a common water bottle or jug, and add a teaspoonful of No. 7 to it; then set it aside ready for use.

Provide some wineglasses of four different patterns, and into one pattern pour the solution marked No. 1, into another that marked No. 2, and so on for Nos. 3 and 5. Return the solutions to their respective bottles, and arrange the glasses on a small tray, remembering the solutions that were poured into each pattern.

Everything being ready, take the champagne bottle that you have prepared, from two or three others, and holding it up to show the company that it is clear and empty; you must desire some person to hand you the water bottle or jug, and then fill up the bottle with the water.

Pour some of the contents of the bottle into an unprepared glass, in order to show that it is water; then say, "change to champagne," and pour the liquid from the bottle into one of the glasses rinsed with No. 5; then pour into a glass rinsed with No. 1, and it will change to port-wine; but if poured into No. 3, it will change to milk, and if into No. 2, it will produce sherry. Be careful, in pouring the fluid from the bottle, not to hold it high above the glasses, but to keep the mouth of it close to the edges of the glasses, otherwise persons will observe that it undergoes change of color after it is poured into the wineglasses, and on this account the glasses should be held rather high.

As the solutions used in the above trick are deleterious, they must not be left about in the way of children, and, of course, the fluid in the wineglasses must not even be tasted; but if any of the company wish to drink the wines you have made, then the tray must be adroitly exchanged for another with the proper wines placed on it.

This is an excellent parlor trick, if well managed, and is not difficult to comprehend.

TO MAKE FLAXSEED OR RICE SPROUT.—Take a cup and fill it half full of water; then place on the top of the water a little raw cotton, which has been wet through; then sprinkle flaxseed, or rice with the husk on, over this cotton, and in five days it will sprout. This is a very pretty little experiment for children.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WE have lately received a very interesting letter from a young lady whose home is in the country, and who enjoys the uninterrupted leisure a country life offers to people in easy circumstances. She has an earnest desire to save the precious hours of youth from running idly to waste; she is anxious to improve her understanding, and make some preparation for the evening of life. So commendable a disposition we are happy to encourage; and, as we hope "Nellie's" wish for advice on this point may concur with that of other young ladies, in replying to her communication, we would address ourselves to our juvenile readers in general.

"What is the use of reading?" said Louis XIV. to the Duke de Montemar, the handsomest and wittiest of his courtiers. "It has the same effect upon the mind, sire, that your dainties have upon my cheeks." The duke was remarkable for a fine complexion.

Sir John Herschel says: "If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me under every variety of circumstance, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things should go against me and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading."

This taste for literature, this habit of cultivating the mind should be formed in early life. The mental soil becomes so overgrown with weeds, if these are allowed to take root in the spring, that late in the summer neither flowers nor fruits have room to expand:—

"A youth of folly, an old age of cards."

The young girl whose immortal faculties are all frittered away upon flounces and opera music will grow into a vapid, silly old woman, shunned by the selfish, tolerated by the generous, and incapable of inspiring any higher sentiment than the compassion nearly allied to contempt. A butterfly belle may, at sixteen, attract "the white-gloved beaux;" but, alas! for a butterfly of sixty! Instances of such, and deplorable ones, too, we have seen; there are few more humiliating spectacles for our sex. Skill in the fine arts is delightful, a source of unfailing pleasure to its possessor and her circle of friends; but it is only in rare instances that nature gives talent for art worth the years of time and the very large amount of money necessary before the woman can attain an excellence that rewards her and her family for their sacrifices. The cultivation of elegant literature is in the power of every one who has leisure; and what young lady has not time on her hands? It is the cheapest, the easiest of accomplishments. Is it the least valuable? Which is the more desirable friend or companion? Which is capable of giving more entertainment at home or abroad, by the fireside or in the largest assembly? the woman who can warble half a dozen *cavatinas* as well as a tenth-rate opera-singer, or she whose well-stored, well-balanced mind is filled with the bright ideas of the best writers of every age; whose ample fund of knowledge is ready on every occasion; whose wit, not erratic or sarcastic, but properly curbed and tempered with kindness, gives brilliancy to old thoughts; and whose well-cultured judgment is able to produce new ideas? We can dance and sing but a few

years at most; we can converse all our lives, unless our intellects have been weakened by years of habitual repression and factitious torpor.

The knowledge acquired at school is generally but a preparation for after gain. Nellie asks us how to proceed. We would recommend, in the first place, *regularity*. The careless can scarcely form any notion of what may be done by an orderly regulation of time. The young lady who desires to improve must determine upon the time for her reading; this, of course, must be regulated in its length by her circumstances and duties. Not knowing the actual state of Nellie's improvement, it is difficult to mention the books she may require; but supposing her to be like other young ladies who have just left school, we imagine she has studied epitomes, if not histories, and would counsel her now to undertake some work of more extent than schools usually have time for. "Rollin's Ancient History," which gives a very clear, condensed account of the earliest races of mankind, and a good knowledge of Grecian history, may be read with much advantage. When she comes to the affairs of Greece, she had better read "Plutarch"—each "Life" as she meets the hero in "Rollin;" and while she is upon Athenian affairs, "Bloomfield's Thucydides" will be very interesting and useful. We urge her to read these Greek writers (the translations of whose works are satisfactory), not that they will give her much more of information than she will find in "Rollin," but because she will form a much better idea of what the old Greeks were, and what was their turn of mind, from reading one or two of their own authors, than from all the accounts given at second hand by the moderns, can convey. She must also, while going on with these works, get good translations of the Greek poets, or at least the works of some of them. Pope's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, one or two of the tragedies of *Æschylus*, of *Sophocles*, and of *Euripides*; and standard works of criticism on other subjects that may be within her reach, should be resorted to, as taste demands cultivation as much as any other faculty. By all means let her write a weekly summary of all she has read; and that this may be done with advantage, she should, as she reads, put marks (movable ones—strips of paper) in the book at all the striking passages, whether of thought, sentiment, or narration. Recurring to these, she will, by a second perusal, have the best part of her author fully impressed on her own mind. When she has thus finished reading "ancient history," she should, in the same manner, take the standard historians of modern nations, beginning with English history, as the most comprehensive, and, from the identity of language, being to us most important. This system, if perseveringly followed, will give her an acquaintance with history, poetry, and criticism. And when she comes down towards the seventeenth century, the interest deepens, because our country then comes out like a new star on the horizon; and the two succeeding centuries, with the seventeenth, are rich in the treasures of intellect. What a store of memoirs, letters, essays, poems, narratives will be found! Here are pleasures and occupations independent of wealth, of health, of station,

of situation, of age, which interfere with no duties, but enable us the better to go through the trials of the world, accommodating ourselves "to that state of life in which it has pleased God to call us."

A CURIOUS LIBRARY.—In 1847 Count Leopold Ferri died at Padua, leaving a library entirely composed of works written by women in various languages, the number of volumes amounting to nearly *thirty-two thousand*. Whether the English and American lady writers were included in his list, we do not know, but we wish some woman of taste and fortune would, in our country, make a similar collection.

LITERATURE IN RUSSIA.—During the past year there have been published in the empire of the czar, ninety-five newspapers, and sixty-six magazines and periodicals, devoted to the proceedings of learned societies. Of these, seventy-six newspapers and forty-eight magazines are in the Russian language; fifteen newspapers and ten magazines in German; two newspapers and six magazines in French; three newspapers in English; one newspaper in Polish; and one in Latin; two newspapers in Georgian; and two in Lettish; also three newspapers in Russian and German, and two in Russian and Polish. In St. Petersburg, twenty-six newspapers and forty-two magazines are published in the languages above mentioned. Thus, the people of Russia are becoming accustomed to the civilization of the press; and the progress is onward.

A GLANCE AT THE WEST:*

MRS. SARAH J. HALE: I have spent the last hour looking over the pages of the "Lady's Book" for November and December, and am pleased to see that it bears no marks of frost, while it comes richly laden with the fruits of age. "Godey" has some charms, which no other eastern magazines can boast, for western readers. This periodical has been our companion for many years, and its name is a "household word" in almost every home. Long before railroading was a branch of business in the valley of the Ohio; when even a large portion of the "Territory of the Northwest" was an almost unbroken wilderness, the "Lady's Book," like a messenger of good tidings, made its way over the Alleghany mountains, and across the beautiful prairies, to the loveliest hamlets and the most intelligent families of the great States of Ohio and Indiana. Other magazines have sprung into life, devoted by turns to politics, humanity, literature, religion, and science; but "Godey" has varied not, exhibiting in successive chapters, from the beginning until this hour, the elegance, without the fastidiousness, the honesty, without the scrupulosity, and the learning, without the pedantry, of the panorama of American life.

But I did not sit down to write a formal eulogium upon a work which has vindicated its claims to merit by maintaining, through a long series of years, a heavy circulation in the most intelligent and fashionable circles of the country. To say, at this late period, that the "Lady's Book" merits the patronage which it has commanded, would be simply to say whatever everybody admits to be true.

Since your work was commenced, the seat of empire in this country has been removed from New England and the Middle States to the Valley of the Mississippi.

* From George P. Buell, Esq., editor of the "Western Democratic Review." Indianapolis, Nov. 1854.

We have not rivalled you, nor can we hope to rival you, for many years to come, in the walks of literature and science; but we are rapidly building, upon the foundation laid thirty years ago by the pioneers of the west, a superstructure of polite learning and utilitarian philosophy, whose proud proportions will one day attract the united admiration of the Old and the New World.

Literature, *as a science*, has found a home in our midst, and it may be observed that it has a character peculiarly its own. In England, and on the continent of Europe, the dawn of letters was hailed from the mansions of opulence and power. It was considered a condescension on the part of haughty barons to notice with favor the first efforts of the tyro of the press. That feeling of the superiority of "greatness" to the elegant pursuits of knowledge, has been transmitted from generation to generation, and at this day the influence of some distinguished lord appears sufficient to impart immortal renown to even ordinary genius. In the Western World, however, the case is widely different. Learning is linked to no "undying names." It is pursued in the great laboratory of nature. Those are only its patrons who patronize it for its own sake. There is a freshness in its conceptions, and a power in its manifestations, which cannot be separated from originality. The sun of letters which is now rising in this great valley is not a secondary orb, which has shone before, but one which, in its meridian splendor, will eclipse the brightest era of the past. There is every prospect that this vast region will afford a single example of all the powerful incentives to human action operating in the production of isolated men. Greatness has been said not to belong to clime, and occasional instances of the loftiest exhibitions of mind, under apparently the most unfavorable circumstances, seem to justify the conclusion. Still, the general truth is evidenced by the history of all ages of the world, that geographical position has exerted an overwhelming influence in moulding the character of a people. The proximity of Athens, of Carthage, and of Alexandria, to the great "inland sea" of the eastern hemisphere, beyond a reasonable doubt, was the secret of the magnificence, the humanity, and the glory of those beacon lights of antiquity. The stupendous influence which England has so long maintained in the councils of modern nations is perhaps chiefly deducible from that insulated position whose very necessities seem to have tempted her to the Godlike enterprise of using the ocean to subjugate the land. The presence of the beautiful and grand in nature is requisite to the development of the corresponding qualities in man. Our uncounted race form indeed but a type, a purely philosophical reflection of the earth on which we live. The rugged mountain seems to speak in the lofty, fearless, and immutable Alpine mind; the silver streams of Spain observe not a smoother channel than the pensive current of an Andalusian heart; the mighty ocean is not deeper or more grand than the spirit that embraces its sublimity. That mind which shall be wrought upon the scale of nature on this continent will be such as the world has hardly seen.

It is a great organic truth that, from the earliest ages, the march of civilization has been in the direction of the setting sun. As the star of ancient power, and learning, and glory, set upon the regions adjacent to the garden of Eden, it rose upon the mighty West. But a few years have passed since the East paid little regard to the West. Her institutions of learning, her progress, everything not of eastern origin, commanded but little attention, even on the borders of the Atlantic. The editor

of "Frazer's Magazine," of London, introducing a beautiful letter, written by the lamented Howard of Indiana, in the year 1833, from the banks of the Wabash, says: "Next comes a voice from Indiana! From the banks of the Father of Rivers, of the glorious Mississippi himself! It is quite clear that we are, as Wordsworth would express it, 'stepping westward.' We give the letter *precisely as we have received it*, and shall take care that Mr. Jackson, our agent at New York, forwards a copy of this number to Rockville!" The editor of the ablest literary journal of the Old World, twenty-one years ago, confounded the noble Wabash and the giant Mississippi; and he not only did this, but condescended to publish, "precisely as it was received," a letter covering two-thirds of a page, from one of the most eloquent orators, one of the most classical scholars, and one of the purest patriots living between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains! General Howard was the great champion of common schools in Tennessee; was afterwards District Attorney for Indiana, and finally *Chargé d'Affaires* to the Republic of Texas, having received the appointment, unsolicited on his part, through the influence of John C. Calhoun, under Tyler. General Howard died young. In examining his papers a few months since, for the purpose of writing his life, I found an immense roll of manuscript, which proved to be a literal transcript of the Philosophy of Aristotle, and the principal commentaries upon it, which Mr. Howard, in an attorney's office, had completed in 1833, as an aid in mastering the sublime science of logic. In looking at the identical copy of "Frazer," forwarded through Mr. Jackson, I found it extensively defaced by all sorts of marks calculated to insure its safe delivery to the obscure individual supposed to reside on the confines of civilization.

But the face of things has radically changed. Not many years ago, our own beautiful Ohio did indeed course silently through an almost undisturbed wilderness; now, however, floating upon its waters, are steamers rivalling the most magnificent upon the Hudson; upon its banks are factories differing not in the slightest degree from those of New England; and colleges honored by as high a grade of talent and learning as graces the universities of the East.

The progress of this country, in the last half century, has amazed the world. The additions which have been made to our territory are such as were not anticipated by any. Our progress has been unlike that of other regions and other times. Under the influence of our institutions, the inhabitants of the Eastern World—China and Japan—that so long and so successfully resisted the attempted invasions of European ideas, have become our neighbors. England attempted revolution in China by the use of bayonets and cannon; *we* have laid the foundation of a successful and radical revolution in that vast empire, by the annexation of California. No viands which Europe could afford, tended, in the slightest degree, to arouse the cupidity, the curiosity, or the sleeping energies of the Orientals. When, however, the golden fields of the Sacramento were announced, they turned their eyes across the broad blue waters of the Pacific, and contemplated a land which promised them more than the philosophy of Confucius. The day of the political redemption of the East is not distant. The Yankees, and we mean 'the universal Yankee nation,' are on the march for the Pacific; the tide of our civilization will soon roll on an iron road from the shores of the Atlantic to the farther West. We do not now mean by "the West," what was understood by it years ago.

Bacon regarded New England as the West; the inhabitants of Massachusetts call the prairies of Illinois by that name; *we* locate it beyond the Rocky Mountains:—

"It follows the declining sun
Along the banks of Oregon;
Nor leaves him where he makes his pillow
On the great Pacific's billow."

In parts of California, "the West" is another name for the Sandwich Islands. We are certainly a progressive and aggressive people. An indestructible feature in the American character is a love of territorial aggrandizement; and we care not how far we shall go toward the east or the west, the north or the south; the banner of the "stars and stripes" is morally wide enough to shelter the world. We believe that this is a great country; that the ground is not yet ours upon which shall be erected its outer walls; and we have almost persuaded ourselves that the sexton who shall blot us from the roll of nations will be deeply interested in the consummation of human affairs.

But, madam, I find I have violated the "unities." Sitting down to request you, in a few lines, to send me a copy of the new work which you have prepared, entitled "The Bible Reading Book," I have wandered into literature and speculations. Begging pardon for the digression, and for occupying so much space in your valuable work, I will trespass a little further by inserting the following beautiful poem, written by MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON of this city, whose fame as a writer is the particular pride of the West, and destined to become the common property of the Union. I think so competent a judge as the editress of the "Lady's Book" will admit that the celebrated saying of Fontaine is beautifully amplified into an illustration of the energy of the Mississippi Valley, under the title of

"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE."

"Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And whate'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back;
But, upon the darkest wave,
Leave a shining track.

"Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale;
Brave of heart, and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an aim in view;
And toward the beacon mark
Paddle your own canoe.

"Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From its sunny source has gone,
To return no more.
Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due;
But, while it is called to-day,
Paddle your own canoe.

"If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofty state, and power;
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower.
But if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue;

And to reach the glittering prize,
Paddle your own canoe.

"Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of fate?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great?
Would you bless your fellow-men?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

"Would you crush the tyrant wrong,
In the world's free fight?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right.
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few;
To enfranchise slavish mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

"Nothing great is lightly won;
Nothing won is lost;
Every good deed, nobly done,
Will repay the cost.
Leave to heaven, in humble trust,
All you will to do;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe."

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—Lord Brougham gives it as his opinion that the child learns more the first eighteen months of its life than at any other period; in fact, settling its mental capacity and future well-being. Dr. Babbington states the period of the first nine years as the seed-time for life. The Roman Catholic priest wants the child for the first seven years of training, when its character is moulded for time and eternity.

If the early training of the child is of such paramount importance, should not those who naturally have the care of infants and young children, *mothers and nurses*, be thoroughly instructed themselves before undertaking this great work of educators?

Who will establish a school for children's nurses? It is more needed in our country than institutions for idiots.

LADY PHYSICIANS.*—The corner-stone of a medical college for women is laid at Richmond, Virginia. It will cost \$125,000, and will doubtless be well got up and supported. There is no other department of masculine duty which women have a better right to share than the medical. As it is, they do half the physician's work—and the better half. And then, as regards the more delicate and ailing half of the community, their services would be more welcome and efficacious than those of the men; and to this half add all the children.

The fact is that, according to the suffrages of common sense, women would have the greater part of the medi-

cal work of the world—the women and children; and we believe this will yet be the case. Not that we would confine them entirely to these. We know very well that many of the male people, when sick, would rather have a gentle young lady doctor than a great, grave medico of the other sex. The only drawback in this case would be the increased tendency of all young gentlemen to make complaints of illness on slight occasions, and become *malades imaginaires*, like the man in the comedy.

Let women prepare to take possession of the medical department of human science; they are the fittest for it. At this moment a regiment of them, under Miss Nightingale as colonel—blessings on her soft voice and stout heart!—are setting out from London, in order to tend the sick in the hospitals of Constantinople. They will go there, and they will do more good than the surgeons and doctors.

We do not approve of ladies in the pulpit, or in trousers, or delivering lectures, except curtain lectures, which are womanly things enough, and, in most instances, highly called for. But we hope to see the day when authoritative women will go about with their pills, prescriptions, and so forth, to deal with and diminish the majority of diseases that visit our households.

THE ODIN RELIGION.—Under this head, the "Westminster Review," for October, has a very interesting article gathered from several recent German works. The old Teutonic race were lovers of myth and mystery, and their descendants, who remain where their forefathers worshipped, seem even now half inclined to serve the same shadowy gods. German philosophers live, usually, in cloud-land, and the study of the "Scriptures of Odinism" is for them a congenial pursuit. The article is very interesting; but we notice it here for the sake of the acknowledgment made to the aptitude of the female mind for the reception of the Christian religion. The writer, alluding to the number of the nobler sort who received the new faith, says these were "influenced in many cases—it is astonishing in how many—by the pious examples and the silent persuasions of devout women, to whose tender hearts Christ proved more congenial than Odin."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "A Poet's Song in Despondency"—"The Winter Night"—"Gathered to her Babies"—"Skating"—"He doeth all things well"—"Autumn Days"—"Allen's Grave"—"My Heart is thine"—"Invocation"—"The Forest Cemetery"—"Sleep lightly, Love"—and "The Good and Pure of Earth."

The following are declined: "To the Departed"—"Memory's Serenade"—"Youth and Old Age"—"Let come whatever will"—"The Lady of the deep blue Eye"—"The Orphan"—"Scraps from a Journal"—"Cleveland Cemetery, with Reflections"—"The Widow." (This effusion did not reach us till the January number was printed. The author had better send the MS. poem to the lady for whom it is designed.)—"To Mary Neal." (Better send the MS. to the poetess.)—"A Midnight Song." (The poem has merit, but the writer can improve.)—"Lines on a Mountain"—"I sing of thee, Love"—"Lines." (Two pieces inclosed in the letter were accepted; see above.)—"My Angel"—"Winter"—"Gold." (Of no value. Better dig than steal other men's thoughts.)—"The wild—wild Ocean"—"Pride"—"A long Journey"—and "The Return Home."

* From the "Saturday Evening Mail," edited by George R. Graham, and published by C. F. Peters & Co. We commend this weekly paper to families as excellent in its moral and literary influence. Its advocacy of the education of woman, and of her fitness for her duties (among which the medical care of her own sex in feminine complaints, and the thorough knowledge of the diseases of childhood, are included), is earnest, and will, we trust, help onward the good cause.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

From E. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia:—

LECTURES ON THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY. *Delivered in Philadelphia, by Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Fall and Winter of 1853-4.* With an Introductory Essay by Alonzo Potter, D. D., LL.D., Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania. The "Introductory Essay" is a masterpiece of philosophical reasoning applied to moral science, and most fitly prepares the reader for the powerful and beautiful discourses which follow. There are fifteen of these, from men of the highest talent the Episcopal Church has the privilege of numbering in her fold. We cannot, in the short space to which our notices are necessarily confined, give any adequate notion of the merits of these "Lectures." Those who listened to the eloquent speakers during the course will not need our testimony to the excellence and importance of this work. It should be in every place of learning for female as well as male students. Young women will learn to understand aright the influence they can wield on the minds of men by the record of that wrought on the mind of M. Comte by Madame de Vaux (see page 10); and this evidence of the power which God has conferred on the female sex of advancing *religious truth* should make Christian men in earnest to promote the thorough training of woman. These "Lectures" will be of great value in aiding home education.

THE SCHOLAR'S COMPANION: *containing Exercises in the Orthography, Derivation, and Classification of English Words.* Revised edition, with an introduction and a copious index. By Rufus Bailey. We like this book, and commend it highly to all educators. A thorough mastery of its contents, which may be made by any child of common power of memory by the age of ten or twelve years, will give him or her a better knowledge of the English language than is usually acquired in a scholastic education, where the mind is directed more to the grammatical construction of sentences and the beauty of rhetorical flourishes than to the simple meaning and power of words. The introduction explains this very forcibly.

From HENRY CAREY BAIRD, Philadelphia:—

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE STAGE. *Embracing Notices of Actors, Authors, and Auditors, during a Period of Forty Years.* By William B. Wood, late Director of the Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Alexandria Theatres. With a portrait. There can be none of the old "play-going" citizens of Philadelphia alive who are not more or less familiar with the venerable author of this interesting volume. Nay, even those who have not known Mr. Wood as an actor will be ready to admit his unquestionable merits as a gentleman, whose character has invariably combined all the sterling peculiarities of the old school. The writer of this brief notice remembers having frequently met Mr. Wood on Chestnut Street, when he was in his prime, arm in arm with members of the Philadelphia bar, one of whom, at least, has been a popular representative of his fellow-citizens in the councils of the

nation, and a representative of his country at one of the most polished courts of Europe. We mention the fact simply to show the estimation in which the author has always been held by men who were the most competent to appreciate talents and virtues, independent of social prejudices. At that day, as he has been ever since, William B. Wood was the most polished and gentlemanly representative of his profession to be found in America, or probably in the world. And such he continues to be; for who that ever meets him now, in his ripe old age, that does not recognize in his dignified countenance, and in his always neat costume, identical with the past, even in the color and tie of his cravat, the true gentleman, as he was full fifty years ago. But to those who did not know him in his prime of life, or who have retained but a faint recollection of his theatrical associates, the volume before us is full of interest; while to those who, like himself, have survived nearly all their early associates and theatrical favorites, it will prove a genial reproduction of character and feeling, which will excite the most pleasing reminiscences, and for the author the warmest sympathies of those who recognize him as forming a part of their recollections of the past. Besides these old and pleasant associations, all who desire to know what the stage has been in Philadelphia, and the characters of most of those who have been connected with it from the earliest days, will not fail to consult these unpretending, but most interesting "Personal Recollections." "Personal," however, as the volume professes to be, there is less of mere personal gossip and theatrical cant interwoven with its relations than in any similar work of the kind we have ever read. In this Mr. Wood has shown his usual good taste and judgment.

From T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

PETERSON'S LIBRARY OF HUMOROUS AMERICAN WORKS. With original designs by Darley. Two volumes of this entertaining and popular publication are now on our table. The first contains "Yankee Yarns and Yankee Letters," by Sam Slick, alias Judge Haliburton. The second is entitled "Theatrical Journeywork and Anecdotal Recollections of Sol Smith, Esq., Comedian, Attorney-at-Law," etc. With a portrait of the author. Price 50 cents each.

From MASON BROTHERS, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

RUTH HALL: *a Domestic Tale of the Present Time.* By Fanny Fern. As a writer, the author of this volume has been very successful and very popular. Her success and popularity may be increased by this "domestic tale;" but, as we never interfere in family affairs, we must leave readers to judge for themselves.

From FISHER & BROTHER, Philadelphia:—

CHRISTY'S PLANTATION MELODIES. A popular collection of negro songs.

From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & Co., No. 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

BRUSHWOOD, PICKED UP ON THE CONTINENT; *or, Last Summer's Trip to the Old World.* By Orville Hortwitz. The incidents and descriptions in this volume are very interesting. It will furnish the reader with many new views of European scenery, and many original reflections on the state of the arts, religion, and politics.

PEBBLES FROM THE LAKE SHORE; or, Miscellaneous Poems. By Charles Leland Porter, A. M. Lippincott, Grambo, & Co., Philadelphia. We are indebted to the author for a copy of this work, which has been very handsomely printed and tastefully bound. The contents embrace some eighty short poems on various subjects, most of which are highly creditable to the genius and taste of the author. Many of these were originally published in the "Lady's Book," and in other magazines and newspapers of the day, and favorably received by the public.

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From EVANS & DICKERSON, New York, through LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & Co., Philadelphia:—

HARRY'S VACATION. By Wm. C. Richards, A. M. The rising generation of this country are greatly indebted to Messrs. Evans & Dickerson and his talented corps of writers for some of the best books for children ever produced. They are not of the old-fashioned "Mother Goose" style of children's books, but works well written, well printed, and well bound. The book that we are noticing is one that we can recommend in the strongest terms to parents. It combines science with ornament. It will instruct as well as delight. We quote a portion of the preface: "The accidental fall of a dish from the fingers of a careless servant forms the text of a discussion on gravitation. The frost-work upon the window-panes, a soap-bubble rolling upon the carpet, a schoolboy's sport with 'a sucker'—these and a hundred other apparent trifles are pegs upon which are hung the most valuable lessons of practical wisdom. Almost all the branches of physical science are illustrated in the development of the story; and the intelligent child may gather more distinct and accurate ideas about them, almost unconsciously, while following the sports and pastimes of Harry and his companions, than he could possibly derive from text-books on science in a quarter's hard study. The author's familiarity with the sciences has enabled him to interweave their leading facts into the thread of the story, with due regard to philosophical accuracy, while it is never burdened with the technicalities of science, or made dull by dry and tedious explanations." It contains six well-executed engravings. The excellent author we are well acquainted with, and a book from his pen everybody, old and young, may peruse with safety. We have called this a book for young people; it is written, and the experiments are described, in that easy and explanatory style that will easily be comprehended by children; but there is not a grown person in the country but what will find in this little volume matter that will interest and instruct him.

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From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia:—

HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN, FORMATION, AND ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. With notices of the principal framers. By George Tickner Curtis. In two volumes. We have before us the first volume of this able work, which thus far promises to be of the greatest importance as a valuable condensation of the political history of the United States. Of late years, too many of those who even aspired to make politics a profession seem to place but little value on the constitution as it is, and to know and to care less about its history. If, however, it is the intention of the people to preserve the Union as something stronger and more reliable than "a rope of sand," is it not time that they and their servants

should make some honest efforts to revive the principles, and to replace the landmarks upon which the great national compromises were supported and adopted? Such works as that which is here referred to will undoubtedly effect a great amount of good in this respect. Their circulation and perusal will prevent a great amount of sectional jealousies and sectarian differences, where neither the one nor the other should ever exist. We hope, therefore, that it will be read and studied by those who aspire to be leaders and teachers, as well as by all good people who desire the perpetuity of the American Union, without which American liberty cannot long survive.

THE ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A. With four hundred and fifty original designs. By William Harvey. This is a book that ought to be in every family. It is a very interesting volume. The printing and engravings of this popular natural history are in the usual finished style of the Harpers.

HARPER'S STORY-BOOK. No. 1. We hail the appearance of this new work with great pleasure. Anything intended for the amusement and instruction of children meets with our decided approbation. If the children of this generation are not wise, it will not be because they are not well catered for. The size of the work is good, the reading matter excellent, and the engravings superb.

LATER YEARS. By the author of "The Old House by the River," and the "Owl Creek Letters." We shall have reason to compassionate the reader whose feelings cannot sympathize with the author of this volume. He certainly sketches with a bold and confident hand, but, at the same time, with all the skill, delicacy, and refined taste of a natural artist, whose mind has been carefully educated, and whose heart was early taught to glow with just appreciations of the true and the beautiful.

AGNES AND CAROLINE. *Franconian Stories.* By the author of the "Rollo Books." Two handsomely illustrated volumes. In writing these beautiful and popular stories, the object of the author has been "the development of the moral sentiments of the human heart in early life." This object he has kept constantly in view, and therefore his stories have imparted instruction as well as delight to multitudes of youthful readers, who, we hope, will always cherish the virtuous sentiments they have inculcated.

THE YOUNG HUSBAND. By Mrs. Grey, author of "The Gambler's Wife" and "The Bosom Friend." No. 193 of "Harper's Library of Select Novels." Price 37½ cents.

We have received No. 7 of Harper's "Gazetteer of the World." We are carefully filing the numbers, as it will be an invaluable work when completed.

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From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia:—

FAMOUS PERSONS AND PLACES. By N. Parker Willis. The author of these sketches has never, we believe, been classed among the profound, historical, or ethical writers of his times, and yet a vast fund of agreeable philosophy may be extracted from his works. A great portion of the contents of this volume has heretofore appeared under the title of "Pencilings by the Way," and in that form was treated with considerable acrimony by the critics. The work survived, however, and the author prospered gloriously, adding greatly to his wealth as well as his fame. It became a great

favorite with the admirers of personal gossip, and with all such as could relish vivid descriptions of character as exhibited at foreign tournaments, balls, public dinners, and private tea-parties. These peculiarities still retain a fixed influence over the minds of a certain class of fashionable readers, which it is quite probable will be transferred to generations yet to come.

OUT-DOORS OF IDLEWILD; *or, the Shaping of a Home on the Banks of the Hudson.* This is another handsomely printed volume from the pen of N. P. Willis, written during his "invalid-retirement in the Highlands of the Hudson." It was originally published in the "Home Journal." The admirers of Mr. Willis will be pleased to see it in its present form.

THE HOME IN THE VALLEY. By Emilie F. Carlen, author of "One Year of Wedlock," "The Whimsical Woman," etc. etc. From the original Swedish, by Elbert Perce. The author of this little volume is a great favorite with all such readers as delight in home scenes, and who take pleasure in contemplating pictures of those quiet domestic virtues upon the realities of which so much of human happiness depends.

THE RAT-CATCHER; *or, the Magic Fife. A Story of the Olden Time.* By Gustav Nientz. A very amusing book for young readers, translated from the German, by Mrs. H. C. Conant.

BEAUTIFUL BERTHA. By Mrs. L. C. Tuttle, author of "Queer Bonnets," "Tip-Top," etc. etc. Mrs. Tuttle is a pleasing and instructive writer. The moral tendency of her stories has never been questioned.

THE PLUM-WOMAN; *or, the Child with Three Fathers. A Tale of High Life and Low Life.* By Gustav Nientz. A very interesting story for young readers, translated from the German by Mrs. H. C. Conant.

OLD KARL, THE COOPER, AND HIS WONDERFUL BOOK. By Elbert Perce. This is another beautiful book for the juvenile class of readers, and one with which we are quite certain they will be pleased.

From DE WITT & DAVENPORT, N. Y., through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

LIFE IN THE CLEARINGS VERSUS THE BUSH. By Mrs. Moodie, author of "Roughing in the Bush." Mrs. Moodie is a very pleasant and entertaining writer. She is peculiarly happy in her sketches of character. All her previous works have been extremely popular, as we think the present deserves to be, as it is quite equal to its predecessors in point of ability, though a little ahead of them in its Anglo-Canadian patriotism.

From D. APPLETON & Co., No. 200 Broadway, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

HEARTSEASE; *or, the Brother's Wife.* By the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." In two volumes. But few novels have appeared lately possessing the interest and the literary merits of this work. The lessons it contains are all excellent. They will be perused with pleasure, and with profit, by all sensible readers.

THE WANDERERS BY SEA AND LAND, WITH OTHER TALES. By Peter Parley. Illustrated with engravings.

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE. By Cousin Alice. A beautiful story this for young readers. It is written in the same correct and fascinating style that has so greatly distinguished all Mrs. Neal's previous contributions to our juvenile literature. The moral is excellent, and such as will nerve the heart of the inexperienced reader with a generous self-reliance in all its future conflicts with the world.

From GARRETT & Co., New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

FRED VERNON; *or, the Victim of Avarice.* By J. F. Smith, Esq., author of "Minne Gray," "Gus. Howard," etc. An excellent novel by a well-known author.

From J. S. REDFIELD, 110 and 112 Nassau Street, New York, through W. B. ZIEBER, Philadelphia :—

YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEM. By Q. This volume presents us with sketches of some forty individuals, among whom are poets, painters, novelists, editors, players, singers, statesmen, policemen, authors, dramatists, pianists, and horn-blowers. All of these personages, whether living or dead, have at some time or other been the victims of popularity, and therefore they are the very individuals whose names, at least, "you have heard of" before this. But you now have an opportunity of being intimately acquainted with them all, if you will only accept of the introduction which is politely and flatteringly offered to you through the services of "Q." The author, indeed, is not an Irishman, as you might well suppose him to be, and he even travelled in Ireland without acquiring any of the "peculiarities of the brogue;" but then he succeeded in becoming admirably proficient in the science of "blarney." Among his numerous readers there will no doubt be a few sincere admirers, who will respond to the lively sentences of the work, and to the "perfect pictures," with that pure sense of gratitude which is always due for favors intended to be conferred.

SOUTHWARD HO! *A Spell of Sunshine.* By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., author of "The Yemassee," "The Partisan," etc. etc. Under the title of "Southward Ho!" Mr. Simms has furnished a volume of beautifully written historic, romantic, and amusing sketches and tales, such as any author, North or South, might feel proud to have presented to the literature of his country. We need not say that Mr. Simms is an able, witty, and elegant writer, or that he is a spirited and generous defender of the revolutionary principles of the republic. These qualities are fully attested in all his works, and not less in this, whatever preferences may appear to be given in the historical portions of it to the author's side of the questions introduced; for it must and will be admitted that he has always sustained those preferences with talent and magnanimity, and with a patriotic heartiness of purpose which challenges our admiration.

From BUNCE & BROTHER, New York :—

AMABEL: a Family History. By Mary Elizabeth Wormley. This is an English tale, well written, and unusually interesting.

From SHELDON, LAMPORT, & BLAKEMAN, New York :—

IDA NORMAN; *or, Trials and their Uses.* By Mrs. Lincoln Phelps. This is an interesting and thoroughly American story. The various mutations of fortune so common in this country, with the circumstances that led to them or followed them, and the traits of character brought out by that means, are depicted in a lively and graphic manner. It is unnecessary to say that the moral aim of the book is pure and high. The name of the authoress is a sufficient guarantee for that. It is a work that can be placed in the hands of any young person with the conviction that nothing but good can come from its perusal, and that, while it serves to amuse, it will also elevate the mind.

From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co., Boston, through R. H. SEE, Philadelphia :—

THE WORKS OF BEN JONSON. With a Biographical Memoir, by William Gifford. A new edition. This is a handsomely printed and substantially bound volume of nearly one thousand royal octavo pages. No person who professes to have an acquaintance with English classical literature, or who venerates the genius and the services of its early founders, can afford to be without a copy of the works of Ben Jonson. He was the contemporary and the intimate friend and literary companion of Shakspeare while he lived, and the most sincere of his eulogists after his decease, and it therefore seems only natural that their works should find places side by side on the same shelves of every well-selected library. The volume before us is truly a superb specimen of the arts of printing and binding, and, we might add, of the art of engraving also, as it is embellished with an exquisitely finished and most expressive portrait of the author.

THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER; *the Text formed from a new Collation of the early Editions.* With notes and a biographical memoir, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. In two volumes. The few comments which we have made in reference to the works of Ben Jonson will apply with equal justice to these volumes and to their author. Beaumont and Fletcher were the contemporaries of Shakspeare and Jonson, and their works belong to the same era, and partake of the peculiarities of dramatic poetry, for which that era is distinguished. Those peculiarities, as is well known to critics, were not exemplified by a strict adherence to the rules of modesty or chastity of sentiment. Many of the dialogues, therefore, to be found in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher in particular, exhibit the profligate tendencies of the age in which they were written, but in few instances have their authors permitted honor and virtue to go unrewarded. Nevertheless, these volumes were edited by a clergyman, whose judgment and literary taste may be implicitly relied upon, and, of course, they will find a place in the library along with Shakspeare and Jonson.

GEMS OF BEAUTY; *or, Literary Gifts for 1855.* Edited by Emily Percival. This is a splendid annual of 288 pages, containing a number of contributions and selections from the most approved and popular authors, besides nine illustrations, engraved in the best style of the art.

THE BOOK OF THE BOUDOIR; *or, Memento of Friendship. A Gift for all Seasons.* Edited by Ellen Louise. This is another richly bound volume of the same class as the preceding. Its contents are varied, and from the pens of the best authors, and the illustrations, six in number, are really beautiful.

THE SOUVENIR GALLERY: *an Illustrated Gift-Book for all Seasons.* Edited by Emily Percival. This souvenir has once before been presented to the public under another dress and title. But that fact will not prevent it from being hailed by old and new friends with the greatest pleasure. Its contents embrace thirty-two sketches and tales, in prose and poetry, and thirteen illustrations in the highest style of the art, which, together with the outside decorations, render it one of the most acceptable presents that has been prepared for the season.

THE AMARANTH; *or, Tokens of Remembrance. A Christmas and New-Year's Present for 1855.* Edited by Emily Percival. This is the ninth volume that has appeared since the commencement of this popular an-

nual. It is handsomely illustrated, and contains numerous articles in the several departments of literature of great merit.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER. By Ellen Louise Chandler. With illustrations by Rowse. This is a very fine edition of a volume of sketches, noticed on a former occasion, and of which seven thousand copies have been published.

The following works, beautifully bound and illustrated, are intended for young readers, to whom they will always be acceptable, as well for the instruction as for the amusement they will afford: "The Grateful Heart; or, a Silver Lining to every Cloud." "Estelle's Stories about Dogs, for Good Boys and Girls." "Little Blossom's Reward: a Christmas Tale for Children." By Mrs. Emily Hare. "The Charm: an Illustrated Book for Boys and Girls." "Christmas Holidays at Chestnut Hill." By Cousin Mary.

And, in addition to these valuable works, we have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt, from the same publishers, of the first six volumes of "Lingard's History of England," a notice of which appeared in the "Lady's Book" of December last.

We have also, from the same publishers, a handsome volume entitled "Ida May: a Story of Things Actual and Possible," by Mary Langdon; and the concluding numbers, together with a bound copy, of "Martin Merivale," a popular tale by Paul Creyton.

ISABEL CARROLLTON. *A Personal Retrospect.* A very interesting narrative.

From J. BUFFUM, 23 Cornhill, Boston :—

TOWN AND COUNTRY; *or, Life at Home and Abroad, Without and Within us.* By John S. Adams. A collection of articles, prose and poetry, grave and gay, and all written with the aim of doing good. The overflow of these works of the day, dealing in the scenes and things of common life around us, has nearly submerged critics and washed away criticism. We can only record their advent, and let them go by. Among the millions of American readers, this book will doubtless find friends. It is well gotten up.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND, by Charles Spear, is still going out on its errands of mercy. May success attend his efforts!

From CROSBY, NICHOLS, & Co., Boston, through W. S. MARTIEN, Philadelphia :—

POPULAR TALES. By Madame Guizot. Translated from the French, by Mrs. L. Burke. This neat little volume contains a number of tales which are highly entertaining and instructive, particularly for the youthful class of readers. They have been translated in a familiar and intelligible language, and in that respect are altogether preferable to many of the stories which are written and translated for home consumption. Their morality is therefore within the comprehension of those for whom its precepts were particularly designed.

CHILDREN'S TRIALS; *or, the Little Rope Dancers and other Tales.* Translated from the German of Auguste Linden, by Trauer Mantel. With a number of colored illustrations.

"WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A FATHER?" Words and music by Louis D. Rees. A beautiful composition, and already extremely fashionable in our musical circles. Every lady ought to have a copy, and, to accommodate them, we will send a copy on receipt of 25 cents, or five copies for \$1.

Godey's Arm-Chair

OUR FEBRUARY NUMBER.—Another beautiful gemograph plate by the same engraver as "Crossing the Brook," in our October number, which gave so much pleasure to our half million readers. It is called "The Little Image Merchant," and tells its own story better than we can tell it. Look at the fashion plate, ladies; you know you can't see anything like it elsewhere, either for truthfulness, coloring, or engraving. An improvement will be perceived in our blue cuts; they are now printed in two colors. These last are taken from the original English work. So we go on improving on every number. The following is an illustration of "The Happy Home," by Richard Coe, Esq.:—

"Let us look for a moment, my dear reader, into what is termed by our artist 'The Happy Home,' and see what is to be found there. Music, flowers, pictures, and poetry; helpless infancy, guileless childhood, vigorous manhood, and sober age; temperance, frugality, intelligence, and wisdom. These are the elements that constitute 'The Happy Home,' and without them no home ever can be happy. Let us, then, my dear reader, each and all of us, learn a lesson from this picture, and, by right-living upon earth, strive to secure for ourselves a happy home in Heaven."

CUPID IN A QUANDARY.—We have asked our artist the meaning of this engraving. He thinks it is a representation of the Victoria Regia, as that is generally seen in a tub of water. But we think it is a hit at the editor, whose heart is very susceptible, and here it is pierced through and through.

OUR subscribers have no idea of the numerous questions we are asked. Some inclose a stamp, and request a private reply; and we answer all we can with pleasure. But, once for all, we can't find situations for young ladies in this city, and we don't purchase poetry.

"ALONE."—This delightful novel, by our contributor, Marion Harland, has been republished in London by Low, Son, & Co., with designs by Alfred Crowquill. Our present number contains an article—"The Sympathy Meeting"—by this lady.

HAVING but two hands, and only one of them that we can write with, it is utterly impossible for us to answer letters about poetry. We never give our opinion about articles, and we do not correct them for the press. Contributors must look at "Notices to Correspondents" to see whether their articles are accepted or rejected.

BOOK-KEEPING, by single and double entry, is a science that can be taught; but how to keep a book, against the encroachments by the home entry, is another science. The Pa. "Mirror and News" says that his "wife understands that invaluable science of book-keeping, don't lend."

"Just so," says one who is peeping over our shoulder, as she gently removes it from the range of our visual organ." And don't you feel happy that you have one to whom you can allow that privilege? She does not see "how any lady can do without Godey's 'Book.'" Is it not so, thou "Sentinel," of Ogdensburg?

"THE MOTHER'S FAITH," by Alice B. Neal, in the December number, ought to be read in every family, says the N. C. "Republican;" and we find the press in general are waking up to the merits of our contributor, Pauline Forsyth. Her stories of the South are pronounced the most perfect pictures of life in the South ever published.

THE COTTAGE of our Canada friend will appear in the March number. Could not be got ready for this number. We hope the artist will keep his promise.

WE give the following, not for any self-gratification, but merely as signs of the times. A lady sends us the following letter, inclosing \$24:—

"Your 'Lady's Book' has ever been a favorite with me. I have been a subscriber for eight years. Whenever I receive a copy, everything else is laid aside until its pages are all read over. Allow me to say I think it one of the most beautiful and really useful monthlies now in circulation, and one I can recommend with confidence to every Christian lady, without running the hazard of aiding in the circulation of a pernicious work. I know of no magazine more elevated in its character, and none which I think so well adapted to the wants of every lady.

Mrs. B. S., III."

Borrowers have a hit here:—

"I have succeeded in forming a club for your very interesting 'Lady's Book.' I started with the determination to ask every one of my borrowers to take it; but, to my great surprise, not one of that character could think of taking Godey's 'Lady's Book,' for they did not like it.

Ky., Dec. 8."

From one who has repented:—

"Herewith you will receive \$10, from a club of subscribers. My humble self hopes to receive the gratis number, and no longer be a borrower. Let the returns be prompt, as our hearts will be in our mouths till we set our eyes on the veritable 'Book.'

N. Y."

Another hit at borrowers; but they seem, in this case, to have subscribed:—

"I have concluded that it would be impossible to get along without your 'Lady's Book,' and, wishing to avoid lending it, have got up a club. I will try to send you more during the year.

III."

With a club of twenty:—

"You may perceive by the increase of names that your 'Lady's Book' is gaining favor in our small yet beautiful village. We were, by great exertions, enabled to procure for you the past year six subscribers; now we have doubled the number the coming year, and we hope that their influence during the year will win for the 'Book' a still larger number for the year to come. The style, beauty, and moral tone of the 'Book' must gain the admiration and good wishes of every one desirous to cultivate correct deportment for their native community; and we hope, with its influence, the coming year to infuse a desire in the heart of every lover of reading, and thereby increase your list; for we heartily wish every reader to peruse it, and to mould from it a character that will win from all well-disposed persons admiration and favor.

A., Pa., Dec. 8."

A gentleman of Michigan, "S. A. G., Esq.," sends us a club and says: "My wife, as well as myself, like the 'Book,' and I expect to take it regularly for the future, and present it to her as a memento of our marriage, which took place in the first part of the first day of the first week of the first month of the year 1854."

TESTIMONIALS IN FAVOR OF MRS. HALE'S "BIBLE READING-BOOK," from letters of approval sent to the editor of the work:—

"I am much pleased with the plan and execution of Mrs. Hale's 'Bible Reading-Book.' It is, in my opinion, exceedingly well adapted for instruction in schools and private families. The pupils who will make themselves acquainted with this concise and continuous view of the Scriptures, can scarcely fail to have an earnest desire to turn to the sacred volume itself, from which they may at first have been repelled by the magnitude and seeming want of unity of its contents.

"HENRY VETHAKE,

"*Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.*

"PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1, 1854."

"I have examined the plan and execution of the 'Bible Reading-Book,' by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and think very favorably of it in both respects, as being well adapted to its important object.

"CHARLES P. McILVAIN, D. D.,

"*Bishop of the Diocese of Ohio.*

"CINCINNATI, Nov. 29, 1854."

C. G. HENDERSON & Co., corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, have sent us their "Holiday Catalogue." A notice from us would be too late to do them any good. They should have sent it before. To print our immense edition requires a great deal of time, and publishers should be wide awake if they want holiday books noticed in our December number, which is the proper month. They should be sent to us by the middle of October.

FRIEND OF THE "CONSTITUTION," ERIE.—Our name is pronounced as if spelled Gó-de; accent on the first syllable.

A HOME TRUTH.—Take your own papers. Every person, we think, is bound to support their own papers. If you have not one published in your own place, then subscribe to the one nearest to you; and, after that, you want nothing but the "Lady's Book." "It is a periodical," says the Shelbyville "News," "which every lady should take in addition to her own paper."

MRS. STEPHENS'S "CROCHET-BOOK."—As an act of justice to ourselves, we deem it due to state that the patterns we have already published, before Mrs. S.'s book appeared, and which are in her book, and those that we are about to publish, which may also be in her work, were taken from the original source, "The Lady's Own Book," published by W. S. Johnson, of London. This explanation is given, as our readers might suppose that we copied from Mrs. Stephens's book. We have had the various numbers of "The Lady's Own Book" in our possession for more than a year; but other novelties demanded precedence. It is an excellent work, and we will furnish it for 75 cents.

REMORSE OF CONSCIENCE.—We received a letter from Michigan—we won't say what post-office—inclosing \$5, saying: "Sir: The inclosed money I send you to pay for the 'Lady's Book,' which I continued to take and make use of long after the real subscriber left the place. I have lately joined the church, and one of my first acts is to pay you the money which rightly belongs to you." Well done, and honestly. Would we not be rich, if all who have done the same would pay up? We could build a church.

VERY GOOD.—Dr. P.—, who is attached to a Parisian theatre in the quality of a physician, expressed his astonishment that a man and woman were not created at the same time, instead of the latter springing from the rib of our first parent. A young lady standing by, remarkable for the graceful turn which she ever gives to the expression of her ideas, said: "Was it not natural, sir, that the flower should come after the stem?"

PERSONS writing to us must put the name of the State, as well as town, inside their letters. Nothing can be made out of postmarks.

ORACULARLY PRONOUNCED.—The S. C. "Telescope" says: "We heartily agree with the ladies, that Godey makes the best 'Lady's Book' in the world. The 'Book' has no rival." We never dispute with the ladies.

A GOOD SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE.—The Georgia "Organ" says: "Godey is always a welcome visitor. As evidence of the fact, the postmaster says there is more eagerness shown for the 'Book' than all other publications coming to the office. For a week before the regular time the continual cry is, 'Has Godey come? has Godey come?' and he assures us there is no peace until Godey does 'come.'"

HERE IS A DELICATE MATTER.—The Portsmouth (N. H.) "Gazette" says: "Godey is entertaining and excellent. One word to the publisher. We not only are bored to death by borrowers for his 'Book,' but one lady to whom we have loaned a few months' numbers now asserts a prescriptive right of ownership in it, and monthly, long before it is due, propounds the question, 'Has my Godey come?' She is so pertinacious in her queries, and insists so strongly on her title, that we are actually forced to give in. Dearsir, what shall we do?"

As the lady, friend "Gazette," is no doubt your wife, why, of course, let her have it; but make her write you a good notice of it. You have not caught us this time.

WE remember once hearing a person lay down an argument, a clincher. "Sir," said he, "it is a self-evident fact, and has been decided in every court in Christendom, that, when a man has no funds in his banker's hands, such banker is not bound to pay his drafts." One other fact seems to be as self-evident, and we quote the Mississippi "Chronicle" as authority. The editor says: "It is a fact universally acknowledged, that Godey's 'Lady's Book' is the best magazine for ladies in the world."

DOES our friend of the Macon "Beacon" remember old Weller's advice to his son: "Samivel, beware of the vidders"? We ourselves do not believe there is any more danger in them than maidens; but, as our friend of the "Beacon" is a young man, we give him a word in time, and that is—marry the widow.

FRIEND CHESTER, for you to say that "Godey's host of patrons is about equal to the allied powers in point of numbers!" Why, man, we far outstrip them. You have made the *amende*, however, by saying: "The 'Book' is as much of a necessity to the female world as pure air is to the lungs." There is no man in this country who can write a better poem, or compliment more neatly, than Anson G. Chester, Esq., of the Buffalo "Express."

THE Lawrence "Sentinel" makes the following calculation. Speaking of the November number, it says: "The plate of 'Peace' is worth twenty-five cents; the remainder of the 'Book' being all profit." We have always said that our music alone was worth \$3 each year; and the N. C. "Star" says: "Its music more than worth \$3." Here are \$3 more gained. The Hamilton "Organ" says: "No lady would be without the domestic receipts for \$3."

MADAME SONTAG.—What is the reason that the husbands of all great singers desert them immediately on their death? Is it because they can make no more money out of them? When Malibran died, De Beriot, her husband, took a post-chaise and left the place immediately. When Sontag died, her husband, Count Rossi, left at once; and the last news we have is that her body arrived at Vera Cruz from Mexico, by the common carrier's conveyance, and, as a valuation has to be placed on every parcel to know what freight to charge, the *package* was valued at \$200. When received at Vera Cruz, as there was no one to take charge of the body, it was placed in an obscure church, there to remain, we suppose, until some one claims it. This man Rossi, count as he is, was indebted to his wife for the very bread that he ate. What woman would so have deserted the remains of her husband?

We learn since that the remains are waiting the consent of some captain to carry them to England; but, up to this date, not one has been found that will admit the body in his vessel.

OUR Fashion Editor has on hand some most beautiful patterns for netted anti-macassars, also collar patterns and crochet mats, which are too large for the "Book." Twenty-five cents each.

THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.—We think this branch of our government owes us at least a vote of thanks. In the report of the head of the department, an increase of the postage receipts over last year is estimated, but no particular reason is given why it has increased. We know the reason. If any person would stand at our desk for a week, and see the letters we receive, containing money and congratulations, they would not so much wonder; and we mention it now simply that the Postmaster-General, in his next report, may make mention of the cause. The newspaper notices are also legion. We intended to publish a few; but they are all so flattering that we are puzzled to make a selection. The January number seems to have surprised every one.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—We have been particularly happy in our selections lately. What more appropriate subject for our Christmas month number than "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow"? What more fitting text could be chosen for such a season? "John Proclaiming the Messiah" was the next in succession. Two such plates have never before appeared in any magazine but the "Lady's Book." And, for variety, here is our little gem of the "Image Merchant."

MRS. HALE'S "COOK BOOK" we will furnish at \$1, and pay the postage. Mrs. Hale's "Household Book" on the same terms. Every one of our lady subscribers ought to have both these books, and they would, if they knew their value.

THE MORAL TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.—For the past six years, our worthy fellow-citizen, the Rev. Edward C. Jones, has been consecrating his energies to the moral amelioration of the insane patients at Blockley Almshouse. During that period, nearly one thousand cases have demanded his attentive interest and consideration. In the establishment of libraries for their use, in forming classes for reading and vocal music, and in the stated ministrations of the chapel, he has toiled assiduously for their benefit. Nor have his labors been unproductive. In the harmony and order which pervade the department, and the increased average of cures, he possesses the encouraging proof that his beneficent work has been owned by Heaven. We commend most cordially so philanthropic an effort, and hope that Mr. Jones may secure that patronage and support which an enlightened sense of duty would prompt in the case of all who would extend to the mentally affected the blessed hopes and rich consolations of our common Christianity.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

SET OF SILVER.—We copy the following from the Lawrence (Mass.) "Sentinel": "We see it is proposed, and that very properly, for the ladies of the United States to present the proprietor, Mr. Godey, with a silver service, for his unceasing efforts during a quarter of a century in conducting the 'Lady's Book.' The project is certainly a good one, and we trust it will be carried out. It is but justice to say, however, in this connection, that Godey prefers, instead of the silver service, that each of his lady subscribers send him an additional one for the next volume commencing in January."

We add to the above, we do prefer the latter—that every lady should send us another subscriber.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW AGAIN IN THIS NUMBER.—Making flowers out of wood-shavings. Certainly very cheap materials. Of course, the "Lady's Book" is the first to give it.

BRODIE has again favored us with a very beautiful article from his immense repository, No. 51 Canal Street, New York.

MISS WILBUR'S "CROCHET-BOOK."—We have received a fresh supply of this work, and will furnish it to our subscribers for 25 cents. See advertisement on cover.

PHALON, of New York, has sent us a bottle of his Paphian Lotion. It is of no use to us. We are handsome enough. But we have given it to a female friend to try. On receiving it, she observed: "If it makes me handsomer, you may puff it well some months hence." We shall see, and our readers shall be advised.

LADIES, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN, TOO.—Always put town, county, and State in your letters. Don't neglect this. You will save us a good deal of trouble if you will only do it.

VALUE OF NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.—There is some talk at the present time about the value of various publications, arising from the sale of two Boston papers at very high prices. No person has ever dreamed of making an offer for the "Lady's Book." At the present time, there is not money enough stirring about to purchase it. It is our pride that the "Lady's Book" has never been bought or sold. It originated with the present proprietor, has been always published by him, and not a number has ever gone to press in twenty-five years that he has not been at his post to see that all was right. Money cannot buy it.

WILL our subscribers think of back amounts, when remitting for the New Year?

A MOST IMPUDENT REQUEST.—The American Artists' Union, New York, the direction of which is under the charge of some one by the name of Holbrooke, sent us a circular, postage unpaid, asking us to insert the prospectus of his unlawful game, and offering the most munificent sum of \$100 for six months. Our price is \$100 per page for one month.

"THE 'Book' stands upon its own merits, so that Godey is not obliged to offer a long and windy list of prizes for the sake of obtaining subscribers." Much obliged to you for that, friend of the "Social Visitor." We do stand upon our own merits, and have nothing to do with "prizes."

Our fashion editor will furnish any of the following at the prices affixed:—

Ladies' Cloaks,	-	-	-	\$1 10
do. Mantles,	-	-	-	56
do. Full Dresses,	-	-	-	1 37½
do. Basques,	-	-	-	75
do. Dress Bodies,	-	-	-	75
do. Sleeves,	-	-	-	31
do. Aprons,	-	-	-	31
Children's Dresses,	-	-	-	56 to \$1 10
do. Basques,	-	-	-	56
do. Paltots,	-	-	-	56
do. Jackets,	-	-	-	31 to 56
do. Over-Coats,	-	-	-	56
do. Pants,	-	-	-	31
do. Aprons,	-	-	-	31

cut in Tissue paper, and trimmed as to be made, or any of the patterns of cloaks in this or any other number of the "Book."

MR. W. SIMMONS, Box 100, Washington, Daviess Co., Ind., proposes, on receipt of twenty-five cents, to convey a new discovery, which he calls the "Magic Telegraph," as follows: "To all wishing to avail themselves of the knowledge of a beautiful art—that of writing an *invisible* letter which may be rendered *visible* at will, and subsequently to disappear again—the opportunity is offered. Full and plain instructions will be sent to enable any persons to write a secret letter that no one is able to read or detect, except their writers and their correspondents themselves."

The editor of the Washington "Sun" says: "This is no humbug, as you can easily ascertain. We have seen it tried, and it operates like a charm."

"**HOW TO MAKE A DRESS.**"—We can now send this work to all who have ordered it, our new edition being ready. Price 25 cents.

ANTIDOTE FOR STRYCHNINE.—Camphor has been discovered to be an antidote for that terrible poison, strychnine. A man who had been thrown into convulsions by two doses of the poison—one-sixth of a grain each, administered for the rheumatism—was relieved by twenty grains of camphor, taken in six grains of almond mixture. Dr. Suddock, in a letter to the London "Lancet," claims to have made the discovery.

CORRECTION.—Page 61 of January number, in description of the "Empress Pardessus," sixth line of the second paragraph, for *flush* read *plush*.

WHAT FARMERS MIGHT DO.—One of our paper-makers, speaking of the scarcity of rags, writes thus: "If our people would only raise flax, instead of importing their linseed and oil for their own use, we should soon have paper stock in abundance. Those farmers in this county who raised flax this year, have sold their crops, standing in the field, at \$40 per acre, and some get more than that."

ANY of our subscribers having the numbers of the year 1846, or a bound volume that they do not want, can have the numbers for 1855 sent them in exchange, or we will pay \$3 for it.

"**THE NURSERY BASKET:** a Hand-Book of Practical Directions for Young Mothers; including the preparation for a young infant's wardrobe; the choice and making-up the child's bath; out-of-door dress; worsted knitting; flannel; embroidery; the clothes of older children, etc. etc. With engravings." Price, 50 cents.

Please address all orders to the publisher of "Lady's Book" for this most desirable and useful work for all young mothers.

MRS. HALE is not the Fashion Editor of the "Lady's Book." We may also state that, when an order is received for the fashion department, it is handed to the editor of that department, who does not know, nor do we, whether the sender is a subscriber or not to the "Book;" and, moreover, she will not send an article until she receives the cash. She can't keep books even by single entry. We mention this statement, because some of our old subscribers have been offended because goods were not sent on credit.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE AND ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—We call attention to these two publications. The Gazette is the best and purest weekly family paper we have, and the Magazine is only second to the "Lady's Book." We will send the "Lady's Book," and either the Gazette or Magazine, one year for \$3 50.

WHEN a couple have been married twenty-five years, they have a second wedding, termed the "silver wedding;" when fifty years have expired, the "gold wedding." The Minersville "Bulletin" thinks that, as we have published the "Book" twenty-five years, there should be a jubilee, and each one try and send us another subscriber. We vote "ay" upon that question.

WE have received the following letter from one who sent us some hair to be set in a pin: "I thank you heartily for the beautiful pin you have sent me. I have now always before me a memento that is more precious than gold. I knew not before that hair could be worked into so beautiful a device."

WE think our subscribers will like our present method of publishing the "Acting Charades," without the title. If our readers do not care to act them, let some person read them aloud, and the hearer guess the title. We have amused ourselves in that way with them.

"WE see that it has been suggested that the ladies, for whose especial gratification he gets up so superb a magazine, should make him a handsome present as a token of appreciation. It is a good idea, and something of the kind should be done; at least, every lady who takes his 'Book' might send him the name of one subscriber as a personal, and, at the same time, most substantial compliment. We have the word of our own better half, at least, that Godey's 'Lady's Book' has become almost an indispensable luxury."

We take the above from the Texas "Inquirer." It is precisely our own idea of what kind of present we would like. Those "better halves," we think, we are frequently indebted to for a notice of the "Book." They seem to have taken it under their own special protection.

THE engravings are superb. "Bless God, from whom all blessings flow," is as fine a line engraving as we ever saw, not even excelled by any of the "premium plates." It is not our saying, but that of the Logan "Sentinel."

WE should like everybody to look upon us at this present moment, and see by the expression of our countenance the indignation that is mantling there; and who would not be indignant at such a paragraph? "The magazine has grown gray in the service of the ladies." Said by one, too, that has known us so long—our much beloved Brutus. From any other hands we might have borne it. No, friend Madison "Visitor," we may grow gray, but the magazine never. The king, it is said, never dies. The "Lady's Book" can never grow gray.

"THE PRIDE OF LIFE." By Lady Scott. Published by Long & Brother, New York.—The foreign papers speak very highly of this publication:—

"A book of rare merits. Superior to most novels of the day."—*London Quarterly*.

"There is no mock sentimentality in this book. All is fresh, lively, and vigorous. The humor is genuine; the pathos such as is met with in real life."—*Dublin University Magazine*.

"Such a book as we seldom meet with in these days of morbid sentimentality. True to life and natural throughout."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"We took the book home with us and read it to the end at one sitting. We could not lay it aside."—*Spect'r*.

"Written in elegant language, and abounding in natural feeling."—*Spectator*.

"The gifted authoress has a good perception of character."—*Morning Herald*.

"We don't know when we have read a work of such interest."—*London Times*.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp.

The beautiful patterns from Harrisburg received, and the sender will please accept our thanks. It may be some months before they appear; but they will be published, for they are so pretty.

"A Subscriber," Pontotoc.—On either arm; there is no rule.

"Miss E. R."—The "Lady's Book" is the text-book; no other work is considered as authority in this part of the world. We could fill our "Book" every month with complimentary letters.

"M. S. S."—Sent patterns 16th.

"S. F. L."—Sent patterns 16th.

"Mrs. R. V. M."—Sent Mrs. Hale's "Bible Reading-Book" 16th.

"Miss A. M. O."—Sent hair breast-pin 17th.

"Mrs. L. O. S."—Sent shawl by Kinsley's Express 17th.

"Mrs. S. A."—Sent children's clothes by Adams's Express 17th.

"S. J. T."—Sent gold pencil, Rapp's, 18th.

"Mrs. J. F. W."—Sent patterns 18th.

"Miss W. O."—Sent worsted 18th.

"J. A."—Sent patterns 18th.

"G. B. S."—Sent patterns 18th.

"O. S."—Sent work-box 18th.

"Miss M. H."—Sent bonnet by Adams's Express 18th.

"M. K. L."—Crochet is pronounced as if spelled *Kro-shay*; accent on the first syllable. Steel crochet-needles \$1, ivory 37½ cents. Send you Lippincott's; cannot get the others.

"Mrs. L. R. B."—Sent worsted by Harnden's Express 20th.

"Mrs. W. F. J."—Sent shawl by Kinsley's Express 21st.

"Mrs. N. B."—Sent patterns 22d.

"Miss J. C."—Sent patterns 22d.

"Miss F. E. O. W."—Sent patterns 24th.

"Mrs. M. S. O."—Sent Mrs. Hale's "Bible Reading-Book" 24th.

"Miss H."—Sent "Winter-Book of Crochet Patterns" 24th.

A correspondent wishes to ascertain if there is any method of preparing shells to look like mother-of-pearl.

"Miss H. S."—Sent box by Adams's Express 25th.

"Miss E. C. L."—Sent drygoods by mail 25th.

"Mrs. F. W. G."—Sent patterns 27th.

"Nellie H. B."—See "Acting Charades" now being published in "Lady's Book." They have taken the place of tableaux. For the getting up of the latter, take some picture from the "Lady's Book," and copy it as exactly as possible. Form a frame, and let the light be inside the frame, and not visible to the audience.

"Mrs. M. R. W."—Sent patterns 27th.

"Miss E. T. H."—Sent silk by mail 27th.

"J. C. E."—Sent Condor Rapp's pen 27th.

"Miss T. E."—Sent hair rings 29th.

"Mrs. M. J. H."—Sent patterns 29th.

"Miss E. C. L."—Sent drygoods by mail 29th.

"Miss N. O. A."—Perfectly admissible in any company.

"Mrs. H. E. F."—Sent patterns 30th.

"Mrs. S. M."—Sent patterns 30th.

"Mrs. A. O. T."—Sent patterns 1st.

"Mrs. C. H. S."—Sent patterns 1st.

"Mrs. R. T. O."—Sent Rapp's pen 1st.

If "Maggie," of Riqua, O., wants to know our opinion about dancing, she must learn to pay postage on her letters. If it is not worth three cents for her to know, it certainly is not worth five to us to tell her.

"Miss J. T. C."—Sent hair-pin 4th.

"Mrs. L. D. P."—Sent sleeve pattern 4th.

"Miss K. T."—Sent chart and patterns 6th.

"Mrs. E. T. G."—Sent patterns and book 6th.

"M. E. B."—Sent patterns on 6th.

"Miss E. M."—Sent patterns on the 6th.

"Mary and Bertha."—Do you mean that I should print them on such paper that you might color them in the "Book" yourselves?

"Mrs. E. F."—Sent children's clothes by Adams & Co. 8th.

"Miss J. C."—Sent your collars on the 9th.

"Mrs. L. O. M."—Sent cloak 9th.

"Miss H. P."—Sent cuffs and collars 9th.

"Mrs. R. M."—Sent headdresses 9th.

"M. A."—Sent bonnet by Adams & Co. 9th.

"Mrs. C. W."—Sent patterns and trimmings 11th.

"Mrs. J. W. T."—Sent patterns 11th.

"J. D. H."—Must apply to some agricultural paper about cultivating cranberries.

"Miss A. J. W."—Sent Rapp's pen 12th.

"Miss E. A. W."—Sent Rapp's pen 12th.

"T. H. P."—Sent collars and Rapp's pen on the 12th.

The Borrower's Department.

"The wicked borroweth and payeth not again."

MORE papers coming into the resolution not to lend the "Book," and we thank them. The N. Y. "Morning Star" says: "We do not lend our numbers." The Iowa "Courier:" "We don't lend our copy, friend Godey. We don't believe in cheating the printer in that way." The Alabama "Bulletin:" "But Godey complains of the *borrowing system*, and well he may. Persons that are too stingy to pay for his 'Book' ought not to find time to read borrowed numbers. And now we give fair notice that our numbers are not to LEND." The Sycamore "Sentinel" says: "Ladies, you that take the 'Book,' do not lend it to any of your neighbors that don't take it, and thereby deprive Godey of his just dues." The Boonville "Missourian" says: "We shall peremptorily refuse to lend the 'Book' hereafter. It is worth ten times what it costs to any lady."

A COMPLAINT TO THE LADIES OF GALLIN, TENN.—The editor of the "Tenth Legion" says, after wondering why so few copies were taken in his place: "Our number is always on the run from house to house, from street to street, chamber to chamber, until we are frequently under the necessity of contenting ourselves with the mere verbal relation of its much sought for contents." Why, man, you furnish the answer to your own inquiry. If you will lend, they won't subscribe. It were better for us to stop sending to you.

Centre-Table Gossip.

HOUSE-HIRING AND FURNISHING.

THIS has before been a topic of our club's gossip, but we have recently received a somewhat different request upon the same subject. Fortunately, it is one of which ladies never tire. To go on then with our correspondent's inquiries.

The present favorite plan of New York dwelling-houses are built with what is sometimes called "a London basement." The ground-floor is even with the street, *not* below it, and is, of course, much more cheerful than in the old style. This allows a vestibule, handsome hall and staircase, library or sitting-room in

front; a large dining-room the width of the house, china closet, store-room, and closet for sink and dumb-waiter, are back of this.

On the second or "drawing-room floor" is the square hall into which the staircase ascends, dividing the back and front parlors. As there are usually glass sliding doors to each, and the whole floor is carpeted alike, a handsome suite of three rooms is formed when desired. Up stairs again are two fine chambers, with small dressing-rooms attached; bath-room, linen-closet, etc. The servants' rooms, and sometimes one or more good chambers are usually on the fourth floor. The basement is occupied by cellars, furnace, and large airy kitchen.

In renting a house, if one cannot afford to build, the agreement with the landlord should be clearly understood, and all liabilities as to taxes, local rates, house repairs, with charges for fixtures, etc., inquired into, and definitely arranged before the agreement is signed.

It sometimes happens that the chief rooms are not papered and painted until the house is let. In such case, the incoming tenant generally has the power of choosing the papers, or panellings, and paint. He will, of course, select such as will best harmonize with the color which the furniture and hangings should have.

Having taken our house, it generally wants a thorough cleaning and airing. The former may sometimes be got out of the landlord; the latter must always be done by the tenant; and in spring, autumn, and winter, fires should be kept for three or four days, according to the time the house has been empty, and to the repairs it has undergone during that interval; for, of course, nobody takes a house in the state of dirt and disrepair in which it is usually left by an out-going tenant, or if they do so, under the notion that the landlord will set it all to rights after they are in, they will find out their mistake, and repent their confidence.

The present style of furniture, with a rough estimate of cost, will form the subject of a separate article, not wishing to be tiresome to those who do not have the matter deeply at heart.

MODERN DAMASCUS. ITS HOMES AND HOUSEHOLDS.

THE lovers of "Arabian Nights" will find the following description almost as captivating: "Wealth hides itself in the East behind dirty walls. Open one of those rough and unpolished wooden doors, and your admiration will be great. Here is a spacious quadrangle paved with marble; a splashing fountain in the midst, alive with gold fish, and bordered by pretty flowers. An arcade surrounded by elegant columns runs round three sides; on the fourth are the lower apartments of the house. The cornice is ornamented with Arabic inscriptions—texts from Scripture or the Koran; for the manners of the Christian inhabitants, except in so far as their religion directly influences them, are a direct copy of those of the Moslems. In most court-yards grow orange and lemon-trees, with roses and dwarf geraniums round their roots, in little beds edged with marble.

"Let us enter the Mistaba. Two bellied windows overlook a spacious fruit-garden behind the house. The floor is of marble, but hid by a carpet; the divan is covered with velvet; pretty ornaments are disposed here and there. Everything invites you to recline and sip a cup of coffee, or lazily taste one of their saucers of perfumed and candied sweetmeats. There is a bubbling sound in the adjoining room. Some one learned

in the enjoyments of life is slowly inhaling a narghileb. The fragrance fills the air. You are allured thither, and having refreshed your mouth by a glass of lemonade, you dream away, and luxuriously acknowledge that Damascus is indeed a delightful place.

"The ladies are ungraceful enough in the streets, too, as they are all over the East; but if they deign to lay aside the izar and the odious black handkerchief—Mashallah, how lovely! Beautiful dark eyes; eyelashes, eyebrows, hair, all black; Grecian noses; red, but slightly pouting lips; dimpled chin, oval face, rosy complexion—all the elements of an Eastern houri are there. The figure, almost always good, is admirably set off by the costume adopted. On the head the maiden wears a small red cap, encircled by a handsomely flowered handkerchief, over which strings of pearls and pieces of small gold money are tastefully arranged in festoons. In the centre of the red cap is a diamond crescent, from which hangs a long golden cord, with a blue silk band usually ornamented with pearls. The vest fits tight, and admirably displays the unlaced figure. In summer, this vest is of blue or pink satin, bordered and fringed with gold lace; in winter, of cloth edged with fur. Over the vest is worn a short gray jacket, chastely embroidered with silk braid. Then there is the elegant shawl with the long lappets, and the large loose trousers. No wonder that Mr. Risk was enchanted, and remained disposed rather to exalt the costume of Eastern women as compared with that of their Western sisters. In another page, it is true, he no longer exalts the advantages of the veil, and speaks of its abandonment as a sign of civilization; but this is evidently a concession to our prejudices. He has remained an Eastern in heart; and exerts all his cleverness to justify his preference. He even tries to persuade us that love-marriages do occur; the opportunity for their occurrence being, that up to the age of ten or eleven, girls are visible by their future husbands."

HEART'S-EASE.

AMONG all the recent publications of new novels, the one we would choose above all others for reading aloud at the centre-table, is "Heart's-ease, or The Brother's Wife." It is by the author of "The Heir of Radcliff," as many doubtless know; but it is far beyond it in artistic merit and domestic interest. The home-scenes are good and pure, and the shadowing forth of the quiet influence and great responsibility of wife, sister, mother, and friend, is so delicately done, as to be the pervading, yet never intruding spirit of the whole. It is refreshing and strengthening, in these days of "quack novels" and advertising, to meet a book that makes its way so silently yet surely into the heart. We might multiply quotations, but one will suffice, leaving the interest of the story untouched:—

"I have been thinking how kindly that sentence is framed: 'Casting all your cares upon him;' *all*, as if we might have been afraid to lay before him our petty perplexities. It is the knowing that we are cared for in detail that is the comfort; and that when we have honestly done our best in little things, our Father will bless them, and fill up our shortcomings.

"That dress-maker must have been a happy woman, who never took home her work without praying that it might fit. I always liked that story, particularly as it shows how the practical life, in the most trivial round, can be united with—thus casting our care on Him—the being busy in our station with choosing the good part.

I suppose it is as a child may do its work in a manufactory, not concerning itself for the rest; or a coral worm make its own cell, not knowing what branches it is helping to form, or what an island it is raising. What a mercy that we have only to try to do right from moment to moment, and not meddle with the future!"

MUSICAL PRACTICE.—No. 2.

WE have presupposed, in our lecture of last month, a young lady with that share of musical instruction which is the common lot of a returned boarding-school girl, who has not had the advantages of really good teachers and models.

She wishes to advance, but can scarcely make out a page in tolerably difficult key by herself, and it takes so long to learn a piece, that she is tired of it before she can play it for any one else.

This dissatisfaction with herself is in general a good symptom; she is not going to content herself with a trivial polka or quickstep, by no one knows who, and the popular negro melodies. She has a desire to read music more readily, and to conquer moderate difficulties of instrumentation. She must then go back to first principles. It is no disgrace to return to the instruction-book. We should advise BERTINI'S, if she can afford it, as the most gradual solver of difficulties, and the most comprehensive. If she can command nothing more, the exercises and scales of Hertz are invaluable. Any large city establishment will furnish them by mail. Even the first of the five collections under this name, thoroughly practised, will do wonders in strengthening the hand and giving smoothness and ease of execution.

Exercises are for the musician what a grammar is for the linguist; the more thoroughly they are practised and studied, the easier will be after progress. For a year, at least, from half an hour to an hour a day should be given to these dry rudiments of the musical language, if you wish to become a graceful and correct interpreter.

Let the time set apart, whether longer or shorter, be *regularly observed*; a fitful, irregular practice is almost worse than none. It discourages more than it aids. Ten minutes a day, regularly persevered in, will do more at the end of six months than two full hours occasionally snatched from other engagements.

Do not be impatient of slow results; there is "no royal road" in music, above all other pursuits. Think of the years upon years devoted to hard practice by professional artists.

Do not be satisfied with passing over difficulties for another time; conquer them at once, or your style will be full of inaccuracies and alterations, which would mar the most brilliant execution. Besides, small difficulties will accumulate to impassable barriers, if neglected. We have heard of a celebrated cantatrice who gave a whole morning to the study of *one musical phrase* three or four bars in length.

Do not attempt too difficult music at first; no one could expect to solve the difficulties of the Fourth Book of "Euclid" who broke down on the *pons Assinorum*, or to read Virgil, who stumbled in construing "*terra est rotunda*."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"MADDY" is not yet prepared to be an economical housekeeper, we fear. Her sister is quite right. Bills of anything purchased should be required, properly made

out, and receipted. These bills, filed and endorsed with name and date, do not take up much room, and save a world of trouble. We know of one prominent establishment that seems to make a point of sending bills twice over, and unless the receipt of the first is kept, trouble ensues. Never pay a gross amount without looking over the items; overcharges are often made from carelessness of bookkeepers, and many a dollar is saved, by seeing these corrected, in the course of a year. If Miss Madeline concludes to follow her sister's advice, and keep a personal expense book, we should advise her to take as a motto for it: "A penny saved is twopence got."

"Mrs. L."—We think there will be a decided change in the Spring mantillas; will forward patterns as requested as soon as they appear, probably a month before the regular openings, as we have made arrangements to that effect.

"AU DESEPOIR."—French chalk. It is the best stand-by after all, but should be carefully brushed out when the grease is extracted.

"Miss T. W. H."—In calling on a friend who has a visitor in the house, it is proper to ask for the stranger. If she is out, leave a card for her, that she may return the call with her hostess. In paying a first call, or where you have never met the lady, let the servant precede you with your card, or an awkward self-introduction would be the inevitable result. Plain, unglazed cards, of a rather large size, still continue the style.

"GEORGIE J."—See "Godey's Lessons in Drawing." As regards the principle of light, shadow, and reflection, for solid objects, it may be studied by a very simple process. Select a white globe—a billiard ball will answer the purpose; place it in a room in which there is one window; then turn it in different lights, and it will be observed that there is only one part of it which can be represented perfectly white, the other rays, striking obliquely upon a receding surface, fall at last into perfect shadow, and the globe is only relieved by the reflection of surrounding objects on the opposite side. An oval may be represented by an egg; a cone by rolling up paper in the form of an extinguisher. It is by these simple models that the pupil can readily study all the general principles of shadowing. The same principles of light and shade are applicable to each study of the art; simplicity is one of the leading characteristics of beauty in every object for the study of a young artist.

"Mrs. S." of Rose Lawn.—Gutta-percha labels for plants and shrubs, stamped with the name, have been recently introduced. They obviate the difficulty mentioned.

"A COLLECTOR."—Sea-weeds must all be soaked in large quantities of fresh water, so as to extract the salt before they are laid down to dry. If you have not time to examine and lay them down while at the seaside, nothing more should be done than allowing them to dry moderately in the open air, and tying them up loosely in strong brown paper. They may thus be carried without injury to any distance; and when macerated in fresh water, will expand as fully as before.

"BLANDINE" will find a continuation of the articles in Centre-Table Gossip.

"Mrs. HALE'S BIBLE READER."—Just the thing for industrial schools, and we particularly recommend it for the nursery. Its selections cannot fail to interest children in Bible history. The print and binding make it a suitable gift-book, though there is nothing showy or tawdry about it.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Bridal wardrobes, spring and autumn bonnets, dresses, jewelry, bridal cards, cake-boxes, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, Rapp's gold pens, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—Dress of pale primrose taffeta, a shade that is often called straw color, and one of the favorites for evening wear. The skirt has a deep puffed flouncing of white tulle, commenced six inches above the hem, and continued almost to the waist. This is fastened by knots of primroses without foliage. The corsage and sleeves are trimmed with puffings to correspond. Hair arranged in a rolled bandeau around the back of the head, mixed with ribbons a bright royal blue.

Fig. 2d.—Robe of white silk, with flounces woven in a showy pattern of embroidery. The same executed by the needle would be twice the cost. A raised blue satin stripe in festoons completes the design. Plain corsage, with draped *berthé* of the same, edged by a handsome fall of blonde; full sleeves, trimmed with double row of blonde; a ribbon to correspond with the border of the flounces is disposed across the *berthé* and on the sleeves. Hair in full waved bandeaux, with a tiara in wrought gold across the forehead, and plume of ostrich feathers disposed on the left side.

MOURNING.

MOURNING ATTIRE TO BE WORN BY A SISTER.—Mourning dress of plain *mousseline-de-laine*, buttoned up to the throat; plain linen collar and cuffs.

DINNER-DRESS.—Black silk, with folds of crape on body and skirt, or Bayadère robe dress; fluted collar and undersleeves, jet pin, ear-rings, and bracelets.

WALKING-DRESS.—Black *barège* robe dress; black silk mantle, trimmed with ribbon and crape. Bonnet made of crape and silk; black kid gloves; white or black illusion chemisette and undersleeves; black parasol.

ATTIRE FOR A GRANDMOTHER.—Morning-dress of Parametta or Spanish cloth, with robings of crape; crape collar and sleeves.

DINNER-DRESS.—Dress of black Tamise, trimmed with crape; white collar and sleeves; plain illusion cap.

WALKING-DRESS.—A drawn silk bonnet; mantle of

gros royal; black kid gloves; black parasol; jet brooch, chain, and pins.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

EVERY one being supplied with winter bonnets and wraps, the invention of fashionable mantuamakers and the purchases of their customers are chiefly confined to evening dress. It is, indeed, the height of the party-going season, and, notwithstanding the cry of "hard times," and the warnings of almost daily commercial crashes, invitations are given and accepted, shopping and preparations still go on. There never was a time since we assumed the pleasant task of fashion reporter for the "Lady's Book"—more years than a fashionable belle would care to own—when the luxuries of life, particularly of dress, were so within the reach of moderate means. The very failures we have alluded to, and the consequent sacrifices of "stock on hand," have been the cause of this, and we have before noticed how cheaply silks are afforded. Laces and embroideries, curtains, carpets, and furniture, are the past and present month included in the list.

For matrons and young married ladies, rich stuffs, such as *moire*, taffetas, etc., are worn as evening dress. The stripes and blacks, of alternate *moire* and velvet, or satin and taffeta, in high contrasting colors, are very much in favor. Gold and white, white and rose, blue, or cherry color, have a brilliant evening effect. *Moires* of crimson, wine color, or of either mixed with black, are very becoming to blondes. They are usually made very full and plain, relieved by blonde, Honiton, or any rich lace *berthé* and sleeves. To flounce so heavy a material except with lace, would be "painting the lily."

Taffetas are flounced with the same, and generally come in robes, with the flounces bordered by a pattern in bright contrasting colors, or the same, or a darker shade of the same in raised velvet or satin. Black is used as a contrast to everything, and black velvet ribbon may be used safely on any article of dress, or with any color—cloak, dress, or bonnet—brown, red, green, or blue. It was never so universally applied, from the broadest bands to the narrowest ribbon.

Among the most costly evening-dresses, we notice one of pink *therry* or royal velvet; there was no trimming on the skirt, the corsage was low and pointed, with *revers* or folds from the shoulder to the point, of pink satin, edged by Honiton lace about an inch wide, set on plain; the sleeves were trimmed in the same way. In the hair were sprays of white acacia; brooch and bracelet of pearls. The whole dress was exceedingly rich, at the same time in perfect taste.

Another, intended for an older lady, was of black and green striped silk, the sleeves in the Louis XVI. style, tight in the upper part, shaped slightly to the elbow, where they are terminated by a deep frill; above this are two narrow frills, edged by black lace, raised by two bows of ribbon with flowing ends.

Some very magnificent bridal dresses have recently been made for two fashionable weddings. The first was of white satin, having the skirt almost entirely covered by a very deep flounce of Honiton lace, headed by a very narrow frill of the same. The corsage is high, and fastened by pendent buttons formed of diamonds or rock crystal. The sleeves, which are composed of small puffings separated by frills of lace, are close at the wrist, and terminated by a *revers*, or turned-up cuff of Honiton lace. A rich Honiton lace collar

falls over the upper part of the corsage. A bouquet, consisting of full-blown white azaleas and orange-blossom, is fixed at the point in front of the waist by a bow of satin ribbon with long flowing ends. In the hair, a wreath of azaleas and orange-blossom. Bridal veil of lace. White kid gloves, fastened by double buttons in rock crystal. White satin shoes.

The other was of white *moire antique*, with three flounces of the most beautiful Honiton lace, each about a quarter of a yard deep. The flounces are placed over a trimming of tulle fastened to the skirt, and consisting of *bouillonnés* in sets, of four or five; each of these sets is of the same depth as the flounce which it supports, and thus assists materially in showing off the beauty of the lace. The corsage is high, and fastened up the front by pearl buttons. A bow of white *moire* ribbon, placed at the lower part of the corsage in front of the waist, fixes the bridal bouquet, which consists of fuchsias made of white velvet, and orange-blossoms made of organdi. The bridal veil of Honiton lace is attached by a coiffure of white ostrich feathers and foliage in white crape.

Of course, these were intended for grand full-dress receptions; plainer dresses of less expensive white silk, with blonde or illusion veils and trimmings, are the usual style this winter.

Among the newest wedding bonnets, we have seen one composed of white blonde, and trimmed with two small plumes of ostrich feathers. In the inside the trimming consists of a wreath of jasmine, mignonette, and honeysuckle. This wreath passes over the top of the *bandeaux*, and forms bouquets at the sides. Another bonnet is of white *therry* velvet, ornamented with applications of blonde. White flowers, small tufts of marabout and blonde, form the inside trimming.

Among the new wreaths for the hair, the Astor is one of the prettiest and lightest; it is made in feathers, with crape foliage. Wreaths of camilla, clematis, honeysuckle, and mignonette, are also very pretty and suitable for young persons. The new bridal wreaths have orange-flowers, of course, mixed with either lily of the valley, white carnation, jasmine, or clematis.

The *bache* given in our "Novelties for February" is very much in favor for married ladies, whether young or old. They come of blonde, Maltese, Honiton, white or black Brussels lace. The last are perhaps the most elegant. They may be worn either plain, as in the cut, or looped back by flowers or ribbon. They should be disposed at the back of the head, over the comb and braid, falling towards the shoulder; the front hair in full puffs, *bandeaux*, or curls.

We give, in conclusion, two walking-dresses, rather plainer than the usual style this winter. The first is extremely elegant, at the same time being a silk combined of *reps* and *moire antique*, in stripes; the last a bright royal blue, the *reps* of fawn, checked with black. The skirt perfectly plain; the basque in jacket style, edged with silk in colors to correspond with the dress. The sleeves are demi-long, with two broad frills, one above, the other below the elbow, edged with the same fringe.

The other is a walking-dress for a young lady, of cinnamon-brown merino, the skirt very full and plain. Jacket corsage, the basque being very long, and edged with a broad band of black velvet; sleeves loose, with turned-up cuffs of black velvet; full undersleeves of Nansook, and a deep Puritan collar—that is, with plain, deep hem, done in open stitch. This is at once simple and stylish.

FASHION.











LADY'S CRAVAT, OR NECK-TIE, IN APPLIQUE.

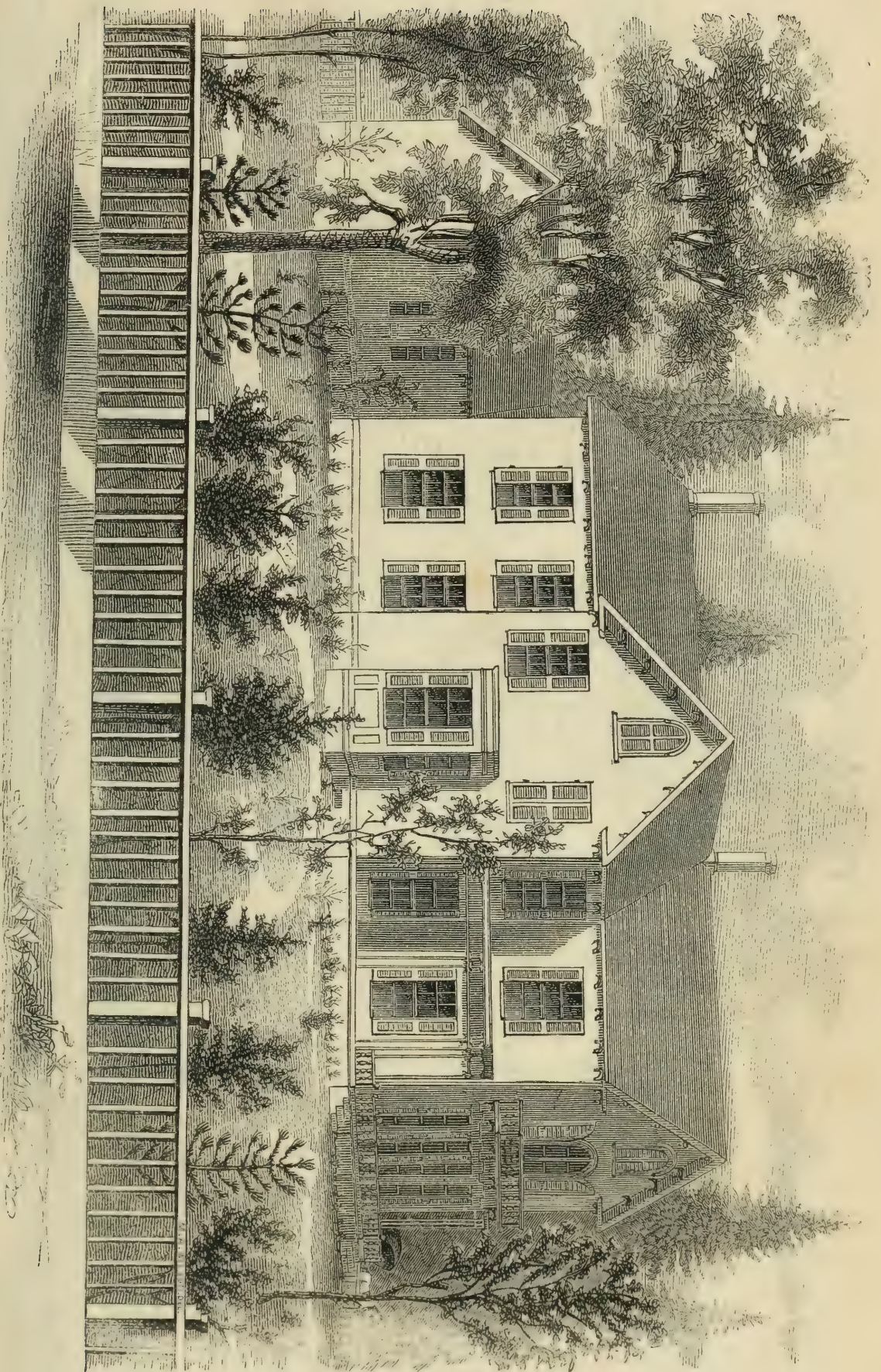


MOSAIC TAPESTRY LAMP-MAT.



The Lone Letter.

RESIDENCE OF G. K. FOSTER, ESQ., RICHMOND, CANADA.



MARY LIZZIE POLKA.

COMPOSED AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO

MISS MARY E. UPDAGRAFF, OF HAGERSTOWN, MD.

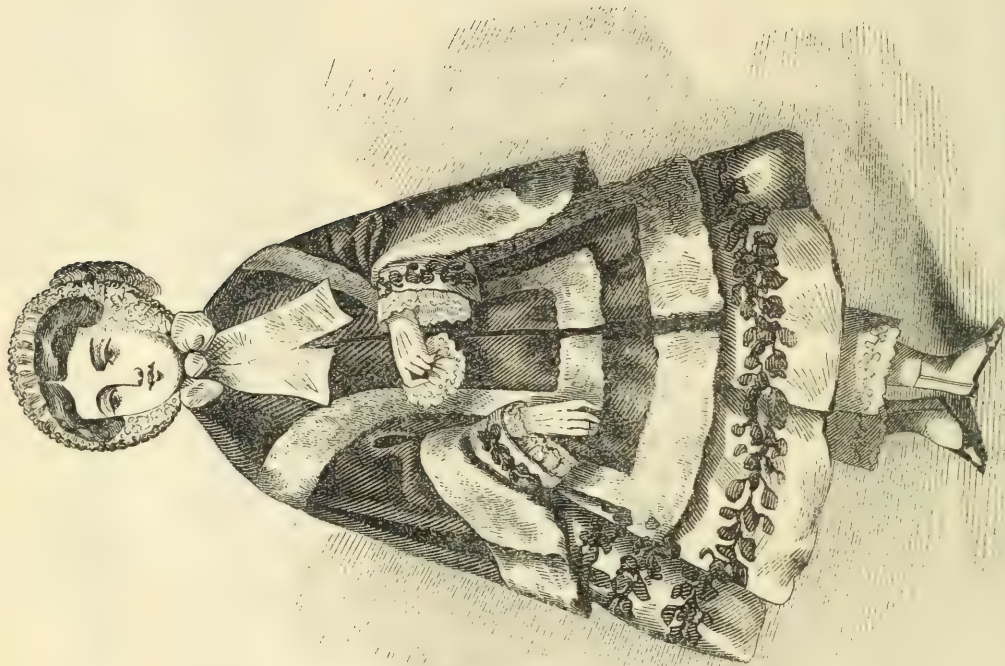
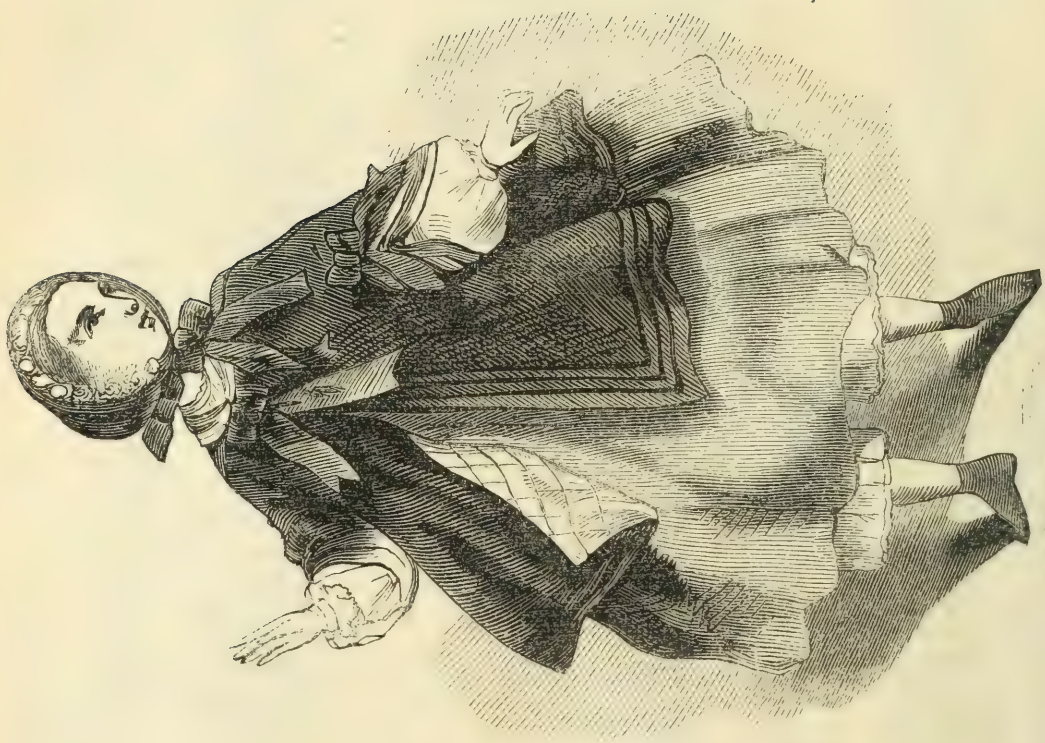
By her sincere friend "Edward."

This page of musical notation is a single system from a score, featuring a grand staff with a treble clef on the left and a bass clef on the right. The time signature is 2/4. The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#). The notation includes various dynamics: *p* (piano) at the beginning, *f* (forte) in the middle, and *mf* (mezzo-forte) towards the end. The music consists of several measures, each containing multiple beamed notes, suggesting a fast or rhythmic passage. There are also slurs and rests throughout the piece.

Con Anima *ff*

f *ff*

f Fine



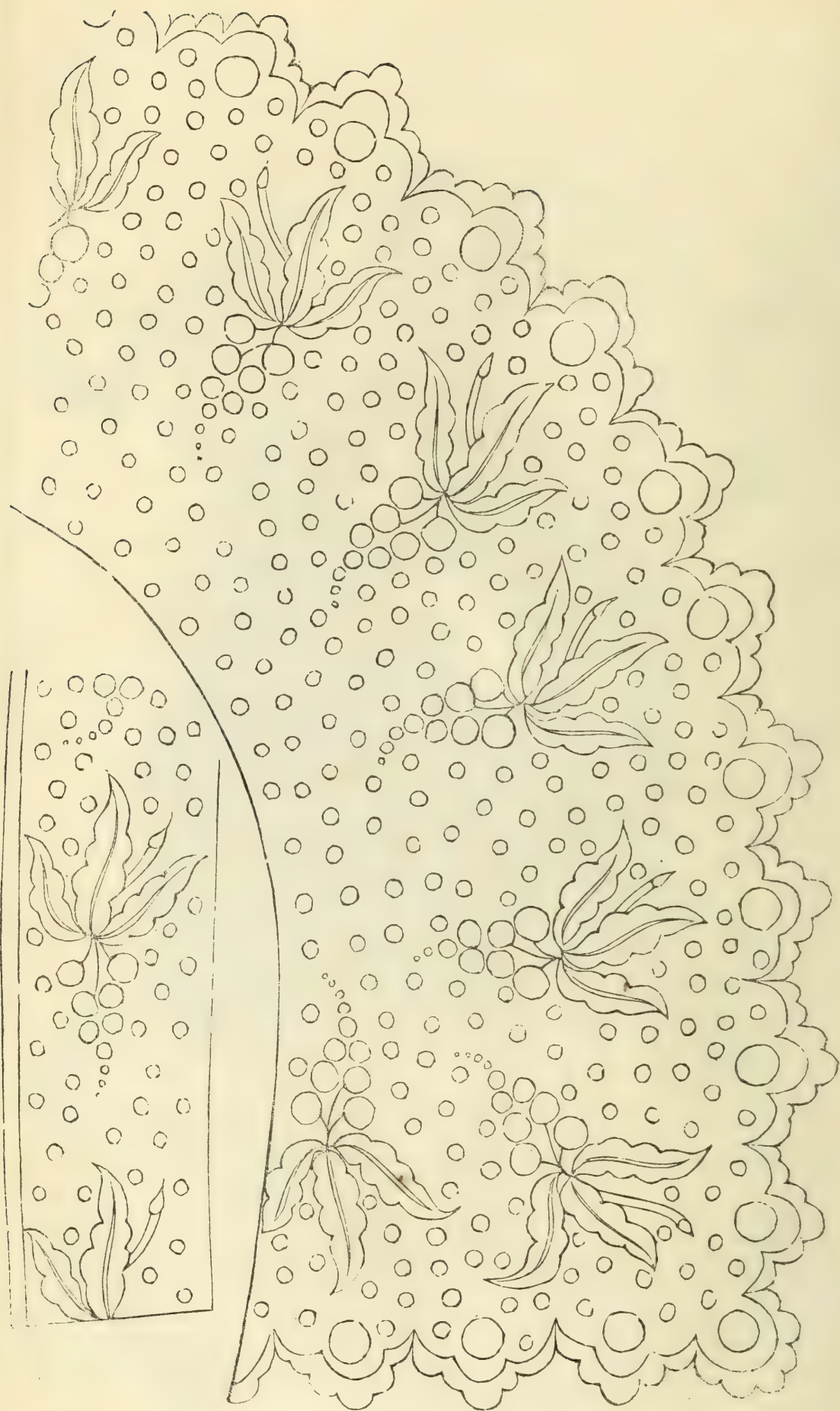
DRESSES FOR YOUNG MISSES. (*See description.*)



THE ALMA.

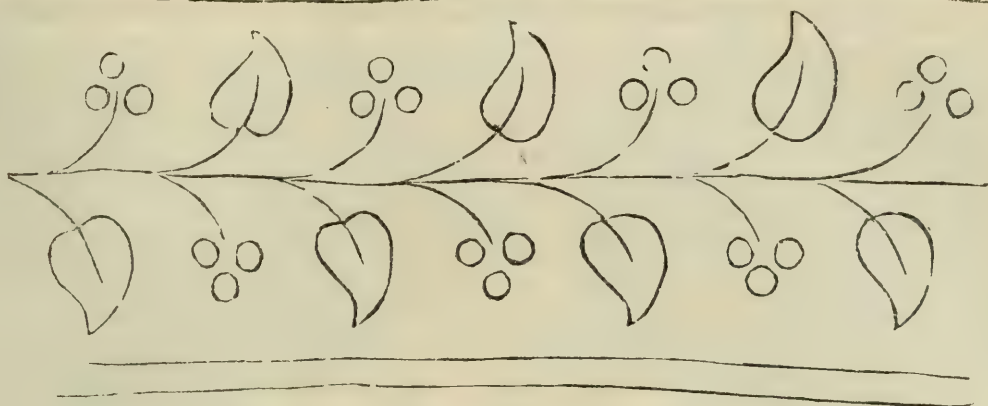
[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]

WE present to our readers this month the incomparable garment which Mr. Brodie has furnished for our "Book," assured, as we are by him, that, in addition to its admirable style, it is *far in advance* of its season. The chaste character of its fashion, the elegance of its trimming, and the richness of its material, combine a *tout ensemble* of exceeding beauty. The upper portion is a deep yoke descending to a level with the elbows. This in front is continued in a pelerine, and forms the front tabs of the cloak, falling with but sufficient drapery to insure gracefulness and ease to the person. Upon this is box-plaited the skirt with ample drapery, which rounds fairly over the arms, and thus forms the flaps which cover them. The trimming is black ostrich feathers, graduated in width in the manner seen in the engraving. The material of the cloak (velvet) is thus admirably contrasted with the plumage which adorns it. Altogether, we regard it as the most beautiful of any we have met with of this class of garments.



WORKED MUSLIN COLLAR AND INSERTING. (*See description.*)

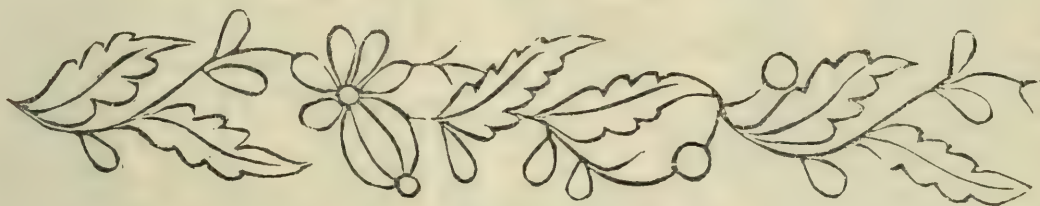
INSERTING IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.



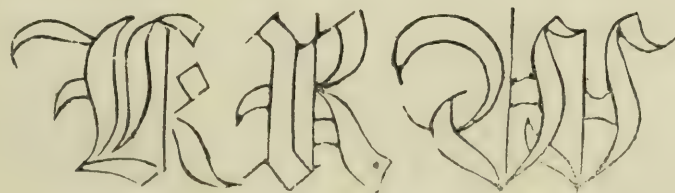
INSERTING FOR UNDERSLEEVES.



VINE PATTERN INSERTING.

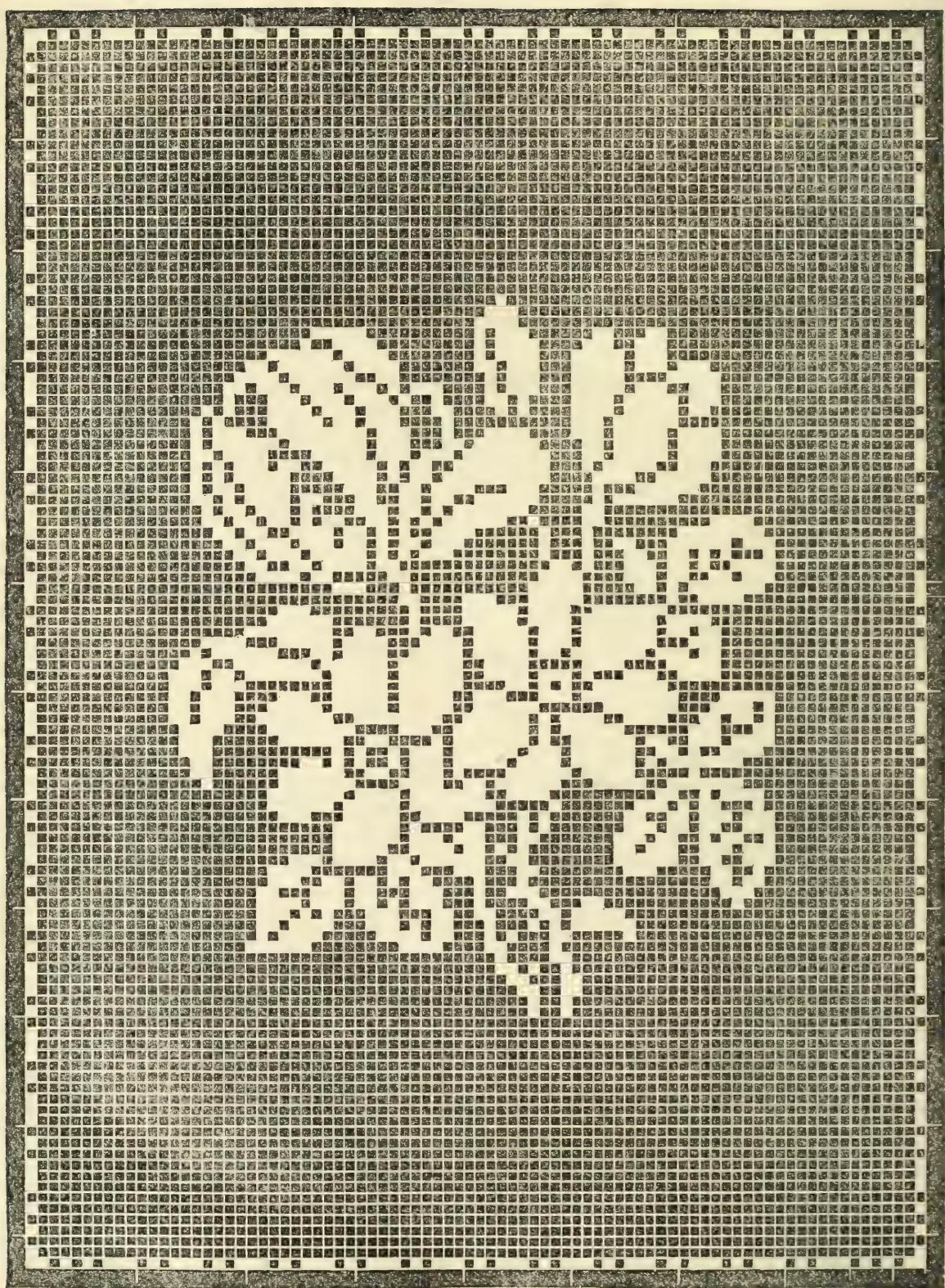


INITIALS.



CORNERS FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.





CROCHET TIDY.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1855.

FURS FOR THE LADIES; AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

It is worthy of notice that the more wealthy classes of society are constantly devising new modes of marking the artificial distinction between themselves and those who are not so rich in worldly possessions, by a difference in dress. A few years since, this was accomplished quite satisfactorily by means of costly velvets and brocades, worn in the streets. Velvet shawls and cloaks, and the most expensive silk fabrics then answered the purpose tolerably well. But these have now become quite too common, and our wealthy fashionables have been compelled to resort to the European plan, and to distance all competition by people of moderate fortunes, by wearing costly furs. This will probably last for a long period, for furs of the higher qualities are entirely beyond the reach of ordinary people.

We now resume our account of the furs most commonly in use.

The skins of hares and rabbits are used, in common with beaver and nutria (or *coypu*) skins, for felting purposes. They are also dressed and dyed for various other uses. Rabbit's fur is made into cloth for ladies' use; the skins of the finer sorts of this animal being employed for linings, &c., while the skin of the white Polish rabbit forms no mean substitute for ermine. The silver-gray rabbit, formerly peculiar to Lincolnshire, but now bred in warrens in other parts of England, is invariably exported to China and Russia, where it is in great demand, and secures a high price.

It has been noted, as a peculiar feature of the fur trade, that almost every country or city which produces or exports furs, imports and consumes the fur of some other place, often the most distant. An article is rarely consumed in the country producing it, but is eagerly sought by another quarter of the globe. A suit of English silver-gray rabbit is seldom witnessed

in England, and when exhibited is far from being admired, as in China.

Other skins of less general use are the chinchilla, introduced, about forty years ago, from South America, where it is exclusively found; the fur-seal, divested of its long, coarse hair, and retaining the curly, silky, yellow down which, when dyed a rich brown, supplies a fur of velvet-like softness; the tiger, used to cover seats of justice in China, and also employed for rugs, &c.; the leopard, worn as a mantle by the Hungarian nobles, who form the royal body-guard, and used also as officers' saddle-cloths by some of the English cavalry regiments; the Angora goat, whose long silky coat once formed a costly article of ladies' wear, but is now of small account, and is employed chiefly for carriage and drawing-room mats and rugs; buffalo skins, which of late years have been largely used in Europe and the United States, as robes and wrappers in severe climates; and the cat, which, when bred for the purpose, as it is largely in Holland, supplies a useful and very durable fur.

Substitutes for fur have been found in the plumage of birds. Thus, swan's-down, goose-down, egret-down, and the silvery plumage of the grebe, are convertible to ladies' use. The down from the egret is so costly, that only four sets have been made during a century, the last having been fabricated in Paris for the great Exhibition in Hyde Park.

The dressing or preparing of furs for use is a very simple process, when the fur is to remain on the original felt, and to be worn as garments, trimmings, &c. In early times, the skins were worn in nearly the state in which they were taken from the animals. But, as the wearing of fur gradually became a matter of fashion, instead of a mere point of convenience or necessity, a far more careful attention was paid to its

preparation. The first process belongs to the hunter, who, having captured a fur-bearing animal, strips off the skin and hangs it up to dry in the open air, or in a cool room without a fire. If the skin be thoroughly dried and carefully packed, it reaches its destination, however distant, in excellent condition. If, however, any moisture be left, or if it be packed with skins less carefully dried, so that the slightest degree of putrefaction occurs, then the fur is unfit for use so far as the furrier is concerned. A minute examination of the skins is therefore his first business; after which, his first care is to cleanse away all greasiness by steeping the skins in a liquid containing bran, alum, and salt, and the working and scouring them in the same.

But this process does not wholly remove a kind of oil which is found in the fur itself, and this he removes by an application of soda and soap. Finally, the skin is washed in clear water and dried; the previous process having effected a sort of tanning, and converted the skin into thin leather adapted to be cut up into articles of dress. The cutting up of skins requires some judgment to avoid waste. It is familiarly known that the fur of an animal is scarcely ever of the same color all over the surface, the back usually presenting the darkest and richest colors, and the under parts a much lighter hue. In cutting out material for muffs, mantles, &c., the same harmonious color is required throughout, and therefore the finest portions of several skins, corresponding in quality and color, must be selected, and the rest rejected. This refuse, however, if not cut to waste, is equally available for making articles of a less costly description; and the skill often exhibited in so uniting the pieces, even to the smallest, so that they shall appear as one skin, is not a little remarkable. Many a lady, on having her furs fresh lined under her personal supervision, has viewed, with surprise bordering on dismay, the elaborate patchwork presented by the skins on the inner side.

Skins which are to be employed in felting, such as hare, rabbit, beaver, nutria, &c., are subjected to a longer process. Hare's fur is first cleansed on the outside with a tool called a rake, then damped on the inside, several being pressed together to remove creases. Next, the longer hair, which has no felting property, is sheared off without injury to the thick, soft fur beneath. The skin is then stretched on a cutting board, made of willow, and kept damp. A knife, about six inches long by three broad, is then applied in the direction the fur naturally

lies, and gradually removes it from the felt in a light, fleecy mass.

In preparing the rabbit skin, the long hair is pulled out with a short knife, the thumb of the operator being protected by a leathern shield. The skin also requires careful cleaning, on account of its greater greasiness. The inner cuticle is stripped off, and the surface beneath it rubbed with whitening.

A process somewhat similar is adopted with beavers' skins, which are so surcharged with grease that nothing but a thorough scouring with fuller's earth, coupled with whitening, will bring them into condition. In these, also, the long hair is removed by pulling out, though the under fur is not. A machine has been devised, whereby a sharp blade, of the full width of the skin, falls with a rapid, chopping action near the edge of another blade beneath. The skin is fastened to a part of the machine, which draws it between the blades from end to end, and, as it passes along, the fur is completely cropped from the felt without injuring the latter. Falling on an endless apron, the fur is removed and transferred to a large chest, where it is powerfully acted upon by a fan, which makes two thousand revolutions per minute, thus carrying the fur along a hollow cylinder fifty feet long. As it passes, the fur becomes separated into different qualities, simply by its own specific gravity. The longest and coarsest hairs fall first, the next further along, and so on, the finest being carried to the extreme end. The felt of the beaver being very smooth and uniform, the fur can be conveniently removed by the machine in question; but, to other and less regular skins, it is found inapplicable.

Nutria skins are subjected to thorough purification with soap and boiling water, being full of fatty and oily matter. These skins somewhat resemble those of the otter, and, in fact, the name commercially given them is derived from the Spanish word for "otter."

Several other kinds of fur have been turned to felting purposes, though with inferior effect; such as that of the mole, the muskrat, the seal, and the otter. The felting property can be increased by wetting the skin on the inner side with dilute sulphuric acid, while fur yet remains upon it, and then quickly drying it near the fire, or else by passing a hot iron over it. This process is called "carroting," from the color it imparts to the fur.

Most ladies who purchase furs for their own wear have become familiar with the names marten, genet, and lynx, applied to different furs used for muffs, tippets, boas, and trim-

tings. The fox is not often mentioned; but the different varieties of this animal contribute very largely to the stock of ornamental furs, often under other names. We proceed to describe some of these animals.

The most valuable of the marten family is the pine-marten. His fur is next to that of the sable in value.

The *pine-marten* is native to both the European and American continents. Though



PINE-MARTEN.

bearing the prefix of "pine," it is found in all species of woods, even in those entirely destitute of pines. It is a beautiful animal, and marked with very brilliant colors.

Its body is of a dark brown, with the extremities of the legs and tail nearly black. The upper part and sides of the head are colored very like the body; the ears are of a pale yellow, especially round their margins; the throat and breast are marked with a broad, clearly defined patch of yellow, tinged with orange, and the underpart of the toes is hairy, though not so much so as to prevent the claws from being plainly visible.

These animals are exceedingly abundant in

the woody tract, lying north of Lake Superior, and in fact are numerous throughout the whole of the fur regions. They make their abodes in hollow trees or holes in rocks, and the female prepares for her brood a nest of leaves and moss. They are usually caught in a trap, baited with the head of a bird. Their fur is esteemed very little inferior to that of the sable, and so plentiful are they in the North American fur regions that upwards of 100,000 skins are taken annually.

All the martens are comprised in the *mustela* tribe, which includes also the weasel, polecat, ferret, ermine, sable, mink, and their varieties.

There is a very rare variety of the marten,



WHITE-CHEEKED MARTEN.

called the white-cheeked marten, found in India, which has a fur remarkable for its length, its fineness, and its gloss. It is about two feet in length, with a tail of nearly equal dimensions. The head, tail, and limbs are deep shining black. The chin and lower jaw pure white, and the throat is of a bright yellow, and the rest of the body a rich brown. Some years

since, a specimen of this variety of the marten was presented to the Zoological Society of London, by Captain Shore, who brought it from India. It is described tame, good-tempered, playful, and familiar. Some skins were obtained from Nepaul by General Hardwicke.

Another variety of this animal, called the beech-marten, is found in Europe and America.



BEECH-MARTEN.

It frequents woods, but often lurks about farmyards and destroys poultry. It makes its retreat in hollow trees or holes in rocks, and the female makes a nest of leaves and moss for her brood.

The graceful agility of these creatures is remarkable. They climb trees with the ease of the squirrel, and traverse their branches, or spring from bough to bough with admirable ad-

dress and celerity. Their fur is full, deep, and soft, and beautifully brown, and not much inferior to that of the sable. This marten is two feet in length, and its tail is long and bushy. The ears are large and open, and the eyes bright and lively.

The ladies are familiar with the name of the genet. A variety of furs are sold to them which



GENET.

are called genet skins. We give figures and descriptions of two varieties of this animal, the genet and the rasse genet.

The *genet* is marked by a slim and graceful

contour; the neck is long, the head narrow, and terminating in a pointed muzzle; the limbs are short; the ears broad, short, and rounded; the tail long; the pupils of the eyes linear or verti-

cal, and the musk-pouches inconsiderable. In many respects, the genets are like the cats. They are found throughout Africa, in southern France, and other parts of Europe bordering the Mediterranean. They haunt the shores of rivers and small streams. They are easily domesticated, and are kept tame in Constantino-

ple, where they are prized as destroyers of rats and mice. Their color is grayish-yellow, with black lines down the back, and similarly spotted on the sides; on the cheeks, above the eyes, and on each side of the muzzle, there is a streak of white, and the tail is banded alternately with black and white.



RASSE GENET.

The *rasse genet* is a native of Java, and in its habits differs little from that just described. It frequents forests of moderate height, where it preys upon small birds and animals of every sort, displaying in a high degree the sanguinary appetite of the animals of this family. In confinement, it is fed on eggs, fish, flesh, and rice. Its odoriferous secretion is highly esteemed. Its fur is of a uniform dark color.

Some of our readers may remember that period in the history of fashion when the fur of that remarkable little animal called the chinchilla was "all the rage." We recollect it chiefly as used for making funny little round caps which were much worn by young ladies in their teens. Of late, it has not appeared much in the winter dresses of fashionable people, having been superseded by the more costly furs of the north.



CHINCHILLA.

"The *chinchilla*," says a contemporary, "is a species of field-rat, highly prized for the exceeding fineness and delicacy of its fur. This

fur is ash-gray, and long enough for spinning. The animal is six inches long from the nose to the root of the tail, with small, pointed ears, a

short muzzle, teeth like the house-rat, and a moderately long tail, covered with delicate fur.

"It lives in under-ground burrows, in the open country of northern Chili, and is fond of the society of its species. It feeds upon the roots of bulbous plants, growing abundantly in those regions. It is so mild and docile that, if taken in the hands, it neither bites nor attempts to escape, but is apparently pleased at being

caressed. This mildness possibly is the result of its timidity.

"It is peculiarly cleanly, and entirely exempt from the disagreeable odor pertaining to other species of rats; so that it may be freely handled without any ill consequences. On these accounts, it might well be kept in our dwellings, with no annoyance, and at slight expense, which would be greatly overpaid by its fur. The ancient Peruvians made of this fur bed-coverlets and sundry valuable stuffs."

MODEL HUSBANDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

NO. III.—A GOOD MODEL.

"ANOTHER day's work done, thank fortune!" said Mr. Peterkin, throwing himself, with an air of careless satisfaction, in a reclining attitude on a bench. "I'm not a lazy man, but I do feel glad, these hot June days, when the sun goes down."

A few minutes only did Mr. Peterkin remain in this position. Rising up quickly, as a thought crossed his mind, he added—

"Woman's work, it is truly said, is never done. I must hurry off home, and see how poor Mary is getting along. She did not seem at all well when I left her at dinner-time."

"You don't expect to cook your supper, do you?" remarked an employee in the establishment where Mr. Peterkin was engaged, speaking with a slightly sneering expression.

"If cook should happen to be out, and wifey sick," was the smiling answer, "the kettle will not fail to reach the boiling point through my neglect or indifference. That's a fact."

"Every man to his taste," said the other. "But I'm no Betty. I suppose you could dress the baby, on a pinch?"

"Haven't tried it yet; but we are never too old to learn, you know. Shouldn't object to an experiment in that line—for I love babies—if there was no woman's gentler and more skilful hand ready to do the work," cheerfully returned Peterkin.

The other tossed his head in a half contemptuous manner, replying that his babies would go a long time without washing and dressing, if they waited for him to do it. For his part, he despised woman's work.

"You don't despise women also, I hope?"

said Peterkin, looking so steadily and meaningly at his companion that he appeared slightly confused.

"They are well enough in their place, and exceedingly useful," was answered, in a tone of affected gayety. Then he added, more seriously, as if to do away with any unfavorable impression in regard to his home relations that his words and manner might have created, "I leave to my wife the entire management of the kitchen and nursery, and never trespass an inch on her prerogative. It's as much as I can do to maintain the household. Her department is entirely distinct from mine. She never interferes with me, and I award to her a like immunity."

"How is it if a meal is late or badly cooked?" asked Peterkin.

"I grumble, of course—perhaps scold," said the other. "If I find the money to buy good food, and it is spoiled in cooking, I think I've a right to grumble. I should like to know what you do under similar circumstances?"

"I haven't the trial often," returned Peterkin.

"You're lucky then, that's all I have to say. I suppose you raise such a storm when there is any defect, that your wife receives a lesson which she does not care often to have repeated. I think I shall try your remedy."

"It might be better, perhaps, if you would," said Peterkin, smiling.

"Well, what is your remedy, precisely? What do you say, and how do you say it?"

"When a meal is late, or badly cooked, you mean?"

"Yes."

"I take several things for granted, in the outset," answered Peterkin.

"What are they?"

"In the first place, I give my wife credit for good intentions. I know that she meant to have all right. This, of course, stifles impatience and a disposition to complain. In the second place, I know that she is sufficiently annoyed at the defect. To increase this annoyance by fault-finding or fretfulness, would not only be selfish and cruel on my part, but create a state of feeling in my wife that must increase her unhappiness, and cloud the whole atmosphere of home."

"And you say nothing about it?" exclaimed the other, in surprise.

"Not a word. The pleasures of mere eating and drinking do not constitute the whole of domestic enjoyment. If the meal is not quite so good as expected, so much the more necessity to increase, rather than diminish, good feeling, which also has its office of recreating and strengthening. But I must not stand talking here," added Peterkin. "They will be looking for me at home. Mary, as I said, was not well when I left at dinner-time. She has a new girl in the kitchen, too; one, in my opinion, not much to be relied on. Good-evening, all."

And the young man started off with a light, quick step. The one with whom he had been talking felt strongly inclined to utter a sneering commentary on the declaration of Peterkin; but certain contrasts between his own home conduct and that of his business companion, were presented so vividly before his mind that, in very shame, he kept silent.

The day had been unusually hot and sultry, and the duties of Mr. Peterkin of an exhausting nature. Cheerful as he appeared, and lightly as he moved away, under the temporary excitement of mind occasioned by the little interview just mentioned, he found himself weak and weary before reaching home. Hungry, too, he was, and quite ready for a comfortable evening meal.

"It can't be seven o'clock, Henry," said his wife, as he entered; and she seemed slightly worried.

"Yes, and ten minutes past," answered Peterkin; and he sat down, with an exhausted air, and commenced fanning himself with the broad brim of his Panama, which he still held in his hand. "What a trying day it has been!" he remarked. "The hottest of the season."

"Get your father a cool drink of water, Anna," said Mrs. Peterkin to their little daugh-

ter, as soon as she perceived how weary and heated her husband was.

The glass of water was quickly brought, for love in that household was ever prompt in action.

"Thank you, dear," said the father, with a smile, as he received the water. "Ah, that is refreshing!" he added, as he took the glass from his lips. "I feel a hundred per cent. better already. Hang up my hat, Carry. How's baby? She wasn't at all well when I left home this morning."

"Poor little dear! She's been fretful all day," replied Mrs. Peterkin. "It has been so warm; and I think she's cutting a tooth. I've had her in my arms nearly the whole afternoon. Hush! There, she is awake again. I was in hopes she would rest the evening through. Oh, dear, I'm quite worn out! Carry, go up to your sister, and try to amuse her, while I see about supper. This new girl isn't at all to be depended upon."

Mrs. Peterkin went to the kitchen, where she found the promise of an early tea even worse than she had anticipated. But there was a kind of magic in her presence that quickly gave a new aspect to everything. A slight, but skilful rearrangement of the fire caused it to burn clearer, and a few prompt directions to the cook brightened the ideas of that individual wonderfully. Just as Mrs. Peterkin's hands were fairly in her work, the babe, which had at first been partially quieted through Carry's efforts, began to scream violently.

"Oh, dear, dear!" exclaimed the mother, whose nerves were already so excited that she only maintained exterior composure through the most earnest effort. "What is to be done? I can't bear to hear that poor sick child's cries; and, if I leave here, there's no telling when tea will be ready."

It only needed an impatient word from her husband to destroy the equilibrium for which Mrs. Peterkin was so bravely struggling. With him, at that moment, rested the happiness or unhappiness of his little household. He was depressed in body from weariness and hunger. He had looked forward to the evening meal with pleasure, and had expected to find it, as usual, on the table. Instead of this, he found his wife in a slightly worried state, and the supper he was so fully prepared to enjoy far from being ready. It had cost him a little effort to hide his disappointment on discovering the aspect of affairs, when he first came in; but he gave utterance to cheerful words, and these restored cheerful feelings.

Left alone, after his wife had gone to see after the evening meal, and his little daughter to quiet the baby, Mr. Peterkin's thoughts diverged into rather an unusual channel for him, and he was actually saying to himself, "A little forecast on wifey's part would have prevented this," when the baby's loud screams disturbed him. It was rarely that he suffered anything to annoy him at home. Now, however, he did feel worried. An exhausted body left an exhausted mind. Over his countenance flitted an impatient expression, and a few contracting lines shadowed his forehead. For a little while he sat, the screams of the baby fluttering his nerves. Then he arose, and was about passing into the kitchen to say, half impatiently, "Do let supper alone, and go up to the baby," when a better thought was born of a better purpose; and, instead of doing as at first inclined, he ascended to the chamber, and, taking the child, quickly soothed it with gentle tones and loving words.

What a magic power to awaken discord or produce harmony was possessed by the husband and father in that little point of time! The good and the evil impulse were for a moment or two evenly balanced, but good preponderated, and a calmness fell upon the slightly troubled waters of his pleasant household. And such power every husband and father possesses; yet how few use their influence, at all times, well and wisely!

So interested did Mr. Peterkin soon become in the now quiet and happy babe, that he forgot all about his hunger and weariness; and, when supper was at last announced, he took his place at the table in a pleasant frame of mind, and communicated to all a measure of his cheerful spirit. If he noticed that the tea was a little smoked, or the toast burnt at the edge, he did not speak of it, and so relieved the mind of his wife, who felt worried at these little defects in their evening meal.

Baby cried no more. After tea, she fell off into a natural sleep, and did not awaken until the next morning.

"Don't sew this evening, Mary," said Mr. Peterkin, as his wife took her work-basket and drew up to the table on which she had just placed a lamp.

"It's only a little mending," she replied, with a grateful look at her husband for his kind consideration; "and it must be done to-night. It won't take me long."

"Woman's work is never done," said Mr. Peterkin. "I wish I could help you; but plying the needle is out of my line."

"You can read, however," answered his wife,

with one of her pleasant smiles, "and that we can both enjoy."

Mrs. Peterkin, although it was an hour before she put up her needle, experienced no weariness of body during the time, for the deep interest she felt in the volume from which her husband read.

Peace drew that night around this humble family the curtains of repose. They were not rich in worldly goods; they were not honored among men; and yet few arose with a more cheerful spirit when the day dawned, or retired with calmer hearts when night called them to refreshing slumber. And why? We need not answer the question.

"And this is your 'good model' of a husband!" we hear some fine young lady, or "accomplished" gentleman, say, with a captious toss of the head. "So a man must nurse the baby, and stay at home and read to his wife every night while she darns the stockings, or else he is not a good husband, according to your wonderfully elevated standard!"

And this is the spirit in which you have read? Well, we don't feel inclined to discuss the matter with *you*. Here is a "model;" we have called it a good one. It is taken from humble life. If all husbands in every social grade, from the highest to the lowliest, will bear towards their wives the same unselfish regard that Mr. Peterkin bore towards his, there will be light in many dwellings where all now is darkness and discontent.

LINES ON BOTANY.

BY EMANUEL PRICE.

If you a botanist would be,
Roam over hill and dale;
Inspect each flower, each plant, each tree
That grows within the vale.

Climb craggy rocks and mountains high;
Scan every shady nook;
Search caves and caverns, wet or dry,
Lake, river, fen, and brook.

Traverse the desert and the field,
The forest and the dell;
For Nature there does beauties yield
That Art cannot excel.

There flowers with all their various hues,
So beauteous to behold,
Their fragrant odors will diffuse,
Their treasures will unfold.

In mid-day sun, in evening shade,
Your task do not neglect,
For all that Nature's hand hath made
Is worthy of respect.

LETTERS LEFT AT THE PASTRY-COOK'S:

BEING THE CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KITTY CLOVER AT SCHOOL, AND HER "DEAR, DEAR FRIEND" IN TOWN.

EDITED BY HORACE MAYHEW.

THE FIFTEENTH LETTER LEFT.

(Dated two days before breaking up.)

SHOWING WHAT CRUELITIES PRIDE IS FREQUENTLY THE UNNATURAL PARENT OF.

THE day after I wrote to you, sweetest Nelly, I was practising in the little drawing-room—though my thoughts were more upon the joy of the holidays that are so near than upon the music that was before me—when a magnificent carriage drove up with two fat gray horses, and the roundest cherub of a coachman I ever saw. The panels were a perfect picture, quite a nose-gay of colors, and there were two servants behind with liveries that tried your eyes as much as a kitchen-fire! You can fancy the sensation so grand a carriage made outside our humble college. All the windows were instantly filled with staring faces, and there was scarcely a house down the crescent but the cook and housemaid were standing on the door-step, having come out purposely to see what was the matter.

This excitement was rather increased by such a "rat-tat-tat" (I think both footmen knocked on purpose at once) as must have given the table-beer in the cellar a shaking that would make it feel for several days still smaller. The house quite throbbed after it! So great was the noise, that Susan had thought it only respectful to put on her best cap, and there she was standing in the hall, with a clean apron, waiting in a fever of curiosity to know who were the grand visitors.

Presently, the beautiful heraldic door was thrown back, and, after sundry tugs and pulls, out tumbled a gouty, puffy, white-neck-clothed old gentleman, shut up inside a perfect watch-box of capes and greatcoats, of which the only window, or door, was a small aperture left open in front of his red face. All the rest of his body was locked up close by bars of braid and endless bolts of buttons. He was helped across the pavement by a footman on each side, and I thought he never would have finished the mere jump of a journey. After him followed a tall, thin, perpendicular, hop-pole of a lady, so stiff, dear, with pride and Pompadour brocade, that it was a perfect wonder to me how she contrived

ever to sit down, and she walked into the house with an air that plainly implied that Hammer-smith ought to be eternally indebted to her for having condescended to visit its plebeian neighborhood. I am sure, Nelly, the poor creatures seemed to undergo more trouble in getting out of their carriage than most people would have felt in walking the whole distance from town!

I was so engrossed with their movements, so lost in admiration over the horses, and the prize coachman, and the footmen with their rosy silk stockings, that I quite forgot they were coming up stairs, and only remembered it when a short wheezing noise told me it was too late to escape. Nor (I am ashamed to confess it) did I try much, when I heard the lady say, with a voice every bit as proud as her walk, "*Tell Mrs. Dove that Sir Alexander and Lady Dove are waiting to see her.*" I ran into a little room at the back, that is meant to be a conservatory, and hid myself behind some artificial plants. I needn't tell you how frightened I was, for I *knew I was doing wrong*, but still the strong interest I took in the poor widow silenced the small voice of my conscience; and if the risk had been much greater, I really think I should have braved it. I could observe everything that was going on without being seen myself. They looked a cross couple, with a false air of plated gentility about them—nothing of the true stamp which persons nobly born put upon wealth, but which wealth never can put upon those who haven't the nobility either of birth or soul in them. Theirs was clearly the pride of the pocket—a pride that delights most in jingling its money and insolence in the presence of the poor. Accordingly I felt for Mrs. Dove; for I could fancy the reception she was likely to receive from such rich relations, who evidently were not much in the habit of opening their hearts; unless it was done, as they probably opened their purses, from a cold motive of ostentation.

She entered the room, ghastly pale, carrying her boy in her arms, and scarcely able to reach the chair into which she sank. Neither rose to receive her. Neither gave the poor stricken woman one look of encouragement, one small word of welcome.

There was an unpleasant pause, and the old gentleman buried himself in a comfortable arm-chair, apparently quite exhausted, and there he sat perfectly motionless, staring vacantly before him, with the fine meditative expression I have seen in the face of a turtle, to which his cold eye, and the form of his bald head, bore no small resemblance; the loose folds of his handkerchief round his neck aiding singularly the likeness. Then the stately lady, who seemed to relieve her husband altogether of the fatigue of talking, broke the icy silence. "We have received your note, Mrs. Dove, and attend to-day to accept from your hands the child of our dear lost son, whose life, you must excuse me saying it, you cruelly sacrificed to your ambitious views. You know his marriage with you, which we possibly could not think of countenancing, was the cause of his leading the wild, disreputable life he did, and of its ending so fatally." She stopped here, as if to recover from her maternal emotion, though I am sure she spoke as calmly as if she were engaging a servant, and then pompously continued: "However, in receiving this dear charge, both Sir Alexander and myself are anxious to forget and forgive the irreparable injuries wrought by your unfeeling selfishness; nay, you must pardon me if I am seemingly harsh, but I must speak the truth." I should like to have flung a flower-pot at her head for doing it. "To show further the kindly feeling that animates both Sir Alexander's bosom and my own, we have agreed to extend permission for your visiting the child (*her own child*, Nelly) occasionally, but only after asking our previous sanction, which must be obtained through the application of your solicitor. It is exclusively upon this condition, and upon the clear understanding that you surrender all claim to the boy, that Sir Alexander and myself agree to adopt him, and to make him the inheritor of our joint wealth."

She waited, as though she expected applause to follow this grand speech, and, not taking any notice of her daughter-in-law's sobbing grief, coldly resumed:—

"We are deeply pained, both Sir Alexander (he was nearly asleep, *in spite of his deep pain*) and myself, to hear of your ill-health, and to notice its too evident symptoms. As this interview must be equally distressing to both parties, you will oblige me, my dear madam, by immediately preparing the boy, and accepting our fond assurances that he shall receive every attention and love compatible with his new position from his second father and mother. It will be my greatest pride and pleasure, believe me, to surround him with every happiness, so

that he may never feel what it is to miss the loss of *you*, madam."

It was only after two or three efforts that Mrs. Dove could rise from her chair. She attempted to speak, but her voice failed her. She could only speak with her tears, and they could have but little effect in falling on the hearts they did. She bent her neck, as if to the cruelty of the decision, and, guiding herself by the wall, staggered out of the room.

How I longed for her to return. I did not like being left alone with these two unfeeling creatures, who had come to rob a mother of her child—trading upon her necessities to make an inhuman bargain with her. Their presence seemed to weigh upon the atmosphere. It gave me a sort of nightmare to look at them; I tried to run out of the room, but my limbs felt chained; I attempted to scream, but it was as much as I could do to breathe even. How I repented of my girlish curiosity! I was so unhappy I shouldn't have minded being found out—anything, so that some one had come into the room, and driven away the frightful oppressiveness of *being left alone* with that proud wicked man and woman!

To increase this discomfort, I was compelled to listen to their horrible conversation. Sir Alexander said but little: he seemed only to acquiesce, and his wife did all the talking. He was asked what he thought of "his fine daughter-in-law?"—whether he didn't think she was a "pretty weak thing"—"a delicate piece of goods"—"a nice fanciful lady's maid for his son to marry?" and he nodded assent to all these propositions. As a charitable finish, he was asked if he thought "she was long for this world?" He did not break through the sustained wisdom of his silence, but simply exclaimed a round, fat "Ah!" which sounded exactly as if he was smacking his lips over a beautiful glass of port wine.

At last Mrs. Dove entered the room, and I breathed again. She seemed firmer than before. There was a determination in her manner—no timidity or hesitation in her steps. She was leading her boy by the hand. He was dressed in his little hat and coat, ready for the journey—a journey from which his mother might never see him return. She impressed one long—long despairing kiss upon his pretty lips, and then, shutting her eyes, placed him in Lady Dove's arms; this done, she turned quickly away, and I could see her hands joined convulsively together, and her lips moving quickly, though I could not hear one word come from them.

Lady Dove received the boy, neither address-

ing nor noticing the poor mother, whose heart was bursting over the sacrifice. She was preparing without a word to leave the room, when the little fellow—beginning probably to awaken to the idea of being separated from his mother—set up a shrill scream of anger. Upon hearing the first sound of that beloved appeal, Mrs. Dove turned round; her head rose from the resting-place of her bosom, and her eyes flew with her thoughts to heaven, whose aid she was invoking to carry her through this sad ordeal. The boy still continued screaming. She was about to rush to him; but, no—she paused, and falling upon her knees, and *clasping her hands over her ears*, her body was soon bent in the full fervor of prayer.

I rushed out in a minute, and stood quietly by her side, not liking to disturb her holy meditations, but ready to offer any assistance she might need. There she remained long after the gorgeous carriage had carried away her darling. After a time she grew calmer; and when she turned round and noticed me, she fell upon my neck, and, in a thrilling voice, which I shall never forget, so kind it was, though pierced through and through with tears, she *blessed me*.

Then, meekly as a child, she permitted me to lift her up, and to conduct her to Blight, who took her to her loving arms and nursed her, and did all that sympathy could do to stop the flow of grief that had been so deeply stabbed as hers.

Not a word did the poor afflicted one inquire about her boy! Blight says the only consolation that supports her in this severe trial is the knowledge that her child is provided for now for life.

The Lady Principal has given up her private rooms to the use of Mrs. Dove. I imagine she is secretly ashamed of her severity towards the poor governess, and wishes to make amends for it. She looks in every half-hour, asking if there is anything she can do, and has asked Blight to sit up with her friend all night, and they had better sleep in her room, and then *she* can keep Blight company. Ah! Nelly, I'm sure we should never commit an act of unkindness, if we could only foresee how sorry we should be for it afterwards!

I am called away, Nelly; so, with the hastiest snatch of a kiss, good-bye.

Yours fondly and faithfully,

KITTY.

P. S. I have done such a beautiful drawing—so beautiful that when our drawing-master showed it me, I did not recognize it as my own! How pleased papa and mamma will be! but I hope they will not ask me to draw when I am

at home, or else I am afraid they will find out a sad difference between my scratchy efforts and the beautiful "Moonlight View of Tintern Abbey" that is at present lying before me with my name in the corner!

FRENCH FRIVOLITIES UNDER THE OLD REGIME.

NOTWITHSTANDING the efforts of philosophers, the great majority of the society to whom they sought to inculcate their doctrines remained essentially frivolous. During a whole season nothing was so fashionable, for both men and women, as to cut up costly engravings, and stick the mutilated figures on fans and fire-screens. To make up ribbon knots came next in vogue; the childish game of cup and ball was also one of the favorite amusements of this indolent aristocracy. Some noblemen sought to distinguish themselves by the singularity of their conduct. The Duke of Gesvres kept open house during a fit of illness. Forty persons daily sat at his table. Only about twenty of his privileged courtiers, whom he had presented with splendid green suits, were admitted into his presence. They found him in a magnificent apartment, richly dressed in green, reclining on a couch, and making up ribbon knots. Another nobleman, the Duke of Eperon, placed his delight in surgical operations, and by mingled threats and promises compelled his unhappy vassals to let him exercise his skill upon them. Women rendered themselves conspicuous for the eagerness with which they entered into all these frivolous amusements. The celebrated singers, Mademoiselle le Pelissier and Mademoiselle le Maure, divided the court ladies into two rival parties. Leading a life of indolence and sensuality, Louis XV. could not always find in hunting, or in a puerile devotion, a sufficient source of pleasure; he accordingly indulged in the most effeminate amusements. At one time the whole court was thrown into great commotion by a sudden fancy which the king took for worsted work. A courier was instantly dispatched to Paris for wool, needles, and canvas; he only took two hours and a half to go and come back; and the same day all the courtiers in Versailles were seen, with the Duke of Gesvres at their head, embroidering, like the sovereign. But even *tapisserie* was ineffectual to allay those periodical attacks of despondency to which Louis was subject from his youth, and during which his only pleasure was to entertain those around him with long and dismal accounts of graveyards, sudden deaths, and all the melancholy pageantry of stately funeral processions.

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

LESSON XV.

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (*Continued.*)

It will be our object to arrive at the rules by which the exact appearance of lines, planes, and solids, from any given point of view, may be laid down on paper; to which end, we must first ascertain the exact points towards which, as has been already explained, the lines of such objects converge, and at which they would meet, if produced. These imaginary points are called *vanishing-points*; because, if a plane were long enough to reach as far as the sight could extend, its top and bottom lines would meet at such a point, and the plane would seem to terminate or vanish at that point. These vanishing-points are of the greatest importance in perspective,

and the most important of them all is the *point of sight*, which will therefore be the first explained.

The *point of sight* is the point in a picture which is exactly opposite to the eye of the beholder, and is always situated somewhere on the line of the horizon. The height of this *horizontal line*, and therefore of the point of sight, is dependent on the height from which the spectator is supposed to take his observation, which shows the horizontal line varying according to the height of the eye (fig. 5). In copying any scene from nature, it will be seen that the line of the horizon always maintains the same level as the eye of the draughtsman. If he take a view standing on level ground, the horizon will seem low (fig. 6), and the view will embrace

Fig. 5.

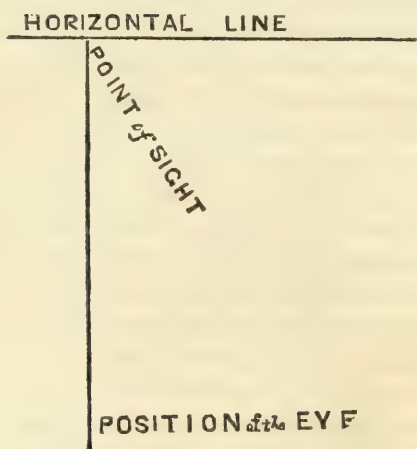
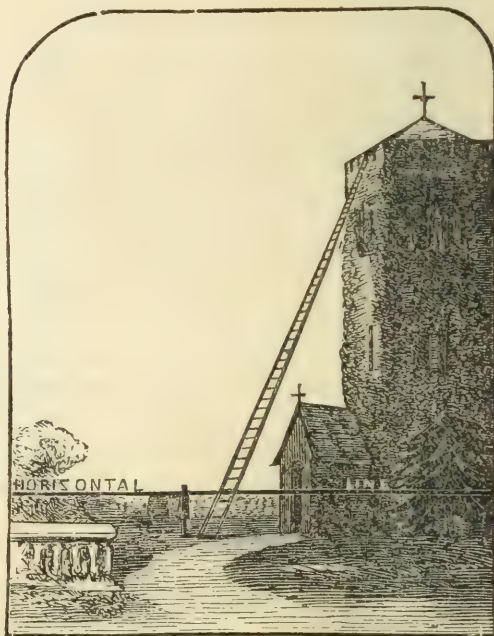


Fig. 6.



but a limited field; if from any considerable elevation, the horizon will be higher (fig. 7), and a wider range of objects will be visible; and from a still greater height, such as the top of a hill or of a tower, the horizon still maintains its level with the spectator, and the field of vision is correspondingly extended (fig. 8).

The space comprised between the horizontal line and the base of any picture, whether it consist of land or water, or both, is called the *ground-plane*; which will represent a space more

or less extensive, according as the spectator's position, and consequently the horizontal line may be elevated, as in fig. 9, or of lower altitude, as in fig. 10.

In many cases where houses, trees, or other objects intervene, the view of the horizon will be intercepted, and it will therefore not be visible from the spectator's position, which is termed in perspective the *station-point*. In such cases, however, the horizon exists, though not visible from the station; and its position must be de-

Fig. 7.

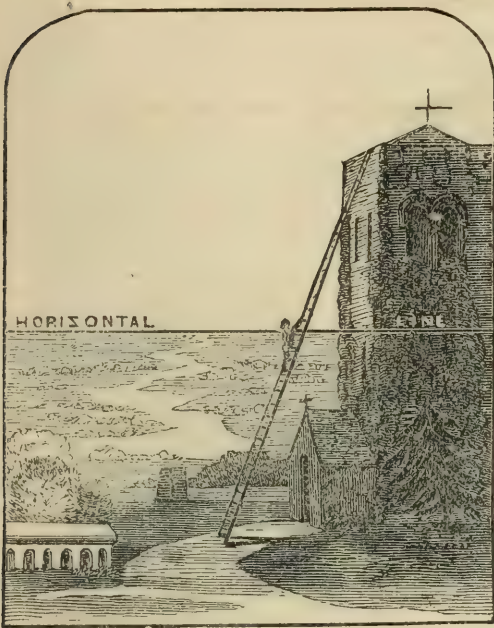
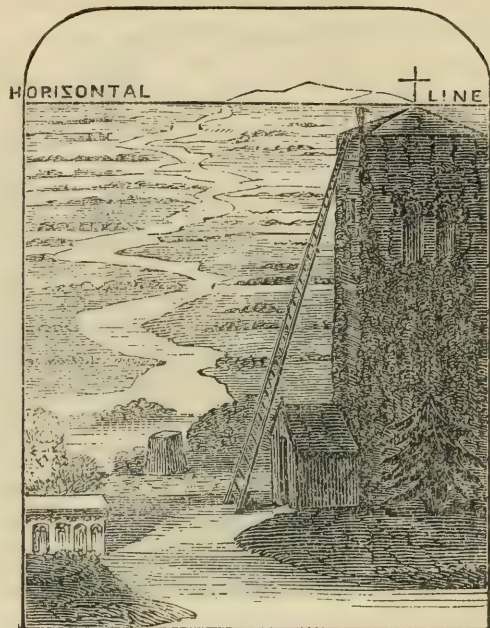


Fig. 8.



noted by an imaginary, dotted, or occult line extending across the drawing, as on it will be found the proper situations of the point of sight and other vanishing-points.

If, when looking through a window, we could trace, with some instrument that would leave its marks on the surface of the glass, the lines of the objects seen through it, such lines would constitute a true perspective representation of those objects. Now, a window is a plane surface perpendicular to the ground-plane of such representation; and as a window represents, so any picture in its frame is supposed to represent the objects shown therein, exactly as they would

appear if the frame were glazed, and the objects beyond it were marked upon the surface of the glass. The space included by the frame, and here supposed to be filled with a flat sheet of glass, is called the *plane of delineation*, or by some draughtsmen the *plane of the picture*.

If a sheet of glass be set up on its edge on a flat table, with some object on one side of it, and the eye of an observer on the other, it will constitute a plane of delineation; and the line at which it rests on the table (which will represent the ground-plane) will be the *base-line of the picture*. Technically speaking, the base-line is the line at which the plane of the picture intersects the

Fig. 9.

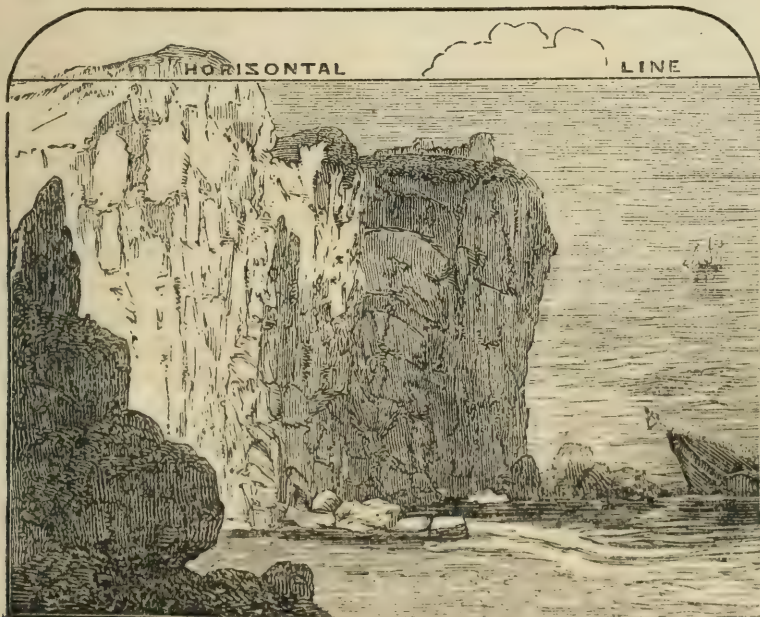
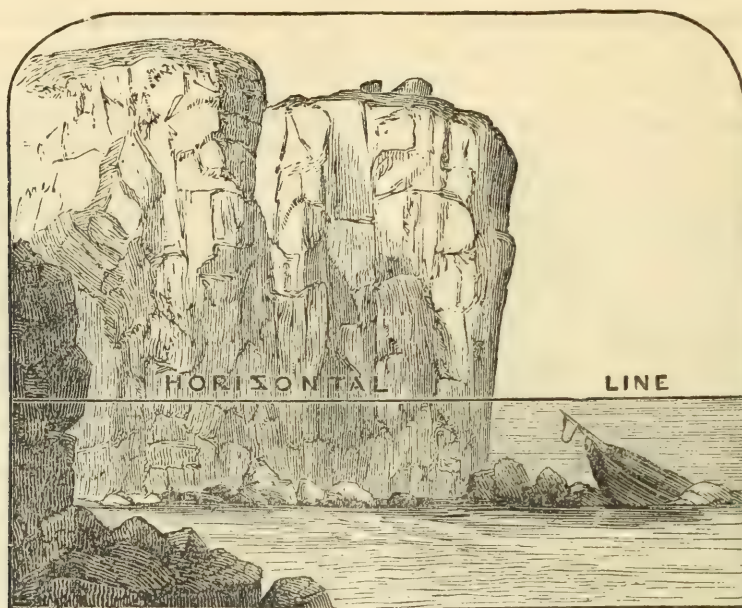


Fig. 10.



ground-plane. When the eye is directed towards the object, rays of light will proceed in straight lines from every point of the object towards the eye. These are called *visual rays*; and the points at which these visual rays intersect the plane of the picture are the true perspective

positions of those points as they appear from the station. When the perspective places of any two points are found, a right line connecting those points will be the perspective representation of the corresponding line in the object.

SKATING.

BY GAMMA.

THERE are probably few subjects concerning which there exists a greater difference of opinion than with regard to the advisableness of amusements. As in other things, perhaps here the golden mean is the true policy; or, at any rate, there is truth on both sides of the question. Now, in the first place, it must be acknowledged that even though not vicious *per se*, yet many of the common modes of recreation are so closely connected with circumstances of an objectionable character that, unless considerably modified, it seems scarcely proper, at least for church members, to engage in them. Thus as to the often discussed topic of dancing, whether innocent or not as enjoyed in the private circle, yet its adjuncts have certainly been evil when participated in at large public balls; for, under this modification, there have been usually the objectionable concomitants of late hours, excess in alcoholic liquors, and the card-table. On the other hand, there is certainly the need of some provision for recreation, and there is an actual

want of it in this country. So far, indeed, from upholding morality, those who would do away with wholesome amusements, in order to support their extreme opinions in this regard, only act injuriously by inducing young persons to seek some criminal indulgence as pastime, in carrying into effect a natural desire for recreation, inasmuch as there is no interesting engagement provided for them of innocent character. The bow, being drawn too tight, may be broken. Thus the Puritans carried the exclusion of all pastimes to so great an extent in the time of Cromwell, that we see a most deplorable excess in the opposite direction in the reign of Charles the Second. Such an exclusive course, indeed, as was then practised is as little adapted to excite piety as the names assumed by the Puritans are calculated to foster religious feelings; names, for example, like "Praise God Barebones," and "Hezekiah bind their kings in chains and fetter their nobles with links of iron." In truth, to restrictions of so rigid a character, a saying on

the classic page is fitly applicable: "*Kakon kako iarthai*."*

We fear that at present there exists so irreconcilable an antagonism between the opposite opinions, that it is difficult to provide recreation for the young which shall be agreeable, and likewise unobjectionable in point of morality. If there were greater unanimity, doubtless a system could be devised excluding all temptations to vice, and which at the same time should serve fully to gratify a natural want. But no plan of the kind is feasible when one party clamors for all sorts of amusement, whilst the other practically denies the existence of an inherent tendency of human nature requiring any. This being the case, however, it is quite refreshing to meet with some amusement to which few or none object, and which is at the same time essentially agreeable. Of so desirable a character are the winter amusements of sleighing and skating; and, for this reason, we think that every facility should be given to the young towards engaging in them. There is no doubt, too, that they very much promote the health by providing good exercise at a period when the cold air and bad walking are apt to keep persons too much within doors.

* Skating is a modern amusement, having been entirely unknown to the ancients, who, by the way, were excessively devoted to recreation and to sensual pleasures; but, as to the latter, were necessarily behind the moderns. Thus, amongst other luxuries, they had neither turkeys, tea, nor tobacco, to say nothing of corn-fritters, ash-cake, and hominy. Skating appears to have originated in Holland, being perhaps a result of their numerous canals, with the excitement of commercial advantage, and the market-women sometimes carried their produce to the towns in this way. The verb "to skate" is, in Dutch, *schaatz*, probably from the radical *shoot*. We find it to be, in French and Spanish, *patiner* and *patinar*, and, in German, *schlittschufahren*; whilst the Italians, who have little opportunity of indulging in this pastime, express the word by a paraphrase, "*Sdrucchiolare sopra il ghiaccio*;" and the idea as respects the noun has been quaintly Latinized, "*Terrea instrumenta calceis subligata ad cursum per glaciem apta*." Lastly, the Swedes employ for the noun the words *skida* and *skridskor*, and for the verb use the phrase "*ga pa skridskor*."

In skating, like swimming and many other pursuits, we meet with a number of rules in books, to which few persons pay any attention

in practice, and perhaps proficiency in the art is due in part to application, and secondly to a suitable physical conformation. In describing the precautions and arrangements which should be adopted by travellers, Miss Leslie actually advises that amongst their baggage should be included a mouse-trap, to be set in apartments where any stay is made. We think that it is as likely that this advice should be generally followed as certain items of counsel given by a writer on skating. He observes that, in order to acquire skill "in this, much assistance may be derived from placing a bag of lead shot in the pocket next to the foot employed in making the outside stroke." Other rules which he lays down are as follows: "It is principally by the imitation of a good skater that a young practitioner can form his own practice."* "The management of the arms deserves attention. There is no mode of disposing them more gracefully in skating outside than folding the hands into each other or using a muff." "Particular attention should be paid in carrying round the head and eyes with a regular and imperceptible motion; for nothing so much diminishes the grace and elegance of skating as sudden jerks and exertions, which are too frequently used by the generality of skaters."

It may be observed that this grace and elegance is the chief characteristic of the amusement under discussion. So far as mere velocity is concerned, we believe that any one can run much faster than he can skate, however swift the motion so gracefully gliding may appear. This, we think, is due to the fact that each new stroke requires an exertion of the limb to which the individual is, of course, not so accustomed as with the analogous efforts demanded in running, and the loss of time so occasioned causes the difference in speed. The grace of the skater is, however, so striking as to invest the amusement almost with the air of poetry; and, although winter be present in its roughest shape, yet how beautiful are many of the forms of nature! and the rosy glow produced by exercise enables the participant in active exertion to enjoy unchilled the beauties of the active scene. For instance, when a cold northwester has bound the streams and pools in icy fetters, and the air is still, when the sun shines down through a clear and cloudless atmosphere, we wend our way towards the college pond,

* Another writer asserts that, if a learner "has an opportunity of witnessing a good skater, one who combines confidence and elegance of motion, he will learn much quicker [much more quickly?] than by any written directions."

* Thucydides.

at least to behold, and in this respect to enjoy the pleasure of the skaters, if we ourselves do not engage in the sport. As we pass along, ever and anon there is a rustle in the dead oak-leaves, as the wind blows gently and fitfully through the sere foliage, and then again dies away. The wagons rattle loudly over the hard ground; we hear from afar the hum of the town; and the wild songs of the wagoners, or the cawings of the crows, as they fly over the well-cultivated fields of Mr. Bright, their black coats looking still more jetty than ever when contrasted with the azure sky, also break the stillness of the frosty air. On entering the wood, we notice a similar contrast between the withered foliage covering the earth and the stainless blue hanging far above, the more particularly evinced in the tassels of the pine, which, when fallen, form so soft a carpet as to tempt the wayfarer to recline and rest, to listen to the sound of the wind as it whispers in the tree above him, and to gaze into the depths of the heavens so unutterably calm, and dream day-dreams.

When we reach the pond, a pleasant scene opens to our view; for, through the encircling woods resounds the voice of happy youth as they glide over the smooth, transparent plain in many a winding, graceful curve—made yet more joyous, perchance, by the presence of maidens fair, with their bright eyes, light forms, and sunny smiles. And over all, as a fit canopy for so much grace, beauty, and happiness, spreads afar, like protecting love, the deep blue arch of sapphire skies, unclouded as the happiness of rejoicing youth, clear and beautiful as the azure depths of a maiden's deep blue eyes.

It is perhaps from its being life in a joyous aspect, and from the above-mentioned and other poetical concomitants, that some of the poets have caused the skaters to receive the tribute of their descriptive powers. Even, indeed, though the flowers of summer be past and gone, and of her rich and umbrageous fulness "*stat magni nominis umbra*," yet Nature has by no means exhausted her store of the beautiful, and we often behold it in the most pleasing shapes. For what sight can be more exquisite than the pure garment of untrodden snow with which the earth clothes herself in the drear wintry hours? And how soft and dreamy is the low whisper as it falls with a footstep so light as to be scarcely perceptible, when all other falling objects ring again on the frozen ground! In the air, too, there is a peculiar exhilaration which no other state of the atmosphere can afford. When, also, there has been a rain which has congealed in the night, what a scene

of enchantment presents itself in the succeeding hours! for every tree and shrub is clad as with a vesture of diamonds, and Nature is truly arrayed like a bride, for she has on her pure garments of unsullied snow, and is adorned with jewels which sparkle in the sunlight more brilliantly than if she were arrayed in all the diamonds of Golconda and all the gold of the Peruvian mine.

But to return to the efforts of the poets. Thomson is the first whom we quote:—

"From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways
In circling poise, swift as the winds along,
The *then gay* land is maddened all to joy."

Wordsworth discourseth at length, and on this wise:—

"And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons—happy time
It was, indeed, for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six; I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting, like the untired horse,
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures—the resounding horn,
The pack loud bellowing, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din,
Meanwhile, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron, while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed; while the stars,
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
* * * * And oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness * *
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea."

Although in the cold reign of winter bud and blossom fade away, yet there is one species that we should like to see on the ice, through which a rosy bloom would be imparted to the ladies' cheeks, as would be the case, however, we fear, at the first blush, or first mention of the subject, With the assistance of the *bloomer*,* skating

* As regards the dress of gentlemen, the author of "Manly Exercises" recommends in this work, as the most suitable for skating, a dress-coat buttoned, tight pantaloons, and laced boots; and he says, as entangling the limbs, and exposing to the wind, all looseness of dress should be avoided, as, for instance, large skirts, loose trousers, and greatcoats.

might prove a very pleasant and healthful exercise to young ladies. Whilst, through their associations, the words of Herodotus might be more applicable to the rougher sex: "*Pros de ouk oino diachreoutai alla udropofeonoï.*" For the exhilaration of such society might perhaps be a sufficient enlivener, without the common practice of warding off the external cold, not only by the warmth arising from exercise, but also in some instances by the ingenious process of making a small excavation in the ice, and filling it with some agreeable and enlivening alcoholic beverage.

In foreign lands, we find occasional instances which might serve as examples to our American fair, in which ladies have participated in the enjoyment of skating. Thus we read, in the number of the "Illustrated London News" for January 28, 1854, that a firm of cutlers in Sheffield had been honored by the gracious order of no less a personage than that excellent lady, the sovereign of Great Britain, to manufacture a pair of skates for her majesty. The elegant article which they prepared was in the form of a swan, chased in imitation of feathers, the clog of satin wood, with toe-leathers formed in the shape of a shoe, so that, when fitted to the foot and laced, it would be entirely firm. At the opposite extremity was a plate-cup to fit the foot, chased with the rose, shamrock, and thistle. The strap around the heel was of black patent-leather, stitched to correspond with the heel-cup. The clog and front leather were lined with chamois skin, to secure warmth to the foot. It is further observed, in the journal quoted, that the manufacturers of these elegant skates also made four pairs for the royal chil-

dren; so we suppose that Queen Victoria teaches the art of skating, both by precept and example, to her young household.

Another mention of skating under the present point of view occurs in Brace's "Home Life in Germany." Speaking of his sojourn at Berlin, he says: "One of our pleasantest recreations now is a skating party on the *Wiesen*, or meadows, about a mile from the city through the Thiesgarten. We usually make up a party of ladies and gentlemen, and walk out." After describing the animated and joyous scene there displayed, he enters on some remarks beyond the scope of our present effort, but of a very truthful and important nature, concerning the dyspepsia and other nervous diseases originating in America from the want of proper exercise in the open air, particularly with persons who are no longer young. To the reasons assigned by him for a state of things of the kind, he might have added a false sense of dignity. We are *much* too dignified in this country to engage in many amusements and modes of recreation calculated to promote health.

But to return to our subject. He says further, as to skating: "I have never seen a more graceful exercise for women, and the most here are well accomplished in the science. It has only been tried among the ladies of Berlin for a few years, since one of the princesses set the fashion, though now it is quite the mode. The most surprising thing to an American was the number of elderly men joining in the sport—men of station—the professors and students together, or the worn-out business man coming out to have one of the free sports of his youth over again."

CHILDREN: WHAT LESSONS THEY TEACH, AND WHAT BLESSINGS THEY BRING.

BY MARIANNE.

CHILDREN are at once a source of ceaseless anxiety and pleasure. They increase the troubles and cares of life immensely; but they shed brighter beams of light and love around our hearths and homes than aught else of earth.

The constant exercise of watchfulness and self-control requisite to shield them from danger and guide their minds aright, is productive of results greatly beneficial to ourselves—greater perhaps than we imagine. They keep alive the kindly sympathies of the heart—too often blunted

by the evil influences of the world—without which earth would indeed be an unlovely place. They give vigor to every virtuous impulse, and frequently rouse the soul from apathy to energetic action. The lessons they teach are many and valuable, not the least of which are simplicity, truth, and candor. Wise are they who humble themselves to learn from babes these essential attributes of the Christian character. Were we invariably to adopt in our intercourse with each other those amiable traits characteristic of

children, instead of the ambiguous language and studied affectation that have become habitual with too many of us, we should save ourselves innumerable heart-burnings, jealousies, and unchristian bickerings.

We should do well, also, to imitate the example of children in their grateful affection for, and generally patient submission to, those from whom they receive most kindness and attention, ever referring to parental authority, as the fountain of wisdom, for the settlement of their childish disputes. Great as are the kindness and provident care of a parent towards his children, infinitely greater are those which our heavenly Father daily exercises over us. Should we not, then, follow in the steps of these tiny monitors, and cheerfully render to Him the homage, reverence, and clinging affection they so sweetly manifest for us? Children not only enliven the home circle by their hearty and joyous outbursts of merriment, but serve also to check the play of evil passions within its hallowed bounds. How often has the presence of a child prevented the fierce ebullition of wrath, or sent the unjust and unfeeling retort back unuttered, saving hours of after-anguish of spirit!

Were the world not blessed with children, less resistance would be made to vice, and the most powerful incentives to virtue would be wanting. Many a father could tell of strong temptation overcome, in any and every form, by the sweet innocent smile, or the truthful, opportune remark of an ingenuous child. In many instances a thought of "those dear ones at home" has saved from the drinking-cup, the dice-box, or the charms of the courtesan. When seeking to gratify the distempered cravings of his sensual appetites, the parent, if he is as yet on the confines of vice, is frequently arrested by the thought of the fearful wickedness he is committing in setting such an example before his children. He is induced to reflect, listens to the voice of conscience, allows the better feelings of his nature to triumph, and re-enters the bosom of his family, with a chastened spirit and a fervent thanksgiving to the beneficial Father of all, who, in His inscrutable wisdom, vouchsafed gift so precious, and links so bright in the chain of love, by which he draws our souls heavenward. Nor are children instrumental in restraining the lords of creation alone from the paths of vice and crime. There have been mothers who have stood on the verge of a fearful precipice,

driven to desperation by the gross neglect, brutal treatment, or, worse than all, cool indifference of him who promised "ever to love and cherish," madly contemplating a plunge either into the "silent deep," or the dark gulf of sin and misery. At such a moment, tiny arms have been outstretched, and loving lips heard lisping the simple word, "Mother." That word has recalled the sorely-tried and tempted soul to a sense of duty. Those wild thoughts are hushed, her own mighty wrongs forgotten, and the mother feels, whilst gazing on her helpless babes, that, come what may of shame or sorrow, *they cannot be forsaken.*

Children are not only frequently the means of saving their parents in the hour of temptation, but also of keeping them out of the way of it. The woman who assiduously strives for the mental and physical comfort of her family experiences an abundant reward in the sweet tranquillity of mind enjoyed when the heart is ever devising, and the hands executing kindly offices for others. By this generous activity of mind and body, the purest feelings of the heart are kept in play, leaving less space for indulgence in gloomy thoughts or gossiping propensities, either of which usually leads into temptation.

Children are blessings, inasmuch as they break the monotony of daily-recurring business duties. Man is ever craving after novelty and change. A home unblessed by children's merry voices and winning smiles is not unfrequently fancied dull, and forsaken for the more exciting scenes of the "club," or "social party," which often lead to total neglect of home duties, and the claims of *her*, who is daily and hourly, though perhaps unmerited and unappreciated, anticipating the wants and securing the comfort of the absent one. If the blessings children bring are so numerous, it behooves us to esteem a large family less a burden than a beneficial gift from an all-wise Being; bringing, it is true, additional anxiety and labor, but perhaps exempting us from severer trials of our faith and patience; being ever solicitous to mould our own tempers and actions according to the "heavenly model of humanity," that we be not stumbling-blocks, but faithful monitors to our children. Bearing in mind that if at the last day all are included when the Saviour numbereth up his jewels, we shall not *then* think God gave us one too many.

HILL FARM; OR, A WEEK'S ANGLING.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

(Continued from page 144.)

THE brook was found, murmuring along in lazy eddies, washing the fallen branches of birch and maple that stretched across it, and circling about the great gray stones as if it was not the least in a hurry such a bright summer afternoon. Whether the trout were there or not, Mr. Austin did not discover, nor did he investigate the matter closely. He passed an hour very pleasantly lying at full length on the short meadow grass, in the flickering shadow of a tree, flinging pebbles into the shallow stream or twisting tufts of grass into fantastic shapes. It was quite as profitable an employment as sunning his boots at the St. Nicholas, and he stared as complacently at the sky and the brook by turns as he would have done into the faces of Broadway promenaders. He was at least breathing a purer atmosphere, as he was at present situated, both mentally and physically.

Not having a watch by way of prompter, and judging from his own impatience to see the pretty Lucy, who "dwelt in *such* untrodden ways," rather than the sun, which would have told him a different story, Mr. Austin came to the conclusion that taking his way in an opposite direction to a little cross-road in the distance, it would bring him to the house again about the time the gentlemen of the party began to assemble.

The cross-road led not to the cottage, but straight into the barnyard of another homestead, which he reached before, in his abstraction, he became conscious that this lane, short as it was, had no turning. A tidy-looking old lady, in a clean chintz apron and silver-rimmed spectacles, surveyed him curiously from her door-step as he sauntered along; and he became conscious of this and his intrusion on private property at the same time.

Nothing would have been easier than to tell the facts of the case plainly, and apologize by stating his mistake. But preoccupied people never think of what is most obvious to those who have their wits about them, and Mr. John Austin began casting about for an excuse for his conduct, forgetful that it needed none to any but himself; for what if he did find a trout stream seven miles from Edgewater, when he

was going back to New York the next day but one?

"Oh, I'll ask her if she ever takes boarders—summer boarders; they do almost everywhere within fifty miles of New York; so it's a safe question." And he proceeded, accordingly, to open the little gate and walk directly up to the "knitter in the sun," as if his sole object in the neighborhood had been to pay the old dame a call.

Mrs. Panderson—"the widow Panderson," as she was generally called—received his visit and his inquiry in the best possible spirit.

"She wasn't obliged to take boarders, and didn't foller it as a general thing; but once in a while she was druv into it by people that took a fancy to the old place, and wouldn't take 'No' for an answer. Wouldn't the gentleman walk in?"

Mr. Austin stepped over the threshold, and found himself in much such a room as he had expected to see at Hill Farm. It was long and low, the great beams overhead painted a bright yellow, evidently from the same brush that had given the floor its neat and cool-looking coating. Rush-bottomed chairs were ranged primly against the wall; a table was placed between the windows. Everything was as tidy as hands could make it, and the old-fashioned brass andirons shone like gold through the hemlock and cedar boughs that filled the fireplace.

The widow Panderson bustled about, setting out a chair from its accustomed perpendicular, and rolling up a stiff paper window curtain. "The light *did* let in the flies so," she said, by way of apology to the very grateful shade of the room. "Most people liked plenty of light; she did, to sew by. She always took her work to the front door in warm weather, to git all the light she could; but she couldn't stand *flies*, no way."

Mr. Austin agreed with her as to the disagreeable intruders; but he was not housekeeper enough to comprehend the full force of the argument.

"May-be the gentleman would like to look at her spare bedroom? She hadn't much use for one now, since her *daw'ters* were married

and gone out West, and didn't get home often. People with families of young children couldn't get round much; *she* never did, when *she* had young children, and, for her part, she thought it was the best plan; children made so much dirt and confusion, she always told their folks."

Mr. Austin thought such plain speaking as this was a very sufficient reason why the good woman's daughters did not visit her more frequently, as he followed her into an adjoining chamber, with a painted floor and stiff curtain to match the sitting-room. The feather-bed—no emaciated mattress could have assumed that round, even aspect—was nicely made up, with homespun linen and a most elaborate patchwork quilt. Mr. Austin had slept in much less agreeable quarters in the course of his travels.

His hostess looked about with considerable self-complacency.

"Nobody hain't sleep here since in June one of your sort chaps came along, and nothing would do but he must stay round the neighborhood a spell and board with me. 'Miss Panderson,' he used to say, 'there ain't no short-cake like your'n in the country.' Only he used to put the straw-bed a top, nights, and sleep on it. I always made it up respectable every day, for I hated to see a decent man sleeping so like a heathen; but it never was no use. When mornin' come, there was the straw tick again, right on top! He painted our old saw-mill as natural as life; you could almost hear it again. What kind of pictures do you do, portraits or landskips?"

She had evidently taken her visitor for an artist studying from nature, in his summer vacation. The broad-brimmed straw hat, to which the brethren of the easel are especially addicted, had formed the illusion.

"I like dogerotypes, for my part," resumed the widow Panderson, as they returned to the sitting-room. "They're cheap, and don't take up much room; besides, you don't waste much time sittin' for 'em. I've got my *daw*'ters and their husbands sot up here on the mantel; and here's Sarah Ann's five children in a row. May-be you'd like to look at 'em? They had 'em took for me when they moved out West."

Mr. Austin could not well decline this polite invitation to inspect the Panderson portrait gallery; but, as he opened one case after another, the same face seemed to look out of all, the blue eyes and white brow of Lucy Williams, instead of the upright figures of the three respectable married women in their best silk gowns, ornamented with all the jewelry they owned or could borrow, while he heard scarcely

a word of the continuous family histories that was poured into his ears. He had almost forgotten his ostensible errand, when he managed at last to make a breach in the discourse, and commence his adieus.

"Well, I suppose, if you conclude to come, you'll let me hear from you?" said the widow, in parting.

To which Mr. Austin responded, "Certainly, oh, certainly." Nothing at that moment being further from his thoughts.

As he approached the lawn of Hill Farm, he found, to his chagrin, that twilight was not so near as he had thought, and the whole inclosure was enlivened by ladies strolling about in every direction. "Married women," like the daughters Panderson, walked cautiously in the gravel paths, their handkerchiefs tied over their heads, in anticipation of "the dew," and talked of children or housekeeping matters, while younger and more giddy members of the party had seated themselves, in spite of careful warning, beneath the sugar-maples and elms, discoursing the thousand and one topics in which young ladies find intense interest. His attempted retreat was intercepted by the unscrupulous Miss Kate, who had formed a sudden intimacy with some of her afternoon acquaintances, who were not so under-bred and so far behind the times as she expected to find them.

"Why, there he is now!" she exclaimed, betraying the subject of *their* conversation, as she espied Mr. Austin through the shrubbery, and, darting up to him, secured her prisoner by both hands. "Why, how early you are! Where's Mr. Hamilton? I didn't hear the carriage; did you, girls? Mrs. Hamilton! Mrs. Hamilton! they've come!"

Mr. Austin felt very much like boxing the hoyden's ears, at this sudden exposure of his vagrancy, particularly as Mrs. Hamilton came out into the veranda and beckoned him towards her. There was no help for it; of course, he would have to explain how he came there without her husband, and Miss Williams appeared in the midst of his not very coherent tale.

"I hear you have not dined," she said, politely, but as quietly as she moved, or looked, or stood. "It is too late now to think of dinner; but we are just through tea, and our substantial country meal may answer the purpose."

"Yes, come in, do, Mr. Austin," said Mrs. Hamilton, with special urgency; and then, in a lower tone, "I have been wishing for you all tea-time; everything was so nice, and such a change from our make-believe teas!"

There was no resisting this doubly-urged

invitation. One end of the long tea-table, but partially cleared since the company had risen, was rearranged by Lucy Williams herself, while Mrs. Hamilton sat by to entertain him.

"Isn't she charming?" asked his friend's wife, as their lovely handmaiden passed into the adjoining kitchen for an instant. "So natural, and pretty, and ladylike! I wonder where she learned her self-possession? Don't you think it's very remarkable? So different from the forwardness of a boarding-school girl."

Mr. Austin thought of Miss Kate's recent attack, "or the *mauvais honte* of some of her companions. You will see to-night."

Miss Williams reappeared, followed by a nice-looking farm servant, evidently the only domestic, with a tray of biscuit fresh from the oven, and a reinforcement of butter and cream. Cold light-bread, a basket of delicious-looking sponge-cake, a heaped up dish of ripe dewberries, curds, dried-beef, and all the other well-known etceteras of a generous country tea, were already arranged before him. Mr. Austin glanced down the long table. The cloth was of spotless homespun linen, the china of the plainest description, evidently two sets united, for a part of the cups and plates had the narrow gold band so fashionable a dozen years since. A silver fork was laid beside his own plate, but he saw that steel had been used by the principal part of the guests. Miss Williams filled his cup from a time-worn Britannia tea-set, polished into the semblance of silver by long usage. There was evidently no romance of "better days" attending her, for she made no apology for the plainness of the appointments, and pressed the abundance of the viands as heartily as her grandmother had probably done, upon the attention of the Hill Farm guests, when Lucy was in her cradle.

Of the two, Mr. Austin was much the more embarrassed. He felt himself in a measure unbidden, making additional trouble for the fair hands that served him. It did not seem right to be waited on by Miss Lucy; for she did not confine herself to the strict etiquette of the tea-tray, but *fluttered* about—that was what he called her light movements to himself—heaping a saucer with the ripe delicious berries, and deluging it with yellow cream; handing a relay of biscuits, or taking his empty cup; until he felt himself a very idle, pampered person, and extremely ungallant into the bargain.

As the twilight deepened, the scattered group began to reassemble from the lawn, and the young girls especially to come in shyly with linked hands, or arms about each other's waists.

Very few of them wore any other ornament than the flowers they had been gathering, disposed in their hair or in graceful breast-knots; and the simplicity of their white dresses prevented the stiff and labored effect of most rustic toilets at other seasons of the year.

Mrs. Hamilton felt herself obliged to mingle with them, and leave Mr. Austin to his own devices, as he finished his last saucer of berries, the more particularly that Mrs. Lawson, indignant at not having made the sensation she expected, pouted in one corner of the parlor, and almost snapped her Spanish fan to pieces in endeavoring to express the immeasurable distance between herself and the assembly in general. There were several other ladies of their own circle in the party, but they, like Mrs. Hamilton, devoted themselves to the general good, and talked village news, pickles, preserves, and the fashions, to old and young, with great apparent zest.

Mr. Austin, declining to make his appearance in this feminine congregation—the only nightingale to twenty roses—awaited the arrival of the gentlemen upon the veranda, catching a glimpse occasionally of the Lady Lucy, as she flitted through hall and kitchen, intent on making all the evening arrangements, that she might give herself up to its enjoyment without restraint. Once or twice she stopped to say a passing word, with a blush and smile, and then back to her guests and her household cares, seemingly unconscious that his eyes followed her.

The beaux of the evening were unmistakably more rustic than their wives and sisters; they were too conscious of their best coats, polished boots, and scrupulous neck-ties to be quite at ease. But Mr. Austin did not trouble himself about them, or, indeed, about anything masculine, until Mr. Hamilton's hearty slap upon the shoulder roused him from an undefined reverie.

"Regularly bored, poor fellow! What on earth induced Virginia to tent you out so early in the day? Where is she and Cleopatra Lawson? Well done, Kate! she's up for the first set. Look here, Austin, streamers and all. I say, this isn't a bad establishment, after all, is it?"

Mr. Austin had not bethought him to look in upon the dancers before, although the old-fashioned airs from the solitary bow of the old village musician had been sounding out upon the night for some time, and the increased stir and hum in the parlor betokened the entrance of most of the gentlemen.

There were candies in the old-fashioned

silver-plated candlesticks upon the mantel, and a large astral lamp gleamed from a centre-table pushed aside to make room for a cotillon. It was quite enough light for the season, and displayed the young ladies to very good advantage. The room was long and low, but an arch in the centre, although undraped, and the large case-ment windows, relieved the usual stiffness of a country parlor, used only on grand occasions. There was a piano, too, small and rather old-fashioned; but then every house has its piano nowadays, you may count on it, with the unerring certainty of a dining-table. Large vases of wild flowers, and the musk-cluster roses from the porch without, perfumed the air.

"Not so bad!" said Mr. Hamilton, again, standing back to give his friend a view of the interior. "Though there's Cleopatra trying to elevate her little nose at everything. Pity she spoils herself with airs. Which is Miss Williams? That tall young woman standing in the door, strung over with jewelry? She seems to be master of ceremonies."

Mr. Austin's negative had more warmth than the occasion seemed to require, while he pointed out Miss Williams talking to the shyest and most conscious young countryman in the room; but just then Mrs. Hamilton spied them both, and seized on them accordingly. Mr. Austin found himself standing up for a plain quadrille with the tall young woman of the doorway, opposite to his host, who made wry faces over the broad shoulders of a very short and very stout partner, also provided by his wife. Miss Williams was in the same set, aiding the inexperienced steps of the bashful swain, who made up for a lack of grace and knowledge by an amount of energy that displayed itself in shoulders, arms, and knees, not to speak of the foot-fall that rose jarringly above the violin's sharp and repeated announcement that "the Campbells were coming."

In the merry jig, nothing less than "St. Patrick's Day," which Mr. Austin had not heard since his grandmother's nursery performances for himself and sister, he found himself for the first time in contact with the hand Miss Williams's partner had made nothing of squeezing as energetically as he "took his steps." She held it up to the light laughingly, to show how the compression had reddened it, as she balanced to Mr. Austin. There was not a trace of vanity in the movement, although it displayed the shapely contour that marked her whole figure, not small, but evenly, plump, and gracefully tapered.

"It doesn't look much like farm-work, or

such tea-table accomplishments as I saw this afternoon," thought the benighted haunter of Newport and Saratoga; for, in common with the popular prejudice on the subject, country life at the North and coarseness were associated in his mind. Another indistinct memory of nursery times came into his mind. Something about "kissing the place to make it well;" advice he was very much tempted to follow, as in the turn of the dance it was frankly extended, ungloved as it was, to meet his own.

Everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves but Mrs. Lawson, whose flounces had no chance for display, as she "never danced quadrilles."

"I wonder if Kate won't play a schottish for her benefit? There's a piano," said Mr. Hamilton, in the pause of the country-dances. "I'd sacrifice myself for ten minutes."

The beauty's smiles came fluttering back at the invitation, and, seeing that no one joined them, Mr. Austin felt that he ought to ask Mrs. Hamilton; but he did not care to leave Miss Williams, who stood by his side to watch them.

"I suppose you don't do the schottish? I wish you did."

"And what if I do?" she asked, gayly.

"Oh, do you? Will you join them? But all the rest of the young ladies decline, and I thought"—

"My cousin taught me," she said, as if in explanation.

Another minute, and they were following the undulations of Mr. Hamilton as his partner. John Austin was on the point of acknowledging to himself that he was fairly captivated when the dance was ended, and he made his way to Mrs. Hamilton, being reluctantly compelled to resign Miss Lucy.

"Quite a wonder, isn't she?" that lady said, good-naturedly. "I have discovered that she is the adopted child of the old couple in the corner; a niece."

Mr. Austin glanced to the pleased and expressive faces of the "Darby and Joan of Hill Farm. He felt himself disappointed. There was a lack of refinement he had not expected from the surroundings. He had persuaded himself that nothing pertaining to the charming wild flower, Lucy, could have such an unmistakable stamp of homeliness. There they sat, neatly dressed, angular, practical farm people; hearty neighbors of the widow Panderson, nothing more.

"She is very much devoted to them, they say, and it is her natural good taste that has made Hill Farm what it is. They seem to let her have her own way in everything. I fancy

she must have been sent away to school. She dances remarkably well, and I have just been looking over her music; it is simple, but in good taste. I should like to hear her sing."

"So should I," said Mr. Austin; but, in contemplating the nearest relatives of the lady in question, he was conscious of a rapid fall of the barometer.

"Now this is a real sensible gathering," said the once exclusive Mr. Hamilton, from his seat on the coach-box, to the tired occupants of the interior. "I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so much."

"A pretty compliment to your wife, for you haven't spoken to her more than twice the whole evening," returned Mr. Austin, conscious at the same time that his own inward sentiments agreed exactly with his host's experience.

"You astonished the whole country in that schottish, Cleopatra," called out Mr. Hamilton, directly. "Only think what mischief you may have done to susceptible youth. And Virginia flirted tremendously with old 'Cut for Deal' there, neighbor Johnson, and all those old chaps. Blushed for you, 'pon honor."

"You'd best keep your blushes for your own misdemeanors," retorted his wife, good-naturedly. "Didn't I hear two of the girls say you were the *sweetest, funniest* man they ever did see?"

"Well, you agree with them, don't you? Kate does, I know. Eh, Kate, ain't I delightful? As for Austin, he's fairly done for, poor fellow!"

"I—how—what?" For Mr. Austin, being conscious of his own ruminations, forgot, for the second time that day, other people were *not*.

"Why, that tall Miss Bumpstead, in green furbelows. That's the name, isn't it, Kitty Clover? She thinks you 'do your steps beautifully.'"

"Pshaw!" growled Mr. Austin, relapsing into his corner on the back seat.

"I asked Miss Williams to visit us. I'm delighted with her," said Mrs. Hamilton, warmly.

"Well, patronize her to your heart's content; she's presentable."

Mr. Austin broke off wondering if he could not get his invitation renewed, after the fashion of a promissory note; to think he should like "to send Hamilton over his horses' heads, for that last speech;" and so, in the course of time, Edgewater was reached in safety.

"Off to bed, if you expect me to drive you in town to-morrow morning," said Mr. Hamilton, almost as much in a hurry to see that the

nursery department was "all right" as his wife, already disappearing up the stairs. "Or will you try another week with us?"

"Yes—no, thank you. I believe I ought to be on the look-out for Clara and her party;" for, now that he was seven miles from Hill Farm, he could not make out a sufficient reason for deranging his first plans.

So the carpet-bag was repacked, and his next day's dinner was eaten at the *table d'hôte* of the St. Nicholas, after a gay leave-taking of Edgewater, for the mother's sake, even kissing "the boy." It is needless to say that this last act of grace confirmed the doting papa in the opinion he had expressed to Virginia, as they superintended the juveniles both together, "that John Austin was wonderfully improved, and would make a man, after all."

(Conclusion next month.)

EVENING REVERIES.

BY COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

THERE 's a crimson light
In the clouds to-night;
It streams o'er the western sky,
As the sun goes down
With a blazing crown,
And the night breeze rushes by.

Ay, the night wind blows,
And the clear stream flows,
And I hear the moaning sea;
And in every sound
Above me, around,
There 's a strange, sweet spell for me.

'Tis the dreaming hour,
And I feel its power
As it steals my senses o'er;
And mine eyelids close
With a calm repose
That I've rarely known before.

Yet it is not sleep,
But a spell so deep
That the *mind* from earth has gone;
It has gone so high
In the upper sky,
That the *clay* remains *alone*.

Ha! is *this* like death,
When the parted breath
Leaves the body still and cold?
Ah, if this be so,
Let me go, let me go
To the Shepherd's heavenly fold!

For the rapt delight
Of my soul's high flight,
And the blissful thrills I feel,
Have not their birth
On the sinful earth—
They are stamped with an angel's seal!

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND CORTES.

FOR GODEY'S YOUNG READERS.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

(Continued from page 152.)

CHAPTER VII.

Cortes enters Mexico—Meeting with Montezuma—Personal description of the emperor—Appearance of Cortes—Spanish quarters—Montezuma's speech—Reply of Cortes.

GREAT was the alarm of Montezuma when tidings reached him that the Spaniards had crossed the mountains inclosing the Valley of Mexico, and were marching steadily towards his capital. For eight days he shut himself up, fasting and begging the protection of his gods. Finding his prayers vain, he called a council of his nobles. Some advised that Cortes should be received with kindness; others that he should be driven back into the ocean. "Happen what will," at length exclaimed the distracted monarch, "I shall not fly; but I pity our old men, and our women and children. They cannot defend themselves!" So saying, he sent the Christians a friendly greeting.

Meanwhile, Cortes had advanced to Iztapalapan, a large city on the southern shore of Lake Tezcuco. Here the Christians were well entertained by Montezuma's brother; and, as the sun went down, they saw gleaming over the blue lake, from which they seemed to rise like fairy palaces, the silver-shining towers and battlements of Mexico.

The next morning, November the eighth, 1519, Cortes quitted the beautiful gardens of Iztapalapan, and, with four hundred Spaniards and six thousand Tlascalans, began his march along the artificial road which, more than seven miles in length, led through the briny waters of Tezcuco to Montezuma's capital. As they trod this wonderful road, which was made of huge stones strongly cemented together, and so wide that eight horsemen could ride abreast on it, the Spaniards passed several cities, built on piles reaching out into the lake, and containing four, five, and sometimes six thousand houses. The waters that rippled on either side swarmed with multitudes of canoes filled with Indians, whose eyes were fixed in wonder and admiration upon the little band of Christians.

Some two miles from the city, the Spaniards were met by nearly a thousand Mexican nobles, who came to welcome Cortes and announce the approach of Montezuma. Each, in turn, passed before the general, bowing and kissing his right hand, with which he had previously touched the earth. An hour slipped by while the Aztec chiefs went through this complimentary show; after which, the Christians again pressed forward. Crossing a drawbridge near the city, they beheld a glittering throng advancing to meet them. It was Montezuma and his royal retinue.

First came two hundred nobles, "marching two by two, in deep silence, barefooted, with their eyes fixed upon the ground." Following these were three state officers, bearing rods of gold, which now and then they raised up, when all around "bowed their heads and hid their faces, as unworthy to look on so great a monarch." Next came Montezuma, in a litter resplendent with gold, upheld by four nobles, and shaded by a canopy of green feathers beautifully embroidered. Over the shoulders of the emperor hung a square mantle, of the finest cotton, and spangled with gold and sparkling jewels. A thin golden crown, from which arose plumes of green, adorned his head; and on his feet glittered sandals with soles of gold, and straps ornamented with pearls.

Having come within a short distance of the general, Montezuma alighted from his litter, and, leaning on the arms of his nephew and brother, advanced with princely dignity towards Cortes and his chief captains, his attendants covering the street with cotton tapestry, that he might not touch the ground. Tall and thin, but not badly shaped, he seemed about forty years of age. His complexion was lighter than that of most of his cinnamon-hued race, while his hair, black and straight, was barely long enough to suit Mexican notions of becomingness and kingly dignity. The expression of his countenance was grave, if not melancholy.

Cortes, meanwhile, had dismounted from his horse, and was hastily, but respectfully pressing

forward to meet the emperor. Rather tall and slender, but well-proportioned, deep-chested, and broad-shouldered, the general's appearance was that of one who possessed strength, activity, and great powers of endurance. His black beard, and large, dark, and sparkling eyes, set off the handsome, though somewhat pale, countenance of a man of thirty-five. Rich, but not gay, and adorned with few, though valuable ornaments, his dress gave additional attractions to his comely and impressive figure.

Such are the portraits left us, by those who beheld them both, of the famous Montezuma and his still greater, but not more celebrated conqueror.

As the two chiefs drew near each other, Montezuma saluted Cortes by laying his hand on the ground and then kissing it—a mark of such condescension on his part, that his people began at once to look upon the Spaniards as gods. Cortes, in turn, having thanked the emperor for his good-will, hung about his neck a string of sparkling beads, which to the Mexicans seemed rare jewels. He would then have embraced Montezuma, but was prevented by the latter's attendants, who gave signs of horror that his holy person should be thus profaned. Nevertheless, the meeting passed off pleasantly, and when the emperor departed in his litter, he was closely followed by the Christians, whose general he had left his brother to lead, arm in arm, into the city.

The street by which the Spaniards entered Mexico was its grandest and broadest, and stretched several miles directly through the heart of the capital. On either side rose the palaces of the nobility. Though not lofty, they were of stone, and covered much ground, and their flat roofs frequently seemed to be gardens of flowers. Deep was the astonishment of the Christians at the magnificence they beheld. Great, also, were their inward fears, when they saw the streets and canals, and the door-ways, windows, and tops of houses crowded with "such a multitude of people as they had never imagined." Yet the wonder and the fears of the Mexicans were not less, as they gazed upon the mysterious strangers "from those parts where the sun rises;" the fame of whose "fierce creatures larger than deer," and "terrible tubes which vomited thunder and lightning," had preceded them. "Certainly," they exclaimed, "these are gods!" "They are those," sighed the old men best acquainted with their country's traditions, "who are to lord it over us and our native land!"

Marching a mile and a half, the Christians

reached a vast pyramidal structure of stone—the Great Temple of Mexico. Before the western gate of the inclosure from which this building arose, was the palace intended for the quarters of Cortes and his troops. Here Montezuma received his guests. Approaching the general, he hung round his neck a massy collar, ornamented with eight golden crawfish, wrought, it is said, to the life, and with a delicacy which the goldsmiths of Spain afterwards confessed themselves unable to equal. Having presented this princely gift, "You and your companions," said the emperor, "are now in your own house. In a little while, when you have rested and refreshed yourselves, I will be with you again." So saying, he departed.

Cortes immediately examined every part of the building. Though but one story high, it would accommodate all his army. Rush mats for beds, covered with cotton quilts, were plentiful, and all things were neat and clean. Carpets covered most of the floors, and brilliant hangings adorned the walls. Elegantly carved footstools were abundant, and in each of the many chambers burned a fire of odorous cedar.

Having admired all these conveniences, the general, ever cautious and vigilant, proceeded to plant his cannon and set his watches, as if surrounded by foes. When these preparations were completed, and not till then, he permitted his weary troopers to refresh themselves with the abundance of good things Montezuma had provided. In the evening, the emperor returned in great state, with many valuable gifts for the Spaniards. Having presented them, he addressed Cortes and his men nearly as follows:—

"Brave general, and you, his companions, I am truly glad to see you here. Though I forbade your coming, it was for the sake of my people, who had heard that you rode beasts of tremendous size and fierceness, and that you made the earth tremble with the thunder of heaven. It was said, too, that you were greedy for things not your own, and that each of you devoured more than ten Mexicans.

"But, having conversed with you, I now not only account you mortals like ourselves, but also my friends and kinsmen; for the kings my forefathers were not natives of this country, but strangers who made themselves masters here. When he left them, the lord who led them to this place, finding them unwilling to depart with him, told them that his descendants would come and rule over them, if not peaceably, by force. Therefore, brave general, we will obey you, if you do not impose upon us.

"And now if, from what you have been told,

you think me able to change myself into the shapes of various animals, know that I am a man like yourselves. Touch me! Though a king, I am but flesh and bone! You have perhaps been told, also, that my houses are of silver and gold; but, though large, they are, you see, of stone and wood, like those of others. True, I have much treasure; all which you, for whom I have kept it, shall enjoy." Here, it is said, the emperor "could not forbear letting fall a few tears;" after which, "Rest you now," he continued, "for you must needs be weary. You are in your own house, and your wishes shall be obeyed as my own."

Bowing low, Cortes put on a cheerful countenance, and replied, briefly, to this effect:—

"Most mighty prince, I thank you for the kindness with which you have welcomed my companions and myself. I have been sent here by the greatest sovereign of Europe not to take from any one what belongs to him, but to announce to you the true religion. As to what has been said of you to me, I am undeceived; for I see that you are a man, peaceable, meek, courteous, generous; and a prince so worthy and perfect in all points, that our great God will not permit you to die in the error and ignorance in which the Evil One now holds you. I feel assured that the lord you look for from the east is my sovereign. Therefore receive, love, and embrace us as belonging to him. We come only to serve and instruct you. As to the offer you make me of your treasure, it is a piece of generosity for which I kiss your hands."

As if moved by the words of Cortes, Montezuma, as soon as the general had finished his speech, embraced him, and, distributing more presents, took his leave.

Next morning, Cortes and his chief officers, together with a number of trusty soldiers, were allowed to visit the emperor in his palace. The conversation between the former and his entertainer was almost wholly of a religious nature. Though not moved to give up his ancient and idolatrous worship, Montezuma listened patiently to the arguments of his guest in favor of Christianity, and finally consented, we are told, to have "no more human flesh served up at the royal table!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Wonders of Mexico—Montezuma's palace—Great market—Great temple—Religion of the Mexicans.

THE week following their admission into

Mexico, the Spaniards spent in viewing the curiosities of the place. Keeping them company, I shall briefly describe what they beheld.

Already, as we have seen, Cortes had visited Montezuma's principal palace. Extensive, though not lofty, it was built of red stone, and had twenty ornamented gateways. The inner walls were of marble, jasper, and porphyry, decorated with hangings of cotton, rabbit's wool, and feather-work beautifully embroidered with figures of birds and flowers. The roofs were of cedar and other fragrant woods, carved with wonderful skill. In the court-yards sparkled fountains fed by a spring on Chapultepec, or, "the grasshopper's hill." This was some three miles distant across the lake, and the water came from it through earthen pipes laid on a narrow causeway. "The whole work," says Prescott, "was one of the most pleasing monuments of Mexican civilization."

Near the main palace were other buildings, one of which was filled with birds of the most beautiful plumage; another contained "all sorts of four-footed beasts," and "great jars and troughs full of water and earth, in which they kept snakes, alligators, and lizards, the very sight of which was frightful." Around these and the various other buildings were "spacious gardens, very delightful by reason of the sweet scent of the flowers." Saying "it was not proper for kings to keep farms," Montezuma would allow in these gardens nothing but flowers and fragrant and medicinal herbs.

In his household arrangements, Montezuma showed no less magnificence. His wives were a thousand in number. He changed his dress four times a day, and never wore the same clothes twice. He ate alone, having, for his noonday meal, the choice of four hundred different dishes. After eating, he washed his hands in basins of silver, when pipes were given him, from which he smoked "a weed called tobacco," while his dancing girls danced, or his jugglers performed their tricks. Sometimes three of these latter "would stand on each other's shoulders, the uppermost doing wonders as if he stood on the ground, the undermost at the same time walking and dancing, and the middle one making various other motions." After his pipes were smoked, the emperor took a nap, on awaking from which he attended to state affairs.

The Spaniards went next to see the Great Temple. On their way there, they met many females. Though dusky, and often of a sad expression, the countenances of these women were not unpleasing. Skirts, or petticoats, of different length, formed their usual dress; but

some wore over these loose robes of cotton delicately embroidered.

Before reaching the temple, the Christians fell in with vast throngs moving towards the Great Market, which, when they saw it, they were indeed astonished at. Goldsmiths, painters, doctors, fruiterers, mechanics, and, in short, dealers of all kinds were here collected, and, with the buyers, numbered, says Cortes, full sixty thousand souls. Nearly every stall was blooming with flowers, while eatables and drinkables, warm or cold, were abundant. Throughout this dense crowd officers kept perfect order, punishing, "as enemies of mankind," all guilty of cheating in weighing or measuring.

From this lively scene the Spaniards passed on to the Great Temple. It stood in an immense square, surrounded by a wall of stone eight feet high, called the "wall of serpents," from the carvings of those reptiles with which it was covered. The temple itself was built of stone in the shape of a pyramid, having five stories rising one above the other to the height of one hundred and fifteen feet. Each of its sides at the base was three hundred feet in length. It did not run up to a point, the top being some forty feet square, level, and smoothly paved. Outside the western front were one hundred and thirteen steps, so arranged that, to reach the summit, the building had to be passed around four times.

At the foot of these steps, Cortes found several priests and nobles, who offered to carry him up on their shoulders—a compliment which he declined. Gaining the top, he beheld, close to the eastern edge, two lesser temples, or sanctuaries, having three high and arched stories—the holy places of the Mexican gods of war and providence. Before each stood an altar, on which burned fires never allowed to die out. Near by, also, was a great drum of serpents' skins, which, beaten only on occasions of importance, sent forth a doleful sound that could be heard for miles.

From the top of the Great Temple, where he was welcomed by Montezuma, Cortes gazed on "the finest prospect he had ever seen." Mexico in all its glory was at his feet, while far around, beyond the blue waters of Tezcuco, were "fields and waving woods, with the burnished walls of many a temple rising high above the trees, and crowning the distant hill-tops."*

Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, then rose from an island in the Lake of Tezcuco, being partly built upon the island itself, and partly upon

piles reaching out into the salt waters of the lake. The main city was ten miles around, and contained sixty thousand houses and three hundred thousand inhabitants. To reach it, there were through the lake three artificial roads, thirty feet in width, and severally, two, three, and seven miles in length. The principal streets were broad, smoothly paved with cement, and swept and watered daily by a thousand persons. Others were mere canals, like those of Venice, to be passed only in canoes. All, however, were straight and regularly laid out.

The shores of the lake which surrounded Mexico were studded with numerous cities and hamlets, some scarcely less than the capital itself. On its bosom were beheld the wondrous floating gardens of Tenochtitlan. These were rafts of reeds and rushes, covered with earth to the depth of three or four feet, and frequently a hundred yards in length. Upon them flourished gardens of flowers and vegetables, and even trees grew there, under the shade of which nestled the house of the industrious owner, who, with a long pole, pushed his floating farm about the shallow waters of the lake.

Having at length satisfied himself with looking around, Cortes asked and obtained Montezuma's permission to enter the shrine of the god of war. The image of that deity had "a frightful face," and held in its right hand a bow, and in its left a bundle of arrows. Around its body was a golden chain made like a snake, and its neck was ornamented with ten hearts of gold on a collar of the same metal. Before it stood an altar, upon which lay three human hearts yet trembling with life. The surrounding walls and the floor were thickly incrustated with the blood of human victims. "The stench," says one present, "was more unbearable than that of the slaughter-houses of Spain."

Cortes was glad to leave so horrible a place. As he came out, turning to Montezuma, "I wonder," he exclaimed, "that a prince of your wisdom can worship such abominable images!" "Had I thought," replied the emperor, "that you would have spoken thus of our gods, I would not have allowed you to see them." Noticing Montezuma's anger, Cortes apologized. "Go in peace," said the Mexican; "I, however, will remain here to appease the wrath of our insulted gods."

Passing from the Great Temple, almost in front of its principal gate, the Spaniards beheld an object that struck a kind of terror into their hearts. It was the "Temple of Skulls." Circular in form, its outside walls were of stone;

* Prescott.

but inside it was lined with human skulls—the remains of former sacrifices—full one hundred and thirty thousand in number.

In concluding this chapter, I have thought proper to give a brief account of the religion of the Mexicans. My chief authority has been our own Prescott, the most graphic and picturesque of historians. I have used, however, Clavigero and Herrera, the former a Mexican, the latter a Spaniard, but both compilers from original authorities.

Like that of almost all heathen nations, the religion of the Mexicans showed that it had come originally from the God of Israel and of Christianity; yet it was not without what we regard as wrong, foolish, and most horrible principles.

They believed, first, in one God, who was perfect and invisible, and of whom they could form no likeness, and to whom they raised no temple. They did not, however, regard this Supreme Being as All-Powerful; therefore they supposed many—some say two hundred—lesser gods, whose business it was to watch over the sun, the moon, the seasons, and the various concerns of the human race. An evil spirit, who hated mankind, and whose name meant “the Reasoning Owl,” was also believed in.

Especial worship was paid to three divinities. Chief of these was Tezcatlipoca, the god of Providence, who, second only to the Invisible Ruler of All, had made the world, and kept ceaseless watch over it. The next most revered was Huitzilopochtli, the war god. Of his temple and image an account has been already given; his name signified “humming-bird” and “left,” from the fact that on the left foot of his idol were feathers of the humming-bird. Next came Quetzalcoatl, the god of air, likewise previously noticed. He seems to have lived in the “golden age” of Mexico, and to have taught the people all the useful arts of peace. Some Spanish authors have tried to show that he was the Apostle Saint Thomas. However this may be, the traditions respecting him had, as we have seen, prepared the way for the success of Cortes.

When a Mexican died, strips of paper were scattered over his body to preserve him from harm on the dark way of death. If wealthy, his corpse was burned, the ashes being saved; and many slaves were sacrificed. If the dead man had led a wicked life, his soul went to a place of everlasting darkness; if he had been good, or had perished in battle, it finally, after travelling many years in company with the sun,

became the spirit of some bright cloud or beautiful bird.

The ceremony of baptism was practised by the Mexicans, and seems to have been singularly like that of the Christians. Sprinkling the mouth and breast of the babe with water, the priest prayed that “the holy drops would wash away the sin given to it before the creation of the world, so that it might be born anew.”

The Mexican priests were numerous, no less than five thousand being in attendance at the Great Temple. Though allowed to marry, they lived apart from other men. Three times a day they offered up prayers, and, “to do penance,” they often whipped and otherwise punished themselves. To them the people confessed their sins, obtaining priestly pardon; and what the priests thus learned they were forbidden to repeat. This confession was made but once; was generally a “death-bed” one; and freed the penitent from all legal punishments.

Of the Mexican temples I have already said enough. Some of the religious ceremonies connected with them were gay and cheerful; but others—I allude to the sacrificing of human victims—were of the most melancholy character. Shunning the horrid details of these latter, I will merely mention that the victims were men, women, and children; friends as well as foes. Their flesh was generally cooked and devoured. The number sacrificed yearly was not less than thirty thousand. At the dedication of the Great Temple, some fifty years before the coming of Cortes, full seventy thousand prisoners, it is said, were butchered in the course of a few days.

CHAPTER IX.

Cortes seizes Montezuma—Execution of Quauhpopoca—Montezuma acknowledges himself the vassal of Spain—Defeat of Narvaez.

CORTES had entered Mexico easily enough; but he soon discovered that, if Montezuma so willed it, he would find some difficulty either in staying there or going away. Thinking over this unpleasant discovery a few days, he finally determined to secure his own safety by making the emperor his captive. Almost worshipped, and blindly obeyed by his people as Montezuma was, to have him in their power would render the Christians well nigh sure of receiving no harm from the thousands of his subjects who swarmed around them.

Cortes did not want courage for so hazardous an enterprise. Though not remarkably tender, his conscience, however, was yet a little troubled with the thought of thus repaying the generosity of his princely entertainer. Nevertheless, he found an excuse for his design in a circumstance of which he had heard while at Cholula.

Quauhpopoca, one of Montezuma's governors, had undertaken, in obedience to orders from the emperor, to punish the Totonacs for their recent rebellion. The latter having called upon the Spaniards posted at Villa Rica to aid them, a battle was fought, and the imperial army routed. The victory, however, was a dear one to the Christians, seven of whom, their leader included, had fallen in the fight. Another, being taken captive, was tortured to death, and his head sent to Montezuma.

Cortes knew of this before he reached Mexico; but, fearful of discouraging his soldiers, he had kept the knowledge to himself. Now, however, he was willing to make use of it. Calling together his officers, he disclosed it to them. Even the boldest gave signs of alarm, on seeing which, Cortes brought forward his plan of seizing Montezuma, as the only one likely to result in the preservation of their lives and the glory of their past victories. The very danger and desperation of such an enterprise had a charm for our hero's bold companions, and they resolved to execute it immediately.

The next morning, Cortes and five of his bravest captains proceeded to Montezuma's palace. Thirty chosen troopers, armed to the teeth, followed, two or three together, intending to join the general as if by accident. When all had dropped in, Cortes, who was talking quietly with the emperor, suddenly put on a stern look, and angrily charged him with causing the death of the Christians at Villa Rica. For this murder, for this insult to his sovereign, he demanded satisfaction. Montezuma was startled, and changed color, but earnestly declared his innocence, instantly sending officers to bring Quauhpopoca and his chiefs as prisoners to Mexico. "What," he exclaimed, turning to Cortes, "what more can I do to assure you of my sincerity?" "I am satisfied," was the reply; "but my sovereign will not be, unless you condescend to come and live with us till the guilty persons appear."

Montezuma at once penetrated the treacherous design of his guest. "Did ever a king," he asked, "tamely suffer himself to be led to prison? No—no! I cannot so degrade myself!" A hot dispute followed; but for three hours the emperor remained firm. At length a fiery cava-

lier, Velasquez de Leon by name, sprang up. "Why waste more words!" he exclaimed; "let us either drag him hence, or stab him to the heart!" The loud voice and fierce looks of Velasquez struck Montezuma with terror. "The gods will it!" he sighed. "Let us go! Let us go!" His litter being brought, he entered it, and left his palace, never to return to it again. Though they wondered greatly, the nobles of his court made no opposition, and he was borne with royal pomp to the palace occupied by Cortes. "When they heard of this, his people," says Robertson, "breaking out into the wildest transports of grief and rage, threatened the Spaniards with instant destruction; but as soon as Montezuma appeared with a seeming gayety of countenance, and waved his hand, the tumult was hushed; and, upon his declaring it to be of his own choice that he went to reside a short time with his new friends, the multitude quietly dispersed."

Wonderfully bold as the seizure of Montezuma was, judged by the religion of those who made it, it must be considered wrong. Self-preservation, however, is said to be the first law of nature; if that law is right, so was Cortes. I have my doubts, but will not argue the matter.

Some two weeks subsequently, Quauhpopoca, his son, and fifteen others, were brought prisoners to Montezuma, who immediately gave them up to Cortes. Tried by court-martial, they were found guilty of having caused the death of Spaniards, and condemned to death by burning. Before being led to execution, they made a confession, stating that what they had done was in defence of their native land, and in obedience to the orders of their emperor.

Attended by some of his officers and a soldier carrying fetters, Cortes hastened to Montezuma. "Prince," said he, sternly, "the prisoners have confessed their guilt, and blame you as the author of it. You deserve the same punishment they are about to receive; but, as you have been kind to me, I will spare your life, though I must make you feel a part of the punishment you merit." So saying, he turned indignantly away, ordering the soldier to put the fetters upon Montezuma's legs. He was obeyed.

Speechless for a few moments, the emperor at length broke out into loud cries and lamentations. His attendants, bursting into tears, fell at his feet, "bearing up the fetters with their hands, and thrusting bandages of cotton through the links, that they might not touch his flesh." Meanwhile, the execution of Quauhpopoca and the other prisoners went on. They died bravely, making no complaint, but seeming to glory in

suffering for their prince and country. When the horrid work was done, Cortes returned to Montezuma, "and, with a cheerful countenance, ordered his fetters to be taken off." Great was the wretched monarch's joy. He even hugged Cortes in his arms, thanking him for having spared his life; and, when the general told him he might now return to his own palace, he declared that he was better pleased where he was. One scarcely knows which to condemn most, the selfish boldness of Cortes, or the selfish cowardice of Montezuma.

The severity with which Cortes punished Quauhpopoca and his companions checked, but did not entirely subdue, the spirit of revolt among the Mexicans. Montezuma himself, however, was completely crushed. Treated with a great show of respect, and seemingly allowed to manage the government in his own name, he was yet the slave of the Spaniards, by whose permission, and attended by whom, he only went abroad.

Thus did the boldness of Cortes secure to him the real government of Mexico. One thing, however, was yet wanting. Montezuma had not acknowledged himself a vassal of Spain. Even this acknowledgment, after a long struggle, he was compelled to make. Having assembled his highest officers, he made a speech to them, declaring his belief that the King of Spain was descended from that Quetzalcoatl for whose return they looked. Therefore he called upon them to do as he did, and acknowledge that sovereign as their true and lawful ruler.

In uttering these words, says Clavigero, "he felt his spirit so wounded that his voice was broken by tears. Such bitter sobs followed from the whole assembly that even the sympathies of the Spaniards were excited. Then a melancholy silence succeeded, which was finally broken by one of the Mexican chiefs. 'Oh, prince!' he exclaimed, 'what else can we do but submit to the will of the gods as made known to us by you?'" Thus did Spain obtain nominal possession of Mexico. What wonder, then, that three centuries later a bloody revolution wrested it from her?

Weeks, months rolled by; Cortes was still in Mexico; now directing the emperor's state affairs, and again trying to persuade him to become a Christian. In this, however, Montezuma was immovable. His weakness had lost an empire, but he had strength to cling to his gods. Nevertheless, some of his subjects called him a coward.

Moved by such accusations, he at length told Cortes to depart. Unless he did, said Monte-

zuma, the Spaniards certainly would meet with destruction. Alarmed though he was, the general laughed, and said he would gladly sail away if he had ships. Deceived by this reply, the emperor was full of joy; and, telling Cortes that he should have time to build a fleet, sent many Mexicans to help in getting ready what was necessary.

Many months had now elapsed, and the general every day looked for a letter from the King of Spain confirming him in his authority. At length, Montezuma told him that he need not go on with the building of his vessels, inasmuch as a large fleet had appeared on the coast. Great was the joy of Cortes when he heard this; for he doubted not that the fleet spoken of was one sent to him by the King of Spain. But letters from Sandoval, the governor of Villa Rica, soon brought him to a sense of the danger he was in. The fleet was one sent by Velasquez, his old enemy, and contained more than eight hundred soldiers, whose captain—Pansilo Narvaez—was ordered to seize upon Cortes and his followers as fugitives and outlaws, guilty of rebellion against their own sovereign, and injustice towards that of Mexico.

"It is beyond a doubt," says Clavigero, "that on this occasion Cortes showed his courage and greatness of soul. Threatened on one side by the power of Mexico, and on the other by a far superior force of his own countrymen, his sagacity, his activity, his energy, his bravery warded off all the evils which hung over him."

After the quotation I have made, it does not seem necessary to enter into the details of this affair. With his usual artfulness, Cortes managed to make many secret friends among the officers of Narvaez, whom over and over again he tried to conquer by kindness, and by something little short of bribery. Finding that his opponent, being in correspondence with Montezuma, was bent upon his destruction, he boldly set out to give him battle.

Leaving one of his captains—Alvarado—with about a hundred men, in charge of the capital, Cortes marched with less than three hundred soldiers to the neighborhood of Cempoalla, where Narvaez was encamped. I shall not trouble my readers with the details of the conflict which followed. Outwitted and surprised, Narvaez was beaten with ease, and he and his army were taken by a force but little more than one-third of their own. Few fell on either side, so completely were the newcomers surprised by Cortes and his veterans.

Exercising his usual cunning, our hero was not long in persuading most of the followers of

Narvaez to join his standard. Scarcely had he received so desirable a reinforcement, when he was called back to the city of Mexico by tidings

of the most startling character. What these tidings were, I shall reserve for the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

CHARADES IN ACTION.

Answer to Charade in last number—BLACKGUARD.

ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD LORD. ARCHERS. MUSICIANS
SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE—*Splendid Turkey carpet lawn, surrounded by magnificently veneered woods. In the distance is seen (the music) Canterbury. At one end of scene the window curtains pitched as tent. Chairs for Visitors.*

ENTER OLD LORD surrounded by SERVANTS, who cheer him. On his breast he wears the star of the oyster scallop.



Enter MUSICIANS, who forthwith commence tuning their bellows, and ascending the chromatic scale on their pokers-à-piston. (*Soft music.*)

Enter LADIES and GENTLEMEN, as merry



foresters—the Ladies with pea-jackets over their dresses, and large bulgy umbrellas slung

at back for quivers; the Gentlemen with their collars turned down, and their what-do-you-call-'ems tucked up above their Wellingtons; in their hands they carry their unstrung whips for bows. The Visitors are graciously received by the Old Lord, who exhibits to them the splendid bright poker they are to contend for. (*Soft music.*)

Enter SERVANTS, who arrange the loo-table as the target.*



The archery commences in a most spirited manner, the barbed walking-stick darting from the twanging whip as fast and as far as it is possible to throw it. Not one can hit the bull's-eye of the loo-table. At last the Old Lord takes his whip. All look on with anxiety. He shoots, and the sound of broken glass tells that the arrow has smashed the conservatory. All laugh, and call upon the only remaining Young Lady to show her skill. She advances, rebuking them for their want of talent. As she draws her walking-stick from its umbrella, betting begins. She takes her aim and fires, and immediately a piercing scream is heard from Old Lord, who has been looking on, and who rushes about holding up to his face the Young Lady's arrow, which, by some mistake, has hit his eye instead of the bull's. (*Soft music.*)



* Many ladies may object to have their loo-tables made targets of; but they should remember that the whole point of this Act lies in nobody hitting the mark.

ACT II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD FATHER. HIS DAUGHTER.

THE BRIGAND CHIEF.

BRIGANDS. POSTBOY. BRIGANDS' WIVES.

SCENE—*Imaginary cave, a little to the south of Rome. The fearful roar of a neighboring waterfall is supposed to be heard.*

ENTER BRIGANDS, who place their loaded brooms against the wall, and casting themselves on the floor, forthwith commence gambling with flour-dredging dice-box



Enter WIVES in Italian costume, with flat napkins on their heads. Some begin working with their distaffs of umbrellas, whilst others hand round wine.

Enter CHIEF splendidly dressed, with coat-



tails turned up, and wearing a hat made, peaked,



GRAND TABLEAU.

ACT III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A MEDICAL STUDENT. HIS FRIEND.

THE DOCTOR. POLICEMEN. CITIZENS, &c.

SCENE—*The outside of the Doctor's house, with lighted candle placed as lamp over door. On one of the posts is a placard, on which is written "Night-Bell." Camphene lamps are lowered.*

ENTER MEDICAL STUDENT and HIS FRIEND on tiptoe. They commence laughing and laying their forefingers on one side of their noses, to prove what a bit of fun they are going to have. By pointing at the Doctor's door, they show that he is to be their victim. After hu-sh-shing a little, they advance cautiously, and, having

with a copy of the *Times*; a spacious green baize table-cloth is thrown over his shoulders, and in his girdle are numerous double-barrelled hoop-sticks. He smokes.

Suddenly a shrill whistle is heard. The Brigands seize their brooms, and, following their Chief, hasten to attack the passage.

Re-enter Brigands, dragging in OLD FATHER, HIS DAUGHTER (both in travelling costume),



POSTBOY, and several portmanteaus, bags, and boxes, which the Wives proceed to rifle of their contents.* The Postboy is bound to the piano, whilst the Chief orders Old Father's boots to be taken off, and draws from them a purse heavily filled with card-counters. He distributes the counters among his men, and then, by laying his hand on his heart, and turning his eyes up to ceiling, intimates his extreme love for Young Lady. All the Brigands do the same, and a scuffle to possess her takes place. Suddenly the Chief rushes in with two full-cocked hoop-sticks, and, by shooting two of his men, restores peace and harmony. Then taking the Young Lady's hand, he kneels with her before Old Father, who blesses them. The Brigands cheer, and throw their hats in the air.

wrenched from the door the flat-iron knocker, commence pulling the night-bell, which is made



to ring violently by rattling a knife in a tumbler in the passage outside.

Enter DOCTOR, with sheet thrown round him as night-gown, and holding rushlight shade in

* The fun here may be greatly increased by the production of several articles which form part of the mysteries of the toilet. A false front or a bustle is sure to produce a good three minutes' laughter. Grimaldi was the first to discover this.

his hand. Medical Student pretends he is very bad in his interior from having swallowed some-



thing deadly; and whilst Doctor is feeling his pulse, he, by an act of legerdemain, brings the flat-iron knocker out by his nose. His Friend then closes the door, and locks out the Doctor, who expresses his great alarm lest any one should come.

A scuffle ensues, when enter the NEIGHBORS in haste, with sheets thrown over them. They, in pantomime, intimate their great indignation

at having been disturbed, and then gather round Doctor, who forthwith recommences his scuffle



with the Medical Student's Friend. During fight Medical Student creeps round, and after much blowing out of cheeks, stamping on floor, and holding of sides to express fun, proceeds to pin all the Spectators together. Doctor is knocked down, and all the neighbors hasten to pick him up, but are held back by their being fastened to each other. Medical Student and his Friend decamp. Great confusion.



A SERIES OF PAPERS ON THE HAIR.

CHAPTER III.

PRACTICE OF APPLYING UNGUENTS AND OILS TO THE HAIR.

"THE hair," observes Dr. Burgess, "is one of the most important elements of that *ensemble* which constitutes human beauty. It is owing to the universal admission of this fact that ingenuity has been set to work in every age, with the view of discovering remedies capable of increasing, or of even creating the constituent characters of a fine head of hair: for instance, to increase the length, to increase its thickness, its pliancy and lustre, to repair the defects of nature or of age, to remedy false direction of the hair, to alter its color—in short, to do all this by means of postiches."

Every nation, however barbarous, has its peculiar greasy application for the hair, locally obtained. The Esquimaux uses train and seal oil; the Greenlander and others, various fish oils; the natives of the rivers and coasts of parts of Brazil and South America, near the Amazon, Orinoco, and other large rivers, turtle oil, and fat obtained from the crocodile and alligator; some of the New Zealanders and natives

of the Pacific, shark oil. These rancid applications, and, indeed, most animal fats, from their harsh properties, are peculiarly injurious, and are the promoting causes of many of the scrofulous diseases of the scalp.

Vegetable oils are infinitely preferable, and are in general use in most warm countries. Olive-oil is that used by the natives of the shores of the Mediterranean. Cocoa-nut and castor-oil by the natives of the West Indies and Pacific Islands. Palm-oil, shea-oil from the butter-tree; nut-oil, from the earth nut; and ghee, or fluid butter, are patronized by the various African tribes.

Since Cleopatra first employed bear's grease, an endless variety of oleaginous applications have been extolled for stimulating the growth of the hair. Among others recommended from time to time, have been the oils of laurel, nuts, wormwood, juniper, and the fat of ducks, moles, and serpents, particularly the viper. Beef marrow and hog's lard are common applications in the present day.

Some forty or fifty bears, of the common European brown species, according to a writer in the "Quarterly Review," are annually slaugh-

tered in London for their grease ; but this would go but a small way towards supplying the necessary unguent for some two millions of heads ; and we are not told whether any native grease is imported from Russia other than the tallow, for which we so largely depend on that empire. The American black bear is also encased in an enormous layer of fat, but we do not hear that the colonists in Canada ever use its grease for the hair.

Custom and experience have preceded science in teaching us to keep the hair clean by occasional washing and frequent brushing, and to avoid daubing it profusely with coarse and common unguents and ointments, pomades and flour, by which our ancestors converted the hair into a dirty pudding. Many females, for cheapness, use lard ; others clog the roots of the hair with thick compounds, sold under various popular names. These applications are injurious, as they prevent the scalp from being properly cleansed, and act as a foreign substance, in addition to the ordinary products of the secretion of the parts : and so, according to the nature of their composition, excite more or less irritation in the skin, and even inflammation itself. These results, according to Dr. Burgess, almost invariably occur when rancid grease or bad oil is often used, and especially when cosmetics containing active ingredients, as canilla, quinquina, &c., are habitually employed.

When the dry scales and cells of the oil and hair-tubes collect at the source of the latter, from a deficiency of oleaginous products, they impede the growth of the hair, and occasion a good deal of itching and uneasy feeling, which can only be removed by tearing up the filmy covering with a hard brush, and applying fluid oil.

The hair is sometimes rigid, crisp, and hard. This condition seems to depend upon a deficient secretion of oily matter, by which the hair is covered and protected. Fluid oil should therefore be applied.

Chemical analysis proves to us that the natural and free secretion of the lubricating fluid which is found in the tubes of the hair, is essential to its proper growth and healthy action. When the quantity secreted is small, the hair is usually harsh, coarse, and unmanageable ; whilst in those who have it in the greatest abundance, the hair, on the contrary, is fine and silky, and comparatively free from scurf. As science and experience have taught us to improve the growth of plants by artificial fertilizers, so should the practice of the various uncivilized nations induce us to supply the hair with that nourish-

ment of which, from constitutional weakness or extraneous and exciting causes, it may be deficient. Pure fluid vegetable oils are among the best topical applications, of which we have no better examples than the inhabitants of the coasts of the Mediterranean, the various islanders of the Pacific, and the negroes of the West Indies and Africa, where olive, cocoa-nut, castor, palm, earth nut, and other translucent stimulating oils are in general use. Animal oils and fatty substances, as I have already observed, are objectionable as being too caustic, and, from their want of fluidity, not easily absorbed by the hair.

Oil, if not applied too copiously, will keep the hair in curl during moist or damp weather, as well as in ball-rooms, theatres, and other places of public amusement. Hair loses its curl when it imbibes moisture, and oil prevents this.

In applying oil, care should be taken to anoint the hairs not only in their entire length, but also at the roots, where the hair should be separated or divided, so as to admit of its more direct application. The hair should never be made too greasy ; but the superfluous quantity should be removed or diffused with the brush, or with the palm of the hand.

Oil tends to relax the skin when it is harsh, dry, and contracted, and the bulbs of the hair show symptoms of decay from a want of nourishment.

The practice of pouring oil on the hair, head, and beard is alluded to in Psalm cxxxiii. 2. The Saviour speaks of anointing the hair in his sermon on the Mount.

Where it could be effected, the head or other parts of the body were daily anointed with sweet or olive-oil (Ruth iii. 3 ; 2 Samuel xiv. 2). In a warm climate, exposed to the great heat of the sun, this practice conducted much to health, preserved the skin smooth and tender, and afforded a most grateful sensation and odor.

This custom of anointing the hair and body is common at the present day throughout the east, where it is used not only as a part of personal elegance and dress, but also medically, as being beneficial in certain disorders, and even, as some say, preventing the plague.

We read of ointments for the head in Eccles. ix. 8 ; our own pomatums, some of which are pretty strongly essenced, may indicate the nature of these, as being their representatives in this country.

Ointments and oils were used in warm countries after bathing ; and as oil was the first recipient of fragrance, probably from herbs, &c., steeped in it, many kinds of unguents not made

of olive-oil, retained that appellation. As the plants imparted somewhat of their color as well as their fragrance, hence the expression "green oil," &c., in the Hebrew. The oil of gladness spoken of in Psalm xlv. 7, and Isaiah lxi. 3, is the perfumed oil with which the Hebrews anointed themselves on days of rejoicing and festivity. The unguents and perfumed oils were kept in alabaster boxes and other costly vessels. Roberts states that no one ever enters into company in the east without being well perfumed, and, in addition to various scents and oils, they are adorned with numerous garlands made of the most odoriferous flowers. The persons and hair of the Assyrian ladies were scented with the richest oils and perfumes.

The Jews, says Dr. Cox, in his "Biblical Antiquities," addicted themselves to anointing, which consisted either of simple oil or such as had aromatic spices infused. They applied ointments chiefly to those parts of the body which were most exposed to the atmosphere, and by this means they were considerably secured against its changes and inclemencies.

The practice was followed by the Greeks and Romans, and, according to Dr. Adam, there was attached to the Roman public baths an *unctuarium*, where the visitors were anointed all over with a coarse cheap oil before they began their ablutions. Here the finer odoriferous ointments which were used in coming out of the bath were also kept; and the room was so situated as to receive a considerable degree of heat. This chamber of perfumes was quite full of pots, like an apothecary's shop; and those who wished to anoint and perfume the body received perfumes and unguents.

The Asiatics, Polynesians, Africans, and other intertropical natives diffuse oil over their persons, to soften the skin and protect it from insects; and at Tahiti, Tongataboo, and others of the Polynesian islands, it is used scented with various native perfumes, giving a delightful fragrance to the flowing tresses and elegant persons of the dark, fascinating beauties of those delightful islands.

Mr. St. John, in his "Isis, or an Egyptian Pilgrimage," thus alludes to a young Nubian beauty: "I should observe, moreover, that her skin was well moistened, and, I am sorry to add, with castor-oil, which rendered her anything but odoriferous. With its assistance, she kept her hair in the finest order imaginable, her curls and tresses being very numerous, and descending in black masses on her shoulders; but they were so saturated that she seemed to have taken her head out of an oil-jar. The dripping

from her hair descended on her bosom and shoulders, and trickled gradually to her feet. This was the general custom; but the little girls about twelve or thirteen must have made use of some more delicate substance, for, though their forms looked smooth and polished, they emitted none of those effluvia which in my friend of the bracelets were so unpleasant. When they sat in the sun, crouched in front of a wall—their favorite situation—I could smell them, with a favorable wind, at a distance of two hundred yards. Returning one day from the desert, I observed to one of my companions, as we approached a village, 'You will find there is a bevy of women behind yonder wall;' and, sure enough, when we came up, there they were, to the number of twenty or thirty, dripping with oil and mutton fat, and looking as sleek and shining as if they had just emerged from a bath of melted tallow."

Washing the hair occasionally with lukewarm water is found beneficial. Some advocate washing the head with cold water daily, while others strongly condemn the practice. "Frequent cutting of the hair," observes Dr. Willich, "is of advantage to the eyes, the ears, and, indeed, to the whole body; in like manner, the daily washing of the head with cold water is an excellent remedy against periodical headaches. It is altogether a mistaken idea that there is a danger of catching cold from the practice of washing the head, or leaving it exposed to the free air after having been washed. The more frequently the surface is cleansed of scorbutic and scaly impurities, the more easy and comfortable we feel."

Various spirituous washes for the hair have been from time to time recommended, of which it would be impossible to give even an enumeration.

Some writers inform us that in China and other eastern countries the hair is darkened with the juice of several plants indigenous to the soil; but what these are we are not told. The hair may be tinged, it is said, with the juice of the *Ketmia* rose; but, then, where is a sufficient quantity of petals to be obtained to furnish anything like a proper supply of the juice?

The hair, as well as the surface or scarf-skin, can be dyed of various colors, but the color is not durable, and the process requires to be often renewed. Every hairdresser and perfumer has his particular hair-dye; the virtues of which, as a matter of course, are alleged to be superior to all others.

The practice of dyeing the hair, observes Dr.

Casenave, is of very ancient origin, for we find in all ages men, who were the votaries of fashion, changing the color of their hair; and others endeavoring to conceal the ravages of time, of mental anguish, or of disease, using cosmetics, seldom innocuous, for the same purpose.

At a large dinner party, given the other day by one of our fashionables, who has already passed a "certain age," yet who piques herself on her beauty and her abundance of raven tresses, her little daughter, a fair-haired, blue-eyed fairy of some six or seven summers, ap-

peared at the dessert with her golden tresses dyed as black as a raven's wing. "What is the meaning of this metamorphosis?" exclaimed both parents and guests, in astonishment. The child laughed joyfully, and naively answered: "Ah, I have blackened my hair with the water mamma blackens hers with!"

Acids and alkalies dissolve the hair, and this accounts for the use of alkaline and soapy solutions to soften the hair by all nations that cut the beard.

THE SEARCH FOR THE UNKNOWN.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

FREDERICK ABBOTT was a very happy man; that was easy to be seen as, one pleasant morning in June, he moved about his nicely arranged room, placing one article after another of his wardrobe in his trunk, with the particularity generally believed most unjustly to be the peculiar characteristic of unmarried ladies of a certain age. He was a very handsome man; but it was not his consciousness of this fact that caused the exultingly complacent look that beamed in every line of his face, for he had known for the last five years that he was considered one of the best-looking men in Boston, and he had borne the distinction with a composure and apparent indifference that augured well for the good sense and manly strength of his character.

"Fred, you do look most unmercifully happy," said a friend of his, young Dr. Lennox, who had been gazing at him for some time. "It seems to me now that, if you were a true friend, one of the Orestes and Pylades sort, you wouldn't be going about with that exasperating smile when a man that has been a doctor a year, and has never even seen a patient, is sitting under your very eyes. A little more sympathy would be more becoming our mutual relations, Mr. Abbott."

"Haven't you had a patient yet, George?"

"A man sent for me once in a great hurry, but he died before I could get to him; and, since then, I am afraid I am considered unfortunate in my practice. At any rate, the fact that stares me in my face, whichever way I turn, is the melancholy one that I am a gentleman of leisure, and that the last of the five thousand dollars left me to learn a profession and esta-

blish myself in business is melting away. I am *abimé*, as Miss Goldthwait would say, sunk to the depths of despair, and your cold-hearted felicity was all that was wanted to complete my desolation."

"Why don't you try the country, George? There is so much competition here that it is no wonder you don't succeed, however skilful you may be. One of our best physicians told me once that he had been in practice twenty years before he had gained a reputation, or business enough to allow him to marry with any prospect of supporting a family comfortably."

"Job had friends, and so have I," said Dr. Lennox. "I never realized how much he suffered till now. You advise the country, and I suppose it will have to come to that at last. That fate has been hanging over my brightest visions like a wet blanket for the last year, and I am almost crushed with it already. I have no faith in the country. Twice in my life have I tried rural felicity, as it is ironically called, and each time I returned to the city perfectly worn out with the exertion of trying to find something to do with myself. I suppose there are persons in the country that have the usual amount of faculties. I wonder what they do with them all?"

"I never have been so happy as when I lived in the country," said Mr. Abbott.

"You think so because you were a little boy, and didn't know any better; but I remember you when you first came here from Westbrook twelve years ago. You were a pale, melancholy, quiet stripling, no more like what you are now than a caterpillar is like a butterfly."

"Yes; but I had just been left an orphan

then, and my uncle, the only near relative I had, obtained a situation for me in the store I am in now; and, after promising to pay my board for the first year, as I received only fifty dollars from the firm, told me very plainly and decidedly that, under no circumstances, was I ever to expect anything more from him. Any boy of fourteen thrown upon himself in that way, without a friend in the city, and very few out of it, and only five dollars in the world, would be melancholy and quiet."

"Was that all you began the world with?"

"Every cent; and that I considered a loan, as my uncle gave it to me. I paid it back, together with the rest he had expended for me, out of my first savings. He didn't wish to take it; but I insisted upon it. I had that satisfaction."

"You began with five dollars, and I with five thousand, and now you are receiving more than three thousand a year, and I nothing. How long is it since you have been raised from your position of head clerk to the dignity of a partner?"

"Only a few hours. It was decided upon late last night, and that is the reason I wear my new honors with so little of the nonchalance or indifference I should show if I were more accustomed to them. Indeed, the proposal took me by surprise. I had reason to expect it might be made in a few years, but not so soon."

"You will be marrying and settling down now, I suppose?" said Dr. Lennox.

"I can afford to think of it, at least," was the reply.

"Yes, with three thousand a year, one can afford to marry even in Boston. Who is it to be, Fred?"

"I don't know yet. I have a little cousin in Westbrook that I sometimes think I love better than any one else; but I have not seen her for a long time, and I presume she has forgotten me. If you are thinking of going to the country, George, why don't you go there? It's a very pretty place, and I will give you a letter to my uncle. He is a good enough sort of man as the world goes, and he will be very polite to you for my sake; for he thinks a great deal of me, now that he finds I can get along by myself. The principal physician there is very old, I know."

"Well, I will think about it. As well there as anywhere out of Boston. Where are you going to-day?"

"I am about to set out on a business tour through New England, and expect to have a very pleasant time."

"Take care and don't fall in love with any

country damsel before you come back, or Miss Sargent, and Miss Preston, and Miss Mary Jackson, and half a dozen more that I have not the energy to name, would be inconsolable. Your life is a great success, Fred, in everything."

Fred would have liked to say something modest and self-depreciatory, but his truthfulness prevented him. He had been successful in business and in society, and he knew it very well. Six answers to as many invitations from the best families in the city lay on his table waiting for the arrival of his errand-boy; and he had quite an assortment of purses, slippers, and smoking-caps. For he was by no means a perfect character, and latterly he had found himself involved in several desperate flirtations.

He had, theoretically, as great a contempt for that mode of frittering away one's life and one's affections as the staidest matron could have, but practically it was very pleasant to go through all the little excitement of love-making, and to find one's self trembling on the very verge of the awful declaration, yet restrained by some secret influence until the tide in the affair had taken another turn, and left him safe on the dry sands of indifference. Each time he had resolved that it should never be so again; but so far his resolutions had yielded to the first strong temptation. Dr. Lennox prophesied that he was destined to die an old bachelor.

"I never yet knew a man that went on as you do, Fred, that didn't come to that deplorable end. Ask any of the good-looking old bachelors, or old maids either, that you meet, and they will tell you, if you can get them talking confidentially with you, that they were desperate flirts in their youthful days."

"I hope you won't apply that epithet to me, George. Nothing is further from my intentions than to do anything that would be considered flirting in the most remote degree."

"Oh, yes; we all know you are very innocent and unsophisticated. How are you and Miss Sanderson coming on? That is your last affair, I believe. At any rate, I saw you so absorbed in conversing with her a few evenings ago, that you seemed to see no one else in the room."

"How could I, when she was developing to me the hidden meaning concealed under what she called the myth of the marriage of Venus and Vulcan?"

"That used to seem to me a very suitable and mysterious match when I was a schoolboy; but, since I have seen more of the world, I have ceased to wonder at anything in the matrimo-

nial line. How did Miss Sanderson explain it?"

"If I were to write a folio volume, I might give you a faint idea of all the meaning she 'evolved from it,' to use her own words. She took me down into what she called the 'divine depths of the esthetic philosophy,' until the waters went over my head, and I knew no more. But I was sensible to the last, George, and I vowed a vow that, if I could get my feet once more on dry land, I would keep them there. But I must not be ungrateful to Miss Sanderson. I have learned a great deal from her; things that, I have no doubt, you are profoundly ignorant of. 'Phalanxes,' for instance, and 'passional attraction;' do you know what they mean?"

"No."

"There I have the advantage of you. I even had, during the first week that Miss Sanderson's eyes, 'so deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,' shone on me, a dim idea that it might be a very pleasant thing to join a phalanx, if I could be sure of the 'passional attraction' not being all on one side; but that has passed away."

"Like all your other fancies. Miss Philips, for instance, that you were desperately in love with three months ago, you have hardly spoken to lately. What was the matter there? She did not know too much, I am sure."

"No, that certainly is not her fault. To tell the truth, I saw her waltzing with Baron Pfeiffer one evening—that German that used to whirl about the room as if he were possessed—and she seemed so highly pleased and flattered with his attentions, that I was instantly disenchanted."

"You are too particular, Fred; you are looking for perfection, and, consequently, you will die an old bachelor."

"Time will show. I am sure I have a soft place in my heart that nobody has yet succeeded in touching, unless it is my little cousin Emily. I am not so sure about her. She cried when I left Westbrook, the only person that has shed a tear about me for the last twelve years, and I feel very grateful to her for them."

Not long after this conversation, Frederick Abbott was gazing from the windows of the railroad car on the fleeting forms of wood and hill, as he passed rapidly through one of the most highly cultivated and picturesque parts of New England. Waltzing ladies, and transcendental ladies, and even little cousins, faded from his mind, and only thoughts connected with his business called his attention off from admiration of the scenery through which he was travelling.

Sunday morning found him settled for the day at an inn in a quiet little village bosomed among the hills, so far away, and so shut out from all the turmoil and confusion of money-making and money-spending, that it seemed like a new world. To go regularly to church at least once a day, was a habit Frederick Abbott had inherited from the Puritans whom he numbered among his ancestors; and, if those severely virtuous ones still take an interest in the principles for which they battled with such grim earnestness, it must have been a satisfaction to them to know that their descendant was still "orthodox."

The Congregationalist church, or rather meeting-house, to call it by the name always given to it by the good people of the village, was a very primitive old-fashioned structure, with the pulpit perched up between the doors of the edifice, and consequently the seats facing in that direction. This was convenient on some accounts. It enabled the congregation to see all who entered without the trouble or scandal of turning their heads for the purpose; but it was rather embarrassing for a stranger to find himself suddenly brought under the inspection of so many curious and scrutinizing eyes. Mr. Abbott bore himself with great composure under this ordeal. The consciousness that one is good-looking assists one's fortitude amazingly under such circumstances. While many in the crowded congregation, taking care to keep their faces in the proper degree of Sabbath-day solemnity, had let their thoughts go wandering off to the handsome stranger, wondering who he was, and how long he was going to stay, he had quietly entered a pew, whose door stood half open, and, seating himself, gazed in his turn on the few who came dropping in as the bell rang its last summons.

He had not noticed the other occupants of the pew, except to see that they were two ladies dressed in black, until the hymn was given out. Then, turning to look for a book, the lady who sat next to him handed him one from a pile near her. As she performed this little act of courtesy, with the grave composure suited to the place and time, he was struck with her grace and loveliness. She was evidently very young, not more than seventeen, but not she who was "half of earth and half of heaven" could have had a sweeter face, or one more full of serene and holy thoughtfulness. She joined in the singing. Mr. Abbott had been expecting that, and had felt confident that her voice would equal her beauty. He was not disappointed. Full, rich, and melodious, yet softened and sub-

duced by a restraining modesty, it rose and died on the ear without a discordant or untuneful tone marring the effect.

It is needless to say that the sermon that Mr. Abbott's heart kept time to was not the one that the congregation pronounced "very good, indeed; quite an effort," as they passed out of the meeting-house. And yet it seemed to him that sitting in the same atmosphere with so lovely and gentle a being had had an elevating effect upon him. He felt a great deal better, as he wended his way to his inn, than he had done when he left it. He was certainly more thoughtful.

He was one of the earliest, instead of the latest, at the church in the afternoon; and, seeking the same pew, waited in vain for his companions of the morning. Disappointed at not meeting them, he sought the landlord in the evening to find out who they were. But his host could tell him nothing about them. They were strangers in town, probably visiting some friends, he said, but he would find out what he could and let Mr. Abbott know. The next morning at breakfast he told his guest that they were a mother and daughter, who had been merely passing through the village, and had been detained by some accident over Sunday. They had stopped at the other inn, and had already left in an early line; he had not been able to discover either their names or their destination.

Mr. Abbott had been intending to go himself in the early line, and had only waited from his intense desire to learn something more of the fair unknown. Vexed at this most unfortunate delay, he started off in pursuit as soon as possible. But he might as well have gone in search of the sun's rays that had shone upon him the day before. Recalling her general style of dress and demeanor, he decided that his *incognita* was not a country girl. She possessed that indefinite yet peculiar characteristic that marks those who have been all their life accustomed to cities and the crowded haunts of men; and, fixing in his own mind on New York as her probable abode, he passed the greater part of an unusually warm summer on the hot and dusty pavement of Broadway, darting off in eccentric lines whenever he caught a glimpse of a dress or figure that reminded him of the one of whom he was in search.

This was but the commencement of a line of conduct that, while it often astonished those who were the victims of it, sometimes placed him in extraordinary and embarrassing situations.

He did not return to Boston till late in the summer. Dr. Lennox was one of the first who came to welcome him on his arrival.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" asked he, after the first greetings. "I passed the summer at Westbrook at your suggestion, and we were quite surprised to find that you seemed to have forgotten your promise of visiting your old friends there."

"Yes, George, I did intend to come; but, to tell the truth, something happened to me soon after I left you that completely altered all my plans. I spent the greater part of the summer in New York."

"In New York! What attraction was strong enough to keep you there in such melting weather?"

"I have seen," said Frederick, rising and walking rapidly up and down the room—"I have seen since I left you, George"—a long pause followed, in which Frederick seemed contending with unutterable thoughts.

"The elephant," suggested George, always willing to assist his friends in an emergency.

"No; a being lovelier than I had ever thought any mortal could be. Such a woman as we read about sometimes, but that I never supposed existed anywhere but in a poet's imagination."

"Where does she live?"

"I don't know."

"Is she agreeable?"

"I have never spoken to her."

"What is her name?"

"That I don't know either."

"Well, are you sure that she is a real being? Didn't you see her in a dream or vision, or something of that kind?"

"No. I could never have imagined anything equal to the reality. I sat in the pew with her for an hour or more one Sunday. After that she disappeared, and I have not yet been able to discover the slightest trace of her. But I am confident I shall meet her again. At any rate, I shall never give up the search till I have found her."

"I hope you may be successful; although, I confess, I do not see much prospect of it at present. But I am quite relieved to learn the state of your feelings. I have been afraid that you might think I had not treated you quite fairly in something that I have done this summer; but I don't see how I could help it."

"What is it?"

"Why, Fred, I fell in love with your little cousin, who happens, by the way, to be one of the tallest ladies I know. I did not intend to do it, of course, after what you said to me, and

I put it off as long as I could, expecting you to come and look after your own interests; but we could not find out where you were or what you were doing, and there was a picnic, and I don't know as there is any use of my going into the particulars; indeed, I am not sure that my mind is settled enough yet for me to remember how it was all managed; but I am very sure that we arranged everything very nicely that day. We are going to be married in October, and you are to be groomsman, and I am to spend the rest of my life in Westbrook."

"How do you like that idea?"

"Oh, well enough. I have achieved quite a little surgical reputation there already, owing to a beautiful case of compound fracture that happened soon after I reached there; and I have come to the conclusion that the country isn't such a bad place to live in, when you are used to it."

"I shall be delighted to count you among my relatives," said Frederick, cordially, and he listened to Dr. Lennox's plans and prospects without the slightest feeling of envy; for *his* love and *his* hopes seemed as far removed from such ordinary earth-born happiness as the stars of heaven from the glow-worm in the turf at his feet.

Time would fail me if I were to attempt to relate all the adventures that Mr. Abbott met with while prosecuting his search. Every summer he went on a pilgrimage to the little village where he had first met the lady who had since reigned supreme in his heart. He always passed a Sunday there sitting in the same pew, and trying to recall the same sensations. Then diverging from that place, he visited all the country towns around, ending by a week or two in New York, and an excursion to the principal watering-places.

He gave up the practice of following ladies until he had obtained a glimpse of their faces, which he had at first incautiously fallen into, after having heard himself described at different times as a crazy man and a most suspicious-looking person; for he found that, however adroitly he tried to manage it, the object of his pursuit invariably became aware of it, and showed by her quickened pace and frightened glances over her shoulder that his countenance did not, as he had sometimes been flatteringly told it did, invariably inspire confidence.

"Have you heard of the excitement I produced in Mrs. Henderson's seminary for young ladies?" asked he, one day, of Dr. Lennox.

"No. What was it? For a man that everybody thinks a remarkably discreet sort of per-

son, you meet a marvellous quantity of adventures."

"I am afraid I go in search of them. This last summer I was passing through Parkfield. It is a very pretty and quite a flourishing business place, and as I was detained there a day or two by some affairs of the firm, I, of course, attended to my own at the same time, and kept a close watch on all the feminine portion of the population. One evening, about twilight, I saw a young lady, in whom I was convinced I recognized my *incognita*, enter a large dwelling in some very highly ornamented grounds. I followed her immediately, and rang the bell. You know, I still have the hymn-book she offered me, and I intended to make the returning that an excuse for intruding upon her. I asked for the ladies. The servant looked rather puzzled, and wanted to know 'which of the young ladies I would like to see?'"

"The lady who has just entered,' I replied, as coolly as I could.

"And is it Miss Mary Brown ye want?' she asked me, rather suspiciously.

"To be sure,' said I; for the initials in the hymn-book were 'M. B.,' and I was certain I was right. I was shown into the parlor and left for some time. I heard nothing but pianos. I am confident there were at least eight going at once, and all playing different tunes. I thought the family must be music mad. Presently, a door leading from the parlor swung open, of its own accord, I thought at first; but I soon saw eyes peeping through the crack, and, by glancing cautiously in that direction, I counted seven girls crowding and crushing each other to get a look at me. I was a little concerned that they should think it necessary to pursue their investigations under such difficulties, and was half inclined to present myself before them."

"Suppose your *incognita* had been among them?"

"That idea is not to be entertained a moment. A slight movement I made scattered them with a noise like a flock of partridges, and the door, at the same moment, opening still more, I obtained a full view of a large hall full of girls of all sizes and ages. I looked eagerly, of course, but could see no one that reminded me of the one for whom I was seeking. I saw the servant-woman looking inquisitively about though, and then, saying a few words to a tall young lady, she pointed to the parlor. The young lady rose up, exclaiming, 'It's my brother! Oh, it's my brother!' and, extending her arms, she came rushing towards me. The hall

was long, and the parlor was a large one; so that, though she never stopped screaming from the moment she started till she came quite close to me, I had time to consider how I should meet this emergency. As she drew near, I made her a very low bow, indicating the most profound respect. She stopped, looked at me, and, with another scream, rushed away. At the same instant, a tall, severe-looking lady entered, and examined me scrutinizingly.

"Are you acquainted with Miss Brown?" asked she.

"I have a little commission to her," I replied.

"If you will intrust it to me, I will attend to it."

"The hymn-book was too precious to be trusted out of my hands; so I declined the offer as politely as I could.

"Have you a letter from Mr. Brown?" asked she, looking at me as if I were a pickpocket; and I don't know that I felt unlike one.

"No," I replied. "But I believe there is some mistake; the young lady who has just left the room is not the Miss Brown whom I wished to see."

"She is the only person of that name in my establishment," said the lady, with an expression as though she did not believe me; and I was very glad to make her a bow and take my leave.

"I learned afterwards that poor Miss Brown, who was a great heiress, was kept under strict surveillance as long as I remained in Parkfield, under the impression that I had made up my mind to run away with her, and suspecting most unreasonably that she was carrying on some sort of clandestine intercourse with me. I confess, my conduct was rather suspicious, for I did not leave Parkfield until I had seen every individual in Mrs. Henderson's establishment, and satisfied myself that my 'M. B.' was not there. The girls used to titter and look significantly at each other whenever they met me, and I heard that Mrs. Henderson said that it was quite a load off her mind when she found I had really gone. She is laboring under a chronic fear, though, that I am intending to return secretly and obtain an interview with Miss Jones, and she has almost succeeded in impressing that excitable young lady with the same idea."

Seven years passed away in this fruitless pursuit. Let not constancy hereafter be thought to be a virtue of the past. For seven weary years Frederick Abbott had allowed no temporary divinity to dethrone her whom he had elected the queen of his heart. He had been content to find that he was no longer thought interesting, and to hear that he was universally

considered a regular old bachelor. Yet he was still welcomed whenever he condescended to seek his old haunts; for Time, that had added years to his age, had also increased his income in the same proportion, and disinterestedness is not the virtue of the age.

One bright, pleasant afternoon in early fall, he went to fulfil an errand—an act of kindness for an old nurse of his mother's—into the midst of the oldest portion of Boston; that where the crooked streets became more crooked, the narrow narrower, and where there is a perfect labyrinth of alleys, places, squares, and courts.

As he returned, passing by a wooden house which had been a grand mansion in its day, he saw sitting at the window, an old-fashioned one, reaching nearly to the floor, the lady of the country church. She was sewing; but, as he passed, she raised her head, and the full light of her face, as calm, serene, and untroubled as when he had first seen it, fell on him, and he felt more than repaid for his long waiting and devotion.

He easily found out who they were—the widow and daughter of Captain Barnard of the army. A son of Mrs. Barnard was a clerk in a store with which Mr. Abbott had had dealings for some years, and, as he was slightly acquainted with him, he, of course, soon so far increased his intimacy that he obtained an introduction to his sister.

Some months after, when he was relating to the young lady how long and perseveringly he had sought for her, and in how remote places, he asked her how it could be accounted for that, living all the while in the same city, and so near each other, they had never met?

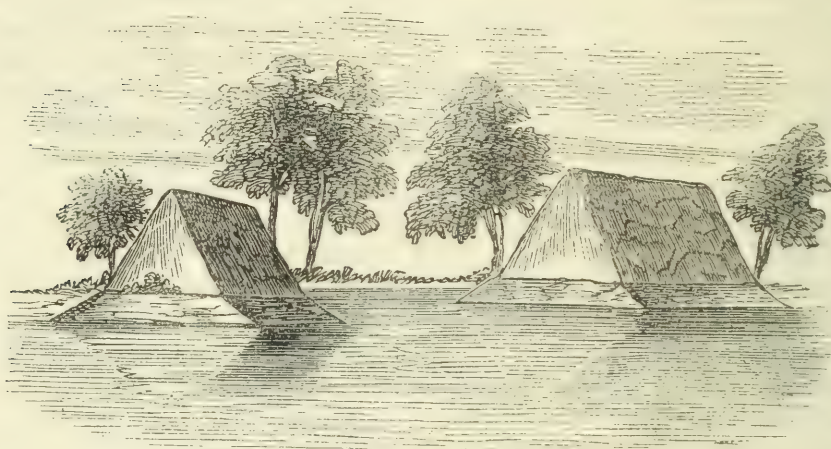
"I went out very little," she replied. "My mother is a great invalid, and needs my constant attention. Generally, I would walk with my brother early in the morning, or late in the evening, but seldom left the house at any other time. I was kept very busy, too, for all the sewing, and a good deal of the household work, fall to my share, as we are almost entirely dependent on my brother, and his income is very limited. That journey on which you met us is the only one I ever have taken. We were going then to see my grandparents, who have since died, and I have often thought that I should probably never leave Boston again."

"I always liked the idea of being a rich man. I suppose every one who has suffered from the want of money in early life, as I did, is inclined to value it too much; but I never thought it would give me as pure a pleasure as it does now, when I think, Mary, that there is hardly

a wish you can frame that I cannot gratify; and, if you take it in your head to go to the ends of the earth, we will go together."

After such a speech as that, is it necessary for the historian to say that "they were married, and lived very happy ever after"?

CHINESE ICE-HOUSES.



DID you ever, reader, whilst panting under the heat of July, and feeling yourself listless and useless from its influence, wonder how you could have thought the cold of winter disagreeable, and long for some of its ice-cold water to sip at? No doubt you have, and so have thousands of others, and so thousands do every summer. Now, there is no great reason why iced water, and iced, or at least well-cooled butter, instead of the oily mass we often get, and iced other things, should not be much more common than they are. The Chinese, who have to scheme first to get the ice formed, and then to preserve it, during a much hotter summer than ours, manage all this, and at little expense. To them ice is not only a luxury, it is almost a necessity, for the preservation of the fish on which they greatly depend for subsistence during hot weather. In cities, it is true, the preservation of ice, and its importation on a large scale, render it now obtainable at comparatively little expense; but in the country such a thing is unknown, except in the establishments of persons of wealth, who can afford to have ice-houses constructed on the present expensive plan. Let us see whether we might not take a hint from the Chinese; and whether a country butcher, or fish-dealer, or any other dealer in wares which deteriorate in hot weather, might not save himself from loss by possessing a well-stored ice-house on the system of this ingenious people. Nay, whether some

might not even make the ice itself a source of profit in the country, and whether those who did not require it for profit might have it for comfort. The following account is taken from the interesting and recent published work of Mr. Fortune, entitled "Two Visits to the Tea Countries of China."

Sailing up one of the principal rivers of China, Mr. Fortune observed so great a number of what seemed to be thatched houses, that it excited his curiosity. After some inquiry, he found out that the buildings were ice-houses, for which commodity there was a great demand during the summer months. Mr. Fortune goes on to say: "When I inspected these ice-houses for the first time last winter, their construction and situation differed so much from what I had been accustomed to see at home—differing, too, in things which I used to consider as indispensable to an ice-house—that I had great doubts regarding their efficiency; but at the present time, which is near the end of August, many of these houses are yet full of ice, and seem to answer the end most admirably." The ice-houses Mr. Fortune examined were built in the midst of an extensive level plain on both sides of the river, and completely exposed to the sun—"a sun, too, very different in its effects from what we experience in this country, clear, fierce, and burning, which would try the efficiency of our best ice-houses, as well as it does the constitution of an American in China. The bot-

tom of these ice-houses is on a level with the surrounding fields, and is generally about twenty yards long by fourteen broad.

"The walls, which are built of mud and stone, are very thick, twelve feet in height, and are, in fact, a kind of embankment rather than walls, having a door on one side level with the floor for the removal of the ice, and a kind of sloping terrace on the other, by which the ice can be thrown into the house. On the top of the walls or embankment a tall span roof is raised, constructed of bamboo, thickly thatched with straw, and in appearance exactly like an English haystack. And this is the simple structure which keeps ice so well during the summer months, and under the burning sun of China. The Chinaman, with his characteristic ingenuity, manages also to fill his ice-houses in a most simple way, and at a very trifling expense.

"Around the house he has a small flat level field, connected with the river. This field he takes care to flood in winter before the cold weather comes on. The water then freezes, and furnishes the necessary supply of ice at the very door. Again, in spring, these same fields

are ploughed up and planted with rice, and the water which drains from the bottom of the ice-house helps to nourish the young crop. Of course here, as in America, when the house is filled, the ice is carefully covered up with a thick coating of straw. Thus the Chinaman, with little expense in building his ice-house, and an economical mode of filling it, manages to secure an abundant supply for preserving his fish during the hot summer months."

Mr. Fortune further remarks: "It now, I think, becomes a question whether we could not build ice-houses at less expense, and more efficient, upon the Chinese plan, than upon the old underground system common in America?" As a proof how well these ice-houses fulfil the purpose for which they are intended, Mr. Fortune states that the winter of 1844-45, having been unusually mild, no ice was formed upon the ponds and canals; nevertheless, sufficient ice, eighteen months old, remained in the houses to furnish a supply for the following summer.

The sketch prefixed, copied from Mr. Fortune's work, will give the reader an idea of the appearance of the ice-houses in question.

THE CONVENT OF ST. LUCIA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.

It was on the feast of the Ascension of our Lord, in the year 1794, that the bells of the beautiful convent of St. Lucia, near Rome, rang the hour of evening prayer. Crowds of pious worshippers thronged to the gates. It was interesting to watch the various groups as they passed by, the picturesque costumes of the foreigners, the white veils, the beautiful women adorned with flowers, and the tall, proud men with sprigs of fragrant orange-blossoms in their bosoms. In every eye was the glance of full life of pleasure, of joy in the coming spring. The glowing sun seemed to imprint a warm parting kiss on all these brown, richly-colored cheeks, to embrace with his setting rays these strong, manly forms, and then gradually shrouded his own glories in the rosy veil of evening twilight. The windows of the little church glowed with the reflected light. Within, clouds of incense were rising, and the pale light of the candles on the altar could scarcely pierce the floating vapors. A dim twilight prevailed; the image of St. Lucia was almost covered with costly wreaths and flowers, and looked like a May queen; the priest extended his arm in

blessing, the multitude of the faithful sank upon their knees; then, from the high concealed choir, resounded the "Kyrie eleison" of the pious nuns. How softly those gentle voices floated on the air! how glorious and elevating was the music of Palestrina! Sublime and pure the expressive air rose amid those combined voices, which often strove to overpower, to submerge it, but still conquered by its triumphant notes; modestly yielding, they at length united harmoniously in the soft accompaniment and the glorious finale. The trembling souls of the hearers now rose jubilant to Heaven, as if upborne on mighty wings, now sank weeping back to earth, as if held there by tender, invisible chains. It seemed as if the parting light of day had converted itself into sound; every heart opened to its mild rays, and to every eye the little church seemed filled with wondrous light.

Then, suddenly, in the "Gloria," a soprano voice was heard, whose surprising notes roused the multitude from their sweet delirium. The voice was of penetrating clearness, almost piercing in its purity, overpowering in its fulness. Its tone had nothing in common with that of

the other singers, the sound did not mingle with other sounds; alone, free from any melting weakness, full and high, it floated up and down the vaulted arches of the church. In the "Credo" the wondrous voice was silent; another milder soprano took its place. At the close, however, in the heart-moving "Agnus Dei," and "Dona nobis pacem," again, like a glittering, polished, all-conquering spear, it pierced the heavy clouds of incense. There was no excitement in it. There was no mere youthful freshness in those notes; it was a voice characterized neither by age nor sex—a voice that gave one the impression it had always been so, and must always be so.

The people were powerfully affected. "Holy Mary," murmured an old woman, "that was not the song of a living woman!" And, crossing herself vehemently, she uttered a low prayer. Her startled dark-haired neighbor nodded assent, and whispered the exclamation to a man kneeling beside her, whose searching glances tried in vain to penetrate the grate of the choir.

The mass was over. The women, greatly excited, left the church, the men shook their heads; every one spoke of the marvellous singing—no one knew the name of the concealed singer. The tapers were extinguished, and the lovely twilight of an Italian evening put an end to a thousand questions, doubts, and expectations.

The next day, when the morning, the smiling, radiant morning of Italy, looked with loving eyes into the windows of the little church, an expectant multitude was already assembled there. Every face was turned with an expression of eager expectation towards the choir from which matins were to be sung. And again the voice was heard, again every heart trembled with mingled fear and joy, and again the hearers were filled with wonder. Suddenly, a blooming young woman, trembling and glowing with emotion, cried out, "Holy Mary! I see the wonder! It is a child singing!" And, in truth, there was to be seen behind the grate the slender figure of a girl about ten years old, from whose open lips the enchanting sounds flowed forth. The features of the child's face were severely regular, but devoid of all excitement, and her young cheeks were pale and transparent. From the moment of this discovery, the excitement of the people increased from one hour to another. Early and late, crowds hastened to the convent to hear the wonderful little singer, whose voice could be distinguished in the loudest chorus; and the report of such great powers enshrined in a child's form spread

through the whole neighborhood, extending even to Rome, and the rush to hear mass at the convent of St. Lucia became every day greater and more violent.

But the number of the faithful who received the miracle—for so it was considered—in thankfulness, was small compared with the multitude who, in the restlessness of a new excitement, filled their hearts and heads with suppositions and doubts concerning the person of the songstress.

"It is one of the boarding scholars of the convent who sings, so they say there," was the report of some. "But, at all events, she is grown up, at least eighteen or nineteen years old, and, owing to some natural defect, has the appearance of a child. No child on earth can sing so."

"No, no," exclaimed others; "they have been imposing upon you with their silly tales. It is one of the young nuns—sister Barbara—we know all about it; and that young child was only listening."

"Not at all," replied some of the women; "a miracle has been wrought. St. Lucia has sent the pious Abbess Theresa an angel from heaven."

"What childish nonsense are you talking there?" exclaimed a powerful-looking man, with a sensible, strongly marked face. "The whole thing is a piece of shameful deception. We are taken in, imposed upon, to get the silver coins out of our pockets." The people crowded round him, and the orator continued. "Yes, listen to me, and the truth of what I say will be clear as daylight. A few words will explain the whole matter. The convent is poor; St. Lucia wants a new velvet dress and golden hangings, and, to do all this, they must get large alms; so they thought of a plan for attracting credulous people here. They have had a machine constructed in Rome, a piece of clock-work in human form that sings, a wax doll with flute stops. I tell you it is no child or man either that trills away there so loud and clear; it is a horrid puppet."

The excited crowd listened, shuddered, crossed themselves, argued, contended, and at last believed.

"In very truth, Matteo is in the right of it!" thundered a Hercules, as he clenched his fist with a savage gesture. "The singsong is a piece of priests' trickery, and nothing more! Who ever heard such child's singing—a child with a voice strong enough for a giant? Suffer yourselves to be imposed upon no longer! The miraculous songstress is nothing but a wooden doll with a wax face. The thing is wound up

like a clock, and sings just as they set it. I have seen such figures more than once at a famous old professor's in Rome."

"Yes; and it is no wonder we felt a cold shudder when those clear, pure, flute-like notes struck our ears; it was a foreboding of this devilish trickery," added another, with kindling eyes.

"This abominable imposition is a scandal to the church of St. Lucia; we must not suffer it; we must expose it, put an end to it, and all the saints will help us in such a good work," chimed in a third.

There was a perfect tumult among the excited multitude. The women, with expressive gestures, described the rigid wax face of the puppet and its dead glass eyes, and said they could not distinguish a word of the sacred anthems she had sung. Many had distinctly heard a strange rattling noise at the end of the "Gloria." "The clock-work had run down then," they whispered to one another. The men grew more and more excited by their own violent words, and the most gentle of the women began to kindle at the angry looks of their husbands, and lovers, and brothers. A universal pilgrimage to the convent was resolved upon, to demand the surrender of the machine, the deceptive singing doll.

As the evening red began to fade away from the sky, and the orange-blossoms gave out their sweet odors, and the fluttering night-moths flew around luxuriating in the fragrant air, and the stars shone forth like soft lamps in the dark dome of heaven—amid all these peaceful influences, a numerous crowd of men, turbulent and excited, took their way to the quiet convent, thundered at its ivy-wreathed gate, and urgently demanded admission. The alarmed prioress directed it should be opened, and stepped forward to meet the aggressors. With a cry of terror, the nuns had taken refuge in their cells.

The venerable face of the pious woman, her tall figure, and the crucifix she held on high before her, produced an effect upon the multitude; their confused cries subsided, the women fell upon their knees, the men retreated, and only one spokesman reverentially approached the prioress and announced to her the wishes, suspicions, and demands of his companions.

Astonishment and distrust were pictured on the features of the earnest woman.

"My children," she exclaimed, "is it possible that you accuse your mother Theresa of such deception? Is it possible you have degraded yourselves so low, and wounded me so deeply? Go hence! repent and bewail your transgression! for that voice which has led you into this deplorable error, that voice which has stirred

and excited you so powerfully, came from the breast of a child blessed of Heaven. It floated down from the innocent lips of a maiden of Sinigaglia, but ten years old, who receives her education at our convent."

"We want to see the child," exclaimed some rough voices. The people again grew excited at the sound. "Yes, yes, we must see the enchantress, hear her speak, touch her face and her hands, and feel her warm breath!" And the cries grew louder, and the gestures more threatening. The exhortations of the abbess were unheard, and the usually quiet court of the convent was filled with noisy voices.

Mother Theresa disappeared. She returned, urging forward towards the excited crowd a pale, tender, trembling girl. Her regular features and colorless complexion shone like yellow wax beneath her smooth dark hair, and her large dark eyes gazed with terror on the strange expressive faces before her.

"Angelica," said the prioress, gently, "be not afraid. Be courageous; help thy mother Theresa and these deluded people. Lift up thy voice and greet the queen of heaven."

Angelica opened her lips, and began an ancient, simple "Salve Regina;" but with a power, purity, and sublimity, with a precision and calmness, that involuntarily bowed the knees of the silent multitude. The deep peace, the unspotted innocence to which these tones gave utterance could only come from a breast unconscious of the sweet sorrows and bitter pleasures of life, its roses and its thorns. The clear pure notes resounded far in the beautiful night of that blooming land. Glorious and soft, the starlight fell on the heads of the crowd, on the youthful brow of the singer, and the earnest face of the deeply moved abbess.

When Angelica ended, the prostrate figures arose, and, with that overpowering, irrepressible enthusiasm which is the peculiar characteristic of the south, pressed round the child. Sobbing, they kissed the little hands of the smiling girl, the hem of her garment, her glowing cheeks, her feet, caressed her with tears of rapture, blessed her, and a unanimous, triumphant shout rent the air—"Long live Angelica Catalani!"

Mother Theresa soon after procured the removal of the wonderfully gifted child from the convent; she could not endure the crowds that disturbed her still asylum. But, in after days, she bitterly repented it, for the little Angelica in a short time grew, as the whole world knows, into the great Catalani. Europe was at her feet; and what a dowry of splendid robes, necklaces, and glittering crowns would St. Lucia have received from this adoration!

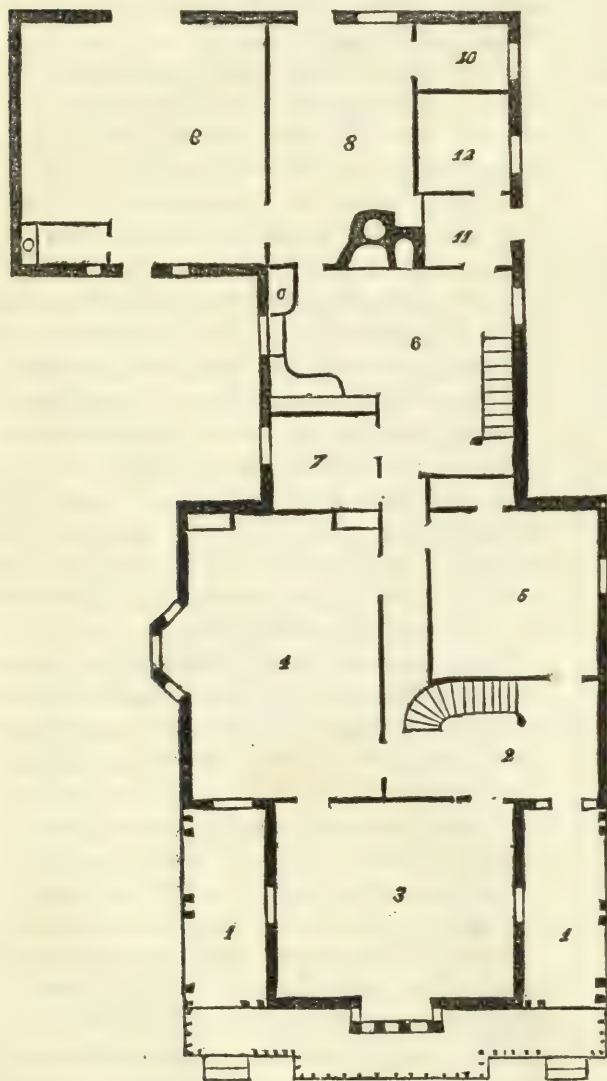
PLANS OF THE INTERIOR OF THE RESIDENCE OF G. K. FOSTER, ESQ., AT RICHMOND, CANADA, EAST.

(See Building in front of Book.)

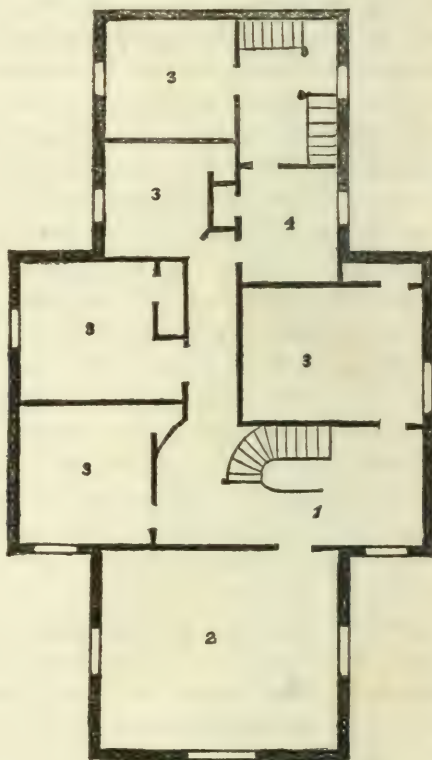
THIS villa is situated on rising ground upon the east bank of the St. Francis River, and has an extensive view of the country round. It is a wooden building, painted fawn color, built in the most substantial manner, great care having been taken to make it light and airy in the summer season, yet warm enough to be comfortable in a Canadian winter. The village of

Richmond is located at the junction of the railroads connecting Montreal, Quebec, and Portland, and bids fair to become a place of considerable importance. Its distance from Montreal is 72 miles, from Quebec 96, and from Portland 220 miles. It lies 60 miles north of the boundary line. The beautiful sketch of the building was made by Miss M. A. Wilson.

FIRST FLOOR.



SECOND FLOOR.



First Floor.—1. Verandas. 2. Hall, 10 by 18. 3. Parlor, 17 by 20. 4. Dining-room; 16 by 24. 5. Library, 14 by 14. 6. Kitchen. C.

Cistern. 7. Pantry. 8. Wash-room. 9. Wood. 10. Store-room. 11. Lobby. 12. Bedroom.

Second Floor.—1. Hall. 2. Drawing-room. 3. Bedrooms. 4. Bath.

ANECDOTES OF RACAN.

THE following anecdotes are told of Racan, a celebrated writer, a friend of Cardinal Richelieu, who was remarkable for his absence of mind, and, from his good nature, was frequently made the butt for the ridicule of the cardinal's friends.

One rainy afternoon, Racan came all bespattered with mud to the house of M. de Bellegarde, with whom he lodged, and, mistaking the floor, went straight to Madame de Bellegarde's room, which he mistook for his own. Madame de Bellegarde and Madame de Loges were seated, each at a corner of the fire, perfectly silent, and anxious to see what the absent man would do. Racan, not perceiving them, sat down, rang for a lacquey, and had his boots taken off; after which he said: "Do you clean my boots, and I will dry my stockings." With these words he took off his stockings, and deliberately placed them, one on the head of Madame de Bellegarde, the other on the head of Madame de Loges, who burst out laughing. "I beg your pardon, ladies," cried poor Racan, quite overwhelmed with confusion, "I took you for two clothes-horses!"

These tales, when told by Bois-Robert, who imitated the voice of Racan, were grotesque in the extreme, and greatly diverted the cardinal. Bois-Robert, therefore, that he might never lack amusement, told him new stories every day. The following was one of the number, and was not considered the least diverting by his eminence.

There lived at Paris an old maid named Marie le Jars, Demoiselle de Gournay, who was born in 1565, and was now, therefore, about seventy years of age. She herself has said, in a short account of her life, that at the age of nineteen, having read Montaigne's "Essays," she was seized with the most violent desire to know the author. Therefore, as soon as Montaigne came to Paris, she sent her compliments, stating how highly she esteemed both him and his book. Montaigne called to thank her that very day; and from that time there arose such a friendship between them that she began to call him "father," and he to call her "daughter." This same Demoiselle de Gournay was, moreover, an authoress, and had published a book in the style of the age, surpassing in pathos anything that had been previously written. The title of

the book was "*L'Ombre de la Demoiselle de Gournay*."* Now, although she was an authoress, this Demoiselle de Gournay had nevertheless preserved a high admiration for all the great poets of the period, with the exception of Malherbe, whom she detested, because he had taken the liberty to criticize her book. Consequently, when her *Ombre* made its appearance, she sent it, according to a custom already introduced, to several great geniuses of the time, and among the rest to Racan. When the gracious present arrived, the Chevaliers de Bueil and Ivrande, who were inseparable friends, were both at Racan's house. Racan, delighted with the compliment, declared in their presence that he would call the following day at three o'clock to thank the Demoiselle de Gournay. This declaration was snatched up by the friends, who resolved to play Racan a trick. On the following day, therefore, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the Chevalier de Bueil knocked at the Demoiselle de Gournay's door, which was opened by the good old lady's female companion. De Bueil expressed his wish to see her mistress, whereupon Mdlle. Jamin, as she was called, entered the Demoiselle's cabinet, where she was writing verses, and told her that some one desired to speak with her.

"But who is this some one?" asked the Demoiselle.

"He will not give his name excepting to yourself, madame."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"He is a handsome man, of about thirty or thirty-five years of age," replied Mademoiselle Jamin; "and there is altogether an air of gentility about him."

"Let him come in," said the Demoiselle de Gournay. "I had just hit on a fine thought, but that may recur to me, whereas the gentleman may never return." She had scarcely concluded her soliloquy, when the Chevalier made his appearance. "Monsieur," she said, "I have allowed you to enter without asking who you are, on account of the favorable report of you given by Mademoiselle Jamin; but, now you are here, I trust you will tell me your name."

* "The Shade of the Demoiselle de Gournay."

"Mademoiselle," said the Chevalier de Bueil, "I am called Racan."

The demoiselle, who knew Racan only by name, paid the chevalier every civility, acknowledging the politeness of such a young and handsome man in calling upon a poor old lady like herself. The chevalier, on his side, being a man of wit, told her a thousand stories, which so highly pleased her that she called Jamin to silence her cat, who was mewing in the next room. Unfortunately, the chevalier's moments were counted. At the end of a conversation which lasted three hours, and which the demoiselle declared to be the most agreeable she had ever had in her life, he retired overwhelmed with compliments on his politeness, and leaving the good lady enthusiastic in his favor.

She was now in a happy mood to take up the thread of her thoughts where it had been interrupted. Scarcely, however, had she resumed her seat than Ivrande, who had been waiting for the appointed moment, glided into the ante-room. He then penetrated to the sanctuary, and, opening the second door, said to the old lady, who was engaged with her verses—

"I take a great liberty in entering, mademoiselle, but the illustrious authoress of the *Ombre* ought not to be treated as an ordinary person."

"That compliment pleases me," said the demoiselle, turning towards Ivrande; "I will write it down on my tablet. But pray, sir," she continued, "to what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"Mademoiselle," said Ivrande, "I came to thank you for the honor you have done me in giving me your book."

"I, monsieur!" she replied. "I never sent you a copy; and there I see I was wrong, for I certainly ought to have sent one. Jamin, an *Ombre* for this gentleman."

"But I have the honor to tell you that I have one already," resumed Ivrande; "and the proof is that there is so and so in such and such a chapter." And he cited some passages.

"Really, this is a very flattering allusion. I suppose you are an author yourself, that you take so much interest in new books?"

"I am, mademoiselle; and here are some verses of mine, such as they are, which I am happy to offer you in exchange for your work."

"But, monsieur, these verses are by M. Racan."

"Well, and I am M. Racan, at your service," said Ivrande, rising.

"Nay, sir, you are laughing at me," said the poor lady, quite astonished.

"I, mademoiselle!" exclaimed Ivrande. "I

laugh at the daughter of the great Montaigne, of whom Heinsius says, '*Ausa virgo concurre viris scandit supra viros!*'"*

"Well, well," said Demoiselle de Gournay, touched beyond expression by this avalanche of praise; "then it was the one who has just gone who meant to laugh at me, or perhaps it is you, after all. However, no matter; the young have always laughed at the old, and I am, at all events, very happy to have seen two such handsome and witty gentlemen."

It was not Ivrande's intention to let the lady believe that his visit was a mere pleasantry; therefore he played his part so well during the three-quarters of an hour which he passed with her, that he left her half persuaded that on this occasion her visitor had really and truly been the author of the *Bergeries*.

Scarcely had Ivrande quitted the room, when the real Racan arrived. The key was in the door. As he was rather asthmatic, he came in quite out of breath, and flung himself upon a sofa. At the noise he made, Mademoiselle de Gournay, who was still anxious to resume the fine thought, which had escaped her on the Chevalier de Bueil's visit, turned her head, and, to her great surprise, saw a man who looked like a stout farmer, and who, without uttering a word, was puffing and wiping his forehead.

"Jamin!" said she; "Jamin, come here directly."

Her companion hastened to the spot.

"Only look at that ridiculous figure," exclaimed Mademoiselle de Gournay, unable to remove her eyes from Racan, and bursting with laughter.

"Mademoiselle," said Racan, who had an impediment in his speech, "in a quarter of an hour I'll tell you why I have come; but first let me take breath. Why the deuce do you lodge so high? Oh, mademoiselle, it is high, indeed!"

It will be readily imagined that, if the face and figure of Racan had amused Mademoiselle de Gournay, she was still more diverted with his strange language;† however, everything tires in the end, even laughter; and when, in her turn, she had taken breath—

"Monsieur," said she, "at the end of the

* "The maiden who died to vie with men has exceeded men." Heinsius was a Dutch poet, who chiefly wrote in Latin.

† The strange language, which consisted in an inability to pronounce R and C, and the substitution of L for the former, we are unable to imitate in English, except in the name of Racan himself, which he pronounces "Latan."

quarter of an hour, which you require, will you be kind enough to tell me the cause of this visit?"

"I have come, mademoiselle," said Racan, "to thank you for your present."

"What present?"

"Your *Ombre*."

"My *Ombre*?"

"Yes, certainly, your *Ombre*."

"Jamin," said Mademoiselle de Gournay, "just undeceive this good man. I have only sent my book to M. de Malherbe, who repays me very ill for my compliment, and to M. Racan, who has just left."

"Just left!" echoed Racan. "Why, I am *Latan* myself."

"Well, what if you are *Latan*?"

"I don't say *Latan*; I say *Latan*."

And the poor poet made many efforts to utter his name, which, as it contained two letters that he could not pronounce, baffled every attempt of Mademoiselle de Gournay to understand him. At last she said, with impatience—

"Monsieur, do you know how to write?"

"Know how to write, indeed! I should think so."

"Jamin, give the gentleman a pen."

Jamin accordingly gave a pen to the unlucky writer, who, in a most legible round hand, wrote "Racan."

"Racan!" exclaimed Jamin.

"Racan!" echoed Mademoiselle de Gournay. "You M. Racan?"

"Certainly," replied Racan, delighted that he was understood at last, and believing that his reception would now assume a different character.

"Look there, Jamin—a fine person, truly, to take such a name!" cried Mademoiselle de Gournay, enraged. "The two others were, at any rate, agreeable persons, while this is a miserable buffoon."

"Mademoiselle! mademoiselle! pray what do you mean by that?" said Racan.

"I mean that you are the third of the name who has called to-day."

"I know nothing about that, mademoiselle; but this I *do* know, that I am the veritable *Latan*."

"I do not know who you are," replied Mademoiselle de Gournay; "but this I *do* know, that you are the stupidest of them all. I shall not be made a fool of!" With these words she arose, and made an impatient gesture with her hand, by which she motioned him to depart.

This hint puzzled Racan, who, not knowing what to do, took out one of his own books,

which he presented to Mademoiselle de Gournay, saying—

"Mademoiselle, so completely am I the real *Latan* that, if you will be kind enough to take this book, I will tell you all the verses which it contains from beginning to end."

"Then, sir," said the demoiselle, "it will be because you have stolen them, just as you have stolen M. Racan's name; and I declare to you that, if you do not go this very instant, I will call for help."

"But, mademoiselle"——

"Jamin, cry 'Thieves,' I say!"

Racan did not await the result of this order; he caught hold of the staircase-rope, and, asthmatic as he was, darted down like an arrow. That very day, Mademoiselle de Gournay learned the whole truth of the affair, and we may judge of her despair on learning that the only one of the Racans whom she had turned out of doors was the right one. She hired a carriage and set off next day to M. de Bellegarde's, where Racan lodged. He was still in bed and asleep; but the poor lady was in such a hurry to make an apology to a man for whom she possessed such a high esteem, that, without listening to the *valet-de-chambre*, she ran into the chamber, walked straight up to the bed, and opened the curtains. Racan started up, and, finding himself in the lady's presence, thought he was still pursued. Slipping out of bed by the foot, he escaped into his dressing-room, and being then secured by a triple guard of bolts and locks, he listened for further results. The matter was at once explained. Racan learned that Mademoiselle de Gournay had come to load him not with reproaches, but with apologies; and, feeling now secure as to her intentions, emerged from his fortress. From this day she and Racan were the best friends in the world.

SONNET.—EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

"HE made everything beautiful in his time."

Earth, too, is beautiful, though marred by sin,
And here the just some happiness may win,
Whereas the wicked, while they follow crime,
Like troubled sea, can find no rest. Rich flowers,
As jewels rare, enamel o'er earth's emerald sod,
And, like the garden, erst, which angels trod,
Our world is full of beauty. Fairest bowers,
Like Eden's, still are here. The wood, the grove,
Resound with myriad sweetest harmonies;
Ocean's throbbing heart, answering, replies,
"Who holds me in the hollow of his hand," is Love.
The church makes earth look beautiful, for she
On Zion stands, yet clad in robe of purity.

VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

THE reproductive organs of plants, popularly called their flowers, are commonly the most showy and attractive parts. To this rule, however, there are some exceptions. For example, the radical leaves of *Goodyera pubescens*, the rattlesnake plantain, a native American plant, found in shady woods, far surpass the floral leaves in the elegance of their form and coloring. This plant is much prized in Europe, and is cultivated on account of the beauty of its foliage. It bears a spike of greenish-white flowers of a very ordinary aspect; the foliage of the plant, on the contrary, is a deep, rich green, most beautifully reticulated and blotched with white, and retains its verdure through the winter.

But, after fecundation has taken place, we speedily witness a series of changes in the organic functions, announcing the new vitality which is established in certain parts of the plant, to the detriment of the others. The flower loses its freshness and beauty. The corolla fades, the petals become detached and fall. The stamens, having fulfilled their functions, experience the same degradation. The pistil alone remains in the centre of the flower; but its stigma and style, having become useless, fall equally with the others. The ovary or germen alone is persistent, or remains, since it is in its bosom that nature has deposited those impregnated ovules, or young embryos, which contain the rudiments not only of the next plants, but of future generations.

OF THE FRUIT AND SEED.—The ovules having been fertilized, an embryo or miniature plant begins to form in them, and the micropyle or little orifice in the ovule, by which the pollen tube entered, having gradually closed, the ovules themselves are transformed into the ripened seed. The ovary, or cavity of the pistil containing the ovules, gradually swells under these influences, and, enlarged and ripened, it constitutes the pericarp (*περί* around, and *καρπίς* fruit) or seed-vessel.

The term fruit has a more extended signification in botany than in ordinary language. It is applied to the full grown ovary or pericarp, whatever may be its size, form, color, or texture and whether it is edible or not. A grain

of wheat or corn, or of the sunflower or thistle, is as truly a fruit, considered botanically, as is a peach, a gooseberry, or a melon. Sometimes the texture of the fruit or pericarp remains nearly the same as at first, or it may grow into a fleshy body, which gradually changes into an agreeable pulp, as in the grape. Occasionally the pericarp becomes crustaceous and woody in its structure, as in the nut; or it may become in part hard and dry, like a nut, and in part a delicious pulp, as in the plum and peach.

There are few plants in which all the ovules become perfect seeds. Many are suppressed during their progress of growth, so that frequently one seed is developed at the expense of several ovules. This is well seen in the prickly pericarp of *Castanea vesca* (sweet chestnut), which, when ripe, opens by four valves, and drops the one or two nuts contained in its interior. In the ovary of the sweet chestnut there are usually fourteen ovules. Most of these, however, either become abortive or perish as the ovary ripens into the pericarp, whilst such as remain are generally very much reduced in size, one or two nuts growing at the expense of the rest, and filling the whole cavity of the pericarp.

While the fruit enlarges, the sap is drawn towards it, and a great exhaustion of the nutritive juices of the plant takes place. In perennial herbaceous plants, the formation of the fruit always consumes those deposits of nutriment which existed in the stem and branches, and the plant, therefore, necessarily dies down to the ground at the close of the flowering season. But the upper part of such plants only perishes; the root still remains alive in the ground, from which it absorbs nutriment, and, with the return of light and heat in spring, the plant once more makes its appearance on the earth's surface. In biennials, the store of nutritive matter assimilated during the first year is exhausted by the act of flowering and fruiting in the second, and the entire plant perishes. In annuals, the plant arrives at its full development, and passes through all the phases of its existence, in one year, the act of fruiting exhausting its vital energies. In the more highly developed plants, such as shrubs and trees, the formation of the

flowers and fruit consumes only the nutriment contained in the peduncle and its immediate supports; but the rest of the plant is not injured. The first and succeeding year's growth of stem is therefore persistent, or remains alive above the ground. It is true that the tree sheds its summer leaves, and spreads its naked branches to the wintry sky; but the stem, the numerous branches, and branchlets of that naked tree are

not dead. Life exists all along the central axis, and is lying in the bud or hybernaculum of the young shoot, in a dormant state, until spring awakens it to a new existence. Hence it is that every year a plant with a persistent stem increases in altitude, until it becomes a shrub or tree with a noble canopy of foliage. Such may be fairly considered to be the highest developments of vegetable matter.

MEMORY.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

When I am gone, will Memory trace
 The golden hours of my youth,
 And every virtuous action grace,
 And bury every fault, forsooth?
 Will pure Affection seek the spot
 Where lieth one it held so dear?
 Will it revere, or will it not
 Shed o'er my grave the grateful tear?

THE earliest beams of a May-day sun were lighting on the rosy leaves that lined the banks of my native stream; the spring bird's joyous song was heard from the deep green foliage of the forest, and the daisy and the primrose were seen by the margin of the wave. As I gazed upon the lovely prospect before me—the tall trees in the distance, the river glistening in the morning sun, and the blue hills towering beyond, with not a frown upon the whole expanse of azure sky—I said: “How beautiful is earth! How true is Nature to her God!” And, musing upon the kindness of Heaven to my native land, to my friends, and myself, a spirit of gratitude filled my bosom for a moment, ere I turned my thoughts upon the past.

Cheerful as are the scenes of present life, dear and delightful as are its many pleasures, yet will memory, in after life, turn to the past, the happy past, as the mariner to his compass, or the child to the fount that gives it nourishment.

Yes, whatever has once given us pain or pleasure is remembered long, and recurred to often, as we pass down the stream of Time to the solitudes of our last years.

We seek the homestead of our youth,
 The willows bending low,
 And friends who taught us Love and Truth,
 And Virtue's charm to know;
 We stray along the river's banks
 To gather flowers gay,
 And list the warbler's note of thanks—
 But all have passed away!

Spring may bloom as fresh, summer appear as lovely, but not to us. Time has placed his mark across our brow, and memory her veil before our vision, and we have treasured away in our bosoms a thousand little incidents ever to be recurred to.

Such were my musings on that bright morning. I had been absent from my native home for a number of years, and then stood on the sacred spot hallowed by many sweet remembrances. There I sported in my schoolboy days; there I romped with my playmates, or strolled with my beloved friends; there I passed those elysian days that will return on earth no more.

Life, reviewed through the mists of bygone years, seems rather a curious-wrought fiction or a feverish dream than a stern reality. We are surrounded by mementos of the affection of friends, but those friends themselves are gone. We remember the councils of wisdom, the sage instructions of experience, by which our minds were formed, and a direction given to the current of our thoughts and actions; but the lips from whence they flowed have long been mute as the grave where they lie mouldering.

We have danced and sung with the gay and giddy, and been enraptured at the thrilling voice and sunny eye of beauty; but where are they? In one graveyard and another we behold grass-grown mounds, and monuments bearing remembered names, and this is all, all that remains to us. But it is among the melancholy ruins of the past that we gather golden stores for the future. The future! how few think of it!

Though memory may trace its many pleasures, or number its host of beloved friends who have passed from our vision, let not the mind cease to dwell upon its original home, for *it is immortal!*

"I die forsaken of God and man!" exclaimed Voltaire, in those awful moments when truth will force itself despite the ties of earth. What a fearful and awful expression! How are they to be pitied whose minds are chained to earth, and who fear the grave!

Fair as the scenes of earth may be, dear and delightful as are its joys, there are fairer and brighter scenes beyond; the charms with which our Almighty Father has decorated this place of existence are but a faint display of his power and goodness. While gazing upon them, the heart should expand with thankfulness and praise that regions of superior splendor and

happiness are prepared for man. Yet will the mind stray down that thorny path which life has traversed, despite the most profound teachings of the stoic—for who can stifle memory?—and, though it be but a compound of fennel and nectar, reap a momentary pleasure therefrom.

Yes, memory, fond memory,
Its tide of rapture brings,
As through its misty veil we see
A thousand cherished things!
Oh, that those bright and happy things
Might ever, ever last!
But no; Time's ebbing tide e'er brings
The memory of the past!

THE MANAGEMENT OF BOYS.

It has been observed that parents and preceptors err greatly in mistaking the tricks, manœuvres, and practical experiments of boys for mere idleness and wanton mischief. A little kindly investigation on the part of their seniors would often save them much pain and unnecessary obloquy, would confirm or refute doubts existing in their minds, and tend to the more safe and speedy development of the latent talent many boys possess. When the aunt of James Watt reproved the boy for his idleness, and desired him to sit down quietly and read a book, and not be meddling about with the lid of the teakettle—lifting it off, and putting it on again, and holding first a cup, and next a silver spoon, over the steam, as it poured forth from the spout—she little imagined that he was investigating a problem that was eventually to lead to the greatest of human inventions, the steam-engine!

It has been said that we are indebted for the important invention in the steam-engine termed *hand gear*, by which its valves are worked by the machine itself, to an *idle* boy of the name of Humphrey Potter, who, being employed to stop and open a valve, saw that he could save himself the trouble of attending and watching it by fixing a plug upon a part of the machine which came to the place at the proper times, in consequence of the general movement. If this anecdote be true, what does it prove? That Humphrey Potter might be very *idle*, but that he was, at the same time, very *ingenious*. It was a contrivance not the result of mere accident, but of some observation and successful experiment.

The father of Eli Whitney, on his return from a journey which necessarily compelled him to absent himself from home for several days, inquired, as was his usual custom, into the occupations of his sons during his absence. He received a good account of all of them except Eli, who, the housekeeper reluctantly confessed, had been engaged in making a fiddle. "Alas!" said the father, with a sigh and ominous shake of the head, "I fear that Eli will have some day to take his portion out in fiddles." To have anything to do with a fiddle betokened, the father thought, a tendency to engage in mere trifles. How little aware was the father that this simple occupation, far from being altogether a mere fiddle-faddle, was the dawning forth of an inventive genius to be ranked among the most effective and useful in respect to arts and manufactures.

It is related of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that, when a boy, he was observed by a gentleman at Sheffield very attentively engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing. "I am cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this the gentleman asked to see what he had done, pronounced it excellent, and presented the youth with sixpence. How many would have at once characterized the occupation of the boy as a mischievous or idle one, losing sight, for the time, of that lesson which every parent should remember, "Never despise small beginnings."

The first panels on which the late Wm. Etty, the celebrated painter, drew, were the boards of his father's *shop floor*; and his first crayon a

lump of *white chalk*—a substance considered nowadays almost invariably ominous of mischief-doing in the hands of a boy, especially on the opening day of the month of April. Now, what does the mother of “little Willie” do, on discovering the nicely swept floor *disfigured* with chalk lines? Of course, she scolds, and calls him a mischievous little fellow? No; this is not the course the sensible mother pursues. In an autobiographical letter addressed to a relative, Etty, speaking of this circumstance in his youthful life, says: “My pleasure amounted to ecstasy when my mother promised me next morning, if I were a good boy, I should use some colors, mixed with gum-water. I was so pleased, I could scarcely sleep.”

When young West, the great American painter, first began to display skill in drawing, and learned from the roaming Indians the method of preparing colors, he was at a loss to conceive how to lay these colors skilfully on his canvas. A neighbor informed him that this was done with brushes formed of camel’s hair; there were no camels in America, and he had recourse to the cat, whose back and tail supplied his wants. The cat was a favorite, and the altered condition of her fur was imputed to disease, till the boy’s confession explained the cause, much to the amusement of his father, who rebuked him not *rashly*, but as becometh a wise parent, more in *affection* than in anger. To rebuke such an act wisely, required on the part of the parent a discrimination sufficiently clear to discern that *mischief-doing* had nothing to do with the affair. It was of no small importance that the correction employed should be adapted to the circumstance of the case. So, also, the mother of West, when she was sent to seek for her son by the anxious inquiries of the schoolmaster in regard to his absence for several days from school, did not, on finding him with his box and paints, laboring secretly in the garret, vent forth her anger in a passionate way, as though the child were engaged in “a mere foolish piece of business.”

Of Edward Malbone, another American painter, it is said the “intervals of his school hours were filled by indefatigable industry in making experiments, and endeavoring to make discoveries. One of his greatest delights was found in *blowing bubbles*, for the pleasure of admiring the fine colors they displayed.” Thus, it appears, that even the blowing of soap-bubbles, idle as most of us think such an amusement, may have not a little to do towards leading the young artistic mind to discriminate nicely between delicate shades of color.

It is said that the artist Copley, when seven or eight years old, on being observed to absent himself from the family for several hours at a time, was at length traced to a lonely room, on whose bare walls he had drawn, in *charcoal*, a group of martial figures engaged in some nameless adventure. The artistic tendency, in such a case, needs a treatment far different from that which would attribute it to the love of mere sportive trick-practising. The manœuvres of a boy should be thoroughly studied to their real motive before recourse is had to rod correction. Rashness on the part of parent or teacher is never excusable. It should be remembered that, in the plays and pursuits of the boy, the future man is sometimes seen, and therefore it becomes of importance to know how the amusements and games of children may be improved for directing their inclination to employments in which they may hereafter excel.

DUET.

BY W. E. PABOR.

EDGAR.

Does not thy soul to kindred soul,
Here in the twilight’s hushing spell,
Repeat the wondrous words that roll
Up from the spirit’s hidden well?

LAURA.

It does. Along the heart’s chords now
Trembles the lightning of its power,
Flushing with hope my childish brow,
And leading to joy’s rose-hued bower.

EDGAR.

And are they not upon a theme
Made sacred from the earliest time?
As sweet as is the Theber’s dream
Where Oman’s waves moan mystic rhyme?

LAURA.

So sacred, that my soul is full
Of peans, hallowing the shrine
Where hover angels beautiful
To make the hasting hours divine.

EDGAR.

And does it need the glamour art,
Practised, as poets say, of yore,
To tell this secret of the heart,
Stranger than all man’s strangest lore?

LAURA.

Ah, no! To us it is revealed
So perfect in its royal bloom;
Though from the world it is concealed,
It yields to us its best perfume.

EDGAR AND LAURA.

To us, to us, the world beside
Contains no joy to equal this!
A bridegroom one, and one a bride,
Within us Love, and Hope, and Bliss!

THE WATER-LILY.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

(See Plate.)

LITTLE one, whose earnest eyes,
 Gazing out afar,
 Mock the violet's azure dyes,
 Or the evening star;
 Thou hast wandered far and wide
 With thy tender feet,
 For the lilies sweet,
 Seeking for the Naiad's pride,
 Through the tangled woodland way,
 Through the meadows low,
 Where all the warm long summer's day
 The sturdy reapers mow.
 Thine earnest wish has led thee on
 As by resistless power;
 Such might is to the strong will known
 Even in childhood's hour.
 And now, at last, within thy grasp
 Lieth the lily sweet,
 While more than thy small hand can clasp
 Float round thy rosy feet.
 But when the goal is fairly won,
 And thy hand holds the prize,
 Thy gaze is turned to the setting sun,
 To the glowing western skies.
 The snowy flower-cups woo in vain;
 Their fragrant incense wastes;
 Thou 'rt with the day-god's gorgeous train,
 As to his rest he hastes.
 So will it be in coming years,
 Thou human lily, sweet;
 Thou 'lt leave earth's prize of toil and tears
 Unnoticed at thy feet.
 Yet ever through life's thronging hours,
 Fair child, may this be given;
 While in thy hand thou hold'st earth's flowers,
 May thine eyes be turned to heaven.

TWO YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

BY H. L. S.

Two years ago to-day,
 And thou wert with me, dearest;
 We stood beside the altar then,
 Thou to my heart the nearest.
 Two years ago to-day!
 How swift the years have flown!
 Thou sleepest in the silent grave,
 And I am all alone.
 Oh, canst thou from above
 Look down upon me, dearest?
 Ofttimes in dreams of bygone hours,
 Thou, as of old, appearest;
 And I hear, in a whisper soft,
 Or a sweet and melting tone,
 "Though parted, we shall meet again
 Where parting is unknown."

THE LOVE-LETTER.

BY RICHARD COE.

(See Plate.)

"DEAREST"—thus the letter reads
 That the maiden holds so tightly—
 "Dearest one, my bosom bleeds
 To behold you nightly.
 I can scarce refrain from coming;
 Darling, would you have me come?"
 In her ears the words are humming,
 As she faintly whispers "*hum.*"
 "Dearest"—thus the letter adds—
 "I for you am dying daily;
 But I hear that other lads
 Smile upon you gayly.
 Do you keep me, darling huggy,
 In your bosom warm and snug?"
 Sure the maiden hears a buggy,
 As she half pronounces "*bug.*"
 "'Tis not me the fellow loves,"
 Spake the gentle Jane Matilda,
 "With his darling 'turtle-doves,'"
 Laughing as 't had killed her.
 "'Tis my father's heaped-up money
 That the stupid loves far better;
 So, my precious sugar-honey,
 I will burn your *humbug* letter."

THE TIDE OF TIME.

BY D. M'NEILL.

How rapidly our moments fly!
 The tide no arm can stay;
 Those rolling waters noiselessly
 Are bearing us away;
 On, ever on,
 Without an hour's delay.
 Bright bubbles charm us as we glide
 Down its uncertain stream,
 Not knowing but our fondest hopes
 Are but an empty dream,
 A ray of light—
 A gay, deceitful beam.
 Its banks are lined on every side
 With scenes of joy and love;
 A spreading world of charms around,
 Sun, moon, and stars above;
 With such delight,
 Time scarcely seems to move.
 Glance back! How very brief the space
 To childhood's sunny day,
 When not a cloud shut out the light
 That made the heart so gay
 The tide of Time
 Is bearing us away.
 Look forward! What can we discern
 On the dark tide ahead?
 Naught but a few faint glimmering rays
 Of hope upon it shed.
 And thus 'twill be,
 Till man is with the dead.

A WINTER SCENE.

BY H. H. CLEMENT.

THERE'S a sad splendor in the misty moon;
 And like cold offspring, round a feeble fire,
 Clustre the stars around her blazing path,
 And then expire, like sparks upon the hearth,
 Amid the whitening ashes of the day.
 The sun went down like a great drop of blood;
 Fresh as the one, the heart of autumn sheds
 O'er all the fading garment of the year.
 He sank to rise and give a sickly glare
 Obliquely through the window of the South,
 And bless the waking millions of the world.
 The skipping rabbit pauses in his beam;
 The squirrel scampers, nut in mouth, to leave
 The treasure which enticed him forth within
 The heart of the great oak, his hoard and home;
 Thus, e'en the smallest of created things
 Lives in his favor, his benignant ray.
 The early centuries which trooped along
 The infant world, went with the same intent;
 Were burdened with such unities as these,
 Made dear, as loss of friends, the parting hours,
 Because the testimony which they left—
 The wintry earth and terror-stricken sky—
 Had relevance to that intelligence
 Which recreates from ruin, and sustains
 The glory of the universal world.
 Thus sweep the seasons, bringing wrath and death,
 To overturn and crush that noiseless life;
 Haunting the glens and vales, noiseless, save when
 A thunder moves the heart of solid earth,
 As the blue assemblage of the hills.
 So hard the ground,
 Is an echo to retreating feet,
 Trembling, snaps with lone and sudden crack,
 Calling us the rap is at a door,
 And in a close embrace of frostiness.
 A basin'd pool, imprisoned in the dam,
 Unfables most a sheet of blistered steel
 And out at night, but deftly fused again
 In morning's fire illumines the forge of day.
 The earth is roofless as a ruined home,
 The cold sky is further off than when
 It stoop'd to flatter forth the embryo flowers,
 And yield a fragrance for the warmth it gave.
 Not wafted, poured, the wind comes quickly down,
 In freezing volume, from those hollow halls,
 Where wandering worlds salute the Infinite;
 Then hurry onward through the shoreless sea,
 As if to rest, but never find a bourne.
 Is this the rest of Nature? Doth she sleep,
 Or mourn her lot, and pine in misery
 The absence of her lord and regal mate,
 In Southern amplitudes so far astray?
 Calls she on closer fires to come and lift
 This mantle from her breast, whose whitening fold
 Contains the essence of dissolving showers?
 Or orb, that reigned at earth's nativity,
 To be a partner to her coming joy?
 And on the breast of tempered spring, kingly
 Adornment bring unto her frozen zone,
 And flush the laboring earth with royal hue.
 Asks she the boon of liberty, to give
 The swimming airs attendant on her course
 A beam of quickening life, and hymn wide day
 With voice of honey-laden birds and bees?

Pleads she in vain for those returning joys
 Of happy fruitful times, when the warm sun
 Enamel'd the rich vales and swelling hills,
 And made the orchard's glebe a golden floor?
 Pleads all in vain! And yet the germ survives,
 As on the branches of the leafless tree
 The nest remains, the feathered tenant gone,
 To reappear with the returning year,
 And rear another household, and renew
 The old disputed contest for the palm
 And sovereignty of empire.
 These things live in intimation to our thought and sense,
 And float in the calm voyage of memory
 Adown the stream of changeeful circumstance
 Requit for the trials, cares, and toils
 Which stop the current in its onward flight,
 And end it in eternity.

THE JEWISH MAIDEN.

BY EDITH ST. GEORGE.

THE following lines were written in reference to the Jewish custom of burning a lamp seven days after the death of a friend, and judging by the brilliancy or dimness of the light whether or not the spirit of the departed is happy.

WRAPPED in a mantle of ebony hue,
 Midnight rejoices, bold and free;
 The galaxy glitters, so mild and so true,
 Like a wake on the deep blue sea.

Darkness is present, and hushed is each sound,
 Save one from afar—'tis a chime!
 Echo re-echoes from mound o'er to mound—
 'Tis death calling mortals from time.

Pestilence wrathfully wanders o'er earth;
 Youth falls before him—age lies low;
 Still are all harp-strings, and mute is all mirth,
 As swift flies the shaft from his bow.

"Breathe not the breath of this death-laden air,"
 Said a Jewish sire, hoar and sage,
 To a maiden fair, whose dark despair
 Yields not to the counsel of age.

Her long silken hair waves wild in the wind,
 Like a plume from night's sable wing;
 Her loved one no more, those jet locks to bind,
 Can wreaths from the myrtle-grove bring.

"Rest thee, my father, and angels of love
 In sleep thy worn eyelids shall close;
 My parted one, fond as holiest dove,
 Shall tenderly watch thy repose."

Swift from the couch of her parent she hies
 To yon lamp, whose heavenward ray,
 Like the Eastern Star to those men so wise,
 Shines softly, the guide of her way.

"Brightly thou burnest, loved light of my heart;
 Then, Zadoc, thy spirit is free.
 Wilt thou not, from thy home, a ray impart?
 Ah, send but one beam, love, to me.

"Friends are departing, fast flying for fear,
 But I'll tend thy torch, spirit-love!
 The heaven-born flame shall be dimmed by no tear
 I know by the lustre that thou art near
 And that we shall meet above."

SLEEP LIGHTLY, LOVE.

BY NETA.

SLEEP lightly, love, while summer breezes sighing
 Stir the rich masses of thy sunny hair;
 While fleetly by the "wee sma' hours" are flying,
 And waning stars look through the dreary air.

Sleep lightly, love, for thou hast sought God's blessing
 Ere slumber touched thine eyes with calming finger;
 Pure thoughts are thine, thy angel ne'er distressing;
 E'en Time smiles on thee, though he may not linger.

Sleep lightly, love, fond memories attending
 Each rosy dream that revels through thy heart,
 While fair-plumed seraphs, from the heavens bending,
 Watch o'er thy sleep, all sinless as thou art.

Sleep lightly, love—oh, love, sleep ever lightly,
 Renewing youth amid life's sadder years;
 And in thy slumbers wearing smiles, that brightly
 Shall gild the cloud that is surcharged with tears.

Light be thy slumbers when the angel, calling
 Down from high heaven, summons thee away;
 Then shalt thou smile while tears are round thee falling,
 Pluming thy spirit-wings for endless day.

Sleep lightly, love, for thou hast prayed ere sleeping,
 And on thy brow God's benisons still rest;
 Oh, had I nearer to his fold been keeping,
 I, too, had prayed and been as sweetly blest.

But ah, my spirit-wings are soiled and drooping;
 I sigh, repent, then turn to sin again,
 Until the hour is fled when Mercy, stooping
 To earth, had washed with tears away the stain.

But this, dear love, is far too harsh a song
 To soothe thy slumbers, gentle, meek-eyed one;
 To me alone, to me such strains belong;
 Sleep lightly, love! I wake to weep alone.

TO MY FRIENDS FAR AWAY.

As cheerful spring with joy you hail,
 And flowers upon hill and dale; ~~and~~
 And blooming youth pranks o'er the lea
 With bounding heart and footstep free;

When summer sheds her blazing light
 O'er forest deep and mountain height;
 And the morn rides high in her virgin sphere,
 And hope cheers the path of my wanderings here;

When autumn comes in sober grief,
 With ripened corn and yellow leaf;
 And Sol grows dim, and Cynthia pale,
 And winds sigh through the lonely vale;

When raging winter howls around
 O'er barren waste and frozen ground,
 And spreads from the north his icy domain,
 And throws his mantle of snow o'er the plain;

Oft as these return through revolving years
 With their joys, their griefs, their sorrows and tears;
 Oh, will ye one thought of the past still retain,
 And of him who may ne'er share your smiles again?

THE STRANGER.

Enigmas.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES AND ENIGMAS IN
FEBRUARY NUMBER.

CHARADES.—2. Wo-man. 3. Hope-less.

ENIGMAS.—5. Gas. 6. An anchor.

CHARADES.

4.

My *first* was dreary, cold, and dark,
 As I left my *second's* door;
 The sky showed not one diamond spark,
 And I heard no sound but the watch-dog's bark,
 As I wandered the wild heath o'er.

In a lonely spot I chanced to be,
 When my *third* came fiercely on;
 It tore my cloak and hat from me,
 And drove me under an old dead tree,
 And left me there alone.

Then swift the dark clouds passed away,
 And the silver moon did fling;
 And, as I glided on my way,
 My *whole* began, from the green-wood spray,
 Her blithesome carolling.

5.

My *first* is equal; *second*, grave;
 My *whole*, most sinners wish to have.

ENIGMAS.

E.

7.

WE are little airy creatures,
 All have different forms and features
 One of us in glass is set;
 Another you will find in jet;
 A third, less bright, is set in tin;
 The fourth, a shining box within;
 And the fifth, if you pursue,
 It will never fly from you.

8.

No fort that has ever resisted assault
 Could compare with my works of defence;
 I serve the marine, in my structure's no fault,
 And the strength of my walls is immense.

Gibraltar itself isn't half so secure
 As I seem in my stronghold for life,
 Though 'tis all a delusion, my doom's pretty sure—
 To be captured, and fall by the knife.

9.

ALL weapons I may well defy,
 For edge and point acute;
 My cut and thrust, all sufferers must
 Accord the first repute.

In hand that's fierce, I cut or pierce
 With that relentless force
 Which tortures still (though slow to kill),
 And wounds without remorse.

Within the heart my victims smart,
 Their anguish oft unseen;
 For casual eyes scarce recognize
 My dastard blow, I ween.

lightly at the back. It must then be put in a frame, and worked. All the stems are done in gold bullion; the same material also surrounds the flowers, which are formed of seven seed-pearls. Short white bugles are introduced between the pearls.

This kind of embroidery is now much used for napkin-rings. The velvet is mounted on a ring of card-board or light wood, and the initial embroidered on one side.

NEW STYLE OF CUFF.



LAMP-MAT.

(See Plate in front of Book.)

Materials.—A square of French canvas, 30 yards of gold braid or straw, 1 oz. of purple, and 1 oz. of green Berlin wool; also 8 skeins of each of six shades of the same green. A mesh about three-quarters of an inch wide.

ENLARGE the pattern and mark it on the canvas, having a margin all round of at least twelve threads. The border is very simple; the top and bottom are worked in the following manner:—

1st row.—The braid is to be entirely covered with green wool.

2d.—1 square green, * miss 5 squares, cover 2, miss 1, cover 2, *; repeat to the end of the row, which you will finish with, miss 5, cover 1.

3d.—1 square green, * 1 straw, 3 green, * 1 straw, 1 green *, 3 times *; repeat end with 1 straw, 3 green, 1 straw, 1 green.

4th.—1 green, * 1 straw, 3 green, 3 straw, 3 green, 1 straw, * to the end, which finish with 1 straw, 3 green, 1 straw, 1 green.

5th.—Like 3d.

6th.—Like 2d.

The sides must be made to correspond.

The dark parts of the engraving represent those places where purple is to be used instead of green.

The six shades of green are for a raised fringe, which is intended to finish the mat. A single round of each shade, beginning with the darkest, is to be worked over the mesh. The rows are then to be cut, and combed out with a fine comb.

DRESSES FOR YOUNG MISSES.

(See Plate in front of Book.)

WE have selected two charming juvenile figures to lead in our chapter of "Novelties." Both are walking-dresses, and may be adapted for little girls from six to fourteen, with some modifications, though designed for the ages of ten and twelve.

Fig. 1 has a plain cashmere or merino dress of any shade or color that may suit the fancy. The skirt and sleeves are ornamented by rows of embroidery, or *applique* of velvet leaves, darker than the ground of the dress. Oak leaves and acorns are a very pretty pattern. Mantle of remarkably graceful shape, with broad bands of silver-gray plush. Close ruby-colored velvet bonnet, with a short plume outside, and full *ruche* of blonde around the face

Pantalettes of cambric embroidery, coming just above the boot.

Fig. 2.—Spring walking-dress of pale gray silk. The mantle is light and loose, with sleeves demi-long, fastened by bows of ribbon; drawn silk bonnet, with full *ruche* of blonde and white rosebuds. Gray gaiters, tipped with patent leather.

WORKED MUSLIN COLLAR.

(See Plate in front of Book.)

THIS collar also forms half the undersleeve, and is sewed on to the inserting band represented above.

LAMP OR GAS SHADE.



THIS is a most beautiful and highly ornamental shade. Take a shade frame and cover

it with dark green or black bobinet or crape. Sew round the top and bottom of it a wreath of green leaves, then arrange flowers tastefully all over it to cover it well, and have some handsome vines or pendent flowers hanging from it. This, when lit up, produces a very pretty effect.

IMITATION DRESDEN CHINA.

ANOTHER style of ornamentation for Godey's subscribers. Of course, we are the first to publish it.

This pretty work is so simple that a young lady of good taste can make many pretty ornaments for a table or mantle-piece, such as violet baskets, pin-vases, card-plates, and the like, at a very slight cost. The materials should consist of a box of large size commercial wafers of



mixed colors, and for a pin-vase, like the above design, a white china coffee-cup, from which the handle has been broken; if with a gilt edge or gilt flower on the inside, it will be still prettier. The wafers, if rightly used, will in a few hours assume the appearance of china. For a violet basket or card-plate, a saucer should be used, with a handle of ribbon wire placed across the top; the wire covered with white paper, so that the wafers will adhere to it.

Directions.—Moisten a green wafer with the lips, and with a sharp scissors cut out a leaf as in No. 1, marking the veins with a pin; while wet, place it according to design on the cup. For cistus flowers cut five petals, same as No. 2, only one petal from each wafer; bend them

slightly in your hand, and, while moist, fit as in design till the five which form the flowers are on. For stamens, cut a slip of wafer as No. 3, roll it up, fitting it to the heart of the flower with the point of the scissors. The flowers should vary in color; the most suitable are blue, pink, purple, and orange.

BEAD AND BUGLE WORK.

A NEGLIGEE, or a girdle, may be made in the same manner as the bracelet described in our last number, simply by working with longer silks, and making the cord for the interior of greater length. These would require tassels.

The following cut represents one end of a *negligée*; it may be worked in pearls or black



beads. For the former, one dozen rows of seed-pearls, half a dozen rows of pearls two sizes larger, three rows of pearls about the size of a

small currant, and a skein of white China silk will be required. For the latter, three bunches of small cut-glass beads, two of round grain-like black beads, at least two sizes larger than the others, a row of cut-glass beads the size of small currants, and a skein of fine linen thread, or fine black silk twist, must be prepared.

Thread four bead-needles with double silk, about three-quarters of a yard long; tie them together in pairs, leaving about an inch beyond the knot; pin each pair side by side on to a lead pincushion, and work as follows:—

Take two of the silks, thread nine small beads on each, make a diamond on these with four of the second-sized beads; thread nine small beads again on each; make another diamond with the second-sized beads, thread nine more small beads on each. Take the other pair of silks and work them in like manner.

Take the two central silks of the four, and thread a second-sized bead on the right one, and cross the left one through it; thread a bead on this one just used, and cross the outer right silk through it; thread a bead on the outer left silk, and cross the left centre silk through it. We have now united the four rows by putting a second-sized bead between each. Take one of the largest beads and pass the two silks now in the centre through it. Thread three second-sized beads on each of the outer silks, and cross one of the middle ones through the last bead on each. Then thread a second-sized bead on one of the silks now in the middle, and cross the other through it, and the circle is complete. Repeat from the beginning.

Do not draw the work too tight, or leave it loose and slovenly: it ought to fall softly, and yet show no threads. If compelled to join the silks, do it so that the large glass bead may receive the knot and hide it. This requires management, as it can only be done when the ends to be joined are in the centre.

The knob of the tassel is formed by sewing beads over a small mould or ball of wood, drilled through the centre with a good-sized hole. Any turner will make them. When used for black or for coral, they must be stained with black or red ink. The beads are threaded in alternate rows of nine and six, and closely arranged, one row at a time, over the surface of the ball. The thread must be very carefully fastened off when all is complete.

To make the drops of the tassel, a bead-needle is threaded with a strong yard long, double needleful of silk or thread. Another needle is threaded with only a third of the length, and the two knotted together. On the longest silk

thread about eight small beads, and then a second-sized one, repeat this half a dozen times;



PORTION OF TASSEL.

then thread nine small and one second-sized bead five times; continue by threading ten four times, eleven three times, and twelve five times, placing a second-sized bead between each loop of small beads; then decrease again in like ratio to eight.

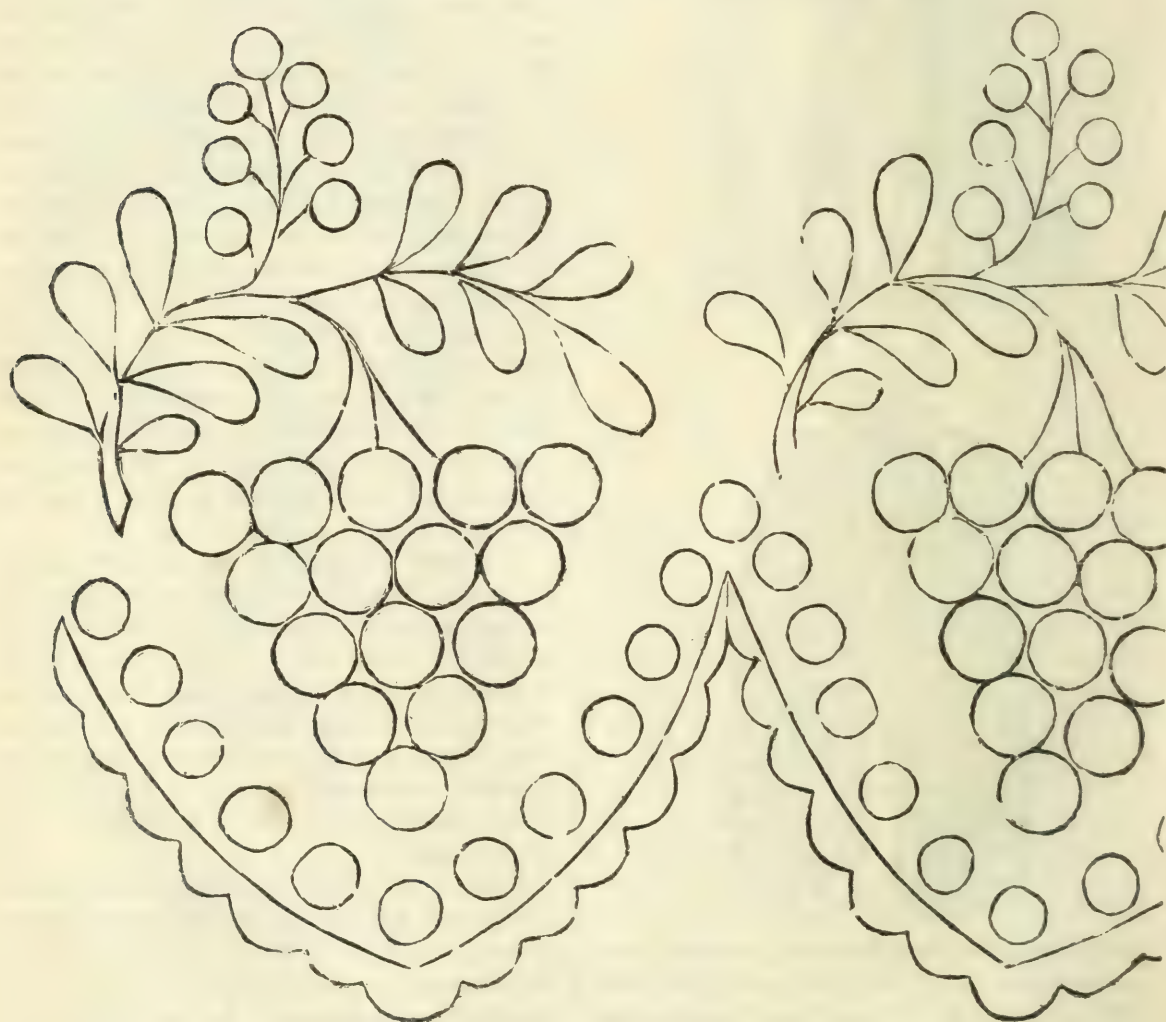
Now take the other needle and cross it or pass it upwards through each second-sized bead, drawing up that loop before proceeding to the next. Do not tighten or strain either of the

threads, but let the festoon of loops fall softly. Two such festoons will be required for each tassel. Fasten off neatly and firmly, and unite the chain to the tassel by a sewing-needle and silk, concealing the ends in the knob of the tassel. This *negligée* may be worked of any length; but about three-quarters of a yard, including the tassels, is long enough.

When made with smaller sized beads, or with bugles, one-third of an inch long, in place of the nine beads, and diamonds of the small beads, and small beads forming the circle around a second-sized bead, the *negligée* pattern will be found to be a pretty trimming for dresses, jackets, black lace bonnets, &c.

Our readers will find these instructions very suggestive; for, when once they have mastered two or three patterns, they will be enabled to copy almost any gimp or beading they may see.

EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL SKIRTS.



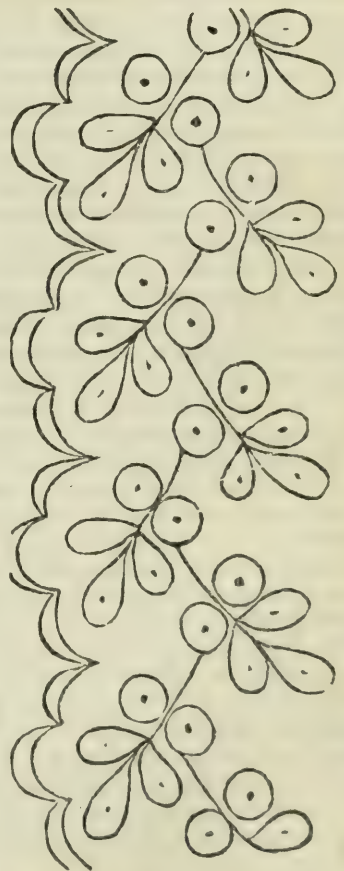
CORNER FOR POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.



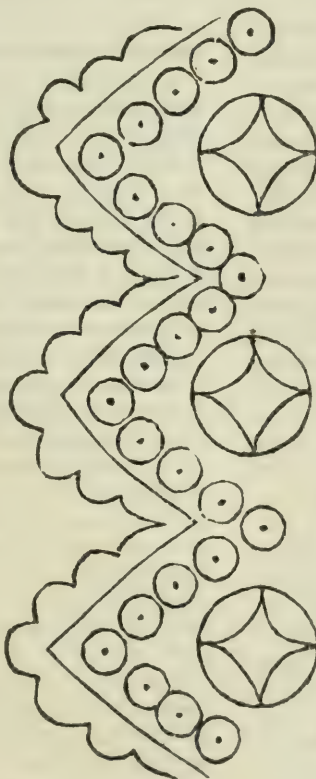
SCALLOP FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S PANTALNETTES.



EMBROIDERY FOR CHILDREN'S DRAWERS



INSERTING.



EMBROIDERY FOR BANDS AND SLEEVES OF CHEMISES.



Receipts, &c.

CONDIMENTS, OR SEASONING AGENTS.

THE name of *condiment* is usually given to those substances which are taken with foods for the immediate purpose of improving their flavor. But most of them serve other and much more important purposes in the animal economy than that of gratifying the palate. Most of them are, in fact, alimentary substances, the use of which has become habitual to us.

But all the substances used as condiments are not necessary to our existence. This is the case with the aromatic and pungent condiments. The purpose which these substances serve in the animal economy is not very obvious; they probably act as stimulants, and, in some cases, they may answer to correct the injurious qualities of the food with which they are eaten.

Saline Condiments.—Common salt is considered by most persons as a mere luxury, as if its use were only to gratify the taste, although it is essential to health and life, and is as much an aliment or food as either bread or flesh. It is a constituent of most of our food and drinks, and nature has kindly furnished us with an appetite for it. In many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal pain, termed *colic*, a teaspoonful of salt, dissolved in a pint of cold water, taken as soon as possible, with a short nap immediately after, is one of the most effectual and speedy remedies known. The same will relieve a person who seems almost dead from receiving a heavy fall. In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt water, if sufficient sensibility remains to allow of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the sense returns, when the salt will restore the patient from lethargy. In cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies have failed, it has been found that two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood.

Acidulous Condiments.—Vinegar, either by accident or design, has been employed by mankind in all ages, in greater or less quantity, as an aliment, or rather substances naturally containing it in small quantities have been employed as food, or it has been artificially formed, to be used and eaten. It is necessary, in one or other form, for the preservation of health. The prolonged absence from juicy vegetables or fruits, or their preserved juices, is a cause of scurvy. Vinegar is used as a condiment on account of its agreeable flavor and refreshing odor. It is employed alone or with pickles. When taken in small quantities, it is wholesome; but, of course, if immoderately used, it will cause trouble. Citric acid is employed, as a substitute for lemon and lime-juice, in the preparation of cooling and refreshing beverages. Tartaric acid is employed as a cheap substitute for citric acid or lemon-juice. Besides being cheaper, it has another advantage over citric acid; it is not deliquescent (or does not contract moisture) when exposed to the air. Cream of tartar is used in making cooling drinks. There are other acids, contained in fruits and vegetables, which are constantly employed and necessarily eaten by all.

Oily Condiments are oils derived from the seeds of fruit called *vegetable oils*. They are used raw, as in almonds, walnuts, flaxseed, cocoa-nuts, and nutmeg and other fruits. They are also pressed, as olive oil or sweet oil, oil of almonds, and many volatile or essential oils. The sweet or savory herbs, such as mint, marjoram, sage,

&c., owe their peculiar flavor and odor to volatile oil contained in the leaves. In fact, all fruits and leaves, and some vegetables, as onions, garlic, with the spices, owe their grateful odor and taste to volatile oil. These oils, prepared, sold, and dissolved in spirit of wine, form the essences for flavoring, &c.

For eating or cooking, *almonds* should be blanched, on account of the injurious qualities of the husk.

Bitter Almonds are more or less poisonous to all animals. Dogs, pigeons, &c., are readily destroyed by eating these nuts. When eaten in large quantities, bitter almonds have caused fatal consequences. The oil of bitter almonds is a very powerful poison, being four times as powerful as prussic acid. A single drop will kill a cat in a few minutes. From this fact, it is highly improper for ignorant persons to employ it, yet it is extensively used by cooks and confectioners for flavoring.

Butter is employed as a condiment. When rancid by keeping, or when melted by heat, it is injurious to the dyspeptic.

ON PASTRY.

ONE of the oldest and most current modes of cooking, either by mixing oil or butter with the flour, sweetened, scented, or flavored, according to the fancy of the cook, is pastry. The Romans had their peculiar cakes of paste, the Egyptians had theirs; in fact, all countries have, during the periods of the greatest prosperity, endeavored to add to the number of their luxuries new modes of making paste. With none of these have we, at the present moment, anything to do; our task is to show how paste can be made to suit everybody.

PUFF PASTE.—Put one pound of flour upon your pastry slab; make a hole in the centre, in which put a teaspoonful of salt; mix it with cold water into a softish flexible paste with the right hand; dry it off a little with flour until you have well cleared the paste from the slab, but do not work it more than you can possibly help; let remain two minutes upon the slab, then have a pound of fresh butter, from which you have squeezed all the buttermilk in a cloth, bringing it to the same consistency as the paste, upon which place it; press it out flat with the hand, then fold over the edges of the paste so as to hide the butter, and roll it with the rolling-pin to the thickness of half an inch, thus making it about two feet in length; fold over one-third, over which again pass the rolling-pin; then fold over the other third, thus forming a square; place it with the ends top and bottom before you, shaking a little flour both under and over, and repeat the rolls and turns twice again as before; flour a baking-sheet, upon which lay it, upon ice, if handy, or in some cool place, for half an hour; then roll twice more, turning it as before; place again upon the ice a quarter of an hour; give it two more rolls, making seven in all, and it is ready for use, as directed in the following receipts. You must continually add enough flour while rolling to prevent your paste sticking to the slab.

When I state that upwards of a hundred different kinds of cakes may be made from this paste and the following, I am sure it will be quite sufficient to urge upon every cook the necessity of paying every attention to their fabrication, as it will well repay for the study and trouble. One-fourth of this quantity may be made.

HALF-PUFF PASTE.—Put on the dresser or table one pound of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, two ounces of

butter; mix all together, then add half a pint of water, or little more; form a softish paste—do not work it too much with the hand, or it will make it hard and tough; throw some more flour lightly over and under; roll it out with a rolling-pin half an inch thick, about a foot long; then have half a pound of fresh butter equally as stiff as the paste; break it into small pieces, and put it on the paste; throw a little more flour on it, and fold it over in two folds; throw some more flour on the slab, roll it out three or four times, letting it rest between each two rolls, and it is then ready for use.

It can be made with lard instead of butter.

The yolk of an egg, or the juice of half a lemon, added to the water, makes it lighter.

Half butter and half lard may be used, or if the butter is too dear, use all lard; if neither, mix well with the flour two ounces of dripping, *no salt*, lay it on the board, and mix half a pint of water, till a softish paste; roll it out, then chop a quarter of a pound of good beef suet very fine; mix with a quarter of a pound of good dripping, free from water or gravy; roll out the paste, and add the dripping and suet as preceding receipt.

PLAINER PASTE, FOR MEAT PIES.—Put into a pan half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of dripping, half a teaspoonful of salt; rub all well together for about three minutes; add by degrees half a pint of water; mix the paste well; it requires to be rather hard; throw some flour on the board, roll, and use it instead of puff paste; three, or even two ounces, of dripping will be enough where economy is required, or many children to feed.

Where the cottager has a small garden, in which he can grow a few herbs, which I have already recommended, then introduce in the paste a little chopped parsley or eschalot, a very small piece of winter savory or thyme, or bayleaf chopped fine; these herbs cost little, and are at once relishing, refreshing, and wholesome.

By the same rule the same paste will do for fruit-pies, mixed with a little grated lemon or orange-peel, with the addition of a teaspoonful of sugar.

SHORT PASTE.—Put on a slab or board a pound of flour, two ounces of pounded sugar, or whitey-brown, six ounces of butter, one egg, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a pint of water; mix sugar and butter well together; add it with the water by degrees to the flour, and form a nice paste, but firmer than puff paste; use where described.

In a farm-house, for a treat, they use cream to make this paste.

PUDDING PASTE.—1st Class Paste. Put on a slab, table, board, or basin, one pound of flour, half a pound of beef or mutton suet, chopped rather fine—the first is preferable—form a well with your hand in the centre of the flour; add the suet, a teaspoonful of salt, half of pepper; moisten all with water, working the flour in by degrees, till it forms a stiff paste; work it well for two minutes; throw a little flour on the slab, with the paste on it; let it remain five minutes, then roll it out to any thickness you like. This will be referred to very often, therefore pay particular attention to it, and give it an important place in the book. For savory pudding, I sometimes vary the flavor, by adding a little chopped parsley, or a little onion, or thyme, or mushrooms in it.

2d Class Paste. Proceed the same way, putting only six ounces of suet.

3d Class Paste. The same, with four ounces.

4th Class Paste. The same, with four ounces of dripping.

Lamb, veal, and pork fat, may be used; but as they do not chop so floury, the paste is heavier. But they can be used for baked puddings.

SICK-ROOM AND NURSERY.

REMEDY FOR THE GOUT.—Dissolve two ounces of guaiacum in three ounces of the best French brandy. One or two tablespoonfuls of this solution to be taken every morning, fasting, taking afterwards either a cup of tea or of water.

HEADACHE.—To prevent headache, follow Abernethy's advice: keep the head cool and the feet warm. Aperient medicines, cupping between the shoulders, and blistering behind the ears are very good remedies. Nervous headaches are cured by stimulants, such as snuff, smelling-salts, aromatic vinegar, &c.; and as often by rest and quiet, or by a few drops of laudanum, taken in water, and by avoiding light.

CRAMP IN THE STOMACH.—When cramp occurs in the stomach, a teaspoonful of sal volatile, in water, or a drachm glassful of good brandy should be swallowed immediately.

WARTS.—Eisenberg says, in his "Advice on the Hand," that the hydrochlorate of lime is the most certain means of destroying warts; the process, however, is very slow, and demands perseverance, for, if discontinued before the proper time, no advantage is gained. The following is a simple cure: On breaking the stalk of the crowfoot plant in two, a drop of milky juice will be observed to hang on the upper part of the stem; if this be allowed to drop on the wart, so that it be well-saturated with the juice, in about three or four dressings the warts will die, and may be taken off with the fingers. They may be removed by the above means from the teats of cows, where they are sometimes very troublesome, and prevent them standing quiet to be milked.

REMEDY FOR SPRAINS.—Cloths wet freely in a strong and cold solution of salt and water, applied and persevered in, generally effects a speedy cure. If necessary to make a shift, and the part is very painful, apply the leaves of garden wormwood wet in spirits. Should the part injured remain weak, as it sometimes does in severe sprains, a safe remedy is to pump or pour on cold water freely for a few mornings.

THE TOILET

BALDNESS is generally produced by fever or old age, but is sometimes found in comparatively young persons, enjoying perfect health. When the hair bulbs or roots have disappeared, there is no means known that will restore the hair, notwithstanding daily assurances to the contrary by hair quacks and numerous advertising impostors. When a disposition to baldness exists, or when the hair falls off in large quantities, the constant use of the hairbrush and emollient oil or pomatum, scented with some stimulating aromatic, will generally prove sufficient. Should this not succeed, the head should be shaved. The following may tend to strengthen the hair and keep the head clean.

1. Salad oil, one ounce; oil of origanum, twelve drops; oil of rosemary, ten drops; oil of lavender, six drops; oil of cloves, two drops; mix and shake well together.

2. *Pomade.* Beef suet, one ounce; tincture of cantha-

rides, one teaspoonful; oil of origanum and bergamot, of each ten drops. Melt the suet, and when nearly cold, add the rest and stir until set. We have more faith in good brushing than anything. Many persons keep their hair in the best possible condition by this means alone, and it has a bright clean appearance, far superior to anything produced by oil or pomade. A hairbrush should not be kept in use too long, or it will fail to excite the minute oil glands at the roots of the hair so as to make them give forth their contents. Men would not do amiss to have two best hard, large hair-brushes, and to use one in each hand, brushing the head briskly for five minutes each morning. The hair would not require anything doing to it for the rest of the day, and, in most cases, all pomatums and hair oils may be dispensed with.

ODONTO TOOTH-POWDER.—Precipitated chalk, four ounces; charcoal-powder, a quarter of an ounce; orris-root powder, two ounces: otto of rose, ten drops; oil of sandal-wood, five drops. Mix the ingredients well together, and the odonto is ready for use. In place of oil of sandal-wood, one ounce of sandal-wood powder may be used for economy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO PRESERVE FURS AND WOOLLENS FROM MOTHS.—Let the former be occasionally combed while in use, and the latter be brushed and shaken. When not wanted, dry them first, let them be cool, then mix among them bitter apples from the apothecary's, in small muslin bags, sewing them in several folds of linen carefully turned in at the edges, and keep from damp.

SEALING-WAX may be taken out of table-covers by dissolving the spots with spirits of wine or naphtha. Apply the spirit with a camel's-hair pencil.

A VARNISH TO COLOR BASKETS AND OLD STRAW HATS.—Take either red or black sealing-wax; to every two ounces of sealing-wax add one ounce of rectified spirits of wine; pound the wax fine, then sift it through a fine lawn sieve, till you have made it extremely fine; put it into a large phial with the spirits of wine, shake it; let it stand near the fire forty-eight hours, shaking it often; then with brush, a *hog's bristle* brush, lay it all over the baskets. Let it dry, and repeat the operation a second time.

TO MAKE ECONOMICAL WHITE HOUSE-PAINT.—Skim-milk, two quarts; fresh slaked lime, eight ounces; linseed-oil, six ounces; white burgundy pitch, two ounces; Spanish white, three pounds. The lime to be slaked in water, exposed to the air, mixed in about one-fourth of the milk; the oil in which the pitch is previously dissolved, to be added, a little at a time; then the rest of the milk, and afterwards the Spanish white. This quantity is sufficient for twenty-seven square yards, two coats.

RUST.—The preservation of iron and steel from rust is a very important consideration in domestic economy. The following plan of doing this is very little known, and is far superior to any other: Add to a quart of cold water half a pound of quicklime; let this stand until the top is perfectly clear; pour off the clear liquid, and stir up with it a quantity of olive oil, until the mixture becomes a thick cream, or rather assumes the consistence of butter which has been melted for the table, and has become cold. Rub the iron or steel which is to be put by with this mixture, and then wrap it up in paper.

Knives and other steel articles treated in this way will not acquire the slightest rust. If the nature of the articles will not admit of their being wrapped up in paper, they will remain free from rust by covering them more thickly with the mixture.

TO PREVENT THE FORMATION OF CRUST UPON THE INSIDE OF TEAKETTLES.—Put into the teakettle a flat oyster-shell. It will attract the stony particles that are in the water to itself, and prevent their forming upon the kettle.

USEFUL KNIFE-BOARD.—A common knife-board covered with thick buff leather, on which is put emery, one part; crocus-root, three parts, in very fine powder, mixed into a thick paste with a little lard in sweet oil, and spread on the leather to the thickness of a shilling, gives a superior edge and polish to knives, and will not wear the knives so much as the common method of using brick-dust on a board.

GLOVES TO CLEAN. 1. *Dry Cleaning.*—Lay them out flat, then rub into them a mixture of finely-powdered fuller's earth and alum; sweep it off with a brush; sprinkle them with dry bran and whiting; lastly, dust them well. This will not do if they are very dirty.

Parlor Amusements

TO SUSPEND A RING BY A THREAD THAT HAS BEEN BURNT.—The thread having been previously soaked in common salt and water, tie it to a ring, not larger than a wedding-ring. When you apply the flame of a candle to it, though the thread burn to ashes, it will yet sustain the ring.

CHEMICAL ILLUMINATIONS.—Put into a middling-sized bottle, with a short wide neck, three ounces of oil or spirit of oil, with twelve ounces of common water, and throw into it, at different times, an ounce or two of iron filings. A violent commotion with then take place, and white vapors will arise from the mixture. If a taper be held to the mouth of the bottle, these vapors will inflame, and produce a violent explosion; which may be repeated as long as the vapors continue.

TO MAKE THE APPEARANCE OF A FLASH OF LIGHTNING WHEN ANY ONE ENTERS A ROOM WITH A LIGHTED CANDLE.—Dissolve camphor in spirit of wine, and deposit the vessel containing the solution in a very close room, where the spirit of wine must be made to evaporate by strong and speedy boiling. If any one then enters the room with a lighted candle, the air will inflame; but the combustion will be so sudden, and of so short duration, as to occasion no danger.

THE FIERY FOUNTAIN.—If twenty grains of phosphorus, cut very small, and mixed with forty grains of powdered zinc, be put into four drachms of water, and two drachms of concentrated sulphuric acid be added thereto, bubbles of inflamed phosphuretted hydrogen gas will quickly cover the whole surface of the fluid in succession, forming a real fountain of fire.

A LAMP THAT WILL BURN TWELVE MONTHS WITHOUT REPLENISHING.—Take a stick of phosphorus, and put it into a large dry phial, not corked, and it will afford a light sufficient to discern any object in a room, when held near it. The phial should be kept in a cool place, where there is no great current of air, and it will continue its luminous appearance for more than twelve months.

EDITORS' TABLE.

In the December number we called attention to the probable sufferings of the poor in our large cities during the coming winter. The privations and distress are now, and have been for the past two months, far greater and wider than we anticipated. The want of work has reduced hundreds, ay, thousands who have heretofore supported themselves, to the only resource left, that of alms. What shall be done, not merely to relieve the present sufferings of the poor, but to guard against the recurrence of a like calamity?

Giving money to the poor, even though sufficient could be raised to support them, is not the way to prevent pauperism. We can keep them in existence by alms-giving; but it is merely the animal life we sustain. None of their own energies of body and soul are employed and strengthened, except the faculties of invention and deception. In truth, unless under very extraordinary circumstances, such as misfortunes by fire, flood, or pestilence, the providing of funds for the benefit of those persons who are able to work is but a premium to idleness and vice. And yet it is no less true that, if those who have only their own labor to depend on for support are *unable to obtain employment and a just price for their work*, that is, such wages as will, if they are prudent and temperate, suffice to maintain them, they must be provided for by charity or must perish.

Such a state of destitution, for want of work, is now felt by thousands of families in our land. These must be relieved or must starve; but while charity is kind in giving, would it not be well to be forecasting also, and see if measures cannot be taken to aid those who are usually able to earn enough for their own support in methods of taking care of their earnings and expending their means to the best advantage? The poor are often improvident, because they are ignorant of the best methods of economy; and the random manner in which they live prevents them from acquiring wisdom by experience. The household is the place of comfort, if any is ever enjoyed by families, and there all reforms which really civilize and improve the masses must be wrought out. The best, the most efficacious charity to the poor is that course of treatment from the more fortunate classes of society which shall call forth their own energies, and encourage them to work their own way upward to the enjoyments of life. The homes of the poor laboring people, and the emigrants' places of abode in particular, should be often visited by the warm sympathies of American benevolence. A band of Christian ladies so organized and allotted to the different sections of the city that each one should have two or three of these families, where women and children need a helpful friend and kind adviser, under her care, would soften or heal an incalculable burden of sorrow and want, and probably prevent a greater amount of vice and crime than that now punished by the laws.

The establishment of "Evening Schools," for the benefit of the working classes, is a great step in the work of reform. "The Young Men's Christian Associations" is another cheering sign of that true benevolence which "blesseth him who gives and him who takes."

The employment of city missionaries to visit the poor is one of the most sacred duties of Gospel ministry; but still a golden link is wanting to complete the chain of mercy that shall draw the darkened to the light of hope, and bind together the hearts of the whole community in the confidence of love and gratitude. The machinery, so to speak, is already prepared by the "Union Benevolent Association" of Philadelphia. The officers are gentlemen of the highest character; the "visitors" ladies whose names, enrolled in this good work, elevate their sex. More than three hundred have devoted themselves to the duty, but a much larger number is required to carry out the plan effectually over the consolidated city. What a happy opportunity it offers to the noble-hearted woman thus to have the field of doing good opened to her, systematized and guaranteed by the authority and aid of good men! Does any one fear that the most delicate purity of the female sex may be hazarded by such a proceeding? Do those high-hearted English women suffer in public estimation who have gone to Constantinople, to bind up the wounds and watch over the sick and dying soldiers of the allied army? Shall American women shrink from the duty of visiting, comforting, aiding those in their own cities who are wounded, suffering, down-trodden in the battle of life? Shall women fear to go where little children dwell, and share the watch with angels?

CHINESE NOVELS.—A very copious, and on the whole interesting, department of Chinese literature, is the novel. This term, however, though generally adopted by our countrymen in the East, conveys an erroneous idea to the reader, who is accustomed to apply it to a series of adventures, having one plot and one interest. They are what we would call *nouvelettes* or stories. The longest of these, of which Du Halde gives a translation, though filling only twenty pages, includes several plots. In these short narratives it is not attempted, and indeed it would be hardly practicable, to give any minute delineation of character, or detail of social intercourse. They exhibit, however, a varied picture of human life, including more of its sober realities than was to be found till very lately in similar works in this country, in which the actors were almost exclusively confined to one class, and the interest excited by a single passion. M. Remusat, who is so well entitled to speak on the subject, observes:—

"The men and women whom they introduce are men and women acting naturally, within the circle of their passions and motives. Integrity is to be seen in contrast with intrigue, and honest men involved in the snares of knavery. The characters are generally persons of the middle or intermediate classes, such as magistrates, governors of towns, judges, councillors of state, and men of letters. We might be tempted to regard most of them as the private memoirs of some particular families, composed by an accurate and faithful observer. Visits and the formalities of polished statesmen; assemblies, and above all the conversations which render them agreeable, and the social amusements which prolong them; walks of the admirers of nature;

journeys; the manœuvres of lawyers; literary examinations; and, in the sequel, marriage, form their most frequent episodes and ordinary conclusions."

It may be added that the incidents, as in the drama, follow each other in a lively and rapid succession, and are often original and striking. We shall give an example from Du Halde's principal novel:—

"A man, whose brother was supposed to be dead, endeavored to compel his widow to marry another husband; and, from the power attached in China to this relationship, she found herself without the means of resistance. The lady, therefore, as is common with damsels in distressed situations in China, determined to put an end to her life; for which purpose she suspended herself by a cord to a beam in an inner apartment. It so happened, however, that the cord broke, and she fell on the floor. Yang, the wife and accomplice of her persecutor, being in the outer room, ran in on hearing the noise, but stumbled over the almost lifeless body of her sister-in-law, when her headdress was thrown to some distance. At this moment a knock at the door announced the arrival of the merchant, who came to carry off the unfortunate widow. Yang, anxious to avoid delay on an occasion where speed was necessary, yet unwilling to appear without a headdress, hastily put on the mourning one of her sister-in-law, and ran to admit the strangers. The headdress happened to be the mark by which they were to recognize their victim. Yang, therefore, was instantly seized and placed in a chair, where her loud cries, proclaiming the mistake, were drowned by the sound of trumpets and musical instruments usual on such occasions, and now redoubled to prevent the expected clamor from being heard. Thus she was hurried into a vessel prepared for reception, and carried away. It is easy to imagine the dismay of the brother-in-law, who found that he had sold his own wife, to whom he was attached; while the unexpected arrival of the persecuted lady's husband, whose death had been falsely announced, relieves her from further annoyance."

Love and courtship, which occupy such a prominent and almost exclusive place in our romance, can with difficulty enter into that of a people among whom the sexes are so strictly separated, that the two parties must not see each other till the day that unites them; and who are required not to take the slightest concern in the affair, but to leave it entirely to be arranged by friends and go-betweens. Yet such is the attractive nature of this all-pervading affection, and of the vicissitudes to which it is liable, that Chinese poets and novelists, in defiance of all these obstacles, have often contrived to introduce it as a leading theme. Peculiar events and circumstances bring the pair within view of each other, and give rise to a secret passion. One youth roaming through a garden looks into an arbor, and sees two ladies playing at chess; and though they instantly run away, one of them leaves the arrow in his heart. A lover being admitted into the house next to the abode of a celebrated beauty, obtains a sight of her through a chink in the partition wall. By a trick which the customs of China render practicable, he finds himself affianced and married to another, possessing none of the charms of his mistress, yet though eagerly desirous to prove the fraud, he dares not make any allusion to the stolen glance by which he was so fully assured of it. But perhaps the most original mode of falling in love is that of a youth and maiden who happened to live in houses situated on the banks of a river, and who in looking out one day, saw each other's shadows in the

water. The young man, observing the lovely image in the stream, says: "Are you not Yu-kieuen? What should hinder our meeting and becoming companions for life?" As he spoke, he extended his arms towards the water, as if to lift out the object. The maiden gave only a timid smile, but that was enough. The love-knot was already tied between the two, through the medium of their shadows.

TURKISH PROVERBS:—*

MY DEAR MRS. HALE: In a late number of the "Lady's Book," you appeal, on behalf of a correspondent, to some friend for a few Turkish proverbs. As I have always regarded it as a duty to respond to these inquiries of seekers of knowledge under difficulties when it lies in my power, I send you the following, extracted from a collection of Turkish proverbs published at the Armenian Monastery of Venice, where it was presented to me by one of the monks:—

1. "Play of hand, peasant's play." This is nearly the same as a German proverb.
2. "Whoever does not beat his daughter will one day strike his knees in vain."
3. "Long hair, little brains." These identical words are given in the old "Minnesinger Hugo von Trimberg."
4. "Wine and roast! Yes—yes; count and bill. Woe! Woe!"
5. "Slow ass is easy to ride on."
6. "He that speaks truth must have one leg in the stirrup."
7. "The mother of a timid son never weeps."
8. "Kiss ardently the hand which you cannot cut off."
9. "He that falls by himself never cries."
10. "Never look a gift horse in the mouth." This proverb is well known in several languages.
11. "Public grief is festivity and rejoicing compared with that of individuals."
12. "During the pilgrimage, everything does not suit the taste of the pilgrim."
13. "Every fish that escapes appears greater than it really is." This is also an English proverb. It resembles an old French couplet:—

*"Chase la plus recommandé
Du chat toujours est emportée."*

14. "Poverty is a shirt of fire."
15. "Generosity from the purse of another."
16. "Measure a thousand times and cut once."
17. "The cock that sings untimely must have its head cut off."
18. "Dig a well with a needle."
19. "Be it even pitch, welcome if gratis."
20. "Riches are as precious as life."
21. "A cucumber being given to a starving man, he refused it because it was crooked."
22. "A letter written after dinner is read in hell."
23. "Money is needed both by monk and dervish."
24. "The camel went in search of horns, and lost its ears." English: "Go for wool and come back shorn."
25. "It is well for a shopkeeper to be lame."
26. "If my beard is burnt, others try to light their pipes at it."
27. "Grace must be natural."
28. "God keep us from judge and doctor."
29. "We had hardly gone to sell pine-wood ere the moon rose."
30. "The lining is dearer than the covering."

* From a distinguished *littérateur* of Philadelphia.

31. "Kill, but make no laws."
 32. "Mountains do not come nearer to mountains, but men to men."
 33. "He is between two swords."
 34. "Two feet in one shoe."
 35. "They told you to beat and not to kill."
 36. "You cannot find a cupboard in the hut of a gypsy."

In the work from which these are taken are in all one hundred and eighty proverbs. It can be imported for three or four shillings by sending an order to any foreign bookseller corresponding with Venice. F. W. Christern, 763 Broadway, N. Y., can be recommended. There is in the Philadelphia Library "Burkhardt's Arabian Proverbs," which would probably prove a mine of attraction to your correspondent. MEISTER KARL.

ELIZA COOK AND HER JOURNAL.—We regret to learn that the "Journal" is, for the present, suspended. It was established in September, 1849, and has been most ably conducted to the present time. In the last number she says:—

"It would be as ungrateful as unseemly if I breathed no farewell word to those subscribers who have so generously patronized my earnest though trivial efforts in the cause of simple poetry and popular progression. I shall not say much, for the subject I am communicating is too painful to dwell upon.

"Suffering of an unusually severe character attacked me soon after the commencement of my 'Journal'; but I endured and labored with, I trust, a brave heart and patient spirit. After sleepless nights, morning has found me at my desk, trembling in frame, but firm in purpose; and, without a shadow of pretence, let me say that I have worked less with the desire of gaining my daily bread than with the wish to be of use to my fellow creatures. I am at length compelled to yield to circumstances, and must retire—at least for a time—from the field of literature.

"Should the re-establishment of my health permit a renewal of my duties, I feel convinced that I shall again find friends ready to cheer me on; but in order to secure freedom from anxiety and responsibility, the 'Journal' for the present will be discontinued, and the publication of it cease from this number.

"In the sincere hope that my retirement from literary pursuits will be only temporary, I most cordially, though painfully, bid my kind readers adieu!"

Eliza Cook was born in Southwark, near London, where her father, a calker, resided. She was the "youngling of the flock" by eleven years, and like a babe born out of due season, was tenderly cherished by her excellent mother, whose character, disciplined by suffering, seems to have exerted a great and beneficial influence over her gifted child.

The death of this beloved mother when Miss Cook was about fifteen left her in that heart-desolation, which is the ordeal of woman's character, often developing new talents and energies; chastening the spirit of youthful hope for its tasks of duty, and thus exalting her aims in life. Such sorrows serve to kindle anew the torch of her genius; it was thus with Miss Cook. Her home, after her beloved mother was withdrawn, was neither pleasant nor happy, and the young girl was compelled to find in intellectual pursuits her means of contentment. She gave expression to her earnest thoughts and generous feelings. The language seems to have flowed spontaneously in rhyme, as there is hardly a trace of labor or study in her poetry; but there is that which is

for a woman better than classical learning, a heartiness and truthful sympathy with human kind, a love of freedom and of nature, which, in her productions, even more than their grace and melody, charm her readers.

Miss Cook's poetry began to appear in various London journals about 1836. Some years afterwards, the late Mrs. Osgood, our favorite American poetess, met Miss Cook in London, and thus describes her: "Eliza Cook is just what her noble poetry would lead you to imagine her; a frank, generous, brave, and warm-hearted girl, about twenty years of age; rather stout and sturdy-looking, with a face not handsome, but very intelligent. Her hair is black and very luxuriant; her eyes gray and full of expression; and her mouth indescribably sweet." Since then, Miss Cook has won a high place as a prose writer; and her "Journal" has been devoted to the intelligent elevation of the masses, over whose dreary path such "dense clouds of ignorance" then frowned, that there seemed no opening for the light of truth to be admitted. Her hopeful spirit won its way to the popular heart, for, as she remarked: "The people have sufficient perception to thoroughly estimate those who are truly with and for them." We will add here one poem which has gained for Miss Cook a warm place in many an American heart; and although familiar to some of our readers, we feel sure all will be glad to read it again:—

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
 To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
 I've treasured it long as a sacred prize,
 I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs;
 'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
 Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there,
 And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour, I lingered near
 The hallowed seat with listening ear;
 And gentle words that mother would give,
 To fit me to die and teach me to live.
 She told me shame would never betide,
 With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
 She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
 As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
 When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
 And I almost worshipped her when she smiled
 And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
 Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
 My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
 I learnt how much the heart can bear
 When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
 With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
 'Twas there she nursed me; 'twas there she died;
 And memory flows with lava tide.
 Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
 While scalding drops start down my cheek;
 But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
 My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

WOMEN IN FRANCE.—M. Victor Cousin, the renowned philosopher, is now devoting his powers of mind to the study of feminine character. He has given two portraits of his favorites of the seventeenth century, Madame de Longueville and Madame de Sablé. An English reviewer says truly of Cousin's aim in these works: "Once

for all, it will never be well with France till this notion of *les belles pêcheresses* be, for one thing, wiped out of it, and some idea of duty contrived to take its place;" in which sentiment we fully agree.

Another British reviewer, who admits the intellectual superiority of the women of France over those of England during the last two centuries, thinks the question has an important bearing on the culture of women in the present day. "Women become superior in France by being admitted to a common fund of ideas; to common objects of interest with men; and this must be ever the essential condition at once of true womanly culture and of true social well-being. We have no faith in feminine *conversazione*, where ladies are eloquent as Apollo and Mars, though we sympathize with the yearning activity of faculties which, deprived of their proper material, waste themselves weaving fabrics out of cobwebs. Let the whole field of reality be laid open to woman as well as to man, and then that which is peculiar in her mental modification, instead of being, as it now is, a source of discord and repulsion between the sexes, will be found to be a necessary complement to the truth and beauty of life. Then shall we have that marriage of minds which alone can blend all the hues of thought and feeling in one lovely rainbow of promise for the harvest of human happiness."

A PRODIGY IN ARITHMETIC.—Hitherto, children who have shown wonderful powers of computation have been, we believe, boys; but a little girl in Scotland now claims this strange gift of intuitive knowledge in a surpassing degree. The girl's name is Margaret Cleland, daughter of Gavin Cleland, shoemaker in Darvel, Ayrshire. She is between eight and nine years old; is at school, and commenced the study of arithmetic less than a year ago. A North British paper states that "such are the powers of her memory, that she is able to calculate mentally, in a very few moments, such questions as these: How many seconds in 20, 80, 90, or 900 years? How many ounces in 20, 60, or a 100 tons? She can multiply such a line as £894 12s. 11d. by 32, 56, or 96, as cleverly and correctly as any ordinary arithmetician would multiply by 4, 6, or 8. Counts in long division (simple and compound) she divides by short division, or in one line, by such figures as 34, 56, 72, 96, &c., in eight or ten seconds. The first time her teacher discovered her remarkable abilities was when she was showing him sums multiplied by numbers from 14 to 4,880, which at first he thought she must have worked on her slate below, and then transferred. He alleged as much, which she would by no means admit. He then, to test her, told her to multiply a line of pounds, shillings, and pence, which he gave her, by 72. To his surprise, she multiplied it as fast as any other person could have done by 7. Yet this girl never learned the multiplication table higher than twelve times twelve. She can also add up eight or ten lines of pounds, shillings, and pence by first adding the two lowest lines together, then the third lowest, and so on. When performing these calculations, every limb and feature seems at rest."

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Dreams of Youth"—"The Approach"—"Presentiment"—"To Carry"—"Fanny's Lesson"—"The Life-boat"—"I have loved thee fondly"—"Willow Boughs"—"My Dream Angel"—"Dropped to Sleep"—"The Tide of Time"—"The Old Year"—"Carrie Lee"—"Love Lines," &c.—and "Mrs. Mortimer's New Velvet Cloak."

We have no room for the following: "To Mary" (the writer has a meaning in his measure, but we do not admit private communications. The MS. might be sent to the lady)—"A Valentine" (too late for this year)—"Tried in the Flames, or the Love of a Belle" (too terrible for our pages)—"The Poet's World"—"Confessions of a Criminal"—Song, "By the beauty," &c.—"Thoughts of Home"—"To Carrie"—"Trevor, or Ideal and Reality" (we have not room at present for long stories)—"My Infant Sister" (the poem is pretty, but imperfect; the writer can improve)—"The Snow Storm"—"A Country Walk"—"Cheerfulness"—"Pages from a Journal"—"Nothing venture, nothing have"—"Humbugs"—"Americanism"—and "My Window Seat."

We shall attend to the subject of female colleges, and notice the prospectus of "Franklin Female College" and other circulars in our next number.

A package from Rochester, N. Y., has been sent to our post-office from New York city; postage forty cents. It looks like a MS. If the writer will remit us the amount, we will take it from the post-office; otherwise it must go to the dead-letter office. The "Lady's Book" is published in Philadelphia, and not in New York.

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

From JAMES MUNROE & Co., Boston and Cambridge:—

THE WORKS OF SHAKSPEARE. With Notes, by the Rev. H. N. Hudson, A. M. In eleven volumes. Vol. 7. We are always glad to see another volume of this valuable edition of Shakspeare upon our table. The notes and comments, both verbal and historical, are prepared with great care, and the editor shows plainly his thorough knowledge and appreciation of his subject. The light which his researches and study cast upon the obscure portions of the writings of the dramatist, are a great assistance to the ordinary reader.

AN OFFERING OF SYMPATHY TO THE AFFLICTED, *especially to Bereaved Parents.* By Francis Parkman, D. D. This is a compilation of those essays that might be supposed to offer most of consolation or sympathy to the sorrowful. The editor was prompted to his task by a sad affliction that occurred to him; and, by publishing those writings that were most comforting to his sad heart, he found he had helped to lighten somewhat the burden of many other grieving spirits. Many writers of eminence are among the contributors, and whatever relief the afflicted may receive from knowing that others have passed beneath the same cloud which darkens their lot, may doubtless be derived from the gentle and tender consolations offered in the pages of this book.

MARY AND ELLEN; *or, the Best Thanksgiving.* A child's story, simple and interesting, with incident enough to fix the attention, and related in that clear, direct style so captivating to the young.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM: *a Monthly Journal for Girls and Boys.* Edited by Grace Greenwood and Leander H. Lippincott, Philadelphia. This is one of

the prettiest and most interesting periodicals for youth we have ever seen. The editress, who has already established herself as one of our most popular writers, contributes, among her other articles, a series of papers on the curiosities or places of historical interest she visited during her European tour. These she contrives to make both attractive and useful. A monthly visitor of this kind is a constant source of pleasure and profit to children; and the low price, fifty cents a year, at which this is offered, would, we should think, effectually preclude any objection to taking it on the plea of "hard times."

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From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & Co., No. 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN: *containing Hints to Sportsmen, Notes on Shooting, and the Habits of the Game Birds and Wild Fowls of America.* By Elisha J. Lewis, M. D., Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, American Editor of "Youatt on the Dog," etc. etc. With numerous illustrations. Although this is professedly a book for sportsmen, we value it more highly for its notes on natural history. This book is a perfect specimen of wood engraving and typography. The engravings in front, by Louderback & Hoffman, and printed by the Messrs. Collins, are as beautiful embellishments as we have ever seen. The whole work reflects great credit upon all concerned in the getting up.

LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND ABRIDGED: *with a Continuation from 1688 to 1854.* By James Burke, Esq., A. B. To which is prefixed a memoir of Dr. Lingard, and magazine notes, by M. J. Kerney, A. M. This is a very handsomely printed volume of six hundred and sixty pages. As far as we have had time to examine and compare its contents, it appears to be as fair an abridgment of the original work as could be expected. It will be recollected that the author, Dr. Lingard, was a clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church, and that his work has been generally received as the Catholic view of English history. It is but justice to say, however, that the best English and American critics have spoken of the author's truthfulness and impartiality. We need scarcely allude to the advantages which such a volume presents to those who wish to be placed in possession of all the important facts of history, without the trouble of tracing them out from the record and narrative in which the historian has been obliged to connect them with details and explanations not particularly interesting to the reader.

MAY AND DECEMBER. *A Tale of Wedded Life.* By Mrs. Hubback, author of "The Wife's Sister; or, the Forbidden Marriage," etc. This is a very interesting work of its class, though it has one very shocking bad character, a clerk, who continually reminds us of a person of the same profession in "Dombey and Son."

NELLY BRACKEN. *A Tale of Forty Years Ago.* A very interesting American story.

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From T. B. PETERSON, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

LIEBIG'S COMPLETE WORKS ON CHEMISTRY. Comprising his "Agricultural Chemistry; or, Organic Chemistry in its application to Agriculture and Physiology;" "Animal Chemistry; or, Organic Chemistry in its application to Physiology and Pathology;" "Familiar Letters on Chemistry, and its Relations to Commerce, Physiology, and Agriculture;" "The Origin of

the Potato Disease; and Researches into the motion of the Juices in the Animal Body; and Evaporation in Plants;" "Chemistry and Physics in Relation to Physiology and Pathology," etc. etc. By Justus Liebig, M. D., Ph. D., F. R. S., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Gieszen. The comprehensive title of this volume is sufficient to indicate its value to the farmer, the physician, the chemist, and to the general reader. Speaking of "Agricultural Chemistry," "Silliman's Journal," the highest American authority, remarks that "its acceptance as a standard is unavoidable." Price one dollar and fifty cents.

THE WIFE'S VICTORY; *and other Nouvellettes.* By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. In this elegantly printed volume, we have a collection of ten distinct nouvelles, which, though "composed in the midst of privation, toil, and great sorrow," are of absorbing interest, excellent in moral, and written in the usually forcible and highly imaginative style of their gifted authoress. Price, in paper covers, two volumes, 75 cents; bound in one volume, cloth, \$1.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE. *An Historical Romance.* By the author of "Jack Sheppard," etc.

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From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia:—

PARISH AND OTHER PENCILINGS. By Kirwan. This is a handsome volume of sketches on various subjects, from the pen of the author of "Letters to Bishop Hughes," "Romanism at Rome," etc.

AMERICAN PRINCIPLES ON NATIONAL PROSPERITY. *A Thanksgiving Sermon, Preached in the First Presbyterian Church, Elizabethtown, November 28, 1854.* - By Nicholas Murray, D. D., Pastor of the Church. Price 10 cents.

HARPER'S GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD. No. 8. Price 50 cents.

THE ROSE AND THE RING; *or, the History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo. A Fireside Pantomime for Great and Small Children.* By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh (W. M. Thackeray), author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," etc. etc. This humorous pantomime in print will be greeted by both old and young with "roars of laughter." Though, as a matter of course, broadly burlesque, the story is an interesting one, and contains many laughable hits at the pompous follies of royalty. The illustrations are profuse, and intensely comic.

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THE NEW JERSEY MEDICAL REPORTER: *a Monthly Journal of Medical and Surgical Science.* Edited by S. W. Butler, M. D. Burlington: published by S. W. Butler. We have received the first number of the eighth volume of this excellent journal, which we can cheerfully recommend to such of our readers—and they are many—as may be connected with the medical profession. In addition to numerous articles of interest and importance to physicians and surgeons, the January number contains a life-like portrait, on steel, of the late Dr. Chapman. Terms of the "Reporter," \$2 per annum, invariably in advance.

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From GARRETT & Co., New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN HOME COOK-BOOK, *with Several Hundred Recipes, selected and tried with great care. The whole based on many years of Experience.* By an American Lady. Profusely illustrated.

From DE WITT & DAVENPORT, N. Y., and ABEL TOMPKINS, Boston, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

HUMANITY IN THE CITY. By the Rev. E. H. Chapin. This handsome volume contains eight eloquent discourses under the following heads: "Lessons of the Street;" "Man and Machinery;" "Strife for Precedence;" "Symbols of the Republic;" "Springs of Social Life;" "Allies of the Tempter;" "Children of the Poor;" "Help of Religion." The author of these discourses is a true philanthropist of the Christian school. His benevolence and charity are founded upon the Scripture basis, and not upon worldly ostentation and the hope of being rewarded by the plaudits of men. Thus, while he probes deeply into the evils which affect and disgrace humanity, he is not afraid to speak boldly to the rich and opulent, whose duty he conceives it to be to see that a remedy shall be applied for the preservation not only of individuals, but of society, from the mental and moral degradation which seems to threaten it. The volume is worthy of a wide circulation.

From MASON & BROTHERS, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

THE LIFE OF HORACE GREELY, *Editor of the "New York Tribune."* Horace Greely, considering the number of his years, has been a very successful politician, and is now a very prominent man among prominent editors. He has applied himself with great industry to his profession, and, although we may not approve of his whole course, we cannot but admit that, by his energy and perseverance, he has established a character and example which may be studied with profit by the younger members of his own craft.

From W. P. FETRIDGE & Co., Boston, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

HAGAR, THE MARTYR; or, Passion and Reality. A Tale of the North and South. By Mrs. H. Marion Stephens. The appreciation by the press of this book will be shown by the following extracts :—

"'Hagar, the Martyr,' is a tale of great power, in which the ability of the writer is strikingly exhibited."—*Salem Observer.*

"Mrs. Stephens has a distinguished reputation as a poetess, and the work referred to establishes her claim to rank as one of our best female prose writers. Without any sickly sentimentality, the book abounds in pathos and passages of exquisite beauty."—*Ballou's (late Gleason's) Pictorial.*

LITTLE FOLKS' OWN: Stories, Sketches, Poems, and Paragraphs, designed to Amuse and Benefit the Young. By Mrs. L. S. Goodwin. The "little folks" will find this volume quite a treasury of good things, intended especially for them. The poetry will please them, inasmuch as they even will be able to appreciate its beautiful simplicity and naturalness. From the tales and sketches they will derive much amusement, and many lessons of virtue, which may prove of value to them when they shall have ceased to be "little folks." The engravings are numerous, and artistically executed.

From BUNCE & BROTHER, 134 Nassau Street, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

LOVE IN IDLENESS. *A Tale.* This is a story of great beauty, but of a melancholy character. The moral it conveys is an excellent one. Price twenty-five cents, in paper cover.

From D. APPLETON & Co., No. 200 Broadway, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

ROSE AND LILLIE STANHOPE; or, the Power of Conscience. By M. J. McIntosh, author of "Emily Herbert," "Blind Alice," "Jessie Graham," etc. etc. This is a beautiful little story, by a favorite authoress. Though especially designed for the young, readers of any age will find both pleasure and profit in its perusal.

MAXIMS OF WASHINGTON; Political, Social, Moral, and Religious. Collected and arranged by John Frederick Schroeder, D. D., a Citizen of the United States. This is a valuable collection, full of wisdom and patriotism, worthy of the father of his country. It is a rich legacy to Americans, and as such should be placed in the hands of our youth as soon as they are capable of comprehending its worth. The task performed by the author has doubtless been a laborious one, requiring great industry in the examination of private letters and public documents, and in the classification and arrangement of the maxims and sentiments under appropriate heads. For this labor, we hope he will meet with a merited reward in the just appreciation of his fellow-citizens.

MILE-STONES IN OUR LIFE-JOURNEY. By Samuel Osgood, author of "The Hearth-Stone," "God with Men," "Studies in Christian Biography," etc. It is not often that we meet with works containing sounder morality, or purer religious philosophy, than we find compressed within this elegant volume. It is full of just and practical thoughts, appropriate for the young and for persons of all ages in the intermediate distances of a protracted journey of life. Sincerity and perspicuity are the principal features in the author's style, yet it is not wanting in those beauties which a glowing, but finely educated imagination can gracefully intertwine with the most solemn thoughts and admonitions.

From BROWN, BAZIN, & Co., Boston, through C. G. HENDERSON & Co., Philadelphia :—

THE BOAT CLUB; or, the Bunkers of Rippleton. A Tale for Boys. By Oliver Optic. Among the many books written nowadays for the younger portions of the community, this volume deserves a conspicuous place. Its style is clear and simple, but not without ornament. The incidents, characters, and sentiments are just such as we might expect in a tale in which boy-life is portrayed with truthfulness and an eye to nature. Honest Joe Weston, the open-hearted Frank Sedley, the somewhat selfish Charles Hardy, and the "filibustering" Bunkers, have their representatives in every village.

From J. S. REDFIELD, 110 and 112 Nassau Street, New York, through W. B. ZIEBER, Philadelphia :—

THE HISTORY AND POETRY OF FINGER-RINGS. By Charles Edwards, Counsellor-at-Law, New York. Anastasius Grün, a German poet, has written a very pretty little poem descriptive of the scene which, while he "sat upon a mountain," he beheld "through the little circle" of a ring, drawn from his finger "in dreamy thought," and held before his eye. "By his dear love's ring thus spanned," the bard saw "green and pleasant mountains, and golden fields of corn," verdant woods, and "hamlets with white steeples," over all which, "like his longing, clouds sailed to far-off lands." Mr. Edwards appears to have been more favored. In the golden framework of his ring he beheld a varied throng of objects, among which moved the forms of emperors, kings, warriors statesmen,

popes, bishops, priests, and poets. If our readers would know how much history, romance, poetry, curious information, and entertaining speculation may be centered "in the slender circle" of a ring, they should by all means make themselves a present of this happily conceived and well-executed volume.

THE LIFE OF P. T. BARNUM. Written by himself. We scarcely know what to say of this book, except that it is a pretty fair representation of its distinguished author, elegantly illustrated and bound in cloth; an interesting compound of humbug and real merit, made up of new jokes, old jokes rejuvenated, and pious, moral, and philosophical reflections, strung together upon the life-thread of the prince of showmen, and the boldest and most successful, but, at the same time, least harmful, of speculators upon human credulity. Many will find fault with Barnum's autobiography as a work of art; in fact, they may come to the conclusion that it is a little in the "Fejee Mermaid" line; but few of its readers, we venture to say, will not consider themselves sufficiently repaid for the investment made in purchasing it.

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE. This admirable story, written by Alice B. Neal, we are pleased to know, is a great favorite with the happy class of readers for whose especial benefit it was designed. It abounds in pure moral sentiment, comprehensible by the tenderest minds, and instructs while it prepares the heart for the performance of generous and noble actions. There is no more fascinating instructress for the young than "Cousin Alice." James S. Dickerson, New York, publisher.

From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co., Boston, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

COUNTRY LIFE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Cousin Mary. Illustrated. A beautiful little volume of charmingly told stories, the first of which, "Country Life," presents many natural pictures of rural scenes, sports, and employments. The book cannot fail to please the young, for whose entertainment it has been prepared.

THE ANGEL CHILDREN; or, Stories from Cloud-Land. By Charlotte M. Higgins. This is another collection of tales for the little folks, in uniform binding with the volume above noticed. Though most of these tales are of a highly poetical character, they seldom rise above the comprehension of children, whom the perusal of them will at once instruct, delight, and render better and happier.

From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co., Boston, through C. G. HENDERSON & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS HOOD. With a Biographical Sketch. Edited by Epes Sargent.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM COLLINS, THOMAS GRAY, AND OLIVER GOLDSMITH. With Biographical Sketches and Notes. Edited by Epes Sargent.

From the same publishers, through LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. For the year 1855.

Of the poetical merits of the first two volumes mentioned above, it will be unnecessary for us to speak. Thomas Hood has been too recently among us, engaged in writing for the amusement and the regeneration of

the world, to require a particular recommendation to those who will be most likely to become the purchasers of his poetical works. And, as for Collins, Gray, and Goldsmith, they will always be able to take care of themselves, so long as an admirer of pure English poetry shall be left in any country.

As to the last mentioned work, "The American Almanac," it contains a vast fund of statistical, political, and scientific knowledge, which no well-informed American can afford to dispense with.

But, if we can find nothing more to say in praise of authors who have been praised so often before, we can, with great justice, praise these editions of their works. The paper is firm, white, and smooth, the type large and clear, the printing uniform, and the binding substantial. The same, however, may be said of all the books, and they are numerous, and selected from the first class authors, that bear the imprint of Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston.

From LITTLE, BROWN, & Co., Boston; EVANS & DICKERSON, New York; LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS PARSELL. With a Life, by Oliver Goldsmith. **THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS TICKELL.** With a Life, by Dr. Johnson.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY. With a Memoir.

These two volumes form a part of the elegant series of British Poets, to which we have already called the favorable attention of our readers. Each work may be purchased separately, for the extremely low price of 75 cents.

From CROSBY, NICHOLS, & Co., Boston, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

NOTES ON DUELS AND DUELLING, *Alphabetically arranged, with a Preliminary Historical Essay.* By Lorenzo Sabine. A vast deal of research must have been expended in collecting the curious, historical, and biographical information here embodied. As to the practical value of the work, there may be differences of opinion; the compiler, however, seems to hope that his labors will assist in doing away with a practice which, absurd as it is, has not yet been wholly abandoned by "men of honor."

From TICKNOR, REED, & FIELDS, Boston, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

MERRIE ENGLAND. *Travels, Descriptions, Tales, and Historical Sketches.* By Grace Greenwood. This is a very pretty little book, the contents of which will not only please, but instruct the class of readers for whom it has been written. The style is simple and familiar, but graceful, and, of course, always impressive, as the writer discourses on subjects made familiar by personal observation.

From JAMES S. DICKERSON, New York, through C. G. HENDERSON, Philadelphia:—

HOME LIFE. Twelve Lectures. By William Hague, D. D. These lectures treat of the marriage institution, duties of husband and wife, reciprocal duties of parents and children, brothers and sisters, householders and servants, of principals to clerks, apprentices, etc. The lessons are practical in their nature, and will doubtless have a beneficial effect in teaching the rightful and peaceful government of families.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through C. G. HENDERSON, Philadelphia :—

CORNELL'S PRIMARY GEOGRAPHY. *Forming Part First of a Systematic Series of School Geographies.* By S. S. Cornell. This work promises many new facilities to the youthful student of geography. It is arranged, illustrated, and printed in the best style of the Appletons, and will be found worthy of the attention of teachers in our private and public schools. Hitherto, the minds of children have been crowded and oppressed with the labor of attaining a vague idea, we cannot say a knowledge, of geography; but, in the work now presented, we think a system is presented which will greatly relieve both the teacher and the student.

From J. C. DERBY, 119 Nassau Street, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

MY COURTSHIP AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. By Henry Wikoff. In this volume of nearly five hundred pages, Mr. Wikoff very minutely details his singular courtship with Miss Gamble, and all the incidents of his trial and imprisonment at Genoa. The book is written in excellent style and temper, and, were it a romance, would excite unusual interest. But, as it is a narrative of facts, it will undoubtedly command a circulation commensurate with the imperfect knowledge which the public had previously obtained of Mr. Wikoff's courtship through the newspapers.

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia :—

THE AIMWELL STORIES. OSCAR; *or, the Boy who had his Own Way.* By Walter Aimwell, author of "Clinton," "Boy's own Guide," etc. With illustrations. This is the first of a contemplated series of books, designed for the amusement and instruction of the young. Written in a simple, but attractive style, it presents to the contemplation of too fond parents "the career of a bright, but somewhat headstrong boy," who, being allowed to have his own way in everything, barely escapes becoming the partner of thieves and vagabonds. The story is full of interest, and contains many charming sketches of boy-life in town and country.

From SAMUEL HUESTON, New York :—

THE KNICKERBOCKER GALLERY. *A Testimonial to the Editor of the "Knickerbocker Magazine" from its Contributors.* With forty-eight portraits on steel, from original pictures engraved expressly for this work. This is a splendid volume, printed and bound in the most elegant style. We understand from the preface that it originated in a proposal that the surviving writers for the "Knickerbocker" should each furnish, gratuitously, an article, and that the collection should be issued in a volume of tasteful elegance, of which the entire avails should be appropriated in building, on the margin of the Hudson, a cottage suitable for the home of a man of letters, who, like Mr. Clark, the esteemed editor of the "Knickerbocker Magazine," is also a lover of nature and of rural life. The book is worthy of the object, and the object worthy of the book. We hope its success will be complete, and that all who have contributed their portraits and their pencillings to its pages will live to be mutually gratified in beholding the accomplished editor in the enjoyment of his cottage home.

From TOON, NELSON, & Co., Nashville, Tenn. :—

MEMORIES OVER THE WATER; or, Stray Thoughts on a Long Stroll. By Henry Manly. With an introduction, by the Hon. E. H. Ewing. Our attention has again been directed to this handsome and attractive volume, in consequence of a mistake which occurred in our first announcement of its publication. The author is a gentleman of high classical attainments, at present editor of the Nashville "Gazette," in which paper the critical and entertaining sketches which comprise the contents of this volume originally appeared. Even in that loose form they excited general interest, and were perused with delight by thousands. Since their collection and issue in a substantial volume by the enterprising firm of Toon, Nelson, & Co., they have won new and merited consideration for the author. The observations of the author are of that practical nature which are sure to carry with them the confidence of the reader, and to leave the most truthful impressions on the minds of those who seek for information and a just appreciation of foreign manners and institutions.

Godsey's Arm-Chair.

A GEM.—We ask the attention of our subscribers to the first plate in this number—"The Water-Lily." It has been pronounced a gem. Look at the countenance of the girl; it is innocence personified. It was engraved by Ritchie, of New York, so celebrated for his beautiful mezzotint of Mary, Queen of Scots, and other large plates for the New York "Albion." Our fashion plate is "the fashion;" our other engravings we know our subscribers will appreciate, because they are novel and useful.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW AGAIN IN THIS NUMBER—the "Imitation of Dresden China-Work." And the ladies will be particularly obliged to us for the different patterns of wheels to be used in embroidery. We have several more patterns that will be given in April. In January, we introduced "Potichimanie" for the first time in this country; in February, "How to make Flowers from Wood-Shavings;" and now "Dresden China-Work," and "Wheels for Embroidery." Why do not some of our contemporaries wake up?

PAULINE FORSYTH.—We have another admirable story in this number from our excellent correspondent. Several of our exchanges pronounce "The Cosmetic" the best story we have ever published.

CAUTION TO THOSE REMITTING MONEY.—Don't depend upon the adhesive matter on the envelopes; always use a wafer in addition.

SEVASTOPOL TAKEN—by the ladies. At least we have every reason to suppose so, judging from the large orders for the pattern by Brodie, published in our January number.

OAKFORD, the great hatter and furrier, has sent us his pamphlet circular. It contains the fashions for the spring of this year, which are got up in a style that is peculiar to Oakford alone. Address C. Oakford, 158 Chestnut Street, and he will send you a copy. Brodie has also sent us a pamphlet containing all his fashions. He is the most celebrated man in New York in his line. Address G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street.

FRANKLIN FEMALE COLLEGE,
Holly Springs, Dec. 1, 1854.

MRS. SARAH J. HALE: We have examined, somewhat hastily, your "Bible Reading-Book," in reference to the plan of division, as well as the portions of Holy Scripture selected, and can but approve of the work in both these particulars. Such a work has been much needed, especially in schools, in which the Bible, God's own book, should be read daily. In view of the happy selections which have been made, no less than the admirable plan of the work, we take pleasure in recommending the "Bible Reading-Book" as a suitable work to be adopted in all our seminaries of learning.

REV. S. G. STORKS, A. M., *President.*

REV. B. H. CAPERS, A. M.,

Prof. Ancient Languages.

REV. ADDISON, LEA, A. M.,

Prof. Natural Sciences.

JAMES D. COBB, A. M.,

Prof. Mathematics.

JULIUS TROTSEAU,

Prof. Modern Languages

REV. D. J. ALLEN, M. D.,

Prof. English Literature.

LADIES' UNION CITY MISSION.—Among the many charitable institutions of the city of Philadelphia, this association is particularly worthy of honorable notice. It is composed of ladies of the first standing in society, drawn together from various denominations, and governed by those sentiments of Christian charity which are common to all. The members are therefore devoted, with singleness of heart, to comforting, instructing, and reforming the poor, wretched, and debased population who inhabit, for the most part, the suburbs of this great and wealthy metropolis. That our readers may comprehend how fully and actively these good ladies have entered upon their voluntary duties, and how much their delicate natures have to contend against in the prosecution of their generous designs, we condense the following facts from their seventh annual report.

A committee of managers visited the poor outcasts, to ascertain best how to relieve them. Their first convictions of duty was to establish a Sabbath-school. They went from house to house asking the privilege of instructing and benefiting the children, and were everywhere met with the excuse that the children were too poorly provided with clothing to attend. The excuse, however, was overcome by the promise that they should be comfortably clothed. The school was accordingly commenced, with twenty-three scholars, but it soon numbered sixty. Encouraged by this success, a day school was subsequently established, and thirty children, whose days had been spent in wandering through the streets, were soon receiving instruction from a kind, judicious female teacher. During this time, more than a hundred garments had been distributed to the ragged and almost naked children, who had been collected from courts and alleys, and haunts of vice and wretchedness, such as but few *men* would have had the courage to enter with the least confidence of producing any practical good. Finding that it was impossible to supply the demand for clothing by giving cast-off garments, it was resolved to establish a sewing society and solicit donations from the public. The appeal was not made in vain, and the society acknowledges the noble generosity of those to whom application was made.

We might follow the details of the report further, and give the particulars of cases of vice, destitution, and

misery, such as but few can imagine have an existence so near their own happy homes; and we might also give instances of the reformation of individuals and whole families, brought about by the quiet influences of the Union Mission, such as we have here, which would prompt the most credulous to give their aid to so good and holy a cause.

It is for this end, indeed, that we have called attention to the existence and the successful labors of this Union of benevolent Christian ladies. We have said enough, we hope, without probing deeper into these scenes of human misery and depravity which have called forth their exertions, to induce others to participate, at least by donations, in their efforts to ameliorate the sufferings of our common humanity. The very season of the year is such as to awaken a sympathetic feeling in the hearts of those to whom much has been given, and from whom, as we are assured, much will be required. Those having the disposition to give cannot, in our opinion, find purer or more disinterested dispensers of their alms than the members of the *Ladies' Union City Mission.*

GODEY'S GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS FROM PAINTINGS BY THE FIRST MASTERS.—No. 4 of this work is now ready, price 50 cents. The whole four numbers will be sent on receipt of \$2. They contain about 125 engravings. This is the cheapest set of engravings in the world.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

Breast-pins, from \$4 to \$12.

Ear-rings, from \$4 50 to \$10.

Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.

Rings, from \$1 to \$2.

WE have received a very interesting paper from Newnan, Ga., entitled "The Fly-Leaf." It is edited by the young ladies of the Senior Class in College Temple, at that place, and a very agreeable, sprightly paper it is. The editor, in an opening address, apologizes for errors, and pleads want of experience, &c. The apology is not necessary, for the paper is well edited, and the articles are sprightly. Newnan, Ga., in 1824, was an unbroken forest; the town was laid out and sold in lots in 1828; now it has a population of nearly 3000. The society is refined, religious, and intelligent. Of the latter we have good evidence, for there are probably more "Lady's Books" subscribed for there than in any other town of its size in the Union. College Temple was chartered in 1854, and sprang into existence solely from the funds of a private individual, M. P. Kellogg, Esq.; the buildings were erected and furnished solely at his own expense. The citizens of Newnan owe much to him for his great enterprise and liberality.

"THE LADIES' POCKET-BOOK" is a very neat little affair, sent us by Jewett, Proctor, & Co., of Cleveland, O. It contains an almanac, some pretty engravings, and quite a quantity of useful and interesting reading.

"A YOUNG BEGINNER" sends us a piece of poetry, and asks us to purchase it. Another sends a rhyme, and wishes to occupy a place every month at so much a verse; but he did not pay his postage. Another says, if his poetry is worth publishing, it is worth paying for. There is simply a difference of opinion about this last. Once for all, we do not wish to purchase any poetry.

TO LADIES WHO EXPECT TO BE "ASKED."—We commend the efficacy, says a contemporary, of either of the following methods of replying to gentlemen when they pop the question to *blondes*: Pause, sigh, open your eyes with a good deal of wonder, look your lover in the face, and say: "What—what can you mean, Alfred?" If the last words are spoken with a little pout, so much the better. 2. Very suitable for *brunettes*: Start, flash a glance at the questioner, turn aside, unable to speak your emotion: one hand pressed to your *heart* will express this effectually. 3. Seize hands of anybody; burst into tears, covering your face; if you can't cry, droop your head, and murmur, "Oh, William!"

Is it not pleasant to receive such letters as the following, and how can we help publishing them? We can't:

"If you could have seen the almost boisterous joy of our home circle on receipt of the letter and 'Book,' you would have fancied it as coming from some absent and dearly cherished friend. I don't know which received the greatest welcome, letter or 'Book.' Both are highly prized.
N. Y., Dec. '54."

AN agent writes us: "By the way, about those never-to-be-satisfied editors. You know, or ought to know, that there are some half dozen editors, reporters, &c., attached to every paper, and every one of them thinks he is entitled to 'Godey;' and it so happens that we sometimes give three or four to the same office. The fact is, you must not make the 'Book' so attractive. *We have no such trouble with other magazines.*"

WHY is it that Chestnut Street, above Eighth, on the south side of the way, is always "blocked up" with people? It is at any time difficult to get along there, especially during the hours that fashionable people most do promenade. We find it difficult to pass a certain spot ourselves, and that is Mrs. Suplee's window. Loving children dearly, we, of course, take an interest in their adornments, and we are always sure to see such a supply there that makes us wish ours were not growing up so fast. Such splendid embroidered cloaks for children, and other etceteras, which even we, old as we are in our knowledge of the wants of children, can hardly give a name to. The indefatigable Mrs. S., determined not to be outdone by anybody in the trade, has increased her efforts, and now, in addition to furnishing grown children with outfits, she will send everything necessary, either made up or in patterns, for children from one day to eight years of age. She will also furnish outfits for infants, baskets included, for from \$50 to \$250. She has had several orders lately. For \$125, a very pretty assortment can be sent, or even for \$100; but for something very extra, say for a first born, you must go higher. Patterns of every variety, and of everything connected with a lady's wardrobe. No lady visiting our city should fail to pay Mrs. S. a visit; she will always find something there that she never thought of before, and, at the same time, it will be something useful. Any orders addressed to our Fashion Editor will be attended to the same as if addressed to Mrs. Suplee.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

SOMEBODY has published twelve rules for the new year. No. 3 is an excellent one: "Go to church at least once a week." No. 4 we have before recommended: "When you see a lecture advertised, stay at home and read fifteen pages of a good book." No. 10 we also recommend: "Defend the innocent, help the poor, and cultivate a spirit of friendship among all your acquaintances."

HERE is proof positive; this settles the matter:—

"MISSISSIPPI, Jan. '55.

"I did not know how to properly appreciate your 'Lady's Book,' though I thought I did, till I had a glimpse of several other magazines lately. My daughter said, as we looked over them, 'Well, ma, I thought Mr. Godey bragged too much before I saw *these*; but now I think he has reason to boast, for not one of these is fit to be compared to the 'Lady's Book.'"

"With good wishes, I remain

"Yours, respectfully, Mrs. H."

OUR Fashion Editor has on hand some most beautiful patterns for netted anti-macassars, also collar patterns and crochet mats, which are too large for the "Book." Twenty-five cents each.

MRS. HALE'S "COOK BOOK" we will furnish at \$1, and pay the postage. Mrs. Hale's "Household Book" on the same terms. Every one of our lady subscribers ought to have both these books, and they would, if they knew their value.

THE St. Louis "Watchman," among other complimentary remarks, says: "The ladies will learn from it how to make all sorts of nice things, either in the line of dress, furniture, or cookery. It is a magazine for ladies, teaching them how to be useful, happy, elegant, refined, and everything else that makes up the lady."

OUR Fashion Editor will furnish any of the following at the prices affixed:—

Ladies' Cloaks,	-	-	-	\$1 10
do. Mantles,	-	-	-	56
do. Full Dresses,	-	-	-	1 37½
do. Basques,	-	-	-	75
do. Dress Bodies,	-	-	-	75
do. Sleeves,	-	-	-	31
do. Aprons,	-	-	-	31
Children's Dresses,	-	-	-	56 to \$1 10
do. Basques,	-	-	-	56
do. Paletots,	-	-	-	56
do. Jackets,	-	-	-	31 to 56
do. Overcoats,	-	-	-	56
do. Pants,	-	-	-	31
do. Aprons,	-	-	-	31

cut in tissue paper, and trimmed as to be made, or any of the patterns of cloaks in this or any other number of the "Book."

MRS. HALE is not the Fashion Editor of the "Lady's Book." We may also state that, when an order is received for the fashion department, it is handed to the editor of that department, who does not know, nor do we, whether the sender is a subscriber or not to the "Book;" and, moreover, she will not send an article until she receives the cash. She can't keep books even by single entry. We mention this statement, because some of our old subscribers have been offended because goods were not sent on credit.

HERE ARE A FEW MORE OF THEM.—A lady sends us a club amounting to \$31 67, and says: "A Christmas gift for L. A. Godey. I have taken considerable pains to extend your circulation here, as I think the 'Lady's Book' should be in every family.

"J., Iowa, Dec. 18, '54."

Another sends a club of \$22: "We cannot think of doing without 'Godey,' under any consideration, though sometimes it is difficult to contend with borrowers. I hope that all will follow the example of these ladies in sending immediately, either in clubs or singly, for 'Godey;' for it is an indispensable work in a home.

"G., Ohio, Dec. 13, '54."

And still another, with a club of \$23 69: "I have been at work faithfully, as you may see by the list of names I send you. I only wish I could succeed in introducing it into every family, especially where there are young ladies; for my part, I cannot do without it. I have no borrowers, for the reason that I do not lend my books.

T., Md., Dec. 15, '54."

We ought to be thankful to such kind friends, and we are truly grateful.

BRODIE has again favored us with a very beautiful article from his immense repository, No. 51 Canal Street, New York.

ANY of our subscribers having the numbers of the year 1846, or a bound volume that they do not want, can have the numbers for 1855 sent them in exchange, or we will pay \$3 for it.

IS NOT THIS TOO BAD?—A lady writes: "I have hesitated about subscribing this year, on account of having so many friends who, if they love not me, are fond of perusing my 'Book.' But, upon the whole, I believe I must have it for *myself*, even if I am obliged to lend. To several I have shown your remarks in the November number, but 'really, they take so many other books and papers, *pa* can't afford the 'Lady's Book.'" So I must contrive to be victimized. 'Godey' I have received every month in advance of the day of publication, and I find so many things both useful and pleasant in it, that I am quite independent of other people.

"M., Pa., '54."

Such people as are referred to above are below "*pa*;" they want to read the "Book," and wish to sponge upon others to do it. No doubt many subscribers are lost to us, because they are not willing to pay for a work that is to be read by the whole village.

SOME would-be witty person writes us that we can send the "Book" to a certain place very adverse in climate to the frozen regions. No doubt he has seen our notice that we will send the "Book" to any place where the person resides.

OSSIAN MINSTRELS.—At last we have heard the celebrated Dodge, and his no less celebrated band of minstrels. Ossian Dodge is no common man. He is a humorist as well as a vocalist, a good writer as well as a good singer. His brother minstrels aid him well. Their singing is one of those rich treats that we do not often hear. We would like to see the man, or woman either, that could listen to one of Dodge's funny songs without laughing. The minstrels have sung here with great credit to themselves. In private society they are gentlemen, and we commend Ossian Dodge's minstrels to our brethren of the press wherever they may go.

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WE always acknowledge a good hit, and give borrowers the advantage of the following. A friend sends a ten dollar club and writes, as follows:—

"If I am pleased as well as heretofore with the 'Book,' I will send you another club; and all this is gained by our borrowing. Verily, I don't think Godey has lost by our borrowing.

R. M. C."

Not in this case certainly, but this is the exception to the rule.

As an offset to the above, we give the following, from the Oregon "Spectator." Oregon on the Pacific; even there the "Lady's Book" is a household magazine:—

"Mrs. A.'s little daughter called a few days ago, and modestly stated that her mamma wished to borrow our October number of the 'Lady's Book,' adding that Mrs. B. didn't want to lend hers. We asked her why her father did not subscribe, and thus do away with the necessity of borrowing. She replied: 'Mother did ask him to, but he said he would *rather have the New York* —.' Alas, to what pitch will human inconsistency at length arrive! The idea of comparing those two prints!"

REV. JOHN STREET.—This gentleman is well known as one of our most efficient city missionaries, going about doing good. We recently received a letter for him addressed to our care, which was duly sent him. He returned the letter, which we publish, omitting the name and residence:—

"REV. J. STREET—

Dec. 25th 1854.

"DEAR SIR: I see by the last 'Lady's Book' that you are the friend of the poor in your city. I am not rich, but God has given me more than I deserve; and you will use the inclosed as you think best, and may God bless your efforts to do good! And will you put up your prayers for me in return? for I would be a child of God, but am not. Respectfully yours, ———."

OUR old friend Rapp, of gold pen notoriety, is not only celebrated for his art in pen making—and he certainly does make the best gold pens in the world—but that business alone was too confining for his genius. He has obtained "Letters Patent of the United States, for a 'Railroad, Drawbridge, and Switch Safety Telegraph,' for the Prevention of Accidents at Switches, Drawbridges, and Collisions," dated the 3d day of October, 1854; and what is better, the thing is liked so well that it is to be tried on several of our eastern roads.

The expense of applying this valuable self-acting apparatus is comparatively trifling, when the utility and safety of it are considered. Any person requiring information on the subject may address, post-paid, Mr. Rapp, to our care.

"THE NURSERY BASKET: a Hand-Book of Practical Directions for Young Mothers; including the preparation for a young infant's wardrobe; the choice and making-up the child's bath; out-of-door dress; worsted knitting; flannel; embroidery; the clothes of older children, etc. etc. With engravings." Price, 50 cents.

Please address all orders to the publisher of "Lady's Book" for this most desirable and useful work for all young mothers.

WE should like to know how many of our subscribers guessed the acting charade, the title of which is given in this number. Our plan is approved of not publishing the name of the charade until the succeeding number.

GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.—A club of \$15.

"I have taken your 'Lady's Book' the past year. I am very much pleased with the work, and think I can't do without it now; so, I have taken pains to get up a club for you, and only wish I could have got more, but I will do better for you another time. I could not keep house without your 'Lady's Book.'

"*Mich., Jan. 5th, 1855.*"

It is somewhat strange that those who have formerly been known as periodical dealers have now become celebrated as publishers. We have De Witt and Davenport, Messrs. Long & Brother, Bunce & Brother, and Garrett & Co., of New York; and Fetridge & Co., of Boston. The first have brought out the Rev. Mr. Chapin's book; Bunce & Brother, "Amabel;" and Garrett & Co., "Fred Vernon;" all books that have made a sensation. The Longs published "The Pride of Life," of which some 30,000 have been sold. Fetridge has published "Hagyr, the Martyr," by Mrs. H. Marion Stephens. We give the name in full, not wishing to get in a controversy about given names. Mrs. H. M. Stephens has long been celebrated as a writer, and her book of "Hagyr" is selling well. The papers are loud in its praise.

The Newport R. I. "Journal" says: "The plot is excellent, the ideas fine, and the language bold and forcible. She wields a graphic and a caustic pen, while, at the same time, many of her sentences are models of tenderness and love, in their noblest and best sense."

The Dover "Gazette" says: "This work is one of the most interesting and exciting romances ever issued from the American press. Written in a bold yet beautiful style of diction, it finds its way to the reader's heart, and warms the finest impulses of his nature into being. It is one of the authoress's best efforts, and will be read by millions in our land."

HERE, again, we have been obliged to yield. A lady writes us from Alabama: "We live in quite a backwoods country, and the majority of our neighbors never heard of 'Godey's Lady's Book' until we subscribed for it, and displayed to their astonished gaze the rare and perfect beauties which it monthly unfolds to our view. We are very much inclined, notwithstanding your positive orders to the contrary, to lend them the 'Book,' for they can never learn to appreciate it fully until they become acquainted with its purifying and ennobling sentiments. What say you to this plan?" We agreed.

No doubt foreigners are as much amused when they read our advertisements as we are in reading theirs. The following we cut from a Scotch paper:—

"Thomas Summers intimates his return from London with shawls," &c. Thomas is too modest to say that he has actually returned from London; he simply intimates it. Here is another that every American will smile at, where every man enjoys his own paper, and sometimes two or three of them. Several read copies, and well read, too, no doubt.

"Newspapers.—Several read copies of the Scotsman for sale, by express.

BERTRAM & CO., 27 HANOVER STREET."

"HOW TO MAKE A DRESS."—We can now send this work to all who have ordered it, our new edition being ready. Price 25 cents.

WE ask attention to the advertisement of "The Watchman;" Long & Brother publishers, New York. A great work. Messrs. Long and Brother know where to advertise so that it will be a benefit to them. More than 200,000 persons will see that advertisement.

MR. JOHN B. DUFFEY, who is now writing the "Life and Adventures of Ferdinand Cortes," has received great praise from the press for his "Life of Columbus." The N. H. "State Whig" says: "The series of articles on the life of Columbus that are now appearing in the 'Book,' from the pen of John B. Duffey, from month to month, are of sterling interest to all classes of readers."

MISS WILBUR'S "CROCHET-BOOK."—We have received a fresh supply of this work, and will furnish it to our subscribers for 25 cents.

"THE BOOK OF THE TOILET," published by Godey, should be in the hands of every lady who wishes to have perfumery or cosmetics that she knows are pure. Price only fifty cents.—*Ill. Courier.*

WE have received a proposal to publish a German edition of the "Lady's Book," but believe we shall decline it."

WE are much obliged to the "Saturday Post" for the following plain-spoken language; it suits us as well as it does them: "We are constantly annoyed by young beginners sending us poetry and asking us to remit our usual price. We may add that we do not return poetry; those sending must keep a copy. One thing more while we are upon the subject. It is all folly for writers who have made no name to think of receiving payment, especially heavy payment, for their productions. An article may be fit to publish, without being entitled to compensation. A young writer should have a little modesty, and be thankful that he has the opportunity of displaying his talents before some half-million of readers, without asking more or less pay in addition. If he write with unusual ability, he will be sought out, and his contributions solicited; and then will be time to put a price upon the productions of his brain. A little plain-speaking at this time, when we scarcely open a letter offering a prose contribution without a request to know 'our terms,' will probably prove a blessing to other publishers as well as to ourselves."

"PRESERVING APPLES.—Some one having stated that the best way to preserve apples from rotting is to pack them in salt, the editor of the Albany 'Knickerbocker' tried the experiment. He says that they have been kept for three years, and they would keep to all eternity if they waited for him to eat them. The saline particles so mix with the apples that you can't eat one of them without fancying you are chewing a piece of Lot's wife."

No doubt apples preserved in this way will keep forever: a most excellent receipt.

WHEN bent on matrimony, look more than skin deep for beauty; dive further than the pocket for worth, and search for temper beyond the good humor for the moment, remembering that it is not always the most agreeable partner at a ball who forms the most amiable partner for life. Virtue, like some flowers, blooms often fairest in the shade

ORIGIN OF TEXTS.—The taking of a text is said to have originated with Ezra, who, accompanied by some Levites, in a public congregation of men and women, ascended the pulpit, opened the book of the law, and, after addressing a prayer to the Deity, to which the people said "amen," read the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading. Previous to that time, the patriarchs delivered in public assemblies either prophecies or moral instruction for the edification of the people. It was not until the return of the Jews from Babylonish captivity, during which period they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as to read the Scriptures to them, a practice adopted by Ezra, and since universally followed. In latter times, the book of Moses was thus read in the synagogue every Sabbath. To this custom our Saviour conformed, and in a synagogue at Nazareth read passages from the prophet Isaiah; then closing the book, returned it to the priest, and preached from the text. The custom which now prevails all over the Christian world was interrupted in the Dark Ages, when the ethics of Aristotle were read in many churches on Sunday instead of the Holy Scriptures.

EMBLEMATICAL PROPERTIES OF THE WEDDING-RING.

EMBLEM of happiness, not bought nor sold,
Accept this modest ring of virgin gold.
Love in the small but perfect circle trace,
And duty in its soft though strict embrace.
Plain, precious, pure, as best becomes the wife,
Yet firm to bear the frequent rubs of life.
Connubial love disdains a fragile toy,
Which rust can tarnish, or a touch destroy;
Nor much admires what courts the gen'ral gaze:
The dazzling diamond's meretricious blaze,
That hides with glare the anguish of a heart
By nature hard, though polish'd bright by art.
More to thy taste the ornament that shows
Domestic bliss, and, without glaring, glows;
Whose gentle pressure serves to keep the mind
To all correct, to one discreetly kind;
Of simple elegance th' unconscious charm,
The only amulet to keep from harm;
To guard at once and consecrate the shrine,
Take this dear pledge; it makes and keeps thee mine.

THE N. H. "Statesman" says "The series of articles on the life of Columbus, by John B. Duffey, that are continued from month to month in this work, are written in an easy and attractive style, and may be read with interest by all classes, as well as by the young, for whose instruction they are designed."

WE publish the following for the benefit of our lady equestrians, who always look to "Godey" for valuable information of this kind:—

TO MANAGE A REARING HORSE.—In the British "Sportsman" we find the following hint respecting the management of a rearing horse, which strikes us as being worthy, as it is easy, of a trial. Whenever you perceive a horse's inclination to rear, separate your reins and prepare for him. The instant he is about to rise, slacken one hand and bend or twist his head with the other, keeping your hands low. This bending compels him to move a hind leg, and of necessity brings his fore feet down. Instantly twist him completely round

two or three times, which will confuse him very much and completely throw him off his guard. The moment you have finished twisting him around, place his head in the direction you wish to proceed; apply the spurs, and he will not fail to go forward. If the situation be convenient, press him into a gallop, and apply the spurs and whip two or three times severely. The horse will not perhaps be quite satisfied with the first defeat, but may feel disposed to try again for the mastery. Should this be the case, you have only to twist him, etc., as before, and you will find that in the second struggle he will be more easily subdued than on the former occasion; in fact, you will see him quail under the operation. It rarely happens that a rearing horse, after having been treated in the way described, will resort to this trick a third time.

HE who marries a pretty face only is like a buyer of cheap furniture; the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blaze.

TO TOM MOORE,

ON THE BIRTH OF HIS THIRD DAUGHTER.

I'M sorry, dear Moore, there's a damp on your joy,
Nor think my old strains of Mythology stupid,
When I say that your wife had a *right* to a *boy*,
For *Venus* is nothing without a young *Cupid*.
But, since fate the boon you wished for refuses,
By granting three girls to your happy embraces,
She but meant, while you wandered *abroad* with the
Muses,
Your wife would be circled at *home* by the *Graces*.
BYRON.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.
All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp.

"M. T."—We can send you a preparation, price \$2, to darken the hair either to a brown or black; we don't know what the receipt is; or we can send the "Book of the Toilet" for 25 cents, which contains several receipts for darkening the hair. There are preparations that purport to make the hair curl, but no dependence can be placed in them.

"Mrs. M. R." will find prices for hair ornaments in this number.

"Mrs. J. W. T."—Sent jacket pattern 14th.

"Miss S. S. W."—Sent patterns 14th.

"Mrs. A. V. Du B."—Sent box by Harnden's Express 14th.

"M. B."—Sent patterns and duplicate copy of "How to Make a Dress" 15th.

"Mrs. D. I. B."—Sent toys, &c., by Harnden's Express, 16th.

"S. C. P. T."—Much obliged to you for the information, but do not see why should make us pay five cents for it. If a letter is received, signed J. Smith, how are we to tell whether it is Mrs., Miss, or Mr. J. Smith? Ladies should always put a prefix to their signatures; for instance, *Mrs.* or *Miss* Jane Smith.

"A. L. D."—A subscriber wishes to know how to keep cranberries fresh or from decaying. Can any of our readers inform her?

"C. P. B."—Sent Rapp's pens 18th.

"M. E. C. R."—Sent patterns 21st.

"J. C. T."—Sent patterns 21st.

"E. A. B."—Sent hair-bracelet 21st.
 "Mrs. R."—Sent Mrs. Hale's "Bible Reading Book" 21st.
 "N. S. W."—Sent patterns on 22d.
 "D. F. H."—Sent furs 22d.
 "Mrs. R. E. B."—Sent patterns 23d.
 "Mrs. R."—Hair ear-rings at price of \$3 50 to \$6.
 "Mrs. J. W. T."—Sent box by mail 26th.
 "Miss M. E. G."—Sent hair ornament 27th.
 "Miss G. L. A."—Yes; always place "Miss" before your name, unless you are writing to an intimate acquaintance.
 "Mrs. B. A. W."—Sent patterns and materials 29th.
 "M. P. J."—Sent Rapp's pen 29th.
 "H. H. B."—Sent patterns 1st.
 "Mrs. N. P."—Sent patterns 1st.
 "Mrs. M. G."—Take his arm or not, just as you please.
 "J. F. R."—Sent hair rings and pin, and drawing patterns, 1st.
 "C. B. B."—Sent Rapp's pens 2d.
 "Miss E. A. R."—Yes; always, when you affix your signature to a letter, put the prefix (Miss). We frequently receive letters signed with only the initial of the given name. How are we to tell whether it is a Mr., Mrs., or Miss? And always put State as well as town in your letters; nothing can be made out of post-marks.
 "Mrs. M. M. B."—Sent patterns 3d.
 "Mrs. J. N. F."—Sent patterns and dress 3d.
 "Mrs. S. W."—Sent patterns 4th.
 "Miss F."—Sent nursery-basket and patterns 4th.
 "Miss R. P."—They contain cruets for vinegar, pepper and oil only; they are very fashionable for a supper-table. Can send you a very handsome one for \$10.
 "S. L. O."—Terra cotta (baked clay), a term applied to statues, architectural ornaments, &c., made of pure white clay, fine sand, and powdered potsherds, slowly dried and baked to a strong hardness.
 "Miss O. H."—That question never has been settled. Our own opinion is that the gentleman should be on the left of the lady; but one of our family, who is somewhat of an equestrian, says, too, he ought to be on the left. We can only say, as the menagerie man did, when asked, "Which is the lion and which the tiger?" "Take your choice, my pretty dear."
 "F. M. G."—From whom we have a Daguerreotype and MSS., will oblige us by naming the State he resides in. The letter is dated Richmond; "but there are six Richmonds in the field."
 "Mrs. J. M. P."—Sent patterns 6th.
 "Miss F. E."—It is atrocious. Many a good match has been broken off by such reports. Even in this city a young gentleman cannot offer any civility to a lady, but it is reported he is going to be married to her. Hence young men are afraid even to be civil.
 "Mrs. E. K."—Sent patterns 6th.
 "Mrs. H. S. P."—Certainly, if they are good paintings; it is the proper place for them.
 "Mrs. Lydia J. Pierson."—A letter is in our post-office here addressed to this lady, and the postmaster don't know where to send it.
 "Mrs. L. A. B."—Sent patterns 9th.
 "J. C. E."—Sent Rapp's Condor pen 9th.
 "R. O."—There is no necessity for taking off the glove in shaking hands.
 "J. B. F."—We cannot find any work on the subject. If one should turn up, we will publish a description.

Perhaps some of our subscribers can furnish us with an article on "Taxidermy." We can refer you to Jno. G. Bell, Taxidermist, 289 Broadway, New York. Perhaps he can satisfy you.

"J. S.," Canada, will find the cost of the patterns in February and March numbers.

"M. J. H.," will also see the cost. Her order is too indefinite; she must specify what she wants.

"Mrs. T. H. A."—Sent box by mail 12th.

"Miss R. L."—Sent hair bracelet 12th.

"Mrs. M. G. A."—Sent hair pin 12th.

"R. S."—Sent Rapp's pen 13th.

"Miss Abby Robinson."—We can't send another number unless we know where to send, and that information has not been given to us.

"Mrs. G. K. F."—Sent patterns on the 15th.

Centre-Table Gossip.

MUSICAL PRACTICE.—No. 3.

VOCAL practice is far less understood, as a general thing, than instrumental. "Have you had lessons in vocal music?" you inquire of Serena, as she finishes a noisy performance of Jullien's American Quadrilles.

"Ah, yes! I learned six new songs last quarter: 'The Red Roses,' 'Think not this Heart,' and a sweet thing—'I wouldn't tell, would you? Do you know I wouldn't tell?' And there's that 'Lovely Rose of Lily Valley,' and 'Alice Bell,' and 'Jessie Gray.'"

She has exhausted the catalogue, and waits for your selection; but you suspect, as you hear it, that what she considers vocal practice has been learning these songs by rote, or by ear, as it is generally called, and being able to play the accompaniment.

You are sure of it when she commences "Say not this Heart" in her loudest voice, strained to the utmost on the first octave C, and going out with a most dolorous flat, or unmusical quaver on F. She has no idea of modulation or expression; time and tune are all that she has ever heard of in vocal music.

Yet the voice is naturally good, though the upper notes from C to G require strengthening, and the lower register might be made clearer and purer. These are the difficulties to be contended with.

In the first place, she is not aware of deficiencies; and in the second, would not know how to remedy them if she was.

As for style, it has not been thought of, and consequently, unless she has the natural good taste which will enable her to render the sentiment of the words effectively, her singing is destitute of all expression. Now, musical sounds may be grouped to musical ideas and phrases, and these need rendering as much as the words themselves. We are speaking of really good compositions, not the trashy songs of the day that flood the country.

To speak in general and unscientific terms, which is all we can assume to do in these short articles, there are three vocal styles almost entirely distinct: the operatic, the ballad, and a third belonging to church music, in too many cases composed of the two.

As church and choir music will form a separate topic, our next talk around the centre-table will be of the faults we have pointed out, and their remedy in vocalization, and the cultivation of style as well as tone.

THE intrinsic worth of the following gems will be our best apology for resetting them from an English source; and albeit the topic is more grave than our usual wont, they will prove no less acceptable to the more earnest of our members, that so many lighter topics are here discussed. It is but very lately that we have known the brilliant expounder of the proverbialist and the parable as a poet. For simplicity, strength, the sonnets we quote are equal to "Herbert," and remind us of his devotional purity:—

PRAYER.

BY REV. RICHARD CHEVERING FRENCH.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will avail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all the distant and the near
Stand out in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore; should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer;
And joy, and strength, and courage are with thee.

When hearts are full of yearning tenderness
For the loved absent; when we cannot reach
By deed or token, gesture or kind speech,
The spirit's true affection to express;
When hearts are full of innermost distress,
And we are doomed to stand inactive
Watching the soul's or body's agony,
Which human effort helps not to make less;
Then like a cup capacious, to contain
The overflowing of the heart, is prayer.
The longing of the soul is satisfied;
The keenest darts of anguish blunted are;
And though we have not ceased to yearn or grieve,
Yet we have learned in patience to abide.

CLIPPINGS BY OUR OWN SCISSORS.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.—Genuine Cashmere shawls are very costly, and sell in London for from £100 to £200. The material of which they are made is a species of fine hair or wool that grows on a goat, which is a native of Thibet, a region which, though situated between the tropics, is yet extremely cold from its height above the sea. The animal has two kinds of hair; one long and coarse, and the other extremely fine, soft, and silky, like down, close to the skin. Of the latter the shawls are made. The down produced by a male is about four ounces, and by a female about two ounces. It is estimated that one shawl, fifty-four inches square, requires two pounds of down, and will, therefore, require the produce of ten goats. The real Cashmere shawls are woven by the natives of the country and the Hindoos in a very simple manner, but become expensive from the slowness of the operation, each loom requiring two persons, and for superior kinds four. These shawls are usually of three sizes, two of which, the long and the small square, are in common use in India; the other, long and very narrow, with a large mixture of black in it, is worn as a girdle by the Asiatics. The manufacture of shawls in Cashmere has decreased of late, owing to the decline of the Persian and Mogul empires.

THE LADIES OF SYRIA.—The dress adopted in the plain, and that along the sea-coast of Syria varies greatly. The characteristic difference consists in the tontura or "horn," which is worn only by the married women. That ornament of the female peasantry of Lebanon is a tube of hollow silver, or merely plated metal; but the higher classes lavish the most unbounded expense on this and other personal adornments. The tontura of the lady of the Emir Solymán was distinguished by its superior magnificence—a cone of pure gold, upwards of two feet in length. It was profusely studded with rubies and other precious stones, and fastened to the head by a band entirely covered with the finest pearls; whilst the hair, elaborately braided and mixed with artificial locks of silk, thickly bespangled with small golden coins, hung down over the shoulders in innumerable tresses, partly concealed by a capacious veil of the most delicate texture and snow-white spotless hue, which from the summit of the tontura waved round, and partly concealed the figure with its graceful and ample folds, and, as occasion required, might be employed entirely to hide the face. The dress of the young princesses more nearly resembles that of the ladies of Beyrout: the becoming "amta" or turban, surmounted by its golden plate, whence gracefully depends the large blue silken tassel, is coquettishly set on one side of the head; and from underneath its folds escape the numerous plaited tresses, which, falling thickly over the short *jelic* and silken *khumbaiz*, or flowing outer pelisse, frequently by their luxuriant growth partly conceal even the folds of the *ginhar* or sash, loosely fastened round the waist, and allowed with studied negligence to fall over the hips; the ends hanging down till they meet the loose light silken shintien, which fall in ample folds over the naked instep, so as to hide even the henna-stained little toes.

HOUSE FURNISHING.

To commence with the ground-floor—

The vestibule is merely paved with marble or encaustic tiles in imitation of it. The second door has usually two large plate-glass panels, with a lace or muslin drapery in close plaits.

The hall, if paved like the vestibule, or finished in imitation oak or walnut, has a single width of carpeting, velvet, tapestry, or Venetian; otherwise it is entirely covered by a substantial oil-cloth. The best English oil-cloth is the most economical in the end, though its first cost is nearly double an equally showy American manufacture. The importer will cut it any desired width or length, so that the floor is covered by a single piece.

The stair carpet in a house on the scale we have described is generally of velvet or tapestry in dark colors, red and green predominating. The patterns of late years are too numerous and brilliant for description. "Living on velvet" is no longer a metaphysical expression merely. Flat stair-boards, from one to three inches in width, of brass or silver plate, are still used. The lower hall has generally a hat stand more or less elegant, and two handsome hall chairs, often of a Gothic pattern.

The small apartment at the side is used for a library or sitting-room; the one large window has a drapery of lace or tambour work, with perhaps a lambrequin or curtain of brocatelle or satin laine. Carpet, Brussels or tapestry; book cases of whatever wood is selected for the rest of the furniture, usually black walnut or

oak. The favorite style is to have them reach from floor to ceiling with plate-glass doors. Prints or pictures on the walls; a sofa or lounge, chairs, table, work-table, and sewing-chairs.

The store-room, between this apartment and the dining-room, has its appropriate shelves, closets, and drawers.

The dining-room is usually the width of the house, with two good windows opening to the ground; the china-closet often connecting with the store-room, and has a marble sink with hot and cold water, and dumb-waiter from the kitchen below. Plain white dinner-sets of French or English china are the ordinary style; sometimes, however, they are more expensive. White French china is considered good enough for families in moderate circumstances, with perhaps a more costly dessert and tea-service. Oak is the wood usually employed in furnishing a dining-room; the chairs and sofa covered with green worsted damask or moreau, either plain or striped with brown buffet; a side-board of the same; it is sometimes used for the display of handsome glass or silver. A dining-room carpet should be Brussels or ingrain; the favorite colors of late, blue and oak or oak and green. Prints or pictures upon the wall; Holland shades or folding blinds at the windows. We reserve the drawing-room floor until another month.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"**MARIANNE**" will find the following receipt reliable, we believe. Apart from their own loveliness, flowers oftentimes have interest for the giver's sake, which makes their preservation an object. The directions are furnished by a florist of many years' experience:—

"When you receive a bouquet, sprinkle it lightly with fresh water; then put it into a vessel containing soap-suds, which nutrify the roots and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning, and lay it sideways, the stalk entering first into the water. Keep it there a minute or two, then take it out, and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water. Replace it in the soap-suds, and it will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soap-suds need changing every three or four days. By observing these rules, a bouquet can be kept bright and beautiful for at least a month, and will last still longer in a very passable state; but the attention to the fair but frail creatures, as directed above, must be strictly observed, or the last rose of summer will not be left fading alone, but all will perish."

"**A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.**"—Neatness is not of spasmodic or occasional growth. It must be the object of every day's routine and strict inquiry. A servant who is not tidy about her person will never be so in her duties; a slipshod chambermaid will always be delinquent in the rooms under her charge; a cook with ill-kept hair will install her brush and comb in the kitchen closet, it is more than probable, and finish her china from the suds without rinsing water. The constant supervision of a mistress with the best of servants is necessary, in order to have a well-arranged household.

"**MRS. M.**"—We do not wonder at the inquiry. We never heard of a *bache* ourselves; we had written *barbe*, probably not very distinctly, and were not at hand to correct the error. She will probably understand the description now without further explanation. As others of our readers may be equally in the dark, we refer to the paragraph in our last fashion article, descriptive of a headdress for married ladies.

"**MRS. J. C. B.,**" of White Plains.—Cheap or inferior articles of furniture do not pay for themselves. See Centre-Table Gossip present month.

"**A MUSIC TEACHER.**"—We are glad to have commendation from such a quarter. The piece of new copyrighted music has been reduced one-half by William Hall & Son, New York, probably the most extensive publishers in the country. As this includes some of the very best foreign compositions, it is of considerable consequence to all teachers and amateurs.

"**ADDY.**"—*We do not like the book*, and cannot recommend it. We are sorry to disoblige a subscriber, but would prefer to decline the purchase of anything that has even the most covert immorality in its scenes or teachings. It was a wise man who said: "Give no entertainment to the beginnings, the first motions and secret whisperings of the spirit of impurity; for if you totally suppress it, it dies; if you permit the furnace to breathe its smoke and flame at any vent, it will rage to the consumption of the whole. This cockatrice is soonest crushed in the shell; but if it grows, it turns to a serpent and a dragon."

However, we are sure our correspondent was not aware of the character of the tale in question, issued as it is by a respectable house.

"**Miss S.**"—The picture—"Christ's Temptation"—is by Arey Sheffer, and is now on exhibition in New York. We will forward, if desired, subscriptions to the fine print to be executed from it.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Bridal wardrobes, spring and autumn bonnets, dresses, jewelry, bridal cards, cake-boxes, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, Rapp's gold pens, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Evans & Co.; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR MARCH.

Fig. 1st.—Carriage-dress of *poult de soie*; the skirt trimmed by rows of very handsome galoon, with raised black velvet figure upon a satin ground; the same shade as the silk. This is graduated in width, growing narrower as it approaches the top of the skirt. Mantle

of green mantua silk, thrown back on the shoulders, trimmed by deep sewing silk fringe, headed with box-plaited ruches of satin ribbon. White drawn bonnet, with trailing wreath of green leaves and spring flowers.

Fig. 2d.—Walking-dress of slate-colored *mousseline* or cashmere; the skirt in three deep flounces, edged by a row of embossed velvet points set together diamond fashion. The corsage is high and plain, rounding over the hip in a basque form. This also has a velvet trimming, and the sleeves correspond. Open sleeves, and collar of cambric embroidery. Leghorn hat—the only straw suitable to early spring—trimmed with blush roses and green leaves. Inside cap of blonde; white satin strings.

MOURNING.

MOURNING ATTIRE FOR A DAUGHTER.—Morning-dress of parametta cloth, trimmed with robings of crape; small crape collar and cuffs.

WALKING-DRESS.—Dress of black silk, with an over-skirt of crape; crape collar and sleeves. Crape and silk bonnet with fall, entirely black inside; black parasol; jet brooch and chain; black kid gloves.

ATTIRE FOR AN AUNT.—Black poplin dress for the street; black velvet bonnet and black cloth mantle; white collar and sleeves.

EVENING DRESS.—*Barège* or *glacé* silk flounced; collar and sleeves, with little but rich embroidery; white kid gloves.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

The Juveniles.—As it is almost too early for any decided styles for their elders, although the first spring openings are announced, we redeem our promise of hints for the younger branches of the family. In our cuts of "Novelties for the Month" several dainty garments will be found, from the elaborate infant's robe to the prettily ornamented dress of a child in short-clothes. This crisis in the life of a young mother—the change in length and fashion from earliest infancy—cannot better be met than by quoting from the "Nursery Basket," prepared by us as standing authority, based on our "Lady's Book" experience, and published by the Messrs. Appleton, of New York, with original and tasteful designs:—

"SHORT-CLOTHES.—This period of transformation is a time held in special dread by all young mothers who are not naturally managers.

"The first change is made when the child is from five to seven months old, according to the growth and health of the infant, or the season of the year. It is not well to expose it to cold in the most changeable seasons of the year, that could be avoided by waiting a month longer.

"So much as to time; now for method. The reason for the change is obvious. The child, having found the use of its limbs, rebels by desperate kicks against the long skirts that confine and threaten injury to them by weight and undue warmth. It essays to stand upon its feet, and spring from the nurse's lap instead of being tossed up in her arms; therefore the young mother who has pride and affection enough to desire to secure to the little one straight, strong limbs—an especial blessing to boys, to whom the covering of skirts is hereafter to be denied—will not delay to aid Nature in her regular development.

"The first shortening should leave the skirt to come quite down over the ankle. Be sure to make the waist

sufficiently long and loose, and the sleeves and neck-band wide enough, so that your work will not have to be done over in two months' time. It is safer to manage the waist with drawing-strings. Do not be anxious to have your child's dresses to fit too snugly at any time; if it will be any inducement, remember that the present sensible fashion is to leave them loose in every case. Many make 'infant's waists,' as they are called, for some time to come; others have them in plaits from the neck binding to the belt, thinking they keep place better. Mesdames Suplee and Demorest will supply any desired style better than we can describe it. If long sleeves are needed from delicate health or the rigor of the climate, it is best to add them to the aprons rather than the dress, or to put them into sacques of bird's-eye linen, or cambric in summer, or fine flannel and cashmere in cold weather.

"The cotton petticoat should be a hem shorter than the dress; the flannels used for the infant, unless of very expensive embroidery, it is best to make over, as they are preserved from moths with so much difficulty. Socks are now replaced by cotton stockings and soft kid shoes; the last give place in turn to slippers with a heel-strap, or half-gaiters of plain or plaid cloth, buttoning on the instep, and tipped with morocco or patent leather. If the child shows any disposition to weakness of the ankles, high morocco boots will give them the best support."

So much for the younger members of the flock. As to more transient shades of fashion, that begin to affect the nursery sooner than any one not a mother or a fashion editress would imagine, we have to mention two charming aprons, intended for summer wear. The first, for indoors, is quite straight, devoid of gores and slopings, so that it is a comfort to seamstress and laundress alike. Take, for instance, a width of *brilliant*, a little more than a quarter of a yard in depth. Make an opening by a straight slit for the sleeves, leaving just half in front; a quarter in each back. The sleeve is very wide, of the shape now in general favor for a chemise, opening on top, and edged by a narrow tape trimming, the points sewed together, forming a kind of insertion. The bottom of the apron has six straight cuts, three inches deep, at regular intervals; this is also edged with the tape trimming. The top has a hem and drawing-string, and forms a square low neck. For out of doors, a sacque apron of bird's-eye or cross-barred muslin, high in the throat, with long sleeves, gathered into a band of insertion at the wrist. The opening is in front like a sacque night-dress, about a quarter of a yard deep. This is concealed by a flat hem, made ornamental by edging on each side, and a tiny turned-over collar, trimmed in the same way. It is to be worn with a broad ribbon sash or a belt around the waist, and has a very boyish air, worn with white linen trousers beneath the frock. For a third summer sacques of this description take the place of a dress when made in a solid colored cambric, cashmeres, or *mousselines*, and belted down over trousers with a waist like a petticoat; a connecting link between the frock and *paletot*. *Paletots* will be worn more than ever the coming season by boys from three to seven; we shall give a charming design for this favorite article of juvenile costume in an early number.

In our "Novelties for the Month" will be found one of the prettiest styles of drawn bonnets for little girls. It may be made up in lawn, white or colored; silk or satin. City children, as a general thing, are overdressed the present year, and our difficulty is not in selecting new but simple designs.

FASHION.

THE GREAT YEAR OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK! FIFTIETH VOLUME, 1855.

Published twenty-five years by the same Proprietor.

GREAT ATTRACTIONS FOR NEXT YEAR!

ONE HUNDRED PAGES OF READING EACH MONTH!

The oldest Magazine in America, and the only one especially devoted to the wants of the Ladies of America, and supported as such by the Ladies of this country for the last twenty-five years.

We commence this volume with the largest list, by many thousands, that we have had since we commenced the work. We have, in addition to our many excellent features, to add—

A TREATISE ON THE HAIR, AND CROCHET WORK IN COLORS.—We think these new features will be appreciated by our subscribers. All our celebrated *corps* of contributors will favor us as usual with those writings that have made the “Lady’s Book” so celebrated throughout our country as a literary standard.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—In this department, we have always stood unrivalled; and the same attention will still be given to it, to enable us to sustain our proud superiority.

OUR FASHIONS WITH DIAGRAMS.—This department, which has given great satisfaction to our lady subscribers, will be continued.

DRAWING LESSONS FOR YOUTH.—We have at least one thousand designs still on hand to publish; therefore this department will be continued with unabated energy. Any child can learn drawing by these lessons.

PARIS, LONDON, AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS.

THE ONLY COLORED FASHIONS upon which any reliance can be placed, received direct from Paris, and adapted to the taste of American ladies by our own “Fashion Editor,” with full directions.

DRESSMAKING.—Our monthly description of Dressmaking, with plans to cut by. None but the latest fashions are given. The directions are so plain, that every lady can be her own dressmaker.

EMBROIDERY.—An infinite variety in every number.

DRESS PATTERNS.—Infants’ and children’s dresses, with descriptions how to make them. All kinds of **CROCHET** and **NETTING** work. New patterns for **CLOAKS**, **MANTELETS**, **TALMAS**, **COLLARS**, **CHEMISETTES**, **UNDERSLEEVES**—with full directions. Every new pattern, of any portion of a lady’s dress, appears first in the “Lady’s Book,” as we receive consignments from Paris every two weeks, having a resident editor there.

THE NURSERY.—This subject is treated upon frequently.

GODEY'S INVALUABLE RECEIPTS UPON EVERY SUBJECT,

indispensable to every family, worth more than the whole cost of the book.

MUSIC.—Three dollars’ worth is given every year.

MODEL COTTAGES.—Cottage plans will be continued as usual.

In the various numbers for 1855, will be found the newest designs for **WINDOW CURTAINS**, **BRODERIE ANGLAISE**, **SLIPPERS**, **BONNETS**, **CAPS**, **CLOAKS**, **EVENING-DRESSES**, **FANCY ARTICLES**, **HEADDRESSES**, **HAIR-DRESSING**, **ROBES DE CHAMBRE**, **CARRIAGE-DRESSES**, **BRIDES’ DRESSES**, **WREATHS**, **MANTILLAS**, **WALKING-DRESSES**, **RIDING HABITS**, and **MORNING-DRESSES**.

Dresses for Infants and Young Misses, Boys’ Dresses, Capes and Cloaks of Fur in season, Patterns for Needlework of all kinds, and Patterns to Cut Dresses by are given monthly.

✍ Orders for any of the above articles, or for clothing for ladies and children, patterns for ditto, furniture, jewelry, head ornaments, etc. etc., will be attended to by remitting to the publisher.

SPLENDID STEEL, LINE, AND MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS IN EVERY NUMBER.

They are always to be found in Godey. “GODEY’S LADY’S BOOK” contains precisely that for which you have to take at least three other magazines to get the same amount of information.

It is impossible to give, in the limit of an advertisement, a list of all the articles that are published in the “Book” during the year; but every kind of fancy work for the ladies first appears in the columns of the “Lady’s Book”—such as Bugle and Bead Work, Painting on Velvet, Rice-Shell Work, etc. The “Lady’s Book” must be seen to be appreciated.

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Eleven copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making twelve copies, \$20.

✍ Remember that the postage is only two cents per number.

✍ Additions of one or more to clubs are received at club prices.

✍ A Specimen or Specimens will be sent direct to any Postmaster making the request.

✍ We can always supply back numbers for the year, as the work is stereotyped.

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INDIAN ORNAMENTAL WORK-SCREEN.



A VILLA IN THE GRECIAN STYLE.

THE MEADE POLKA,

COMPOSED BY MRS. S. R. BURTIS,

And Respectfully Dedicated to

MEADE BROTHERS, OF NEW YORK,

BY T. C. ANDREWS, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1854, by T. C. ANDREWS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PIANO.

Brillante.

8va.....

8va.....

Loco

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. It features a piano accompaniment with chords and a vocal line with notes and rests. The key signature has two flats.

Repeat Loco

Con Spirito

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. It continues the piano and vocal parts. Measure 7 has a repeat sign.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in measure 10.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. It includes dynamic markings *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). Measure 15 has a triplet of eighth notes.

Con vivezza

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. It includes dynamic markings *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *ff* (fortissimo). Measure 19 has a triplet of eighth notes. The system ends with a double bar line and the marking *D.C.* (Da Capo).



THE RIO VERDE.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]

The illustrations of the present mantillas, selected from Mr. Brodie's latest importations, are taken from garments almost yet warm from the fingers of the tasteful artificers in Paris. The first we describe is

THE RIO VERDE.—This exquisite creation will doubtless monopolize a very large share of public patronage. It would be difficult to surpass the chaste and peculiarly dressy appearance which the broad bands of velvet, the rich falls of lace, and the admirable and novel style of its rich fringe, give to this finely proportioned garment. Its shape, when spread out flatly upon a table, is nearly that of a half circle. The upper portion smoothly adjusts itself to the person, but the lower portion falls with an easy fulness and gracefulness of drapery.



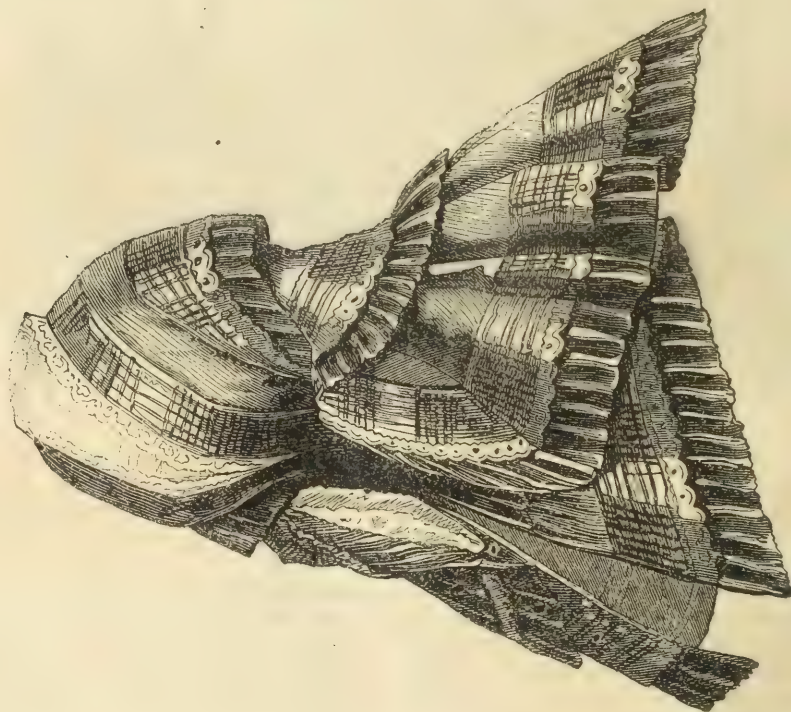
THE DARRO.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]

THIS is scarf-fashioned. Its front tabs are rounded upon the outside corners; *ruches* of pinked taffeta, made of the same materials as the mantilla (which may be constructed of any favorite color), border and ornament the body of the garment, in the manner shown in the engraving. By an oversight, we regret that several lines of narrow velvet ribbon, which ran parallel with the *ruches*, are omitted in the view, inasmuch as they add greatly to its beauty. The lower body of the mantilla is gathered in box-plaits, an arrangement which allows the garment to accommodate itself gracefully to the figure, as the dress skirts may chance to be worn with more or less fulness.



LA MANUCLA.



THE ANTOINETTE.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

(See description.)

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



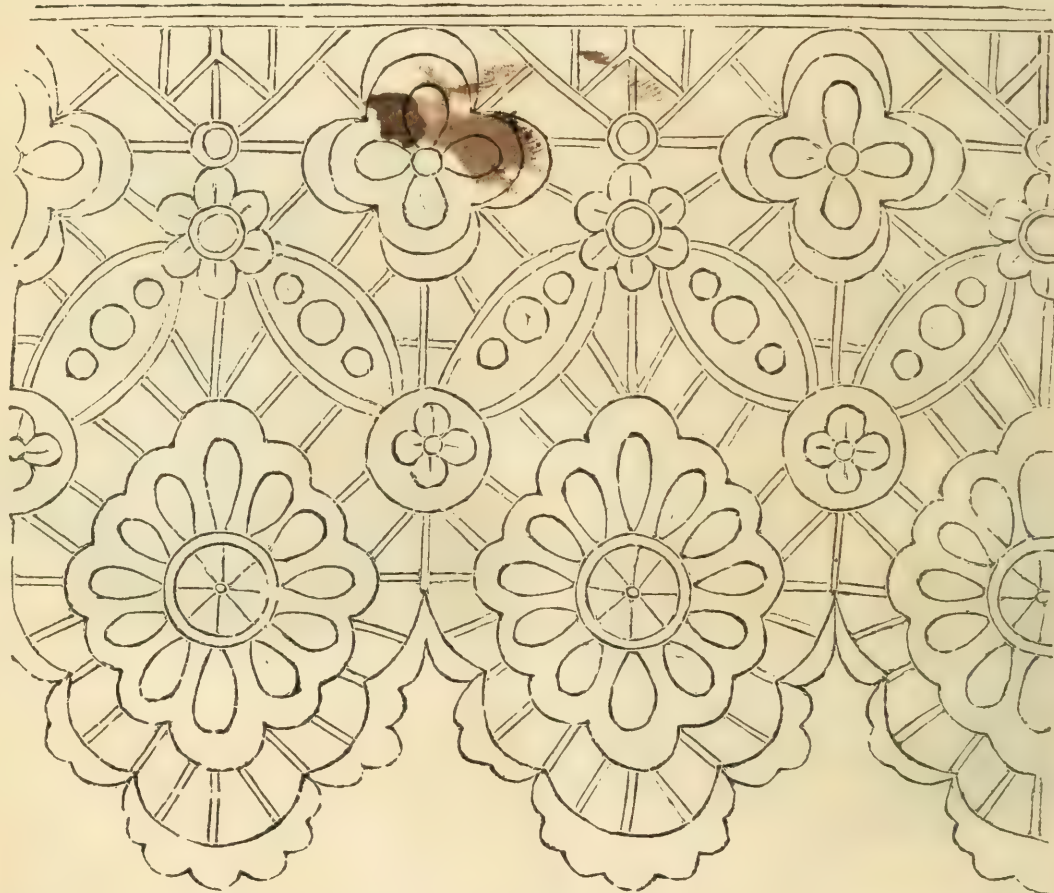
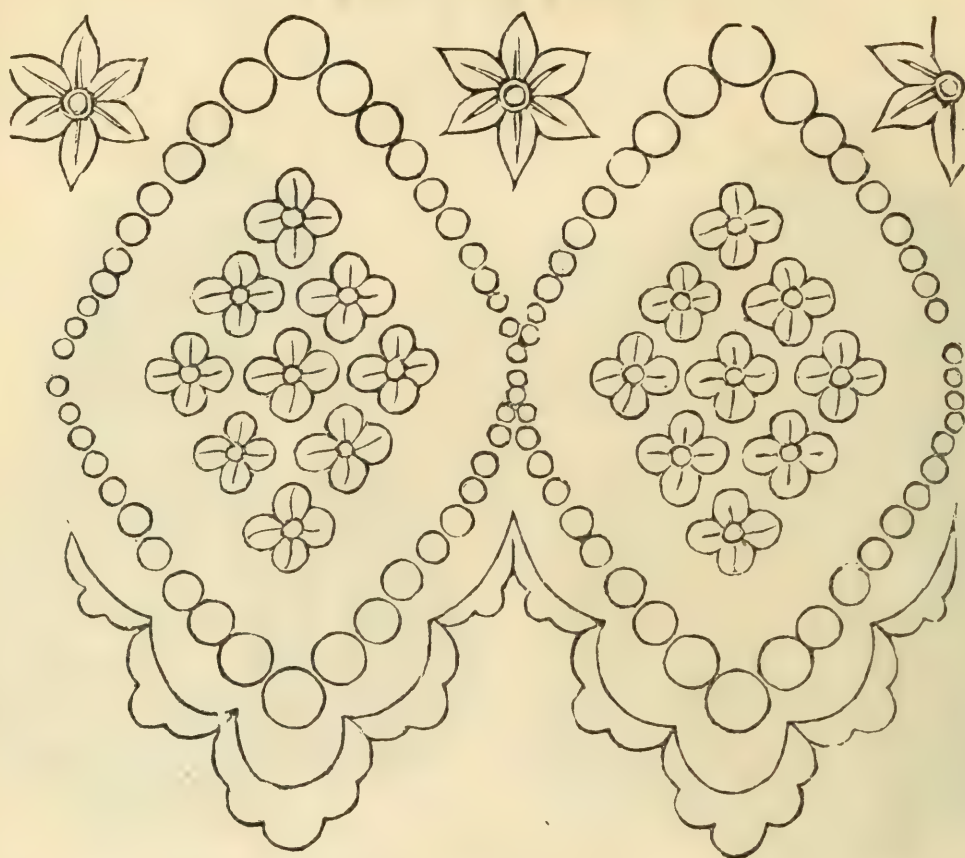
Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



FLOUNCING FOR SLEEVES.



GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1855.

FURS FOR THE LADIES; AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

IN the course of our inquiries respecting the various animals which supply fur for the use of the ladies, we found frequent mention of nutria skins as a very important article of commerce, and learned that the fur was applied to the same purposes as that of the beaver. We sought for a long time in vain for any account of the animal, who furnished the furriers with what are called nutria skins, and were on the

point of giving up the research in despair, when, in an article on the fur trade, we found coypou given as the synonym of nutria. With the natural history of the coypou we were already familiar, and we were aware that, in its structure and habits, it was so nearly assimilated to the inestimable fur animal of the north, that it might with some propriety be called the beaver of South America.



THE COYPOU.

The coypou, says a recent writer, is among the largest of the rodentia, measuring about one foot nine inches and a half in length, independently of the tail, which is about one foot two inches and a quarter. The legs are rather short, as compared with the size of the animal, being not above four inches and a half in length. The

incisive teeth are maroon red on their external surfaces; the claws are black; the ears, which are small and rounded, have the convex surfaces thickly covered with short hair. The general color of the fur on the back is maroon brown, becoming brighter on the flanks, and passing into bright red; while the under part

of the body is reddish sand-color. These colors are liable to apparent changes, however, being of a different tint when the animal bristles them up than when they are laid flat. Each hair is brownish ash at the root, and bright red at the point. The felt, or fine fur, which is concealed under the long hairs, is brownish ash, rather deep in the tint at the upper part, but paler on the under part of the body. As in the case of all aquatic mammalia, the hairs on the tail are few, short, and stiff; they are of a reddish sand-color, and interspersed with scales on the naked parts. The circumference of the mouth, the termination of the muzzle, and the mustachios, which are long and stiff, are white, but the mustachios are interspersed with some black hairs.

The skins of these animals have for a long time been imported into Europe in very great numbers, and the soft under fur has been employed in the manufacture of hats in exactly the same manner as the under fur of the beaver.

The manners of this animal are imperfectly known, nor have its geographical limits been settled with that precision which would be desirable. D'Azara and Molina are still the authors who have published the best and almost the only accounts of this animal, though, from the researches now going on, we may anticipate that before long we shall be better acquainted with this, and with all the other peculiar animals of South America, whose history, could we obtain it fully and satisfactorily from actual observation, would be one of the most interesting chapters in the book of living nature. The authors alluded to describe the coypou as inhabiting the banks of the rivers, where it digs a burrow with its claws; and it must be admitted that, from their structure, they are well adapted for such a purpose. It is said to be an excellent swimmer, very gentle and inoffensive in its manners, and by no means difficult to tame. In a domesticated state, it is also very accommodating in respect of food, eating almost anything that is given to it; and it shows much gratitude and affection to those who are attentive to it and supply its wants.

Its skin is in such request as an article of commerce, that it is sought for and destroyed with nearly the same avidity as the beaver is in North America. It is not a little remarkable that an animal resembling the beaver so much as this does in the system of its teeth, should yet be so very different in the economy of its habitation. The beaver never burrows, even, we believe, in the case of those solitary individuals which, for causes unknown to us, are

expelled from the regular communities; and, excepting in the case of those expulsions (and they form the exception, not the rule), the beaver is a social animal. The coypou, on the other hand, burrows, but never builds, though it probably carries leaves and grass into its burrow in the breeding season, as is done by almost all animals which frequent the banks of rivers, or otherwise form their habitations in humid ground. The difference of character in the places which they inhabit may be one cause of the difference in manners between this animal and the beaver. The streams of the northern parts of North America, upon the banks of which the beaver is most abundant, are subject to be flooded for a considerable time during the spring freshes; and thus a burrow so constructed as to allow the animal an outlet under water, and a dwelling in the air at the same time, could not be formed but at an expense of more labor than the beaver requires to exercise in the building of its hut. Where the coypou inhabits, floodings are by no means so common, and when they do occur they are of short duration. They do not occur in tropical South America, and hardly, indeed, nearer the equator than the thirtieth degree of south latitude; and, though the countries there have their rainy seasons, drought is the prevailing character. Chili, Tucuman, and part of Buenos Ayres, are the places where chiefly this curious animal is found; and they are countries very unlike, in their physical geography, to the beaver's country in North America. Still, it is not uninteresting to find that, though the northern part of the American continent is subject to greater vicissitudes of seasons, and more severity of cold in winter than any other part of the world, while in the south the seasons are comparatively uniform, and a tropical character is preserved even up to the Strait of Magellan, both are fur countries, and fur countries to a very considerable extent. It is true that the furs of the south are not so numerous, and perhaps not so valuable, as the better ones of the north; but a country which furnishes the chinchilla from its dry hills, and the coypou from the banks of its streams near the mountains, must be always regarded as an important fur country.

In purchasing their furs, the ladies must have noticed how frequently the term *lynx* is used, and to how many varieties of fur this term is applied. In point of fact, there are several varieties of this animal forming a distinct group of which the most remarkable characters are very long fur, pencillated ears, and a short tail.

They are bold, fierce, though without the savage character which marks the more powerful animals of the cat kind, which inhabit tropical countries.

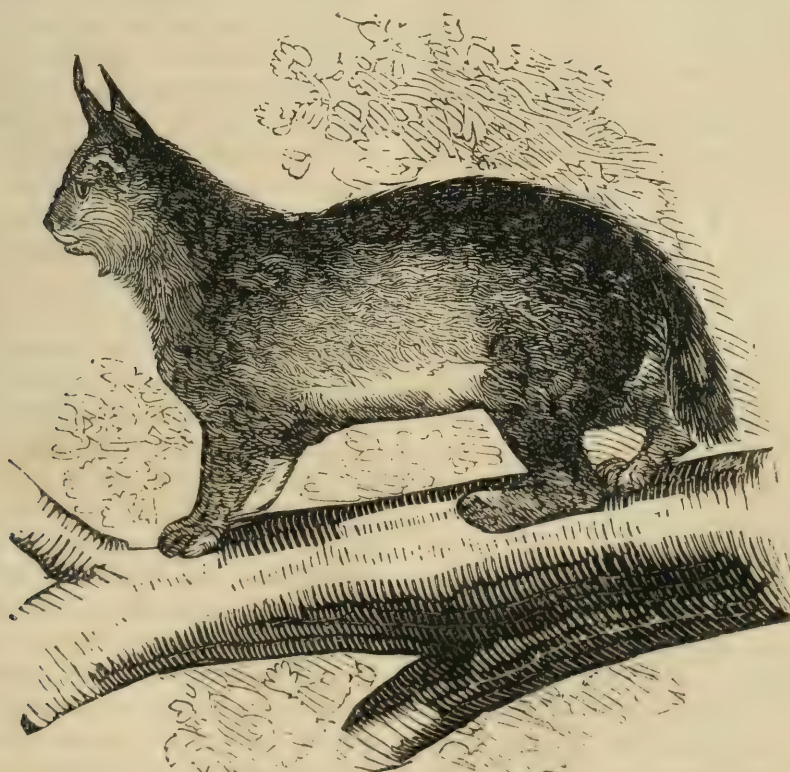
The Barbary lynx, or caracal, is found in northern Africa and southwestern Asia, at least as far to the east as Persia. Its color is uniform venous red, or reddish brown; the ears



THE CARACAL.

are white within, but black on the outside, and they stand up conspicuously. It is on this account that it is called "caracal," which is the Turkish for black ear. Its length is, the head five inches, the body two feet, and the tail six inches; and it stands about a foot and a half high at the shoulders. The eyes are large, bright, and scowling in expression. The limbs

are very muscular, and the whole structure is fitted for extreme activity. It preys on small quadrupeds and birds, the latter of which it chases even to the tops of the trees. In a state of nature, this creature shuns the face of man; but, though small in bulk, is a dangerous enemy when hard pressed or wounded. Its fur is beautiful and highly esteemed



BOOTED LYNX

The booted lynx, or marsh lynx, is a smaller animal than the caracal, and of a less uniform color. It inhabits the same regions of the world; only it frequents more humid places, and preys upon aquatic birds indiscriminately with the smaller quadrupeds. Its tail is shorter than that of the caracal, but not so slender. Its color is yellowish brown on the upper part of its

body, shaded deeper in some places, and fading into lighter on the under part. The limbs and cheeks are yellowish, and so are the insides of the ears and the tips of the ears; and the hind parts of the paws are black, from which last circumstance the name of booted lynx is given to it.

Of the appearance of the common or European

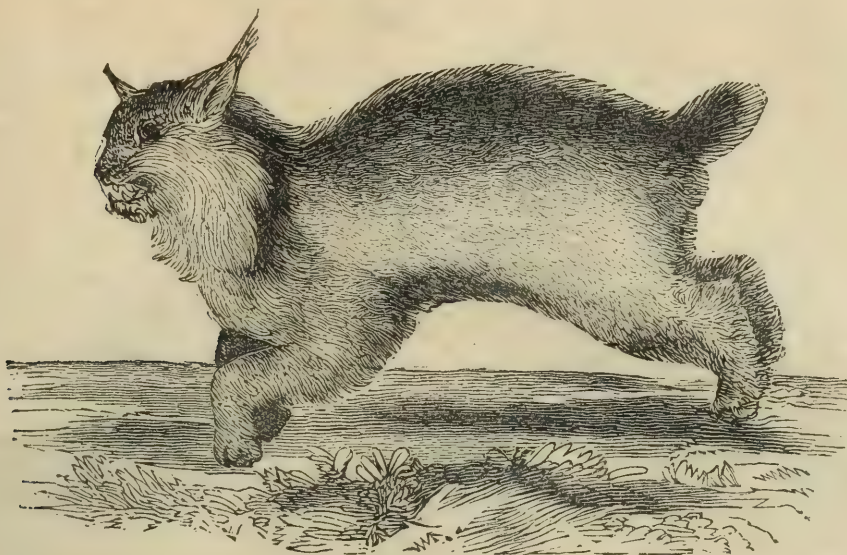


COMMON OR EUROPEAN LYNX.

lynx, some idea may be obtained from our engraving; but it is an animal which ranges over a great extent of longitude and also of latitude, and thus it is subject to great variety of appearance.

The common lynx was in former times very plentiful all over Europe, and in the northern part of Asia, but its numbers have fallen off greatly; so that it is now entirely unknown in France, and rarely, if at all, found in Germany. It is a forest animal, and is met with only in those places which are covered with thick trees, and it appears that the cause of its becoming extinct in the more cultivated parts of Europe is the cutting down of the forests. It is still abundant in Sweden, in the forests of Russia, onward to Siberia, subject to considerable variations in size and color. There are considerable varieties even in the same country, and in Sweden the names of "cat lynx" and "wolf lynx" are known to the country people. It does not appear, however, that there is any more reason for regarding these as different species than there is for so regarding the "hog badger" and "dog badger," of which mention is made by the country people of Britain; but the lynx, even in a single individual, has some claim to all the

names bestowed on them by the Swedes. It is a cat certainly; it has at least some of the craft of the fox, and its howling resembles that of the wolf. It is said to be very long-lived, and subsists by hunting and pursuing its prey on the tops of the highest trees, feeding on ermines, weasels, squirrels, &c., which are unable to escape from it. The lynx watches the approach of the fallow deer, hare, and other beasts of the chase, and darts on them from the branches of trees, where it lies concealed, seizing them by the throat and sucking their blood; after which, it abandons them, and goes in quest of fresh game. Its sight is remarkably quick, and it eyes its prey at a great distance. When attacked by a dog, it lies down on its back and strikes desperately with its claws, and frequently compels its assailant to retreat. As its manner of howling is similar to that of the wolf, and its skin is variegated with spots like those of a young stag, the lynx has been denominated *lupus cervarius* by some naturalists, and *loup cervier* by many of the French writers. In a state of captivity it is extremely ferocious, frequently expressing its malignity by a snarling scream, and refusing to be tamed. Its fur is held in considerable estimation on account of



CANADA LYNX.

its softness and warmth, and it is exported in great quantities from America and the north of Europe.

In general, the further north that this article of commerce can be procured, the whiter it is, and the spots are more distinct. The skin of the male, too, is more spotted than that of the female. It is unnecessary minutely to describe the colors of an animal which is subject to so much variety from age, season, and climate as the lynx; but we may mention, in general, that its prevailing color is reddish brown, marked with small spots of darker brown; its ears long and pencillated, and its tail short, and black at the tip. The fur of the body is very long, especially in the winter months, and in the more northerly localities; and in these the color in winter becomes much paler than it does in places further to the south.

It is natural to suppose that an animal which is passing away, as the lynx appears to be doing in many parts of the eastern world, should change its characters in the individual along with the decrease of its numbers; and, therefore, though we cannot perhaps give implicit confidence to the stories told by the ancients of the strength and craft of this animal, yet it is highly probable that lynxes were much more formidable, and also much more daring, when they inhabited the rich forests of central Europe than they can be now that they are confined to the comparatively barren pastures of the extreme north.

The Canada lynx is a fierce and subtle creature, exceedingly destructive to the smaller quadrupeds, such as rabbits, hares, and lemmings. It sometimes drops from the branch of

a tree on the neck of a deer, and, clinging with its sharp claws, tears the throat and drinks the blood of the animal, until it sinks exhausted and expires. It attacks sheep and calves in the same manner, and preys upon wild turkeys and other birds, which it is capable of surprising even on the tops of the highest trees. It is found in the northern regions of America, and immense numbers of the skins are annually sent to Europe by the Hudson's Bay Company, Its fur is highly esteemed by dealers in peltry.

The Canada lynx has a large body and strong legs. It measures about three feet from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, which is about six inches long. The head is thick and round, and the ears are sharp and tipped with a tuft of black hair. Its general color is deep reddish, marked on the flanks with spots of reddish-brown. In summer the hair is short, brown at the base, and red at the point. In winter the hairs are longer, and all their points are whitish; the silky hairs, which are most numerous and long in winter, render the color of the animal ash or whitish, which in summer gives place to the more decided red, marked with brown spots.

In our notices of the animals of the marten genus, we omitted one whose fur is greatly prized, and whose singular habits render its history very interesting. This is the ferret.

This animal is, generally speaking, of a yellowish color, with the eyes of a red or rosy tint. It is a delicate animal, and suffers from exposure to cold. Being used for hunting rabbits, it has to be kept in the house, and in a box lined with wool, long before the thermometer sinks to the freezing point. Nor are we without evidence of its southern origin. Strabo



THE FERRET.

informs us that in early times a great portion of Spain was literally eaten up on the surface and drilled into holes like a honey-comb by rabbits, just as many parts of the Pampas, in South America, are at present by the viscachis. Countries, when thus taken possession of by those burrowing animals in such multitudes, are quite unprofitable to man; and scarcely any human means, indeed, none, which would be repaid by the advantage gained, can rid them of these pests. To bring Spain within the class of useful countries, the ferret was imported from Africa; and it has ever since been preserved in Europe, not domesticated—for, to soften its disposition would be to destroy its usefulness—but a subject of the care of those who employ it. To those who feed it, and are otherwise kind to it, it is not gratuitously savage, at least in any very high degree; but a very little tampering with it angers it, and makes it bite. When angry, its odor, always unpleasant, becomes offensive. It is eight inches in length, with a tail four inches long, and it is exceedingly slender. It is very bold, and its disposition to kill rabbits is most inveterate. It is chiefly used for rabbit hunting, not for killing them; for, if it were allowed to do that, it would soon dispatch a whole warren, and leave the owner to dig out the dead bodies at his leisure. It is used to unearth them, or drive them out of their holes, and it is carefully muzzled to prevent it from biting. The rabbits are not, of course, aware of the perfect harmlessness of a muzzled ferret, and so they scamper out and are caught, generally by terriers, which

watch at the mouths of their holes. At other times, nets are placed at the mouths of the burrows, if the object is to keep the rabbits alive.

The ferret is also the very prince of rat-catchers, and, as it is not muzzled for this sort of occupation, it slaughters away in a dashing style, and might be very useful in places infested by rats, were it not for the attention and trouble which it requires. In corn stores and mills it might be advantageously kept, and, if a snug berth could always be provided for it, it would be very valuable at sea.

The ferret, as is the case with most animals when transported from a warm to a cold climate, spends a great deal of its time in sleep; but the moment that it awakes it is in a state of action, and, slender as it seems, it is capable of undergoing a great deal of fatigue. Altogether, the ferret is a most interesting little animal, and it is not the less so from its having been in Europe for at least two thousand years without becoming so far accommodated to the climate as to pass into the wild state. This is another curious point, and one which well deserves attention. Man can inhabit from the equator to very high latitudes, and the dog can accompany him in all, and most of the other domestic animals in the greater part, accommodating themselves to the difference of climate in the course of time; but the more carnivorous animals are, as it were, tied to their localities, and no time will inure them to a climate very different from that of which they are natives.

HILL FARM; OR, A WEEK'S ANGLING.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

(Concluded from page 223.)

MR. JOHN AUSTIN, somehow, arrived at the conclusion, during the next twenty-four hours, that the weather was still too hot for town, that the St. Nicholas was very noisy, and too full for comfort, and that there was no use in looking for his sister for ten days to come.

He thought he would be the better for a week's angling in some quiet country place, where he should be entirely independent of form or ceremony, having no duties as guest or companion. He inspected his jointed fishing-rod, a costly and heretofore useless purchase, and considered where he should go. He *hated* hunting up new quarters. There was the widow Panderson? The very thing! so quiet, and clean, and secluded. "Board paid in advance, and no questions asked," he said to himself. If he had stopped to catechize he would have understood his real predilections for the place, as well as you and I do, dear reader. As for *his intentions*, he had none, beyond killing time, a wicked pursuit he had been very much addicted to of late years.

Mr. Austin deposited himself and his fishing apparatus at the most convenient depot, beyond Edgewater, however; for he had to acknowledge he could not make a very clear statement of the case to his friends, if they chanced to meet, after declining their warm invitation. It was two miles from—Hill Farm; he was obliged to speak it out in making his inquiries, and the sound did something towards opening his eyes to the real attraction of the place. It wanted yet some hours to sunset, and, in spite of an unshaded, rough country road, he concluded to commence his pedestrian achievements forthwith.

"You don't say!" remarked the widow Panderson, raising her eyes, as a tall shadow was thrown across the road-side. "Why, if it ain't you, and I had *jest* given up looking for you. I sez to Miss Williams only this mornin', sez I, 'I guess that ar' portrait man don't mean to come back this way.' I thought you 'd let a pusson know if you was comin'."

"I hope it makes no very great difference to you, Mrs. Panderson," said the owner of the shadow and the fishing-rod, which was unshouldered and deposited on the door-step.

"Well, I can't say it does; I'm mostly always prepared, as my dau'ter Jane's husband says, to see folks. 'Tain't often it puts me out much; only I s'pose I should have done a little extra baking, if I had a knowed for certain. Come in now; *do* come in. You don't say you've walked all the way from the depot?"

The new lodger assured the good lady that he was not at all fatigued, and, in proof of it, set forth for another stroll, after he had finished the substantial meal soon placed before him. This time he really meant to take a careful survey of the angling ground; but his cigar turned, in the most obstinate manner, in exactly a contrary direction. The widow Panderson watched the faint red spark through the twilight, and, knowing the localities better than "the portrait man," discovered that it took the road to the orchard of Hill Farm.

It was back of the cottage; but Mr. Austin was favored with no romantic encounter. He could not even make up his mind satisfactorily as to which of the muslin chamber curtains had the "dear delight" of shading the room of its young mistress. He came back by no means as amiable as he set forth, and deposited himself in the "spare bed" with the petulant conclusion that "Mrs. Panderson was a prosy old gossip, and that he was tired to death."

He had followed the artist's ingenious scheme of placing the straw tick on top, and it must have proved more comfortable than any that we have ever had the good fortune to meet with, for he slept soundly until long after broad daylight, and then did not move from his pillow, trying lazily to make out the place he found himself in, and how he had strayed so far from the rosewood and damask hangings of the St. Nicholas. There was a drowsy hum of voices in the next room, and, oddly enough, one seemed to have the well-remembered cadence of the lady Lucy. It lulled him into a second nap, and colored its fantastic dreams.

"I must say, you're a good sleeper," was the widow's morning greeting, divided as she felt between the implied compliment to her bed and an exact housekeeper's annoyance at having her breakfast-table standing till nine o'clock. "I should have had every speck of my work

done, churning and all; and there's Lucy Williams been over here an hour ago—that's neighbor Williams's niece Lucy, a good gal—been over here and found things standing round so! I wouldn't have had it happened not for sixpence; they're so particular over there."

Mr. Austin actually felt himself blush, as he seated himself to good coffee and fresh eggs; whether it was at having his faults set in order before him, or in vexation at missing the accidental meeting, an opening for future encounters.

However, the ill wind changed to a more favorable quarter in his morning ramble. Armed with the most artistic collection of artificial flies that ever invaded the peace of mind of the dwellers in Hill Farm brook, and a copy of Frank Forester's "Fish and Fishing," for his own delectation, our angler really tracked the little stream through the marshy meadow to the alder copse, which had been suggestive of sport. He discovered, in addition to its former attractions, a pleasant knoll with a fringe of crimson cardinals, and traces of a late occupant in an open book and white crape bonnet. To be sure, any of the forty damsels in the neighborhood might be the owner of similar relics, but the possibility did not present itself to the man with one idea.

He ventured to take up the book, looking round for the owner as he turned to the fly-leaf. There was no name, but the choice of the volume pleased him—Miss Cooper's "Rural Hours." He had heard country dwellers, ladies who fancied themselves possessed of wondrous good taste and discernment, declare "they could not see anything in it;" and, writing them down on the list they belonged to, had a respect for any one who did discover its refined and delicate beauties. It is probable those ladies did not care for flays, and ferns, and wild flowers generally, preferring to cultivate roses and geraniums with high-sounding names, furnished from a city florist's at extravagant charges, and valued accordingly.

The owner of the crape bonnet was not of these; for, as Mr. Austin concluded his deliberate survey and laid down the book, there she stood, her hands full of spoils, grasses, foliage, and such water-loving blossoms as the margin of the stream afforded. If she had been bent on making a sensation, she could not have selected time, place, and costume more artfully.

Mr. Austin had an admiration for a person that read and pencil-marked "Rural Hours," but, above all, respect for a woman who wore neat-patterned morning-dresses, and whose hair

was neatly arranged before calling hours. At watering-places, where ladies were "got up" for a public breakfast, one never could be certain of these things.

Miss Lucy was surprised, but not embarrassed, at finding her favorite seat occupied by a gentleman who, if thought of at all, was supposed to be miles away. Mr. Austin saw that and did not feel as much flattered as he would have been by a little more conscious fluttering. It restored his own mental equilibrium, however, instantaneously, and their acquaintance was recommenced in accordance with the best established rules of courtesy and good-breeding. Conventionalities are death, or at least dampers, to romance.

Mr. Austin made due explanation of his re-appearance as far as was necessary, and pointed to his angling apparatus in confirmation of his statement. "Did Miss Williams know anything of the success he would be likely to meet with in the neighborhood?" And, after they had exhausted that subject, and had a merry laugh at the "widow Panderson's" communication to Lucy that morning with regard to her new lodger, the book lying between them led the conversation to the inexhaustible theme of country life, and its *dolce far niente* in general. A primitive summons of the farm laborers to their midday meal surprised them both. Mr. Austin had not even selected a fly for the first attack. It was only natural that he should not wish to keep the punctual dame Panderson's table a second time waiting, and consequently that he should escort Lucy to the boundary of the lawn, where he received and accepted an invitation to the house whenever he should weary of the monotonous style of Mrs. Panderson's society.

He had several debates as to the propriety of calling the same evening, but was relieved from all scruples by the widow's proposition that he should accompany her, as she was going over "for some turnpike to set a sponge," which he received literally, and wondered what the connection could possibly be between the highway and a baking apparatus.

The family of Hill Farm were all assembled in the sitting-room. Tea being over, and candles not yet lighted, Mrs. Williams had recourse to her knitting-needles, while her husband, poor man, as uneasy as a naughty boy in a corner at the cessation of active employment, tilted his chair back and sat with his head against the wall twirling his thumbs, "for want of thought." Lucy had a low seat in the open window, and, at the sound of steps upon the gravelled path,

came out to meet them. Mr. Austin wondered she did not stagnate in such daily companionship. He forgot that a true lover of nature's varied phases has, in enjoying out-of-door life, and the choicest of friends, good books, constant means of progression. Then there was the piano; what a relief the suggestion was to the conversation of their elders on the subject of bees and butter-making! Lucy sang, as he had expected, ballads, old-fashioned songs of Moore, and others long since out of date in city drawing-rooms; but her voice was as pure and clear as her own nature seemed to be.

Dame Panderson wondered that she saw no results of professional industry or skill in the angler's gentle art, as the results of her lodger's long absences in wood and field, and concluded with him on "bad luck," accordingly. She thought he seemed to feel cast down by it, for he did not say half as many funny things as when he first came, and she certainly had no reason to complain of late rising at the end of the week. He was often strolling around at early milking time, though he stayed out so late in the evening. Sitting up till ten o'clock was rather trying to a person of the widow's somnolent propensities.

There was undoubtedly something on Mr. John Austin's mind. He was endeavoring to make terms with himself. He knew that he felt more interest in "Lucy"—he always had called her so in thinking of her—than any woman he had ever seen; the symptoms were much the same, though considerably more dangerous, than those experienced in a severe college hallucination, when he had threatened to shoot himself if his guardian did not allow him to marry the daughter of one of the professors before he came of age. She was the mother of a numerous family now, and he always felt exceedingly obliged to his guardian whenever he thought of her. But Lucy was a different style of person, naturally refined, sufficiently well educated, and always companionable. For such a life as they were now leading, what more could any man desire in a wife?

Ay, there it was. This seclusion could not continue; even if they lived six months in the year on the plantation, the other six must be passed in the world, in society, and a very different world from Hill Farm, where occasional tea-drinkings, going to church on Sunday, and a yearly visit of two or three days to the city were the only excitements. Transplanted to the formality of his own circle, would not the freshness and self-possession, Lucy's great-

est charm of manner, give place to awkward restraint, and both be made unhappy by the world's ill-natured criticism? And then, provided that should not come to pass, how would his sister take the connection with Lucy's family? He shrank from the thought himself, much as he loved her; the recollection of her foster-father's blunt homeliness, and the perpetual solecisms of his good wife, the coarse-featured and hard-handed uncles and cousins he had seen Lucy welcome so frankly! He could not ask her to separate herself entirely from them; he should not respect her if she consented to do so; and yet he had his full share of family and conventional pride, as strong, if not as constantly expressed, as his sister's, who never scrupled in applying "coarse and underbred" to any one out of her own aristocratic circle.

These were weightier considerations than mere bachelor scruples of personal freedom, and they often checked a kindling glance or a softened tone when he walked or read with Lucy. Did she dream of all this, or recognize their social inequality in such friendly intercourse? And where was it all to end?

"Hallo, Austin! where did you spring from?" inquired Mr. Hamilton, as he turned to see who had deposited himself in the nearest empty seat in a rail-car. He was fenced in by packages proclaiming himself a family man—his wife's shopping of the day before, a box of cigars, and the red handles of a large toy wheelbarrow projecting from a stiff brown-paper envelop. It was a mutual surprise; possibly the pleasure was not equal on both sides, but Mr. Austin resigned himself to the consequences of a discovery.

"What have you been about since you left us, old boy? I haven't had a glimpse of you in town."

"Angling," said the conceited fugitive, concisely.

"Any luck?"

"Tolerable."

"What neighborhood?"

"Hill Farm."

"The—mischief! I say, own up, what's in the wind? You *haven't* been trifling with that pretty girl's young affections?"

"No," said Mr. Austin, so quietly that his friend was more puzzled than ever.

"Not in earnest? Pshaw, no! 'Pritty nice crops, Mister Hamilton,'" he said, with a ludicrous imitation of farmer Williams's slow drawl. "'Du be neighborly, Miss Hamilton;

don't be discouraged 'cause Lucy ain't to home.'" And he changed his voice to Mrs. Williams's nasal intonations.

Mr. Austin's annoyance was visible.

"In spite of which, I'm going to *marry her*; so the less of that the better."

Mr. Hamilton turned, and surveyed him in unmitigated astonishment.

"All right here?" said he, touching his forehead.

"Perfectly." And Austin laughed with restored good nature. "Rather sudden, I know, and perhaps not exactly looked for by Clara and the rest. But it's *so*; and I'm going to take my sister to see her to-morrow, and have it over with at once. She's going down to some uncle's or aunt's in town to-night, for a day or so. Clara expects your wife, doesn't she?"

"I believe so. I heard something about it."

"Do tell her to help me out with it. Clara's so ridiculous; but opposition will be worse than useless."

"That's asking a great deal after your shabbiness, old fellow; within five miles of us all this time, and never gave us a hint. Virginia introduced you, too. You'll have to make your own terms with her. Come, begin at the beginning." And Mr. Hamilton settled himself to hear the rise and progress of this unlooked-for development.

It was not such an unnatural proceeding, after all. Mr. Austin had come to that pass when he thought a home would be very pleasant; a state of feeling partially induced by seeing how much his old college friend enjoyed Edgewater. He was not rich enough to marry a fashionable woman, his habits were expensive, and he knew he should have to make some sacrifices to keep up such a *ménage* as would be expected of him, even with Lucy's simple tastes. The idea of separation, forced upon him by a sudden summons to return to town, brought matters to a crisis, made him confess to himself, and drew from Lucy the same acknowledgment, that they had become necessary to each other's happiness. It was no longer a question of expediency; it never had been with Lucy, who seemed to avoid rather than seek any knowledge of his position and income; and how much more he loved her for the trusting womanly spirit, such a strong contrast to the many women who had laid siege to him that very summer.

Quite relieved at having made a clean breast of the matter to their only mutual acquaintance, Mr. Austin escorted his promised bride to the city that same afternoon, thinking how pretty she looked in the close straw bonnet and black

mantle, and that Clara would be worse than blind if she did not appreciate her. There is nothing that just engaged lovers enjoy more than a little journey—the feeling of protection on the one side, and repose on the other, both being reminded by every little circumstance calling it forth, that thus it will be through life.

Mr. Austin entirely forgot the inevitable annoyances that bridged over the short interval to elapse before this delightful confidence became entire; but he was recalled to the actual state of the case on their arrival at the depot. There was a hesitation and uncertainty in Lucy's manner that he had never seen before, when she begged him to leave her in the carriage he had summoned, and not call at her uncle's until he brought his sister the following day.

"I must tell them about you," she said; "they would not understand it, you know."

She was certainly right in sparing any awkward explanations to him; "and then," thought he, as he reluctantly trusted her to the all-accommodating hack-driver, "she wishes to have time, poor child, to place them in their best light. It must be hard for her, knowing my tastes, to have to introduce me to such a set. Plain country homeliness, with the surroundings of Hill Farm, is nothing to be compared to city vulgarity."

He walked to his hotel in no very good humor, almost wishing he had arranged to take Clara to Hill Farm for the first dreaded interview. She would have appreciated its simple good taste; and he tormented himself by conjuring up all kinds of *contretemps* to take place in a dingy house in some obscure street, with Lucy timid and restrained, and his sister haughtily patronizing.

Mrs. Huntly, annoyed in every way by the "entanglement" which her brother had suffered himself to be drawn into, and believing Lucy to be an artful, designing person, did not do much towards soothing this irritation. It had been her plan that he should marry the pretty Fanny Mercer, with her style and her property. She had joined their party since he left her for the purpose of bringing them together. They naturally passed a very uncomfortable evening in their private parlor, Miss Fanny flirting "immensely" with some very young officers, and a very old judge of the supreme court, who happened in, to show *her* indifference.

"My dear soul," said Mrs. Colonel Huntly to Mrs. Hamilton, the next morning, "you will never persuade me of it—never. I don't blame you for the introduction, of course, though I cannot understand your visiting such people.

Still, you could not have supposed that a man of Jack's age and experience would allow himself to be so completely caught. I am going to call on her, because I think it my duty; but I most devoutly hope something will happen to break it off."

Mrs. Huntly continued to force a new glove on a hand considerably plumper than in their schooldays, though she never would allow it to herself so far as to change her number. Her fair faded face grew flushed with the exertion and the warmth of her feelings.

Mrs. Hamilton was glad when Mr. Austin made his appearance and announced the carriage. Never were three people apparently bent on a pleasant morning so secretly ill at ease. We "take that back," as the children say; there is scarcely an engagement made in fashionable life that some member of one or both families does not feel ill used, and consequently bound to make themselves disagreeable.

Mr. Austin helped the ladies in, and seated himself. The driver still awaited his orders, leaning backwards to ask them. Mr. Austin had forgotten to look at the card Lucy had inclosed to him with her uncle's address.

"Some street one never heard of, no doubt!" Mrs. Huntly said, pettishly, as he hunted up the envelop.

That Mr. Austin had had some such suspicions, was perhaps the reason he had not looked before. He seemed a little relieved by the inspection. "No. — Twenty-Third Street." It was tolerably presentable; but neither he nor his sister knew enough of localities to decide what manner of dwelling they were likely to find.

"I hope Lucy won't think it necessary to go and get up a grand toilet for the occasion," he thought, while endeavoring to converse in the most unembarrassed manner. He had seen enough of the neighboring young people at Hill Farm to have a horror of "a best silk dress." If the universally accomplished Mrs. Huntly had one *forte* above another, it was perfect taste in all matters appertaining to the toilet. His anxiety for a favorable first impression had degenerated into "fidgetiness," and he was doing both Lucy and himself injustice.

"This cannot be the place," he said, as the carriage halted at a very handsome mansion in an excellent neighborhood.

"I think not," Mrs. Hamilton answered, reluctantly. She could not help wishing that it was, considering the pleasant time Lucy was likely to have of it with her stylish sister-in-law.

"It must be East Twenty-Third Street, then," said the driver.

But no; "West" was clearly written in Lucy's ladylike characters; and, fearing another kind of *contretemps*, Mr. Austin heard her inquired for at the door.

"At home," said the flourishing waiter, as he threw back the vestibule-door into a handsomely arranged hall.

"What can it mean?" rustled Mrs. Huntly, arranging her flounces. She was of the secret opinion Lucy would turn out the ex-governess, or something of that sort, instead of a relative of the family. And so it happened that, instead of being completely annihilated, Lucy was the only self-possessed member of the party, as she came from a daintily furnished morning-room to receive them.

Mrs. Huntly was obliged to leave her condescension in the vestibule; if anything, she was patronized just at that moment by the fashionable-looking woman Lucy introduced as "My aunt, Mrs. Schuyler."

Lucy's pretty, pleading look of recognition to her lover, as she handed the ladies over to Mrs. Schuyler's civilities, seemed to say, "Do forgive me," and, of course, Mr. John Austin was not so hard-hearted as to refuse.

Mrs. Huntly had heard of Mrs. Schuyler at the Springs; they had mutual topics of interest and inquiry.

"This naughty girl never will travel with us in the summer," said the aunt, playfully tapping Lucy's shoulder with her fan, "and her uncle has always allowed her to have her own way too much. Has not she made quite a little paradise of Hill Farm, Mr. Austin? You have seen it, Mrs. Hamilton. She is so much attached to those nice old people; we left her there to board, as I suppose she told you, one summer when she was a delicate child, and old Mrs. Williams was more than a mother to her."

"Your own name, too," said Mrs. Hamilton, wickedly enjoying Mrs. Huntly's discomfiture and her brother's amazement.

"Yes, quite a singular coincidence," said Mrs. Schuyler, evidently not aware of the extent of the revelations she was making. You have passed seven summers there now, haven't you, my dear? Ever since she was quite a child. I dare say half the neighborhood think she belongs to the family." Mrs. Schuyler smiled, as if the bare idea of such a mistake was amusing.

"Miss Lucy displays rather a singular taste," remarked Mrs. Huntly, as if the subject of their conversation was a wayward child receiving a well merited reproof.

"But one gets so weary of society in the

winter," Lucy answered, eagerly, dreading more of a scene than she cared for at that moment. "We always go to Washington in the winter, and have such a large visiting circle that it takes all the summer to catch one's breath again."

"If you only knew how irksome society is sometimes to me," she said, when pleading forgiveness of what seemed very much like continued deception towards her future husband. "I have been so weary of the *éclat* of an heiress, ever since I can remember. My very nurse used to flatter me. Good old Mrs. Williams was the first naturally sincere person I ever had seen, and I grew up to be almost one of her family. It was such a relief to get away up there every summer, and do just as I pleased."

"But your milking, and biscuit-making, and gardening. Recollect, I have seen all that. What did your aunt say to it?"

"Do you suppose it ever occurred to her, or any of these people, that I could or *would* do such things when not obliged to?" Lucy laughed merrily. "I thought Mrs. Hamilton knew who I was, and had told you, when I found she did not."

"You should have done so, you little traitor."

"If you only knew how nice it was to be loved for *one's self*!" And one of those hard-working but still pretty hands nestled into his own.

"I thought *I did* know, Lucy."

Mrs. Schuyler returned to escort them to the lunch-table, just then, or very likely forgiveness would have been sealed in the manner usual to lover's quarrels.

"This is some of the Hill Farm butter," Mrs. Schuyler said, quite innocently, as she helped herself to a delicate roll.

Lucy held up her hand slyly. Two days before, Mr. Austin had surprised her in the milk-room shaping these very prints.

"Aunt would be horrified," she said, too low for the lady's preoccupied attention.

"Your sister is a very fine person," continued the stately lady, bent on being agreeable, "and Mrs. Hamilton is a distant relative of ours, though I never met her before. I am really delighted that Lucy is to have such a chaperon as Mrs. Huntly."

It is not probable that she would have dwelt on the subject so complacently, if she had known how near that amiable lady had been, only that very morning, declining the honor of such an appointment.

"You ought to have seen Clara," said Mrs. Hamilton, relating the day's adventures, conjugally, to her husband.

"Quite cut up, I suppose." Mr. Hamilton rubbed his hands delightedly. "I wonder how the boy has got along without you all day? I thought he was old enough for a top. I used to like a top." And he produced one very nearly the size of its destined owner's head. "When does the wedding come off? John Austin always was a lucky dog; an heiress into the bargain! What do you suppose the boy will say to *that*? Well, I told you he'd be worth something yet, when he kissed the baby!"

THE MUSIC BOX.

BY MARION HARLAND, AUTHOR OF "MARRYING THROUGH PRUDENTIAL MOTIVES," "THE THRICE WEDDED," AND THE NOVEL OF "ALONE."

I HAVE a crazy little sanctum, Mr. Godey; an impregnable retreat when driven thither by the "azure imps," or the heavy, iron realities of out-door life. It is cool and shady in summer; the brightest, most cheerful room in the house in winter. The weather is bitter cold without to-day. By raising my head, I can see the hurrying passers-by; robes fluttering, and forms bent in the biting, furious blast; but the sunbeams fall still and warm upon the mingled vine and fern-leaves of the modest carpet, and, striking through my hour-glass, are shivered in prismatic hues over the paper upon which I write. The anthracite in the grate is all aglow,

and there is the sound of soft music ringing through the otherwise hushed air; tones light and clear as the sleigh-bells of Queen Mab's coursers, and anon, plaintive and slow, like the "sad—sad, and changed of that dear dream." It is hard to believe that the source of melodies, so various and so skilfully executed, lies in the unpretending case of dark wood upon the table in yonder corner. For me, each air has its meaning—its association; one, a glad, rippling gush like a fast shower of pearls, reminds me of a happy young girl far away, with a heart full of life's most precious things, love, and hope, and joy. I call it by her name; but sweeter, if

sadder, emotions are inspired by the most melancholy tune of "the set." It, too, is renamed; a title I do not speak when others are by, for it brings up the memory of a beloved absent friend and a heartache. Another begins mournfully, changes to a wild, swift movement, reckless, almost unmeaning; then sinks suddenly to the original strain, the wail of a hopeless sorrow. My eyes fill as I listen; I rise softly, unlock a drawer, and draw from thence a worn manuscript book, its yellow leaves covered with faded characters. It is a simple, *true* record of a woman's inner life. Will you read

EFFIE'S DIARY?

Nov. 5th.—I went down to the Rockspring this morning. The day is bleak; the gale last night has almost stript the trees of their autumn dress; the very water looked blue and troubled. I shivered as I stood there alone, the winds tossing my curls over my eyes, and numbing my limbs. I could not realize that, but yesterday, I sat for two hours upon the stone under the elm, never thinking of discomfort. Sunny and mild as it was then, a careful hand wrapped my shawl about me, and held it in its place to-day. Oh, Bertie! How shall I learn to live without you? He is many miles on his way by this time, surrounded by strangers, bound for a distant shore; but his heart is ever turning backwards towards the loved spot, answering, beat for beat, the sorrowful throbbings of mine. Tears blister the page as I write, but they are welcome drops, shed for him, and bringing relief to the anguished soul. I would not shake off this sadness if I could. He has been so much to me! the only one who ever really understood me. Strange, that with his gifts of mind and person, he should have been drawn towards me! plain in body; ordinary in intellect; strong in nothing but my love. How well I remember his answer when I once said as much to him! "You cannot see yourself, Effie; do not know what a beautiful light of thought and feeling glows through those quiet eyes and pale cheeks at times. To me you are always lovely, if only for your deep, full heart." I used to mourn that so few cared for my affection. There were seasons when the repressed tide produced a sense of aching and suffocation; now the stone is rolled away from the well's mouth, and how gloriously its streams leap forth for him who gave them liberty!

6th.—A letter! but a few lines, written at the end of the first stage of his journey, yet more precious than gold or diamonds. Had he only snatched time to pen those three words—"My

darling Effie," I would have wept over them in speechless gratitude, and worn them next my heart. How thankful am I then for tidings of his welfare and continued love!

15th.—A package from New York, a parting gift. First and best, eight closely-written pages of the unmistakable language of the heart; his heart, lofty and true; tender as a woman's. He sends me, he writes, something which will often talk to me of him, beguiling me into smiles in my most lonely hours; and bids me remember, when listening to its strains, that he has heard them too. It is a music-box; a large, exquisitely-toned instrument. Upon lifting the lid, I found a folded slip of paper within, bearing the opening line of that beautiful little poem—"Your heart is a music-box, dearest;" one then which knows but a single theme, dear Bertie!

18th.—His first Sabbath upon the ocean. It is one of the loveliest of Indian summer noons. The air is warm and fragrant; the veil of blue haze deepens the belt of forest into purple, and softens the jagged outlines of the mountains beyond. Is he gliding over calm seas, under a sky as smiling as that above me? He misses the Sabbath bells; the sound of prayer and praise; the communion of spirits in the holiest of duties, purest of delights. Yet, I can see him, as the hour for service approaches, withdrawing from the careless throng, to send his thoughts far over the waters to his home. If my name is too often the burden of his petitions; if his image is ever borne upon my heart as I kneel to offer mine, He who knows our frame, and the loving Father, will surely forgive it.

Dec. 25th.—The house is in an uproar, dressing, and feasting, and romping; for the usual party of relations, young and old, are celebrating the anniversary with us. I have helped arrange the supper-table; looked into the guests' chambers to see that all is in readiness for the evening toilet, and wearily sought my room to refresh myself by writing to the beloved exile. He has reached the land of gold ere this. Prosperity attend him there! My frame quivered, and cheeks burned with suppressed passion to-day, on overhearing a censure of him for "leaving country and friends in pursuit of gain." It was denounced as "heartless and mercenary." How I longed to vindicate him from this most unjust assertion! The speaker knew, as well as I do, that he has set out in no vague chase after wealth, but embarked in a regular business enterprise, invited to, and sustained in it by men of well-established character and standing in the commercial world; that the end of two years will as certainly see him again in his native

place as he is a living man. But these thoughts do me no good, and unfit me for conversing with him. I shall inclose a Christmas gift; a chain woven of the "nut-brown curls," which were his favorite playthings.

July 15th.—I have had a delightful surprise. The morning was very warm, and having finished my household duties, I donned a white dress, and, it being the day for writing, carried my desk into the parlor, as the coolest place I could find. As is my custom, I set the music-box upon the window-seat beside me, touching the spring as I took up my pen. It was in the midst of its merriest peal, my pulses vibrating to every note, for I was talking to *him*, when, chancing to lift my eyes, I saw a gentleman—a stranger—standing before me. I closed the desk hurriedly, and stopped the music; but his easy politeness relieved my embarrassment, and his second sentence, after the customary "Miss Ray, I believe?" made me forget forms and bashfulness together. "I am the bearer of a packet from a friend in California, Albert Falconer."

Bertie's letters introduce him as his partner and intimate companion, and refer me to him for information respecting his occupation and prospects. "He visits the States ostensibly upon other business, but, I suspect, in quest of a wife. He is a fine fellow, Effie, handsome, fascinating, intelligent, and so on; but do not lose your heart, or steal his, for I shall not give you up." I smiled when I read this, for what are beauty, accomplishments, and wisdom weighed against a love which is all mine? Mr. Grafton is agreeable, I grant, and I anticipate much enjoyment during his stay near us; yet I wish leave of absence had been accorded to his partner instead.

22d.—A ride with Mr. Grafton. He complimented my horsemanship. I am perhaps a little vain of it myself, for I attribute my proficiency to my teacher's lessons and example, as indeed what do I not owe to him? I have had a pleasant time this week. Thanked Bertie yesterday for the entertaining companion he has sent me. I fancy the latter looked surprised, but is evidently much pleased by my innumerable inquiries about his southwest life. His penetration cannot but divine that it is only a modest way of learning how another's time is employed; yet, with great delicacy, he never suffers this knowledge to appear.

Aug. 4th.—Have just come in from a moonlight stroll, not to the Rockspring (I never lead strangers in that direction; it is consecrated ground), but down the Willow Lane, very beau-

tiful at this season. Mr. Grafton has been telling of the loneliness of the sojourner in the land to which he must soon return. Poor Bertie! Nine months absent! Fifteen more before he can hope to see his home!

Sept. 30th.—I am astonished and pained, yet I cannot see that I am in fault, except that I have erred in taking for granted that Mr. Grafton was aware of my engagement. As I told him, it is inexplicable how he could have retained any respect for me while ignorant of it. How open, how unblushing must have appeared my encouragement of the attentions which I considered him privileged to pay to the betrothed of his friend! The worst of it is that my parents strenuously advise me to accept his proposal. My mother left me but a moment since. She spoke even harshly of my "obstinate perseverance in a childish whim, which nobody but myself regarded in the light of an engagement of marriage." "Albert will forget you; and you may never have another offer like this. Your unprotected situation is a great distress to your father. He has met with heavy losses recently; and his health declines daily. Your sisters have families of their own, and cannot afford to give us a shelter; at his death, we will be utterly dependent. Can you bear this?"

I prayed her with tears not to array my duty to her against my solemnly plighted vow; promised to toil for her bread and for mine; anything but deceive *his* trust and perjure myself! She reasoned with me, calling me her "best daughter," and other fond names seldom addressed to me before; but when I assured her, upon my knees, that I dared not obey her, and fasten this great sin upon my soul, she tore her dress from my clinging hands, and sternly saying, "You will live to repent this in dust and ashes," went out in anger. I am very—*very* miserable! Bertie! Bertie! what would I not give to lay my head upon your bosom and weep!

Oct. 1st.—I am calmer to-night. Mr. Grafton has gone. We parted kindly, as friends, who were never to think of being more. He saw that I was suffering, and entreated my pardon for the pain he had unintentionally inflicted. His manliness and generosity touched me. I shall always esteem, although I cannot love him. I envy him, even in his disappointment, for he goes at once to San Francisco.

Dec. 24th.—A stormy Christmas Eve. Evil spirits might be riding upon the blast, so unearthly and fierce are the shrieks, so mournful the sobs and groanings which fill the air. The rain dashes heavily against the shaking windows, but there is no gloom in my snug room. The

fire roars a jocund response to the tumult without, and needs no aid of lamps to drive the shadows out of every corner. And the music-box! I could believe that elfin fingers are sweeping the keys, so joyous is their tinkling magic. I ought to know every note by heart, but this evening there are certainly variations which seem new; and it does not require to be wound up half so often as usual. I have read Bertie's last budget through twice since it began to play, and it is ringing away bravely still; chimes—Christmas chimes!

This letter removes a load of anxiety. He has received the one sent by Mr. Grafton, and has no suspicion of what has passed between us. "You have a high place in his good graces, Effie. I cannot conceal my pride when I hear his high encomiums. Did I not always tell you, little infidel, that you are, that you only needed to be known to be, loved and admired?" But the concluding paragraph is that which has lent a new glory to life, so lowering for many weeks: "It will be nearly Christmas when this reaches you. Will you enjoy the festival any the less for knowing that we shall together taste the pleasures of the next? This is my 'merry Christmas news' for you, darling."

Those happy chimes! like fairy laughter! How deliciously they carol! What sounds to my soul, like "peace on earth; good-will to men!" I have even feared to speak of present joy, lest it should depart as soon as remarked upon; but to-night, I am happy! I *will* write it, though the clouds gather to-morrow!

Dec. 25th.—A year and a day since I have opened my journal. I had almost forgotten that I ever possessed one, until I happened upon it awhile ago, while rummaging through an old chest, brought from the homestead in F—. I read the last lines of my Christmas eve record with a thrill, as acknowledging a fulfilled prophecy. Heavily and hopelessly have the clouds gathered. The following dawn saw me fatherless. The messenger had come at midnight, and the Master's call was urgent. With scarcely a struggle, he passed to his rest. Our worst forebodings with regard to our worldly estate were accomplished. Penniless and inexperienced, too proud to live upon charity, I willingly accepted an invitation to this remote settlement, to assume the charge of the "Academy"—sounding title to those who had never seen the establishment dignified by this name—in a western village. It furnishes but a scanty support, acquired by unremitting toil; but, as yet, we have been able to *live*, and not at the expense of others.

My poor mother! The change tells fearfully

upon her. Grief has deprived her of energy; a succession of afflictions of hope and faith. I can conceal my sorrows, in consideration of her greater woe; can labor uncomplainingly while strength endures; but it is hard! It wrings my soul, that she will chide me as the cause of our present misfortune! Perhaps, after all, I sinned in not sacrificing self upon the altar of filial affection; but, I believed that I held, as a sacred trust, the happiness of one who had committed it freely, without a doubt, to my charge. Could I violate that confidence; break *his* heart as well as mine? Thus stood the case then. *Now*—but this is forbidden ground.

An hour later.—"Ground" I feel constrained to tread. After writing the above, finding the holiday hang tediously upon my hands, I returned to the old chest. I was tossing over its contents listlessly, when suddenly a strain of remembered music broke forth from the midst of the confusion. I had accidentally touched the spring of the unseen case; the next moment, I had drawn it from its hiding-place, and was sobbing over it like a child. It brought it all before me: the delicious sadness of the parting; the dreamy pictures of the future; the abiding faith of those early months; letters—white-winged doves! which came surely and frequently, to nestle in my bosom; the bright promise of reunion; then the lengthened interval of silence; the long, slow agony of expectation, terminated by the return of my last letter unopened! Had this dispensation come directly from the Father's hand, I could have borne it better, for against him I have sinned in my absorbing devotion to the creature; but when I prayed—

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee."

I little thought that the thing adored was itself to fall with crushing weight upon the soul of its worshipper!

Feb. 22d.—These holidays are wearisome to me. My daily bread is distasteful unless sweetened by labor. I dread inaction, because it gives me leisure for reflection. I dare not think! Even my mother's lamentations are preferable to my meditations; and while she sleeps, I seize my pen to kill time and ennui. Ennui! what have I to do with it? It is the disease of the rich and gay; the term they give to the palling of the newest pleasure. Is this mode of life and thought wise? Is it right? worthy of a heaven-fearing, heaven-desiring spirit? When I sicken of an objectless existence, am I not forgetful of a daughter's love and duty; wickedly regardless

of the "recompense of reward?" These are questions I set for my study; force my unwilling mind to their contemplation. Does a palsied soul always accompany a dead heart?

June 10th.—A rich, fervid summer day. The scarlet blossoms wreathing the rude casement sway gently in the breeze, whispering and nodding to their gorgeous mates. I remember the time when I would have had rare conceits about them and the quick-glancing humming-birds, their constant visitors. I have no inclination to pursue such fancies now. "Life is real," and, to me, hard, not "earnest," unless it be the earnestness of the galley-slave, while the scourge is suspended above him; yet they call me cheerful—my poor mother says "heartless"—and that it is "a great thing to be able to throw off trouble so easily." I believe I wear a smile generally, I cannot tell why, unless from the force of habit; and if I am expected to laugh, I do it, I do not know how; but in the shrouded inner chamber no sunlight gleams—no mirth-tones echo. There ever brood the darkness, the stillness, the unwholesome chill of the sepulchre.

Nov. 1st.—I have never called this uncomfortable dwelling "home;" but it is a trial to resign it for one yet more humble, as befits our straitening circumstances. I barely earned a subsistence a year since; my utmost endeavors do not obtain that now. A new school has deprived me of half my pupils. He who hears the young ravens cry alone knows how all this is to end.

Our landlord calls this afternoon for his rent, which is not ready. I have written to him to come at five o'clock. My mother is usually asleep then; and she must be spared the further degradation of representing our condition, and suing for his forbearance.

Evening.—The dreaded interval is over. Mr. Mills entered, punctual to a minute, at the time appointed; a tall sinewy figure, but in nothing else the backwoodsman. I had seen him before, yet not noticed him particularly; and was struck now with a sort of honest intelligence, mingled with much good-nature, which somewhat revived my sinking courage. He only called, he stated, in consequence of my message.

"In this part of the world, we are not strict in our observance of pay-day. I am obliged to you for reminding me of it on one account. I have not visited the place for so long, that I was not aware how shamefully out of repair it is. You cannot be comfortable here, Miss Ray. It would have been a pleasure to me, no less than a duty to you and myself, to attend to this matter six months ago."

This was a fortunate opening, and I improved

it, by expressing our reluctance to ask for what we could not expect; to which we were not entitled, inasmuch as we found ourselves unable to pay the very moderate rent—

"Which I cannot have the conscience to charge for the house in its present tumble-down condition," he interrupted, laughing. "If you think half of the original demand reasonable, well and good; if not, a quarter will satisfy me. I will send workmen over to-morrow; and esteem myself lucky in not having lost a good tenant by my negligence."

Dismissing this subject, he rambled to others, chatting easily and sensibly, with a chivalric deference to my opinion, which made me forget his want of polish. He had learned through his nieces, who are among my pupils, of my mother's state of health.

"Does she ride much?" he questioned.

"Never. We have no conveyance."

"My sister is just recovering from a spell of sickness. I drive her out every day. Would your mother object to accompanying us occasionally?"

I thanked him most cordially. The darkest hour was this morning. "At the evening-time, there is light!"

May 5th.—This is an unlooked-for trial. From the time of his business call last fall, Henry Mills has been our best, almost our sole friend in this neighborhood. I feel for him gratitude, only second to my esteem of his noble qualities; but I *cannot* give him a love belonging to the past—entombed with it! But my mother. A refusal will wellnigh quench her feeble spark of life. As his wife, I can give her a home, and every comfort needed for her declining years. What is it that holds me back? I can no longer plead a prior pledge; can allege nothing but the stubborn denial of my selfish heart. Oh, that Providence would point out, by some undoubted sign, which is the path of duty!

7th.—My prayer is answered. Yesterday, in recess, I espied a torn newspaper under one of the school-room benches. It was quite upon the opposite side of the room, but some irresistible impulse forced me to cross over and pick it up. It was a New York paper. I had hardly observed this, when my eye fell upon an extract from a California journal:—

"We regret to learn the death of Mr. Albert Falconer, of the firm of Grafton, Falconer & Co., well-known merchants in this city. He set out in excellent health and spirits on the 10th inst., in company with eight or ten others, upon an expedition into the interior; but the party had not proceeded more than a hundred miles, when

Mr. Falconer became seriously ill, and unable to advance. An attempt to remove him to the nearest settlement was rendered abortive by his increasing danger; and after lingering until the morning of the 21st, he expired, thousands of miles from family and home; but surrounded by a chosen band of faithful comrades, to whom his high moral character and amiable qualities had endeared him."

The struggle is ended. Self is buried in his wilderness grave.

June 1st.—My wedding-day.

15th.—Henry handed me a letter this morning. It was post-marked F—; and without examining the superscription myself, smiling at his remark upon its being my maiden name, I opened it in his and my mother's presence. I could just drag my heavy limbs from the room, and lock myself in my chamber, before I fell as one dead. *It was from Albert Falconer, and dated four days since!*

When I awoke, it lay beside me; and still reeling in that terrible heart-sickness, I read it.

It was Grafton who died, holding his deceived friend's hand in his, and imploring his forgiveness with his last breath. He had intercepted my letters, withheld Bertie's, and finally directed the one to me which closed the correspondence. A merciful Judge have pity upon his wretched soul!

"I have come for you, my true, cruelly-wronged Effie," says the letter. "I am not certain as to your place of refuge, but direct this to what I am told was once your address. If I do not receive an answer speedily, I shall not wait for it to tell me where to seek you; but start, guided by Love."

I wrote but a line in reply: "I believed you dead. I am married."

For further justification, he must await the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

CHEERFULNESS.

THERE is no one quality, says the Hartford "Courant," that so much endears man to his fellow men as cheerfulness. Talents may excite more respect, and virtues more esteem. But the respect is apt to be distant, and the esteem cold. But it is otherwise with cheerfulness. It endears a man to the heart, not the intellect or the imagination. There is a kind of reciprocal diffusiveness about this quality that recommends its

possessor by the very effect it produces. There is a mellow radiance in the light it sheds on all social intercourse, which pervades the soul to a depth that the blaze of intellect can never reach.

The cheerful man is a double blessing—a blessing to himself and to the world around him. In his own character, his good nature is the clear blue sky of his own heart, on which every star of talent shines out more clearly. To others he carries an atmosphere of joy and hope and encouragement wherever he moves. His own cheerfulness becomes infectious, and his associates lose their moroseness and their gloom in the amber-colored light of the benevolence he casts around him.

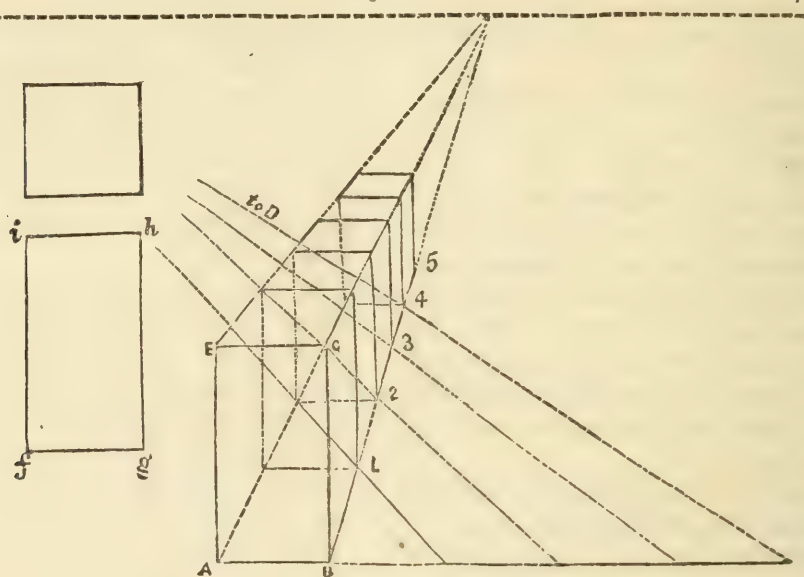
It is true that cheerfulness is not always happiness. The face may glow in smiles while the heart "runs in coldness and darkness below," but cheerfulness is the best external indication of happiness that we have, and it enjoys this advantage over almost every other good quality, that the counterfeit is as valuable to society as the reality. It answers as a medium of public circulation full as well as the true coin.

A man is worthy of all praise, whatever may be his private griefs, who does not intrude them on the happiness of his friends, but constantly contributes his quota of cheerfulness to the general public enjoyment. "Every heart knows his own bitterness;" but let the possessor of that heart take heed that he does not distil it into his neighbor's cup, and thus poison his felicity. There is no sight more commendable and more agreeable than to see a man, whom we know fortune has dealt with badly, smothering his peculiar griefs in his own bosom, and doing his duty in the society in which Providence has placed him, with an unruffled brow and a cheerful mien. It is a duty which society has a right to demand—a portion of that great chain which binds humanity together, the links of which every one should preserve bright and unsullied.

It may be asked: What shall that man do whose burden of griefs is heavy, and made still heavier by the tears he has shed over them in private? Shall he leave society? Certainly, until he has learned to bear his own burden. Shall he not seek for the sympathy of his friends? He had better not: sympathy would only weaken the masculine strength of mind which enables us to endure. Besides, sympathy unsought for is much more readily given, and sinks deeper in its healing effects into the heart. No! no! cheerfulness is a duty which every man owes to the world. Let him faithfully discharge the debt.

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

Fig. 11.



LESSON XVI.

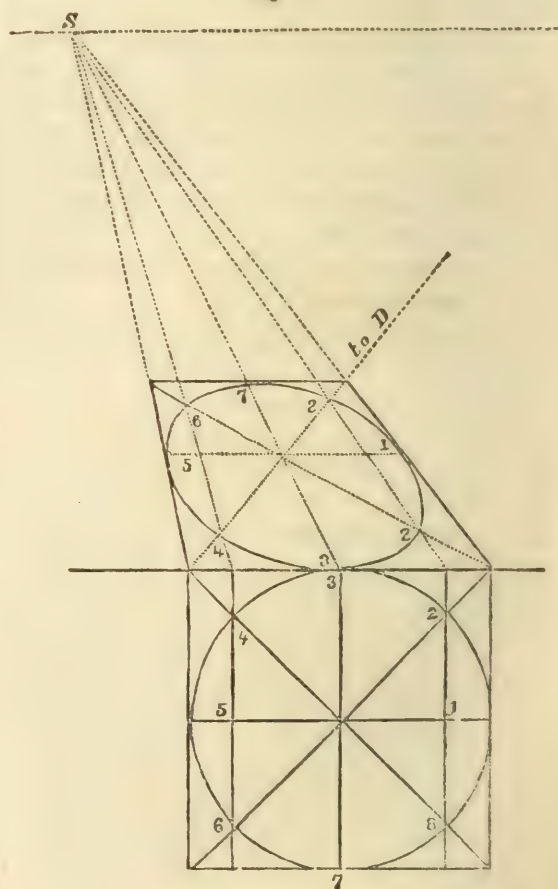
PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (Continued.)

By the combination of horizontal with vertical planes, we arrive at the perspective delineations of rectangular solids. Let it be desired to show in perspective a row of three square pillars of equal size, a plan of their bases being given in fig. 11; also an elevation of their sides; and let the distance between them be equal to one of their sides. With the width of the base, on the base-line, draw by preceding rules three square horizontal planes, representing the bases of the three pillars, and shade them for the sake of distinctness. On the base A B erect perpendiculars A E, B C, equal to $f i, g h$, which connect at the top by E C parallel to A B. Draw visual lines S E, S C; at the points 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, erect perpendiculars parallel to B C, meeting the visual line S C; and from their intersections with that line, draw lines to S E parallel to E C. These lines, in connection with the visual lines S E, S C, will denote the *horizontal* planes forming the tops of the pillars; and the perpendiculars B C, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, in connection with the visual lines S C, S B, will denote the *vertical* planes forming the sides of the pillars.

The same rule will apply to the forms of houses, boxes, and numerous other objects, whose external shapes may be considered as simple rectangular solids. On observing an object with a view to its perspective representa-

tion, the student should consider what geometrical figure it most resembles, and treat it accordingly. As he may now be supposed to have

Fig. 12.



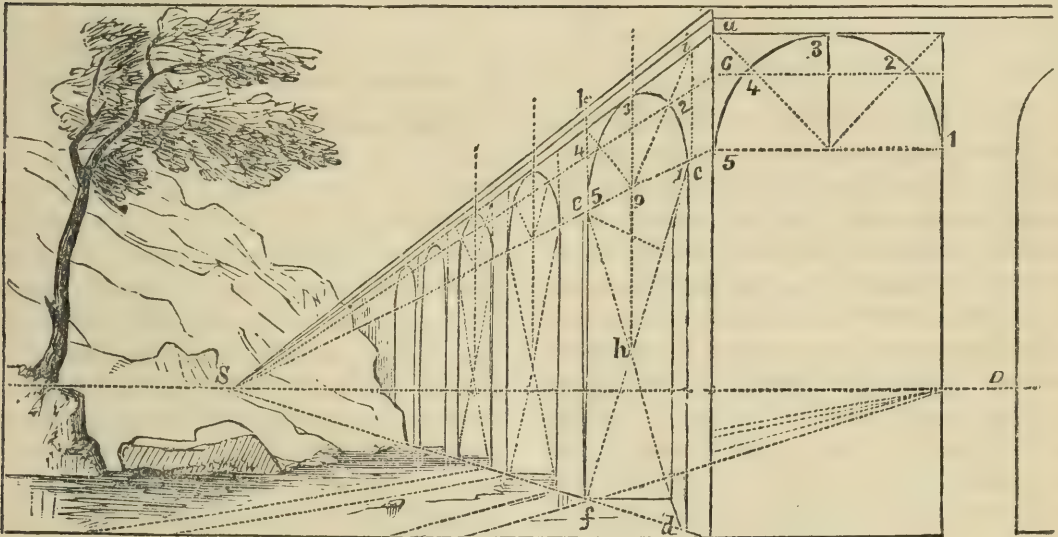
become sufficiently familiar with the parallel perspective of squares and rectangular figures, he may, therefore, proceed to that of other regular figures; and will first be introduced to *the circle*.

Every circle may be inscribed in a square (fig. 12), touching it at four points, 1, 3, 5, 7, of the circumference, and cutting its diagonals at four other points, 2, 4, 6, 8; and if the perspective positions of these eight points be found, a moderate proficiency in drawing and command of hand will enable the learner to draw such a figure through them as shall represent the perspective circle. These points are found by the method shown in fig. 12, and called "squaring the circle." The diagonals 2 6 and 8 4 are drawn on the plan, and also the diameters 1 5 and 3 7. The two lines 4 6 and 2 8 are also to be drawn through the points at which the circle intersects the diagonals; and the square with its lines may now be put into perspective by

preceding rules; by which means the perspective positions of the points 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, through which the circle must pass, will be found at the intersections of the corresponding lines. The squares, diagonals, diameters, and other lines, being only drawn in order to obtain by their assistance the points 1, 2, 3, &c., may be obliterated as soon as the perspective circle is inked in. The above eight points will, in drawings of ordinary size, be sufficient guide to the hand in drawing circles; but for circles of very large dimensions, the principles may be extended, and twice the number of points easily found by doubling the number of cross-lines, 2, 8, 4, 6.

The last figure gives the perspective circle in a horizontal plane; the same rule applies to its projection on a vertical plane, with this difference only, that in the latter case it must be squared against the side of the picture, instead of against the base-line (fig. 13). This rule

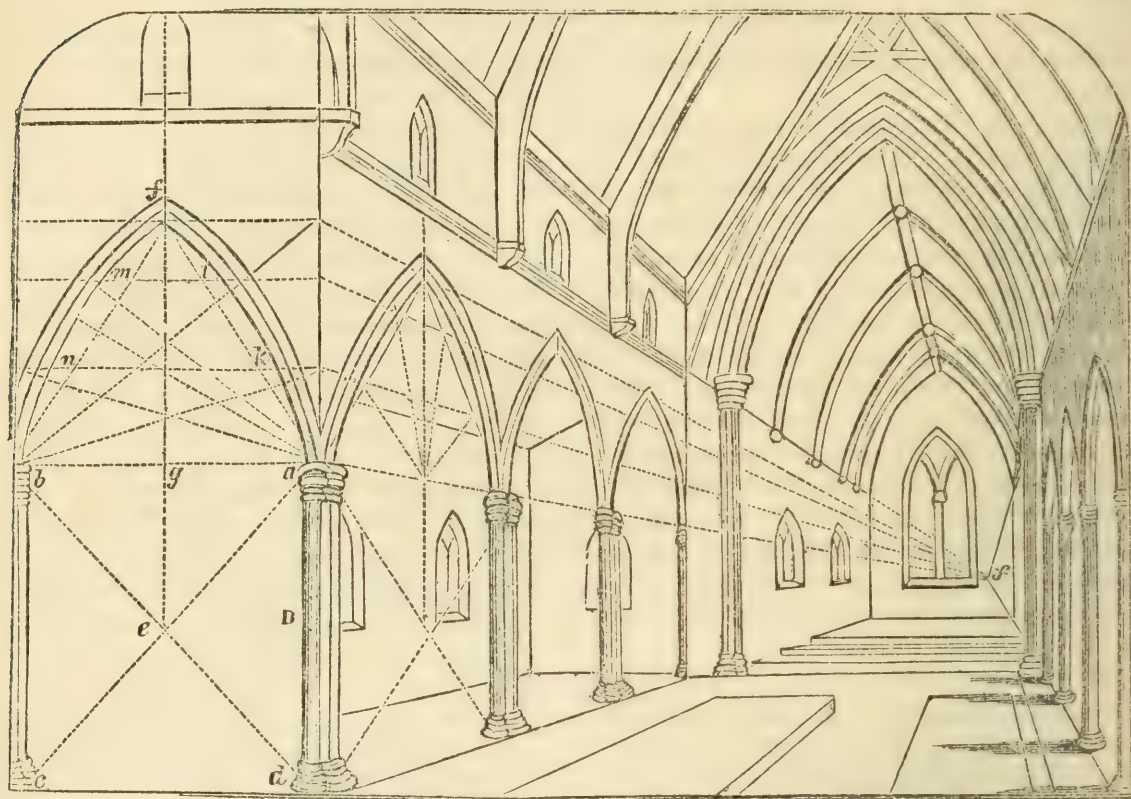
Fig. 13.



being highly useful in drawing bridges and viaducts with semicircular arches, an example is given, with a description of the process. The arches in the annexed viaduct being semicircular, the upper part only of the circle is to be squared by diagonals, diameters, and cross-line, as in fig. 12, by which means five points in the semicircle are obtained. Find the perspective lengths of the arches and piers by setting off the real lengths on the base-line, and drawing diagonals to the distance-point intersecting the visual line S D. At the intersections erect perpendiculars to the base-line denoting the piers. At the side of the picture set off *d c*, the height of the piers to the springing of the arch; draw the visual lines *S a*, *S b*, *S c*, and the others de-

noting the top and bottom lines of the viaduct. To ascertain the perspective point representing the top of each arch, draw the diagonals *e d*, *c f*; their intersections will be the perspective centre of the vertical plane *c d*, *f e*, through which *g h*, drawn parallel to the side of the picture, will cut the visual line *S a* at the top of the arch. Produce the two sides of the rectangle *c d f e*, to meet the line *S a* at *i* and *k*. Draw the lines *i o*, *k o*, intersecting *S b* at 2 and 4. The perspective semicircle may now be drawn through the points 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, thus obtained. Proceed in the same manner with each of the arches, using the same visual lines *S a*, *S b*, *S c*, by which, with the aid of similar diagonals, they may all be completed.

Fig. 14.



Gothic arches of pointed form may be drawn in perspective by the same rule, varied only to suit the change in their form. The object of squaring the semicircle in the last figure was to obtain certain points of its outline, which, drawn in their perspective positions, would guide the hand in forming the perspective outline; and points in any other curve will, in like manner, denote the perspective outline of such curve. In fig. 14 the elevation of the arch is drawn against the side of the picture, as before, and points are found in its outline by a similar process. First join the two lower corners by a line $a b$; draw the diagonals $a c$, $b d$; from that

intersection draw $e f$, passing through the centre of $a b$ at g . Draw $f a$, $f b$; divide each of them into three parts, and through each division draw lines from a and b to the opposite side of the arch; seven points, $a k l f n m b$, will thus be found. Produce $l m$ and $k n$ to the side of the picture. From the points thus obtained at that side, draw visual lines to the point of sight: find, as before, the perspective point, f , of each arch by diagonals; draw the perspective lines $f a$, $f b$; divide each of them into three parts; through the divisions draw lines from g , intersecting the visual lines at points which will denote the perspective curves.

STRAY RECIPES AND REMARKS FOR THE WARDROBE.

CARE is a good economist in a wardrobe; it will save the nine stitches by putting the one that is needed; and by folding, and brushing, and putting away, will make clothes last and look respectable twice as long as they otherwise would. A careful person will also find it worth while to change the clothing according to the present employment.

Women's dresses and mantles are kept better hung up in wardrobes, or closets secured from

dust, than folded in drawers, as they become creased and tumbled by folding.

Men's clothes, when folded, should be placed where there is room for them to lie without being pressed.

Before brushing clothes, if they are very dusty, they should be shaken, or spread upon a horse, and some of the dust whipped out with a switch: or, if there is much dry dirt, it should be rubbed off. They may then be spread upon a clean

board, and brushed the way the nap of the cloth runs. They should be brushed lightly and quickly, in such a manner as not to scrape off the nap. A duster should be at hand to remove dirt as it gathers on the board.

Hats should be put away from dusty places, when out of use. A soft brush should be used for smoothing the nap and removing dust. If wetted with rain, a hat should be left to dry, and then brushed with a harder brush than usual.

Wash-leather gloves will bear frequent washings with warm water and yellow soap: but the water must not be hot, or it will shrivel the leather. They should be dried quickly, and drawn upon the hand before they are quite dry, so as to preserve their shape. Kid gloves may be somewhat cleaned by the use of India rubber or bread crumbs. Silk and cotton gloves may be washed with soap and water, and ironed when nearly dry. Those of a lilac or lavender color will be improved by the use of a little soda in the water.

Drawers or wardrobes, especially where woollens are kept, should be occasionally emptied and left open in the influence of the fresh air and sunshine; and all the corners cleared from dust. This, and taking care never to put away clothes damp, will more likely prevent the moth than any recipe that can be given for the purpose. In addition, however, it can do no harm, and may do good, to sprinkle either a little camphor, lavender, rue, laurel, pepper, or cedar-wood, each of which is said to keep away moth. A little newly-made charcoal placed among clothes will prevent the unpleasant smell they often have when laid by.

Clothes-brushes should be kept clean by occasionally washing in cold water.

Hair-brushes and combs should be washed with warm water and soda: more or less soda will be needed, according as the brushes are more or less greasy. The washing should be done quickly, as soaking in the water softens the bristles and spoils the glue. They should then be rinsed in cold water and shaken as dry as possible, and they will soon be as hard and good as new.

Brown paper laid on a grease-spot and rubbed with a hot iron will be almost sure to remove it. But if the grease is very thick, the paper must be frequently changed.

Spirits of turpentine, or gin, or spirits of wine, rubbed in with a little flannel, will remove paint.

A teaspoonful of essential oil of lemon to a wineglassful of spirits of turpentine will make scouring-drops to clean the edges of coat-collars and cuffs.

Milk will entirely remove ink, if it is applied before the ink dries in.

Balls for cleaning cloth may be made by mixing six parts of fuller's earth to one part of pearlash, and, when mixed, kneading into a paste with lemon-juice

For shoes, a sharp knife should never be used to remove dirt, or the leather will most likely be cut. An old oyster-knife or a thin strip of hard wood will scrape off the worst dirt, and the rest should be brushed off by a hard brush kept for a dirt-brush. Blacking may then be applied, for which the following will be found a good recipe: Four ounces of finely powdered ivory-black, four ounces of molasses, three-quarters of a pint of vinegar, two drachms of spermaceti oil. The oil and ivory-black should be first well mixed, then the molasses, and lastly the vinegar.

To make shoes waterproof, melt over a slow fire half a pint of oil, an ounce of beeswax, an ounce of turpentine, and a quarter of an ounce of Burgundy pitch. This mixture may be applied two or three times, until the leather is quite saturated, and it will then be more soft and pliable, and wear much longer than otherwise.

The bright or patent leather shoes should be cleaned with a little milk, when it is necessary to wet them at all; but generally a soft cloth will be sufficient to rub them with.

GOOD ADVICE TO READERS.

If you measure the value of study by the insight you get into subjects, not by the power of saying that you read many books, you will soon perceive that no time is so badly saved as that which is saved by getting through a book in a hurry. For if to the time you have given you added a little more, the subject would have been fixed on your mind, and the whole time profitably employed; whereas, upon your present arrangement, because you would not give a little more, you have lost all. Besides, this is overlooked by rapid and superficial readers, that the best way of reading books with rapidity is to acquire that habit of severe attention to what they contain, that perpetually confines the mind to the single object it has in view. When you have read enough to have acquired the habit of reading without suffering your mind to wander, and when you can bring to bear upon your subject a great share of previous knowledge, you may then read with great rapidity; before that, as you may have taken the wrong road, the faster you proceed the more you will be sure to err.—*Sidney Smith*

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND CORTES.

FOR GODEY'S YOUNG READERS.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY

(Continued from page 231.)

CHAPTER X.

Alvarado's massacre of the Mexican nobles—Cortes returns to Mexico—Is assailed by the Mexicans—Ill-success of his sally against them—Death of Montezuma—Cortes resolves to leave Mexico.

CORTES had left Mexico but a few days, when six hundred of the chief men of the city assembled in the square of the great temple, to celebrate, with songs and dances, the yearly festival of their war-god. Told, he says, that they designed falling suddenly upon the Christians, the captain, Alvarado, allowing the celebration, prepared to crush the supposed conspiracy. Without arms, and not thinking of danger, the Mexicans were joyously performing their wonted ceremonies, when the Christians broke in upon them. The horrid slaughter which followed left not one of that gay company alive.

Burning to revenge so cruel a deed, the Mexicans flew to arms, drove the Spaniards to their quarters, and there assailed them with such fury, that, but for Montezuma, their destruction would have been certain. As it was, Alvarado hurried off messengers to Cortes, begging him to hasten back, if he would see the Christians alive. It was the tidings of this new trouble which reached the general just after his victory over Narvaez.

Marching with all speed, Cortes re-entered Mexico on the 24th of June, at the head of thirteen hundred and ninety-six Spaniards, and two thousand Tlascalans. Not a soul came out to welcome him; the city seemed deserted. Its thronging population had disappeared, as if by magic, when, with a cheery blast, his bugles gave notice of his coming to the weary, anxious, and half-starved soldiers of Alvarado. The rejoicings with which they received him may easily be imagined.

Learning from Alvarado what he had done, "You have acted like a madman!" he exclaimed, angrily; and, had he not foreseen that he would soon need the friendship of so brave a man, he would no doubt have punished him severely. Montezuma he treated less gently, receiving him so coldly that the poor king went away almost

broken-hearted. "What have I to do with the dog?" said Cortes, turning to his officers, whose efforts to soften his anger, by reminding him how Montezuma had so lately saved the garrison from destruction, but added fuel to the flame. Nevertheless, at the emperor's request, he presently set free his brother, Cuitlahuatzin, who had been for some time imprisoned on suspicion of being concerned in a conspiracy against the invaders. It was hoped that he would quiet the Mexicans, and persuade them to bring in provisions, the want of which now began to be severely felt; but Cuitlahuatzin never came back. Instead of interceding for the Christians, he took the lead in preparing for their destruction. He had not long departed, when the fury of the Aztecs broke forth with unlooked-for suddenness and violence.

All at once, and as if by enchantment, an immense host of warriors appeared before the Spanish quarters, crowding the neighboring streets and the tops of the surrounding houses. With a shrill and frightful whistle—their usual call to battle—they began the attack, almost burying the Christians under a tempest of arrows, stones, and darts. As they rushed forward, the thunder and destruction of the Spanish cannon burst upon their thronging ranks. Swept down by hundreds, they wavered, but only for a moment. Volley after volley crushed against them, yet they struggled on over the mangled bodies of their fallen comrades, till their dark forms almost touched the mouths of the fatal cannon.

Forcing their way to the wall behind which Cortes was sheltered, the Mexicans long and desperately endeavored to climb over it. Their ferocious courage was spent, however, in vain; none reached the top but to meet death. They then hurled blazing darts into the Spanish quarters, portions of which, being built of wood, soon burst into flames. Now were the Christians pressed hard indeed. The multitude of their foes without, and the fiery enemy within, called into action all their lion-like valor and unconquerable perseverance. Wonderfully exerting themselves, they presently succeeded in

checking the conflagration; and, night coming on, the Aztecs suddenly ceased their assaults from without.

The courage and ferocity of the Mexicans struck Cortes with astonishment. He had scorned them as being weak and cowardly, and fonder of peace than liberty. He now saw his mistake, and that no time was to be lost in breaking from the perils which beset him. That night he spent in preparing to sally boldly out the next morning, and either drive the Mexicans from the city, or force them to make peace.

Scarcely had the day dawned, when, thronging more densely than ever, the enemy again pressed forward to the assault. Suddenly the Spanish cannon thundered, throwing the Mexicans into disorder. The gates of the Christian quarters then flew open, and Cortes, heading the bravest of his troops, swept out upon the startled foe. The conflict that followed ended only with the day. Battling for their altars and their firesides before the very eyes, as it were, of their gods, their wives, and their children, the Aztecs displayed such daring and determination, that nothing but their want of proper weapons and discipline lost them the glory of victory. As it was, the Spaniards gained no advantage, and at night struggled back, weary and sore, to the shelter of their quarters. Hundreds of the Mexicans perished, it is true; yet this gave no comfort to Cortes, who, himself severely wounded in the hand, lamented the death of twelve of his bravest followers.

Through all that night the Mexicans were heard howling for vengeance. Morning brought an assault, in which some of them forced their way even into the Christian quarters. Though all of these brave men were instantly cut to pieces, Cortes was alarmed, and begged the interference of Montezuma. "I cannot save you," was the emperor's chilling answer. "Let me die!" Told, however, that the Spaniards would certainly depart, if they were permitted to do so, he consented to speak for them.

Clad in his most splendid robes, and attended by some of his nobles and a guard of two hundred Spaniards, the emperor advanced to the battlements. When they beheld him, the populace, so wildly agitated before, became still as death. Many dropped their arms, and threw themselves upon their knees. Lifting up his voice, Montezuma addressed them nearly as follows:—

"If you have taken up arms for my liberty, I thank you; but, in thinking me a prisoner, you are mistaken. I can leave this palace of my father when I will. The strangers are my

guests; I stay with them only from choice. If you are angry because the Spaniards have staid here so long, let me assure you they will depart when you open a way for them. Show then your faithfulness to me by obeying my request. Quiet your rage, and return peaceably to your homes. The white men shall go back to their own land."

All was quiet for a few moments; then a sullen murmur arose, and an Aztec chieftain, said to be Guatemotzin, Montezuma's nephew, cried out: "Base coward! Thou art fitter to spin and weave than to govern a brave people!" With these words, he let fly an arrow at the emperor. A perfect tempest of stones and darts followed from the populace. Though the Spaniards tried to shield him, Montezuma, twice wounded by arrows, fell senseless, stricken by a stone in the temple. Horrified at what they had done, his people gave a dismal cry and fled in every direction. Almost in an instant the streets were deserted.

On coming to his senses, Montezuma would not be consoled. His disgrace had broken his heart. Refusing food and medicine, and continually tearing the bandages from his wounds, he lived but a few days longer. When about to die, he was besought to become a Christian. "I have but a little while to live," he said; and sternly refused to give up the faith of his fathers. Thus perished the most mighty of the Aztec sovereigns. "His death," says the Spaniard, Bernal Diaz, "every one of us mourned with real sorrow, for we all loved him as a father; and it is not to be wondered thereat, seeing how good he was!"

Meanwhile, battle had followed battle. Mounting to the top of the great temple, which overlooked the Spanish quarters, some five hundred Mexicans, sheltering themselves in the sanctuaries I have already spoken of, poured down upon the Christians a steady shower of stones and arrows. One of his officers thrice tried in vain to dislodge the enemy, when, binding his shield to his wounded arm, Cortes, at the head of three hundred picked men, forced his way to the foot of the pyramid. Long and bloody was the struggle which carried him to the summit. Here, a strange and desperate conflict ensued. Pagan and Christian fought hand to hand, hoping no safety in flight, for the lofty plain where they fought was without a wall; and those driven to its edge were either hurled over singly, or, grappling their opponents, plunged down with them, thus revenging their own deaths.

Cortes himself, it is said, was dragged by two powerful Mexican youths to the brink of the

fearful height; but, wounded though he was, the general, nerved by the hope of future victories, and favored by his wonderful strength and activity, shook himself loose from his foes, who went headlong to the pavement below, and were dashed to pieces.

For three hours, the battle upon the temple's summit raged with deadly fury. Outnumbered though they were, the Spaniards found less and less resistance offered to their keen weapons, till at length every Mexican had perished by the sword, or by throwing himself from the brink of the pyramid.

Having thus gained victory, Cortes set fire to the sanctuaries, and struggled back to his quarters. He hoped that such a blow would startle the Aztecs, and asked and obtained a distant interview with their chiefs. In his speech to them from the battlements, he spoke boldly. "Lay down your arms," he concluded, "and I will stay my hand. If you do not, I will make your city a heap of ruins, and leave no one to lament over it!"

The reply of the Mexicans was terrible. "We can spare twenty-five thousand warriors," said they, "for one Christian, and then be victorious. You have scarcely any water or provisions," they continued, "and must soon fall into our hands."

Yet they did not know the unconquerable spirit of Cortes. Alarmed though he was, his presence of mind did not desert him. His only hope of securing the friendship of the Mexicans was, it is true, buried in the grave of Montezuma. He could do nothing better, therefore, than leave the city. When, and by what way, were matters of grave consideration.

To answer these questions, Cortes called a council of his officers. After some discussion, it was agreed to fall back upon Tlascala, leaving the city by the western and shortest road to the main land. The hour of setting out was decided by the advice of a soldier named Botello, who pretended to know by the stars what was to happen. He declared that, though his own life would be lost, the army could not start from the city at a more favorable time than in the night. His advice was taken.

CHAPTER XI.

Cortes departs from Mexico—Events of the "melancholy night"—Battle of Otompan—Reception of the Spaniards at Tlascala.

FATHER OLMEDO having prayed heaven to watch over them, the Christians left their quar-

ters for the last time a little after midnight, on the 1st of July, 1520. The young Captain Sandoval, "a person of few words, but excellent deeds," led the way with several gallant cavaliers. Cortes and a chosen band followed, guarding the baggage, the king's share of the treasure, the prisoners, and a movable wooden bridge, by means of which were to be crossed the three canals intersecting the narrow causeway. Last of all came the greater part of the foot soldiers, headed by the valiant Alvarado. Dispersed among these three divisions were the Tlascalan allies, some eight thousand in number.

Marching noiselessly through the night, made doubly dark by lowering clouds and the mists of a drizzling rain, they reached the first canal, as they hoped, undiscovered; but they had been closely watched. No sooner had they begun to cross the bridge, when a hoarse murmur, rising louder and louder every moment, and with which was mingled the splash of thousands of oars, swept out from the gloom which shrouded the lake. Then were heard the dismal tones of the great drum of the temple, calling the Aztecs to the destruction of their foes. The rushing sound of many canoes foaming through the salt floods of Tezcuco followed; and, in an instant afterward, a countless multitude of Mexicans burst upon the Spaniards from all sides, almost burying them under a continuous shower of stones and darts. Their shouts and yells were terrible, and they fought with the fury of vengeance and despair. Anxious only to escape, the Christians marched sternly onward, stopping to use their weapons but when the daring of their foes made it necessary.

Forcing their way to the brink of the second canal, the foremost of the Spaniards there halted, and awaited impatiently the bringing up of the bridge. Suddenly, an awful and despairing wail, arising in the rear, was taken up by man after man, and borne swiftly forward, till it broke upon the startled ears of those in front. The bridge had stuck fast, and could not be moved!

In a moment all was confusion and a blind struggle, in which few thought of any but themselves. With a stern battle-cry, Sandoval urged his good steed into the canal, and forced his way across, followed by some of his cavaliers. A hurrying and disordered throng of foot plunged after. Assailed in the water, they fought with fearful desperation, but most of them in vain.

It was a moment of horror. All around in the black night were heard the clash of arms, the shouts of the combatants, and the groans of the dying, together with piteous appeals for

help to Heaven, to the Virgin, and to the saints. Above all these would arise the hopeless shriek of some Christian carried off a prisoner, to be sacrificed upon the cruel altar of the Mexican war-god.

So fierce and deadly was the conflict at the second canal, that before long a horrible bridge had been formed across it of the dead bodies of men and horses, mingled with wagons and guns, and heaps of baggage and treasure. Aided by this, hundreds of those in the rear were enabled to reach the opposite side with comparative ease.

Meanwhile, Cortes had been hurrying hither and thither, crossing and recrossing the canal; now cheering, now helping his men, and striving to direct all things in order; but his commands, his threats, his entreaties, were shouted in vain. None heard them, or, if any heard, they did not heed them. Finally, swept onward with the crowd, at the third opening he came up with Sandoval. Together they led the way over. Horse and foot followed as best they could. Those who had heeded the previous warning of Cortes, and loaded themselves lightly with the spoils of Mexico, managed to struggle across; but many a poor wretch, weighed down by precious gold, perished a victim to his own greediness.

Cortes and Sandoval, with the thin remains of their followers, had escaped the dangers of the night, when, hearing cries for help in the rear, they turned back, again dashed through the canal, and plunged into the thickest of the bloody strife. Their bold charge found Alvarado wounded and on foot, struggling desperately at the head of a few stout troopers against an overwhelming mass of the foe. Assailed by the general and his brave companions, the Aztecs fell back; but only for a moment. Their returning surge swept all before it into the canal, which, however, most of the Christians now crossed in safety.

Morning was just beginning to dawn when the survivors of the "*noche triste*," or "melancholy night," as it is called, mustered on the western shore of the lake. Cortes gazed mournfully upon them as they passed before him. When he thought of what they had suffered, and missed the presence of many a true friend and brave follower, his iron heart was melted. Hiding his face with his hands, he wept.

The loss of the Spaniards on this dismal retreat was nearer six than four hundred; that of their allies not less than three thousand. Among the noted officers who fell was Velasquez de Leon, whose connection with Montezuma's

seizure will be remembered. Botello, the astrologer, truly fortelling his own fate at least, had perished. The prisoners, among whom was a son and two daughters of Montezuma, were all slain.

About sunrise, Cortes led his troops to the shelter of an Indian temple, built upon a lofty hill, where they found food, fuel, and present safety. Having dried their soaking garments, and dressed their wounds, the weary soldiers threw themselves down and slept, forgetting for the moment all their fears with regard to the future.

Meanwhile, their wakeful general was considering what course he should take. He was now to the westward of Mexico. Tlascala, the only place he could hope for refuge, was full sixty miles east of that city. The road thither was a long and roundabout one, through a country now swampy, and, again, mountainous, containing few inhabitants and little food. Nevertheless, that night, guided by a Tlascalan warrior, Cortes began his march.

Continually assailed by troublesome swarms of Mexicans, the Christians steadily pursued their way. Four or five days passed; and they were almost starved, having lived, meantime, on roots, berries, and the stalks of Indian corn. On the sixth, a horse happened to be killed, and they had a grand feast. Cortes tells us himself that he made one of a party who devoured the poor animal even to his hide. Meanwhile, the Tlascalans bore their sufferings bravely, though at times they would give way, throwing themselves "upon the earth, to eat the herbs thereof, and to pray for the assistance of their gods."

"Amidst these complicated distresses," says Robertson, "one circumstance supported and animated the Spaniards. Their commander's presence of mind never forsook him. His sagacity foresaw every event, and his vigilance provided for it. Foremost in every danger, he endured every hardship with cheerfulness; and his soldiers, though despairing themselves, continued to follow him with increasing confidence in his abilities."

At length, in the afternoon of the 7th of July, the Christians began to ascend a mountain range not far from the main road between Mexico and Tlascala. As they passed along, dark clouds of the Aztecs hovered on the neighboring hills. "Go on, robbers," they were heard to exclaim. "You shall soon meet the vengeance your crimes deserve!"

The meaning of this threat, the following morning made plain. Climbing to the top of the mountain, the Spaniards beheld, covering the wide valley before them, an immense multitude

of Mexican warriors drawn up in battle array. "We were persuaded," says Cortes, "that that day was to have been the last of all our lives." Yet he was not the man to yield to despair. Forming his weary and wretched troops, he turned to them with eyes flashing fire. "Castilians!" he shouted, "now must we conquer or die! No other way is left. Be of good heart then, and trust in Him who, having delivered us from so many dangers, will surely preserve us in this!"

Moving fearlessly down the mountain's side, the Spanish cavaliers plunged with desperate fury into the raging ocean of their enemies. Though they fought with unusual bravery, the Mexicans could not stand before the fierce charge; yet, surging around the little band of Christians, they leaped upon them, as breakers burst upon the rocky shores of some islet in the sea. Three hours went by, when, weary of un-availing slaughter, the Spaniards at length began to waver. Many had fallen; few were unwounded; and Cortes himself had received a severe cut in the head. Charged with fresh vigor by the foe, they fell back in confusion. All now seemed lost, but the determination of each to sell his life as dearly as possible.

In this moment of peril, the quick glance of Cortes fell upon the leader of the Mexicans, firmly fastened to whose back, and rising above his nodding plumes, was a staff, from which hung a golden net, the great standard of the empire. Recollecting to have heard that whenever this standard was thrown down, the Aztec armies instantly fled, Cortes resolved upon a bold but hazardous attempt. He pointed to the Mexican chief. "Friends! there is our mark! Follow me!" So saying, with a loud shout, he plunged headlong, but straight towards his intended victim, into the midst of the foe. All went down before him. A few moments of fierce struggle, and the Aztec general, pierced by the lance of Cortes, was hurled to the ground. On the instant, and with a dismal howl of terror, the Mexicans dropped their weapons, and fled in every direction.

Thus ended the famous battle of Otompan. The number of Mexicans who fought in it has been set down at two hundred thousand, of which, it is said, full twenty thousand perished in the conflict and in the slaughter which followed their flight. These statements cannot be true; nevertheless, no greater victory was ever won by Spanish valor in the New World.

Having gathered a rich harvest of spoil from the field of their triumph, the Spaniards once more began their march. That night they slept

under the open sky, their untiring chief himself keeping watch. The following morning, joining in the glad shouts of their allies, they again set foot on the soil of Tlascala.

Never in his life had Cortes felt more anxious than now. How will the people of Tlascala receive us? was the silent question of his fears; yet outwardly he was undisturbed, and his soldiers were cheered by his words and looks of confidence.

Fortunately, however, for the Spaniards, the hatred of the Tlascalans towards the Mexicans was deep and lasting. No sooner did they hear of the approach of Cortes, than the rulers of the republic, attended by many nobles, came out to meet him. Their expressions of sympathy, and assurances that they would stand by him to the last, filled the general's heart with new hope; and when, on the 10th of July, he was welcomed to their capital by an immense procession of the inhabitants, with joyous acclamations and wild bursts of triumphant music, he banished from his heart all doubts as to the firmness and steadfastness of their friendship.

CHAPTER XII.

Discontent among the followers of Cortes—Conquest of Tepeaca—Cortes resolves on the recovery of Mexico—His speech to the troops—Arrival at Tezcuco.

IN Tlascala, the Spaniards spent several idle weeks, resting from their labors, and healing their wounds. The cut Cortes had received in the late battle, though little thought of at first, now became inflamed; fever set in, and for nearly a week he lay helpless on a sick bed. Meantime, far from being cast down by his recent misfortunes, he was busily forming schemes to reconquer the empire he had already won and lost.

But, while Cortes was projecting this great and hazardous enterprise, he was startled by the appearance of trouble from a quarter where he had not thought of looking for it. Trembling at the recollection of the horrors they had passed through, most of the soldiers of Narvaez no sooner heard that the general was bent on returning to Mexico, than they drew up and handed to him a somewhat insolent remonstrance. In it, they spoke of the madness of his design, and concluded by demanding to be led back at once to Villa Rica.

Cortes had too much at stake to yield without a struggle to this demand. "If there be any among you," was the conclusion of his reply, made before all the troops, "so insensible to the feelings of the brave man's heart, as to prefer

ease at home to the glory of this enterprise, let such, in the name of heaven, desert their general in his greatest need. A few courageous spirits will be of more service to me than a host of false-hearted cowards!"

To this appeal, the scarred veterans of Cortes responded, by swearing that they would stand by him to the last. As for the others, they were so far moved by it as to consent to stay with him a while longer, on being assured that he would, at a more fitting season, allow all to depart who might wish it.

Shortly after this affair, six Mexican nobles appeared at Tlascala as ambassadors from Cuitlahuatzin, the brother, and "the wise and valiant" successor, of Montezuma. They came to propose a treaty of alliance, between the republic and the empire, against the Christians. Greatly to the relief of Cortes, the Tlascalan Senate rejected this proposition almost with one voice.

"Not satisfied with thus showing their fidelity," says Clavigero, "the senate again acknowledged their obedience to the sovereign of Spain; and, still more to the delight of their guests, the four chiefs of the republic renounced their idolatry, and were baptized, Cortes and his officers standing their godfathers."

Having now no reason to doubt the faithfulness of his Indian friends, the general, to keep his discontented followers from brooding over their troubles, resolved on instant action. Several of the neighboring tribes, subjects of Mexico, had, at different times, cut off small parties of his men as they were journeying to and fro between Tlascala and Villa Rica. These offenders he now prepared to punish.

Attended by many Tlascalan warriors, Cortes took the field in person; and, within a few weeks, after various and sanguinary successes, he overcame the stubborn resistance of the people of Tepeaca, the chief objects of his indignation. He then made the capital city of that province his head-quarters, whence he sent out parties of troops to subdue the surrounding tribes. Of the battles which followed, I need not give the details. The Spaniards became once more used to victory, and their allies began again to look upon them as irresistible.

Believing that he was now able to attempt the recovery of Mexico, Cortes immediately began to prepare for it. It would be useless, he knew, to undertake the capture of that city, unless he had command of the surrounding lake. Therefore, he ordered his shipbuilder, Martin Lopez, to get ready, in the mountains of Tlascala, the materials of thirteen small ves-

sels, or brigantines, to be borne in pieces on the shoulders of Indians, over many a mile of rugged road, to the shores of Tezcuco.

Meanwhile, some few of those who had joined in the recent remonstrance, reminding Cortes of his promise, were allowed to depart. But their loss was soon made good. Two small vessels, sent by the governor of Cuba with troops for Narvaez, of whose defeat he was yet ignorant, having entered the harbor of Villa Rica, were seized, and those on board persuaded to enlist with Cortes. Nearly at the same time, three ships, fitted out by the governor of Jamaica to make a settlement on the coast, were driven by various disasters into the same harbor. Being received most kindly by their countrymen, the crews of these vessels willingly enrolled themselves among the soldiers of the conquest. Soon afterwards, a ship arrived from Spain freighted with military stores; Cortes at once bought so precious a cargo, while the crew as readily joined their fortunes to his.

Thus fortunately—we might almost say providentially—strengthened beyond his most hopeful expectations, the general, having sent a letter to the King of Spain, and an officer to Hayti to raise new troops, marched back in triumph to Tlascala, where he was welcomed with every show of honor and joy.

During the little while he remained in that city, Cortes was busily preparing all things needed for his projected enterprise. Previous to setting out, he reviewed his troops, which he found to number five hundred and fifty foot and forty horse, with nine pieces of artillery. As they were drawn up in order, he rode through the ranks, and addressed them nearly as follows:—

"My friends and brave companions: No need is there of my striving to fire your zeal, for we all feel bound to repair the honor of our arms and revenge our slaughtered countrymen. Let us, then, go to the conquest of Mexico, the most glorious of enterprises; let us go to punish, at one stroke, the faithlessness and cruelty of our enemies; to enlarge the dominions of our sovereign; to open the gates of heaven to millions of souls; and to gain a competence for our families, and immortal names for ourselves. There is in the way no difficulty which your valor cannot overcome. Mexico may be strong, yet it shall fall before our arms. God, for whose glory we fight, has preserved us in the midst of dangers; he has sent us new companions in the place of those we have lost, and turned to our good the means which our enemies used for our ruin. What, then, may we not hope for from

his mercy? Let us confide in him, and not make ourselves unworthy his protection by distrust or cowardice."

The conclusion of this harangue was followed by loud shouts. "In defence of our faith," was the cry of the soldiers, "we will either conquer or die!"

Imitating their Christian leaders, the Tlascalans warriors, with many a military salute, and waving joyously their banners, next passed in review before Cortes. First came the band, blowing shrill blasts of barbarous music from horns and sea-shells. After the musicians marched the four great chiefs of the republic, armed with swords and shields, and having their helmets adorned with beautiful and lofty plumes, their hair bound with golden fillets, and their ears and lips garnished with costly jewels. Then followed four youths, bearing the four great banners of the republic. After these, in regular companies, marched the bowmen, sixty thousand in number. The swordsmen, forty thousand strong, followed; while ten thousand warriors, armed with long pikes, ended the multitudinous procession.

Before setting out, the Tlascalans were addressed by their own general, Xicotencatl, as well as by Cortes. The former told them that, though their name was enough to frighten the nations of Anahuac, they would yet have to win new glory by brave actions; while the latter, putting them in mind that they were going to fight their ancient foes, called on them to show themselves worthy of the fame they already possessed. Both these addresses were greeted with the loud clamor of a determined people burning to revenge a long succession of real or fancied wrongs.

At length, on the twenty-eighth of December, the Christians and their allies took up the line of march towards Mexico. The second day following, after a most toilsome struggle over a rugged and mountainous country, rendered almost impassable by the various obstructions which their watchful enemies had placed in the road, "they emerged," says Prescott, "on an open level, where the eye, unobstructed by intervening wood or hill-top, could range far and wide over the valley of Mexico. There it lay," continues the eloquent historian of the conquest, "bathed in the golden sunshine, stretched out, as it were, in slumber in the arms of the giant hills, which clustered, like a phalanx of guardian genii, around it. The magnificent vision, new to many of the spectators, filled them with rapture. Even the veterans of Cortes could not withhold their admiration,

though this was soon followed by a bitter feeling, as they recalled the sufferings which had befallen them within these beautiful, but treacherous precincts. 'It made us feel,' says the lion-hearted conqueror, 'that we had no choice but victory or death; and, our minds once resolved, we moved forward with as light a step as if we had been going on an errand of certain pleasure.'"

Though numerous flying parties of the foe were seen, the army pursued its way into the valley without meeting with any serious opposition, and that night encamped at a small village about eight miles from the Tezcuco. Towards that city, second only to Mexico in size and population, Cortes, the next morning, took his march, much troubled in his mind as to how he would be received there. His anxiety was soon somewhat lessened, however, by the appearance of four nobles, who gave him welcome in the name of Coanacotzin, the cacique, or prince, of Tezcuco.

It was the last day of the year 1520, when the Christians quietly entered that city. Notwithstanding the show of friendship so lately witnessed, Cortes immediately had reason to doubt the good-will of Coanacotzin and his subjects. The streets of Tezcuco were almost deserted, while, mounting to the tops of the temples, the Spaniards beheld its inhabitants moving off in every direction. That very night, moreover, the cacique secretly embarked in a canoe, and fled over the lake to Mexico.

These events were not of a pleasant nature. Nevertheless, putting on a bold face, Cortes determined to make Tezcuco his head-quarters till everything was prepared for the siege of the capital. Then, with that audacious promptness which contributed so much to his successes, he called together what few nobles yet remained in the city. Discontented and factious, they were easily persuaded to declare that Coanacotzin was no longer their ruler, and to elect, in the place of that cacique, a young chief whom Cortes had already made his faithful friend and the yielding instrument of his ambition.

(To be continued.)

LIFE'S STRUGGLES.—There are moments when the liberty of the inner life, opposed to the trammels of the outer, becomes too oppressive: moments when we wish that our mental horizon were less extended, thought less free; when we long to put the discursive soul into a narrow path like a railway, and force it to run on in a straight line to some determined goal.

CHARADES IN ACTION.

Answer to Charade in last number—MISCHIEF.

ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FATHER. MOTHER. BRIDE. BRIDESMAIDS.
BRIDEGROOM. BEADLE. PEW-OPENER, &c.

SCENE—*Interior of church. At one end the window-curtains arranged as altar.*

ENTER BRIDEGROOM. He walks about hurriedly, looks at his watch, and presses his heart several times. Then, drawing from his pocket a ring, he gazes on it intently, when

Enter BRIDE, FATHER, MOTHER, and BRIDESMAIDS. The Bride has a veil thrown over her, and wears a wreath of white paper orange-flowers. She is very nervous, and is supported

by Father and Mother, who encourage her. The BEADLE and PEW-OPENER wear huge



favours of white paper in their bosoms. The Bridegroom rushes forward, and, by a declaration of his passion, gives fresh vigor to the Bride.

Enter CLERGYMAN in robes of white sheet. He advances to the window, and marriage party



stand round. He points to the Bride, and asks the Bridegroom by a look whether he will have her for his wife. He nods in answer, and the Clergyman asks the same question of the Bride, but she is overcome by her feelings, and faints away on the spot. Great confusion, the Mother holding smelling-bottle to her nose, the Bridesmaids slapping her hands, whilst the Bridegroom walks madly up and down the room. At length she comes to a little, and the cere-

mony proceeds, the Mother encouraging her daughter. After the Father has given her away she once more faints off; and, at the conclusion, she is so moved that she swoons in the arms of her husband. The Bridesmaids, losing all power over their feelings, faint away into the arms of Father, whilst Mother and Pew-Opener fall upon the Clergyman, who with difficulty sustains the burthen.



GRAND TABLEAU.

ACT II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NOBLEMEN. HORSE-DEALER. GROOM.
LITTLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD.

SCENE—*The interior of Tattersall's.*

ENTER HORSE-DEALER and GROOM in close conversation, The Horse-dealer, drawing a purse from his pocket, gives Groom an ivory

card-counter as a sovereign, at the same time winking, and holding finger up to his nose.



Groom lays his hand upon his breast in an atti

tude as if he was saying "upon his honor," and, hearing somebody coming, glides away.

Enter NOBLEMEN smoking cigars. Horse-dealer bows to them, and they bid him show them his Little Five-year-old. Horse-dealer again bows to them, and knocks loudly at the door, when



as the purchase-money. The Horse-dealer refuses the offer with an expression that shows how ridiculously low it is, and again bids the



Groom to run the Little Five-year-old up and down the court. They are still more delighted, and offer another purse. The Horse-dealer takes the two purses, and delivers over the



Little Five-year-old. Exit Horse-dealer and Groom laughing.

Directly they are gone, the Little Five-year-old commences kicking and plunging. Noble-

Enter Groom, leading in the LITTLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD neighing. Noblemen gather round and examine him, at the same time expressing their admiration of its beauty. They bid the Groom run the animal up and down, and show its paces. They are enchanted with its beautiful action, and offer a purse to the horse-dealer

men endeavor to approach him, but are kept back by his capering. At last they reach him, when exit Little Five-year-old, dragging Noblemen after him.



ACT III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRIDEGROOM. BRIDE. FATHER. MOTHER. BRIDESMAIDS. FRIENDS. SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE—*The dining-room in mansion of Father. In the centre a table covered with wedding-feast, in the centre of which is the large white band-box wedding-cake.*

ENTER BRIDEGROOM, BRIDE, MOTHER, FATHER, BRIDESMAIDS, and FRIENDS, with hand-



kerchiefs up to their eyes. They take their seats at Bridal feast in a solemn silence. SERVANTS hand round dishes. The clatter of knives and forks alone disturbs the tranquillity.

Suddenly the Bride commences sobbing, and the whole party again fall to weeping. They

force the Bride to take some wine, and the dead silence is again restored. The Father rises to propose the health of Bride, and everybody turns round to listen to him. He turns his eyes up to the ceiling, and, holding his hands over his plate, invokes a blessing on her head. At



this the sobs burst forth anew. Then he shakes his clenched fist at his alarmed Son-in-law, and, pointing to his Daughter, declares that the Bridegroom will be a scoundrel if he does not treat her as she deserves. Here the boo-boos burst out in great strength, and Bride falls into the arms of her Mother. The Bridegroom attempts to do a few pantomimic sentences, but is frowned down by the company; and it is only by his swearing by the soup-tureen to love

her that harmony can be restored. The Bride rushes towards him, and he clasps her in his arms. Then the weeping once more commences, and ends in a violent blowing of noses.

At last all the SERVANTS rush in with their aprons up to their eyes, to announce that the fly is at the door, and the company escorts the happy pair to the door, their faces buried in their pocket-handkerchiefs.



LETTERS LEFT AT THE PASTRY-COOK'S:

BEING THE CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KITTY CLOVER AT SCHOOL, AND HER "DEAR, DEAR FRIEND" IN TOWN.

EDITED BY HORACE MAYHEW.

THE SIXTEENTH LETTER LEFT.

(Dated "the Last Night at School.")

SHOWING THAT SCHOOL IS NOT SUCH A TERRIBLE PLACE AFTER ALL.

SUCH an event, Nelly! The school is in such an excitement, that, though I am to see you tomorrow, I cannot resist writing you a short account of it.

Yesterday evening, when we were all talking of the pleasure of returning home, and of the different picnics, theatres, balls, and *fêtes* we expected to go to; and were exchanging innumerable promises of visiting and inviting each other during the holidays, a cab drove up to the door. In an instant, we were all at the windows. Some ran to the door, and one or two contrived cleverly to be on the staircase at the very moment an elegant lady was running up to the drawing-room. She inquired, in great anxiety, "for her niece;" and, when asked whom she meant, for she seemed to imagine, as a matter of course, that every one knew her niece, to our great astonishment, we heard her say: "Why, Fanny Dove, to be sure."

Immediately, we all flew up stairs; but to Blight was left the honor of conducting the poor invalid into the drawing-room. In the next minute—for the door had been left open, and we could see everything—she was locked in her aunt's arms, who was weeping over her brother's

pride and treasure; scolding, caressing, cheering, and pitying, all in the same breath.

Then she asked after her little boy; and, when Fanny, with blushes and trembling lips, had told the painful truth of his separation, the aunt cried still more, and angrily said: "For shame, Fanny, for shame, to part with your child; but never mind, dear—come, don't cry so—I will run into their house, if that's all, and carry him off myself; and you shall never lose him again; and the dear boy shall compensate with eternal love his angel mother for all the sacrifices she has made for his sake." Long before the finish of these endearments, the tone of anger, which at first had soured the aunt's voice, had softened into tones of the most loving kindness; and there she was, seated on the sofa by the side of Fanny, lavishing every tenderness she could think of, in order to stop her tears. But, Nelly dear, they were tears, not of grief or pain; but tears of gratitude, as pure as the heart from which they flowed. She smiled, and looked so beautiful, for I had never seen her smile before, and happiness played like so much sunshine about her face. It seemed as if the clouds, which so long had settled there, were clearing away, and that her soul was shining through her features, as it caught at last a bright glimpse of heaven.

Shall I tell you of the touching farewell she took of the Lady Principal and the college,

where she had known nothing but sorrow? All recollection, however, of what she had endured had left her gentle breast, and she lingered now amongst us, as if loth to part. We crowded round her, and I thought we never should get tired of shaking her by the hand, and kissing her, and wishing her all sorts of happiness.

At last, aunt dragged her gently away. Resting on her supporting arm, she followed as naturally as a child follows its mother. As she was being led to the cab, the aunt kept up a continual soliloquy—as I have heard a nurse soothe an ailing infant—singing by her side a murmuring lullaby of tenderness. I heard her reproach her in this affectionate manner: “Ah, you naughty, unkind Fanny, not to have sent earlier to your poor aunt. I suppose, you foolish girl, you were too proud? And how could she know where you were; or that you were dangerously ill? However, never mind, dearest, we will make up for lost time. You will soon get well in the country; and, with your little boy, we shall feel so happy, as if grief never could touch us again; won’t we, eh, my pretty lamb? You dear, foolish, wicked Fanny, ever to have thought your aunt loved you less than she really does!”

With these soothing reproaches, she was handed into the cab. She looked out of the window to smile a last farewell, when she perceived poor Blight, who was half hiding behind the hall-door. She sprang out in one minute, and, throwing her arms round her neck, she ejaculated between her kisses and her tears: “God bless you, my dearest friend, I hope I shall never forget your kindness to me;” and a promise was extorted from the Lady Principal that Blight was to pass the holidays with them.

Fraulein Agatha told her most German stories that evening. Mademoiselle tried to enliven us with some of her most favorite anecdotes, that had never failed before to make us laugh; but all in vain. Our thoughts would return to Fanny Dove, and we could think and talk of nothing else.

My first half year ends to-morrow. School does not appear to me now the dreadful place—the awful Blue Beard’s chamber—that it did when first I peeped into it. I have learned by this time to respect my schoolmistress. I know her sternness is mostly assumed to frighten us into obedience; and, that under her seeming severity there lurks a natural kindness that would sooner at any period remit a punishment than inflict one. Moreover, I can make allowances for her temper ever since I have had two little girls to look after myself; and have discovered

how trying it is to put up with their thousand little provocations, and to keep them out of mischief. If it is difficult then with two girls, what must it be with sixty?

But there is one thing, Nelly, which reconciles me to school more than any other, and which will always make me look back upon it with feelings of pleasure—I mean the good friends I have made since I have been here—friends who, I hope, will continue to be my friends through life.

Besides, I have learned one great truth, and that is to look with great respect, if not admiration, on many of our poor taskmasters and taskmistresses, who are tutoring and punishing themselves daily in the great school of adversity, all the time they are teaching us. What are our school-sufferings compared to theirs? What are their school enjoyments in comparison with ours!

But, Nelly, I shall see you to-morrow; and there’s no occasion to trouble you twice over with the same dreary common-places, which you will not care to laugh at, probably, more than once. Till I see you, dearest, I remain

Yours, most anxiously,

KITTY CLOVER.

P. S. Shall I never be able to forgive you for not having answered my letters? But probably you have not had an opportunity of writing.

P. S. Tell dear Sydney I am coming home. Has he forgotten me in six months? Whisper into his ear, I have a hair chain for him—*my own hair*—if he’ll wear it.

P. S. (*The last.*) There has been quite a rage for fainting lately. Every girl thought it her duty on the smallest pretext to faint. However, Snapp threw a glass of vinegar over Noble’s beautiful dove-colored silk dress, and completely spoilt it. There has been no fainting since.

P. S. (*The very last.*) Oh, dear! Sha’n’t I dream of home to-night!

THIS WAS THE LAST LETTER LEFT AT THE PASTRYCOOK’S.

A NEW OVEN has been introduced in Paris. The oven is paved with large slabs of terra cotta, laid on a bed of sand, which rests on bricks that form the roof of a low vault, supported by small columns of fire-brick. In this vault, the heat and smoke of the fire are admitted by eight radiating passages, any one of which may be opened or closed at pleasure, so that one-eighth, one-half, or the whole of the oven may be heated or cooled as desired.

BIDDY'S BLUNDERS.

BY VIRGINIA DE FOREST.

"Oh, dear!" said my dear friend, Lizzie Evans, bursting into my room one morning, with a most despairing look on her pretty face. "Oh, dear! I am tired of playing teacher and mistress to a raw Irish girl, who does not know the difference between a bean and a pumpkin; and I have come to you to have a long chat, and try to drive off the blues. Oh, Annie, darling!" she continued, with a ludicrously solemn air, "never go to housekeeping, or, if you do, don't hire an Irish girl 'who has to larn.'"

"Why, Lizzie," said I, "what is the matter? Is the girl stupid?"

"I'll tell you what she did to-day, and leave you to judge of her talents. Last evening, I made up a quantity of breakfast cake for this morning. They were the kind mother taught me to make, and she told me they required a long baking; so, I said to Biddy: 'Be sure you put this on the first thing in the morning.' 'Oh, yes, marm; it's understanding you, I am; the first thing.' Happy in the delusion that for once she understood me, I left the cakes in her care. This morning, when we came to breakfast, Frank said: 'Lizzie, who could have made these cakes?' 'I did,' said I; 'aint they good?' 'They are perfectly raw,' said he, holding one up; and so they were. So, I rang for Biddy, and asked her why she had not baked the cakes. 'Sure, marm,' said my bright pupil, 'I did jest as yourself tould me. Faith, I put the cakes in the oven jest as soon as I got in the kitchen, but I was afther taking them off as soon as the fire began to be burning, for fear they'd be afther scorching.'"

"A bright pupil indeed," said I, laughing. "You'll have to teach her everything."

"Everything! That puts me in mind of another blunder. When she came, it was understood that I was to instruct her in all the service I should need of her. The morning after she came, I left her safe in the kitchen, and went into the parlor to practise. A noise behind me attracted my attention, and turning, I saw Biddy sitting on the sofa, apparently perfectly at home. 'Why, Biddy,' said I, 'what are you doing up here?' 'Faith, I was listening to you, marm.' 'Go back into the kitchen,' said I, 'and never come into the parlor again unless I send for

you.' 'Oh, you'll be afther sending word when ye want me?' 'Certainly,' said I; and Biddy went out. About an hour afterwards, I heard the piano, and going down, found Biddy seated on the piano-stool, thumping (no other word expresses the energy with which she struck the keys), while a look of great satisfaction was visible on her face. 'Why, Biddy,' said I, 'I told you not to come into the parlor again.' 'Sure, ye promised to be sending for me, and troth, ye clean forgot it; so, I thought I'd jest thry the thing till ye'd come to tache me.' 'Teach you?' said I. 'Troth, and ain't I to be afther larning everything; and ain't it playing the tunes I'll be in a wake?'"

"For so young a bride and housekeeper, you certainly have had some experience," said I, laughing.

"Are you ever coming to see me," said Lizzie, after we had spent some time chatting. "You have never seen my 'Green Erin,' as Frank calls her."

"Be sure, I shall pay Biddy a visit," said I, as we parted.

About a week after, I met Lizzie in the street, and she told me that one of the "entry thieves," as they are called, had come to the house while she was out, and under pretence of waiting till her return, had taken away all the small parlor ornaments while Biddy was in the kitchen. "It is so provoking to lose things so," said Lizzie; "and many of these things I valued because they were bridal gifts. However, I impressed it upon Biddy's verdant mind, that the next time people of that kind called when I was out, she was to tell them to come again, and never leave them alone in the parlor. She represents this thief as quite a respectable looking woman."

A morning or two after this conversation, I started to spend the day with Lizzie, according to our agreement. I went quite early in the forenoon. A girl, whom I knew must be the "Green Erin" of Lizzie's stories, opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Evans in?" said I.

"No; it's at market she is. You'll have to be coming again."

"Oh, no!" said I. "I'll wait till she returns."

"No, indade, you won't!" cried Biddy, obstructing my entrance by placing her stout person in the doorway.

"Why, what do you mean?" said I, very much astonished.

"I mane ye'll have to clare out, and come back again, if you 're wanting to say Mrs. Ivans. Oh, ye needn't flare up! I'll not budge an inch; troth, I'm knowing my business."

After much arguing, and some insolence on Biddy's part, I managed to effect an entrance. Biddy followed me into the parlor, and seated herself directly opposite me. Concluding that she would leave the room as soon as she had satisfied her curiosity, for I thought she wanted to find out who I was, I took up a book to read till Lizzie came in.

"Oh, I thought so!" cried Biddy, snatching the book from me. "Jest be afther kaping your hands to yourself. I know what you're up to."

"Give me that book instantly!" said I, angrily, but with a feeling of terror, for I had arrived at the conclusion that the girl was crazy.

"No, I'll not," said she; "and if you're

afther Mrs. Ivans, I wish ye'd jest come into the kitchen and wait, for I've got scrubbing to do; and it's not sitting here the whole day I'd be, a looking afther you."

"Go into the kitchen," said I. "I don't require you here."

"Oh, ye'd be mighty plased to get rid of me! Now wouldn't ye? but I'm waiting here till the mistress comes as well as you."

At that moment, Lizzie came in. "Dear Annie, this is really kind, to come so early," said she; "but what is the matter? You look angry, and Biddy insolent. What is the matter?"

"I'm going, mum," said Biddy. "I've been afther watching that she didn't walk out the door with the books, jest as t'other woman did with t'other things. But since you're here yerself, and she sames to be knowing ye, I'll go to my scrubbing."

The whole truth flashed on me as Biddy spoke, and as my eye met Lizzie's, we both burst into a hearty laugh. Biddy had taken me for an "entry thief."

CHOICE OF COLORS IN DRESS; OR, HOW A LADY MAY BECOME GOOD LOOKING.

ladies who make cunning use of color, not by painting their faces, but by a deep and subtle study of costume; to artists, house-furnishers, ornamental gardeners, and others, there have been officially delivered at Paris and Lyons, during the last quarter of a century, sundry lectures by M. Chevreul upon the practical effect of certain laws connected with the contrast of colors; and these lectures, which were formed by him into a book fifteen years ago, have been lately translated into English. Having read the translation, we write what follows.

Monsieur Chevreul, learned in the law of colors, was appointed long ago to superintend the dyeing department of the manufactory of Gobelin tapestries. One of the first questions asked him was: Why are the black tints bad that are employed as shadows in blue draperies? He answered that the black was of course spoiled by contrast. M. Chevreul followed up his hint by arranging together various masses of colored wool taken from the warehouse; observed how colors put side by side mutually affected one another; and, from that point, carried on his researches in various ways to maturity. We

state some of the results, chiefly having in mind the uses to which ladies may put them.

First must be set down two very plain rules: One concerns the setting side by side of two different shades of the same color. Put side by side squares tinted with India ink, each square having one uniform tint, but no two squares of the same intensity. Arrange them in a row, according to a regular scale, beginning with the lightest and ending with the darkest. Then every square will be seen to be modified by those on either side of it; the border next a darkened square will be lightened in effect, the border next a light square will be darkened in effect. The whole row of tinted squares, seen from a little distance, will be made in this way to appear not flat but tinted. Such is the effect of tints upon each other.

The effect of hues, or contrasting colors, may be expressed in the second main rule: Contrasting or complementary colors are such as when blended together give rise to the perception of a whiteness. The most perfect of these relations is that existing between blue, yellow, and red; for, mix these three colors, and they produce

white; consequently, a color complementary to each of these is made by blending the other two. Because blue with yellow creates green, green is the complement of red; because red and yellow create orange, orange is the complement of blue; because red and blue create violet, violet is the complement of yellow. The eye itself can perform these changes; look upon a blue and a yellow, and in a little while both will appear to be a green. Again, take a square colored red, and observe it. Take also a square colored blue, and observe it. Place them side by side. The red square, where it is near the blue, will have a yellower tinge than the rest; and into the blue on the other border some little shade of green will enter. That is because every color tends to suggest its opposite (or complement) around its borders, and, as we have explained, the opposite of red is green, the opposite of blue orange.

Accustomed to a little application of these principles, and knowing pretty well how colors stand related to each other, any person may avoid gross errors of taste in house-furnishing, in dressing, in the arrangement of nosegays, and in all such matters. The main relations of color to be borne in mind are these: green is the opposite, and complement to red; green, therefore, reddens adjacent hues, and red adds a green tinge to them, but green and red set off each other to the best advantage when placed side by side; the green looks greener, the red redder, and this is of course most thoroughly the effect when the two colors are alike in depth of tone. What green is to red, yellow is to violet, and blue to orange. In the same way it may be said that the yellow tints of green suggest their complements and opposites, the violet-reds; the yellow-oranges contrast with violet-blue, and the orange-reds with the blue-greens.

Thus the pink of the complexion is brought out by a green setting in dress or bonnet; and any lady who has a fair complexion, that admits of having its rose tint a little heightened, may make effective use of the green color, but it should be a delicate green, since it is of importance to preserve harmony of tone. When there is in the face a tint of orange mixed with brown, a brick-red hue will result from the use of green; if any green at all be used in such a case, it should be dark.

But for the orange complexion of a brunette there is no color superior to yellow. This imparts violet to a fair skin and injures its effect. A skin more yellow than orange has its yellow neutralized by the suggestion of the complement, and a dull white effect imparted. The orange

skin, however, has its yellow neutralized, and the red left; so that the freshness of complexion is increased in black-haired beauties.

As the complement of violet is yellow, which no lady desires to see added to the color of her skin, it follows that violet is only suitable for dress when it is very deep in tone, and worn by those who wish to have the complexion whitened by contrast.

Blue imparts orange, which enriches white complexions and light flesh tints; it also, of course, improves the yellow hair of blondes. Blue, therefore, is the standard color for a blonde, as yellow is for a brunette. But the brunette, who has already too much orange in her face, must avoid setting in blue.

Orange suits nobody. It whitens a brunette, but that is scarcely a desirable effect, and it is ugly. Red, unless when it is of a dark hue, to increase the effect of whiteness by contrast of tone, is rarely suitable in any close neighborhood to a lady's skin. Rose-red destroys the freshness of a good complexion, it suggests green. For this reason, it ought not to be chosen for the linings and hangings of the boxes of a theatre, if ladies who frequent it are to look well in their evening toilet. Rose-red, wine-red, and light crimson boxes give a green tint to the ladies in them; if they would rather have the best made of all natural rose in their faces, the hangings they should wish for ought to be light green. But they would suit best pale or fair complexions, just as the amber hangings at the opera house in the Haymarket used to be best suited, and, in fact, only suited for brunettes. The dark crimson of the draperies adopted at the rival house were more impartial, since they tended by contrast to the whitening of all faces to which they served as background.

Enough has been said now to display some principles that may be carried into application in a thousand ways. The painter upon canvas knows that if he places certain colors side by side, though they be as pure as tube can hold, yet they may look dirty, because they spoil each other by the complements that they suggest. He knows that in painting from a model, wherever there is much contrast of color in small compass, he must not directly imitate each color that he copies with a stroke of the same color from his brush; he is compelled to use false tints to get the true ones. Upon the same plan must a lady go to work in the compounding of a nosegay or the trimming of a bonnet, keeping apart those colors that cannot come together without quarrelling. Thus she would do well to trim a yellow bonnet with violet or blue, and a green bonnet

with rose-red or white flowers, and to follow the same general idea in grouping the colors of the dress.

Contrast of rich color is familiar to us in the dress of soldiers, and it has an economic use. The soldier in his bright uniform of green and yellow, blue and scarlet, or whatever else it be, will seem to be well clothed when all the seams of his coat, perhaps, are white, and he is really threadbare; for, if the colors be but well contrasted, they will set each other off, and remain to the last intensified. Just in the same way a civilian may wear in the summer a black coat that is not new, and over white trowsers it will be made to look by contrast excellent as to its color. But let him buy in the winter a new pair of black trowsers and put them on; the old coat causes them to seem fearfully black and glossy, and is made by them in return to look really much older and whiter than it is.

The same ideas M. Chevreul carries into the business of house-furnishing. Dark paper-hangings he proscribes, as absorbing too much light; red and violet as damaging the color of the skin; orange as tiresome by reason of intensity. He recommends only light and yellow tones of green and blue. Yellow combines well with mahogany furniture, but spoils the look of gilding. Light green suits well with both mahogany and gilding. Light blue suits with mahogany fairly, and with gilding admirably; it also combines better than blue with yellow and orange woods, it is there-

fore good for drawing-rooms. A gray pattern on a white ground, pattern and ground being balanced pretty evenly, is, however, very strongly recommended.

As a general rule, says M. Chevreul, the color of the covering of the chairs should be complementary to the prevailing color of the paper-hanging. The window-curtains should be of the colors of the chairs, having fringes of the color of the paper-hanging. The carpet should be chosen by the same rule, to give distinctness to the effect of the furniture; green and black being better dominant colors under mahogany than red, scarlet, or orange. To mahogany chairs green covers are good when uniformity is not desired. In small rooms a harmony should be sought by carrying throughout an analogy of color; the contrast should be of tones and hues of the same color; it is only in large rooms that the contrast of color can be thoroughly carried out.

It is not worth while to multiply examples of this theory. We have desired only to amuse ourselves, and at least one section of our readers. Whoever means to be a student in these matters must read M. Chevreul's book, or look for wiser counsellors. We are, for our own parts, not sufficiently under the influence of the color-sergeant to care much whether we sit upon a white chair or a black one, whether it is a black hat or a green one that suits the color of our hair.

SPRING.—IN THREE PARTS

BY MISS C. MITCHELL.

PART I.

My name is Spring;

With cheerful face and bounding step I come,
To obey the summons that has called me forth;
The swallow heard my voice from distant lands,
And swiftly flew to bear me company,
While numerous warblers follow in my train;
The gentle zephyrs of the West are sighing,
The breezy South on gossamer pinion floats,
And, with warm, genial breath, bids me prepare
To fill her lap with rosy-tinted flowers,
With summer-cooling fruits and golden grain;
And see, the East, in gorgeous splendor decked,
Is wooing my approach.

The hills and dales rejoice,

And Nature's ceaseless cry salutes my ear:
"Return to us, oh, welcome Spring, return!"
Now, dreary Winter, yield thy power to me;
I no remonstrance take, thy reign is o'er!

The forest-trees bend 'neath thy heavy yoke,
Their naked branches creaking in the blast;
The dormant earth, locked in thy icy chains,
Awaits my call to burst her bands asunder;
The hardy myrtle, too, creeps o'er the ground,
Its glassy leaflets eager to expand,
And ope its azure cups; but, like a child
Checked in its sport by a stern parent's frown,
Fears to lift up its head.

Then, hoary sire,
Take up thy snowy mantle from my path,
Bind thy white locks with sparry icicles,
Turn thy dread car and flee to northern climes,
And dwell where stormy tempests play
Around the Arctic pole.

The Hand Divine,
That sways the sceptre of the universe,
Has willed it I should reign; hence, away,
Nor droop thy frozen wing!

PART II.

THE BOAST OF WINTER.

Ax, fairy queen,
You come, with merry laugh and silvery voice,
To lure my subjects to your shining track;
A new-born sylph, in youthful vigor bold,
You would dethrone the hoary head, I know;
My jewel'd crown sits heavy on your brow,
My ermine robe befits not such a form,
And crystal palaces of frost and ice
Were not congealed for you.
Go, weave a garland of the varied leaves,
And wrap yourself in dress of virgin green;
Go, spread a mossy carpet for your feet—
Ay, summon Flora from her sylvan home
Luxuriantly to deck your bowers.

Time is winging on.
I know the sovereign mandate has gone forth,
And I must yield my sceptre to your grasp,
Yet I will linger in your path a while,
To blanch your cheek and chill your circling blood.
I'll send the biting breezes from the north,
The drifting snow-flake and the sleety rain;
And March, your welcome harbinger, fair Spring,
Shall howl and shiver in the piercing blast;
And when green verdure covers hill and plain,
And little flowers peep through the tufted grass,
When herbage springs within the garden beds,
And vegetation shoots the tender plants
That turn their new-born petals to the sun
To seek his strengthening aid—

Then I'll let flag my wing.
When night obscures me from your watchful eye,
Like to a thief, so stealthily I'll come,
And spread a veil of frost-work o'er their bosoms,
As when the morn salutes them with a kiss,
They'll lift their blighted beauties to his gaze,
But droop and wither in the noontide beams.
I, too, can nip the blossom in the bud,
The fruit within the flower, that *you* may know
Your power is not yet absolute.

And when I come again,
With renewed vigor strong in every limb,
I'll throw a snowy mantle o'er the earth,
Lock up the fountains of the flowing deep
And bind all nature with an icy chain.
The stately forest-trees shall bend their heads,
And cast their golden trophies at my feet,
To strew my path with sere and yellow leaves.
Each modest violet pales at my approach,
And shrinks and trembles as I pass along.
The merry song-birds of the waving grove
Cease their harmonious notes and flee away,
And beasts and insects hide themselves from me.
Ere long the Queen of Summer claims your power;
Stern Autumn soon usurps *her* tottering throne:
And thus the seasons fly.

PART III.

THE REIGN OF SPRING.

OLD Winter, fare thee well;
Thy boast I heed not; and the keys are mine,
And I must haste my mission to fulfil.

I Nature's chains unloose. The ice-bound spring
And mountain streams gush forth in sparkling glee,
Then rush impetuous down the shelving rocks,
Or softly murmur through the valley beds.
The pearly rills meander through the woods,
And pebbly brooks reflect the April sun;
The crystal fountain, too, obeys my call,
And, with a shower of bright foaming spray,
Hastens its tributary streams to pour
Into the flowing river.

At my approach,
Dark clouds disperse. The sleeping earth awakes,
The vivifying spell thrills through her veins,
And grassy plains are clothed in verdant green,
And flowers and fruitage shoot spontaneous forth;
Cowslips and daisies flourish in my path,
And modest violets ope their soft blue eyes
To grace the sloping banks.
The shrubbery puts out its leafy buds,
And woodbines twine around the forest boughs;
The orchard-trees are bursting into bloom,
And scent the air with fragrance as I pass.
The rose and lily, too, haste to expand,
And bees will hum around their honeyed cups,
Collecting sweets to store their waxen cells.

The creeping vine
Creeps with new tendrils to the lattice frame,
To hold the juicy grape.
The merry songsters of the woods rejoice,
And vales re-echo their melodious notes;
The skylark soars aloft on joyous wing,
The tuneful robin chirps his sweetest lays,
And little house-wrens twitter in the eaves.
Now man—creation's fairest, noblest work—
Surveys his fields with smiling, happy face,
When I resume the imperial diadem,
And twine a wreath to crown the Queen of May.

I rule the year;
The seasons all are subjects unto me:
I set the buds for Summer's fruits and flowers,
And plant the seed for Autumn's waving grain.
Did I not bring soft winds and vernal showers,
Earth would not yield rich increase unto man;
No plenteous harvest would be garnered up,
And Winter would have nothing to destroy.
Now Nature's choir in harmony unite
To chant loved freedom's ever welcome song,
And bless my prosperous reign.

SONNET.—SPRING.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

THE bluebird, seated in the tangled grass,
Pours from his tiny throat his melody,
To tell us Spring is come. The cloudlets pass
Athwart the soft face of the azure sky,
To chequer o'er the scene. A flowery vest
Now decorates the joyous woodland trees,
And Vesper through the branches sends his breeze.
To wake the leaflets wherewith they are drest,
And waft his incense o'er earth's face serene.
In gay profusion Flora flings her flowers,
And decks with roses all the garden bowers.
While Nature now is clad in robes of green
In hymns of joy, the songsters of the grove
Now join to sing their great Creator's love.

MINNIE LEE: A TEMPERANCE TALE.

BY MRS. C. B. B

THE Conference Meeting was closed ; but the members were desired to tarry, as a matter of discipline was to be attended. At the mention of this they were again seated, and Mark Lee, who all the afternoon had bowed his head, bowed it still lower, until it rested on the form before him.

Each one was busy with his own thoughts and feelings, and the silence was only broken by a sigh from the old deacon, and another following it from one who had but recently been ordained to that office.

The pastor arose, and, in a gentle voice, said—

“I am glad Brother Lee is here to answer for himself to the charge laid against him ; he has not spoken this afternoon, and we should be glad to hear him tell his feelings now.”

The individual to whom the last part of this remark was addressed raised his head a little and seemed to try to speak. He failed to utter anything, however ; but the pastor spoke kindly, and he made another effort. Rising, he said—

“I am afraid to call you brethren, I have so disgraced you. You know my weakness ; I think you had better cut me off.” And he bowed himself again, and wept.

Others wept also, while little Minnie Lee looked as if all the life in her body was concentrated in her eyes. How anxiously she scanned every face, as if trying to read their thoughts ! How long and earnestly she gazed upon Squire Allen ! Then, as if not satisfied, she turned to look at Mrs. Allen. With what sadness she then turned to look up to the face of her mother, who had thrown back her head and was asleep !

All this was but one page of a sad history. Would you know the rest ? Listen :—

Fourteen years before the time of the commencement of this story, Mark Lee was married to a girl just about his equal in intelligence, which, if it was not of a high order, corresponded with the opportunities they had had ; and, being more of a practical than theoretical kind, it was said of them : “Their life is now fairly begun ; they have a chance to develop all that is in them.”

Like thousands of others in the country, they had no fortune, but willing hearts to do whatever their hands found to be done. Mark was fond of company, and heretofore he had spent his wages, he hardly knew how ; but he scarcely ever had more than a V in his pocket at the end of a year. But now he had an object for which to save ; his Rominia, too, knew that it was easier to restrain wants than to gratify them, so she was to him a cheerful helpmeet.

They were married in the spring, and the first summer they continued to work as they had done before, she in the dairy and he in the field of a wealthy farmer, Squire Allen. In the fall, however, as the evenings began to lengthen, they began to think of a home of their own. They were not ambitious of making a show equalling those possessed of more means ; and a house containing but two rooms, that stood back on the squire’s farm, seemed just the place for them. Their wages were put together, and their house furnished as dictated by good sense, and it was wonderful to see how small a sum would give the appearance of taste and comfort to even a house that had before been considered uninhabitable.

It was here that Minnie Lee first saw the light ; a frail, fair thing she seemed even from her birth. She never cared to be tossed about or played with, like most other infants, but seemed content to be let alone. Hour after hour she would lie as if wearied, and was enjoying the luxury of quiet rest, sometimes her little heart beating as if it had about so many beats to make, and the time was limited ; otherwise it could not be seen that anything was the matter, though, to a practised eye, the skin was too transparent, and the little hands warmer than they ought to have been ; yet she was so quiet, so content to be still, and seemed to grow so well, that no danger was apprehended. By and by she walked alone, but no one expected her to run and play like others of her age ; no, she was *little* Minnie Lee, and must have it all her own way, and a very quiet way it was, so gentle, so solicitous to find what others wanted before she expressed her own desire, and so ready to conform to their wishes when it was not too much for her strength, which, by the

way, her playmates measured quite as well as she could, and always seemed instinctively to adapt themselves to what she was able to bear, and each vied with the other which should treat her with the most attention. Among these was Harry Allen. He claimed a little better right to take care of her than the rest, simply because he had done it a little more and longer. He had no little sister of his own, and all the other boys had; and Minnie had no brother, and where else in all the neighborhood was there another girl who had none? Yes, surely he had the best right; so, when they wanted her to go with them further than she could walk, Harry's wagon was always ready.

With such pleasant influences around her, she gained in strength, and was ready at five years old to go to the school with her little friends, where her improvement was such that she became the pride of her teachers.

Before giving any more of Minnie's history, we must return to her parents. Mark Lee intended to save enough to buy a lot that was for sale; but, somehow, he was a little too late. He was prompt enough at work; but, when it became necessary to decide about securing to himself the right and duty of paying for property that would be a benefit to himself at a future time, he seemed strangely vacillating; so that the time when he should have a place of his own seemed as distant as ever. He was considered one of the squire's best hands, taking hold of work with a right good-will, but spending as fast as he earned, judiciously, perhaps, if it could be called so when *all* was spent. Also, Rominia was industrious, and, it seemed, prudent; but there was a worm slowly, but surely destroying the heart, and its effects could not long be concealed.

"How hot it is!" said Mark, stopping at the corner where they commenced the swath, and wiping the streaming perspiration with his already wet shirt-sleeve.

"Yes," replied Squire Allen. "Here, Joe, go to the house and get some more drink; and, while you are about it, get a little brandy. Rum is too hot for this weather."

The boy soon returned, and brandy was mixed with the water, and all drank freely.

Now, Squire Allen was a man strong of head, and felt no little contempt for one who did not know how to measure his capacity for strong drink short of drunkenness. He boasted of having drunk all kinds of spirits for the last twenty years, and that he was never so that he could not walk a line.

Hitherto, Mark had been able to walk home with considerable steadiness, but the day was sultry, they worked very hard in the hay-field, as they had for several days previously; his head was as weak to bear as his will was to resist; the more he drank, the thirstier he became, so that, by the time the afternoon lunch came out, he had crawled down by the fence, and was in the most miserable of all sleeps.

The next morning Mark was discharged, for Squire Allen was a man of principle, and he would not harbor a drunkard on the premises, one who did not know when he had drunk enough, never for a moment considering that he himself was to blame in furnishing the means of the degradation he despised.

Now came Minnie's first trouble. She was seven, and, as we said before, the pride of her teachers. There was a girl in school who, but a few weeks before, was a "new scholar," and who had been in her other schools the "best speller;" but here she was obliged to yield the palm to Minnie Lee. This she did very ungraciously, saying—

"Well, if I can't spell all the words, I haven't a drunken father."

Minnie had but half suspected the cause of her father's illness, and had quite persuaded herself that she was mistaken; but this taunting half whisper, what would she not have given to never hear it! and what more would she not give to know the implication false! What was it to her that the teacher reproved the unkind girl, or that it brought renewed sympathy from her companions? True, she was grateful for their kindness, and felt no resentment to Anna; but the certainty that her father she loved so well was—what? She turned her face as far as possible from her little friends, and laid it, all tearless and pale, upon the desk before her. Soon, however, an indescribable pain in her side forced her to rise, and as she did so she reeled, and would have fallen but for the watchful eye of Harry Allen. She soon recovered somewhat, and expressed a wish to go home, and Harry obtained permission of the teacher to go with her.

Harry was five years older than Minnie, and, in his frank and generous manner, seemed a fit protector to the one he claimed as his little sister, and they walked on, her left hand in his, and his right arm supporting her.

He instinctively felt that words were of little use in healing a spirit so wounded as hers. He stopped as his eye caught her favorite flowers, or he heard the birds to which her ear had never before been inattentive, but she seemed as

if she had never seen the one or heard the other. She quietly took the flowers he gathered for her, but manifested no interest in them or liking for them.

When they had nearly reached her home, she seemed for a moment to think, and said: "I am not sick, Harry; you must not tell mother I am sick." And just then she seemed quite like herself, and he gave the promise. He called the next day to accompany her to school, but found her lying upon the settee feeble and pale. She "was not sick," she said, and she smiled very pleasantly; but she "did not sleep good last night, she would stay at home to-day." And so she said day after day, until she was too feeble to sit up at all. If questioned closely by her mother or the physician, she would own she had a pain in her side, and they could see the throbbing of her heart, but all their remedies seemed ineffectual. Rides were recommended, and Harry's little wagon came every day. They bolstered her carefully, taking her but a little way at first; then, as her strength increased—for it did increase, and rapidly, too—further and further. In due time, she went again to school, and we will pass over an interval of seven years.

"No, squire, thank you, I'd rather not."

"Nonsense, Mark, it's wet and cold; you'll be sick to-morrow if you don't take something to keep out the cold."

"He's afraid he'll have another confession to make," sneered Charles Baker.

After Mark had been discharged by Squire Allen, he had no loss of employment, for his reputation as a good hand made it easy to get work; but the church, of which he and the squire were both members, properly took notice of his aberration, and Mark, sensible of his error, was too generous to extenuate it in the least. Now the tempter and the tempted were again together, and, though at first and again the temptation was resisted, in the end it was too strong and Mark too weak; for, having once at their persuasion tasted, he could no longer resist the fatal appetite. The consequence was, he was cited to appear before the church, where we found him at the commencement of the story.

Before the church had been requested to tarry, Squire Allen seemed in haste to leave the house, but the pastor motioned him to remain, and he seated himself in a pew just by the door. He seemed uneasy; but whether it was a consciousness of blame, or hurry to attend to some secular business, was known only to Him who

knoweth the thoughts of the heart. As he grew quiet, he sat with his chin sunk into his bosom, and his eyelids drooping as if his thoughts were upon anything rather than the business of the moment. No one seemed inclined to speak. Furtive glances were cast towards Minnie, for many knew her sensitive spirit would be wounded if all the truth came out, as of course it must, and she was already so pale and anxious.

After her painful scrutiny of the countenances around her, she closed her eyes, and for a while sat with clasped hands, as if unconscious of anything about her; and, when she again appeared to be aware of what was said or done, the anxious, troubled look was gone, and the dove of peace was evidently a companion of her spirit. Ah, if those who affect to despise prayer could once know the power of what they so undervalue, they would eagerly endeavor to avail themselves of its benefits!

Young as Minnie was, she had given evidence of sincere piety, and there was in her a maturity that is only acquired by suffering. Years do not always bring it, and age may sometimes with more propriety be measured by the incidents than by the years of life.

Since the moment when she first realized that her own dear father might become what the old man was who daily staggered by the school-house on his way to spend his only sixpence, one that perhaps had been obtained by his little son for some trifling errand, to the time when she saw him thus humiliated, she had loved him none the less that she knew he was weak to bear, and weaker still to resist the temptation, especially when it came from those to whom he was accustomed to consider his friends and guides.

As Squire Allen sat there, taking no part in the proceedings, had he no thought of the responsibility he assumed when he persuaded Mark Lee to drink of that he knew was poison to him, whatever it was to himself? As Mrs. Allen waked the sleeping Mrs. Lee, did she think it was unwise in herself, to say the least, to have given her the cordial to rest her, after her kindness in assisting her, so that she too could attend the Conference Meeting? Oh, how the "worm of the still" coils around and destroys the best social fruits in every condition of domestic life!

The "ice once broken," the members expressed their minds freely. It appeared that Mark Lee had been, with several others, to help to raft some lumber on one of the tributaries of the Delaware, and that he more than once de-

clined to taste of any spirits whatever, but was finally persuaded to drink some cider from a jug about which was the taste and smell of rum. When rum went round again he asked for a drink himself, and, though he drank but little, that little was more than he could bear, and he was barely able to stagger home.

Brother A. was of the opinion that Brother Lee must be kindly treated, and persuaded not to drink at all; since so little had such an effect, it was bad policy for him to taste; for his part, a little was good for him, but it did not do to take too much. Every man ought to know how much he could bear; but, if he did not know that, he ought not to drink any.

Brother B. said he thought it was wrong to urge Brother Lee to taste of that which had proved such an enemy to him. He did not know how it was with others, but he should not feel justified in offering it to one so easily overcome; that such as Brother Lee ought to work for the out and out temperance men.

Brother C. said that manners was manners; but to hand round food or drink without giving all a chance was poor manners, he should call it, and would not work for such a man, and did not want one to work for him that he could not treat as he did the rest.

Young Deacon D. said there was no rule in the discipline that really touched upon the case of Brother Lee. As for drinking, he drank less than others, and, if it had a different effect on him than on others, who was responsible? They could not discipline a man for a weak stomach or an excitable brain, and, as far as he could understand the matter, that was as much Brother Lee's misfortune as fault. It had too long been customary to treat men to the dram, and, if every generation proved weaker to bear the stimulant, or to resist the appetite, should not the blame rest upon those who created that appetite rather than the unhappy victims?

Old Deacon E. said it was clear to his mind that the discipline was for just such cases as Brother Lee's, for had he not caused the church of God to be reproached? Nor was this the first time. He feared before that he was not sincere in his repentance; and, if the old leaven was not purged out, the church would very much deteriorate. He thought it would be for Brother Lee's good, if he was deprived of his privileges in the visible church of God, at least for a season; he hoped it would be only for a season. He was sorry for Brother Lee, but thought the welfare of the church should first be considered.

Mark Lee rose to speak. He paused, and

looked round upon all with a calm, earnest look, and said—

“Yes, the welfare of the church should first be considered. We may not all agree as to the best method of keeping the church a spotless bride for Christ; but, as I expect to receive what I have deserved at your hands, and may not have another opportunity, I wish now to tell you one of the ways by which so great and desirable a thing may be accomplished. I have cared for the welfare of Zion, generally, and of this part of it, in particular, ever since God, for Christ's sake, first forgave my sins; for, though I have sinned weakly, knowingly, and inexcusably, yet there never has been a moment when I would have wilfully injured one of the weakest of those for whom Christ died. Yet, brethren, there is a greater sin in the church than the one for which I am to answer to-day. Nay, Deacon E., hear me. I feel there is truth in what I say; if not, it will come back upon myself. I believe what I say, and I will tell you why. My crime is drunkenness; but where did I learn to drink? Before I went to work for a brother, did I ever taste a drop of the ‘liquid fire?’ No; I was proud of my habit in that respect; but he laughed at me, called me ‘sonny,’ and said ‘sonny’ must have a little. He treated me with contempt, as one who feared he should die a drunkard. I had no fears of such a result; so, to avoid daily ridicule, a thing to which I was always sensitive—I could bear it on occasions, when my mind was made up, or could turn it off; but to avoid daily, hourly contempt, I say, I tasted at first, merely tasted. The least I could drink always had an exhilarating effect, and soon I was willing to take it for its effect. It took me four years to like it; but now I like the taste of rum. I do not like its effect, and more than once I have prayed, ‘Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?’

“Yet, knowing the effect the poison has upon me, how many of the brethren are under the woe of ‘him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips that maketh him drunken!’ Have I ever been to the public houses to drink? Nay, I have never been drunken but it was a brother's hand that mingled the strong drink! Said I not truly, there is a greater sin in the church than the one for which I am to answer to-day? I do not seek to excuse or justify myself. I know my sin is written not only upon your church book, but in the ‘book of remembrance’ it is also written; but in different characters upon the hearts of my wife and child. What, think you, made the one speak to-day

with more than usual spirit, and the other meekly say her 'only trust was in God?' Perhaps you did not take all the meaning of this; but to me, who knew the effect cordial has upon the one, and sorrow upon the other, the meaning was plain. Again, I say, care first for the welfare of the church by removing not only me, but the cause that made me what I am. Not only condemn me and my sin, but cease to tempt me to commit the same again. Not only this; but you, who have a number of young men in your employ, see that you do not make of them what I am, that they may not die, as perhaps I shall, the most loathsome thing the earth ever scorned before absorbing."

Mark spoke rapidly, as if each word had long burned upon his soul, but must now escape, in spite of the angry looks that every moment became angrier; but he seemed to know the truth of every word, and that they, too, were recognizing each truth as it fell from his lips; though he knew every truth but made them the more incensed against him, still he hurried on until the close.

But little more was said. Nearly all seemed to have made up their minds that Mark was unendurable, if not for the habit that had been growing upon him, for his free-spoken thoughts; so the little sympathy that was felt was of but little avail, and Mark was without a home in the church, and without employment.

Minnie was an "angel of mercy" to her father, singing to him, reading to him, trying to turn his thoughts from his degradation; but the appetite for rum was at times too craving to be endured. When the heart has already entered into temptation, the outward form is not far off; so it was with Mark Lee, and a little jug was now carefully smuggled home, but as carefully kept from the sight of Minnie. But she knew it was there just as well as if she had seen it. What if it was kept locked in the cupboard, did not the fumes float upon the air, poisoning her morning welcome and good-night kiss? Father and mother alike in the secret that was no secret to her! Ah, it was well that she felt she might trust in God! Still, it preyed upon her health, that sickening pain at the heart returned, or the throbbing none the less hard to bear; the while she seemed to become more and more transparent, as if she was fast changing her natural body to one entirely spiritual.

Mark Lee was changing, and none the less his wife. Instead of a cheerful, manly bearing, he was morose and abject, shunning his old friends and despising new ones, or rather the associates his habits brought him; for he soon

found the way to the tavern, where he would sit for hours, rather than show the worst of his appearance to Minnie, the sweet, pure Minnie he still loved so well, and for whose sake he gladly would have escaped from the soul-crushing bondage, if he had but known how. And his wife, though trying to appear as she always did, and thinking herself successful, still plainly, unmistakably showed that the wreck of all womanhood was upon her, and that as yet she was unaware of the fact. At one stage of the effects of the poison, she was always praying or weeping in consequence of sin, the sin of the world generally; but of her own sin she seemed unconscious; or her faith would be strong that the millennial day was just at hand, for the knowledge of God was so rapidly on the increase. Ah, the faith, and hope, and love generated by such a spirit are held in abhorrence by Him who classes drunkards with those who will be cast into "outer darkness!"

In secret places, Minnie prayed in tearless agony that her parents might be rescued from the abyss yawning beneath them, prayed until she felt in her soul that her desire would be gratified. Thus passed two years; years of increasing degradation to Mark and Rominia Lee, and of walking by faith to Minnie; for the cloud grew darker around, and but for the light above her heart had long before sunk within her; still her trust in God did not forsake her.

Now a new star appeared—the "Maine Law." How evenly and strongly her heart beat now! That was to be the golden sceptre that, extended to her father, would bid him live. If they but lived in Maine! But surely the other States would share in the blessing; it would find its way through the vales and over the mountains that intervened between Maine and her own loved Pennsylvania; and the grocery at the corner would no longer be a grog-shop, the tavern would lose its only attraction, and the store would furnish means of domestic comfort once more, when the all-absorbing, manhood-destroying beverage was gone. Thus Minnie fancied, and her cheek wore a rose it had never known. With what earnestness she read everything pertaining to the *one law* it was to her! and Harry Allen, glad as ever to please her, brought every paper containing anything upon the subject.

"Where are you going?" asked Squire Allen of Harry, one morning.

"To Mr. Lee's, sir."

"When are you and Minnie to be married?"

"When I wish to get married at all, I shall consult my father," said Harry, rather proudly.

"I should like to talk with you now, Harry."

"I should like first, if you please, sir, to take this paper down to Minnie; there is something"—

"Tut, tut, Minnie again! It is nobody but Minnie nowadays. I suppose you will soon be bringing home a drunkard's daughter as your wife."

"My wife!" said Harry, repressing his indignation, and almost a wish to ask who made her a drunkard's daughter. "Why, I am but twenty-one."

"So you and Minnie are waiting to be older?" said the squire, more pleasantly.

"We are not waiting at all, father," said Harry, seriously. "Before I am old enough to think of a wife, Minnie will be where there is 'neither marrying nor giving in marriage.'"

"Why, she never was so healthy as now."

"Never had such red cheeks," said Harry, dryly.

"What better sign of health do you want?"

"For her, a father who is not a drunkard. 'Twas the knowledge of that that caused the prostration she suffered when she was but seven years old. I knew it, though she never spoke of it; but a cruel taunt in school was to her a poisoned arrow. The appearance of health in her now is, I am convinced, the last burning of life's flame. All the hope I have for her is that she will live to see the 'Maine Law' in our State; then she will die content."

"Pshaw! the 'Maine Law'! What has that to do with a girl's living or dying, I'd like to know? It's enough for politicians' heads to be turned about it; boys and girls had better let it alone."

Harry, until now, had remained standing near the door of the parlor, where he paused at his father's first question; but now he advanced a step or two towards him, and said, respectfully—

"Have I ever been other to you, father, than an obedient son?"

"No, Harry; why, no. Why do you ask?"

"I want to do something now I fear you do not approve; still, I think I ought to do it."

"What is it? Out with it. Marry Minnie Lee?"

"If I ever want to marry any one, I hope I shall find some one as good as Minnie Lee; but she has always been my sister, and *only* my sister, and the short time she lives I wish to be a brother to her, as I have always been."

"What makes you think she is going to die? A love-sick notion, I suppose."

"You know, father, the doctor said three

years ago that she had an enlargement of the heart."

"Doctors don't always know. Why, she never looked so much like living in her life as she does now."

"I know; but her heart has pressed out her ribs two inches, and the doctor says it is nearly as large again as it should be. Then, this appearance of health is caused by the hope that we shall yet have the 'Maine Law' here, and that her father may yet be saved."

"No hope of that; he's too far gone."

"But, if there is none to be bought, I have hopes that we shall see Mark Lee what he was when we all liked him so well."

The thought of what Mark Lee was once and what he had become, seemed to absorb the squire's attention, and he sat silently in an attitude of retrospection until Harry said—

"I should like to take this paper to Minnie, if you do not object."

"Yes, go; if you can do anything to remedy the evil I have caused, do it."

"Will you not help me, father?" said Harry, tenderly, and advancing towards him.

"Help you; how?"

"Vote for the 'Maine Law.'"

"Help you," said the squire, rising; "yes, so help me God! Harry, the scales have entirely fallen now. Mark was once a man, and I fear I have done more than any other man to destroy him. I dimly saw it years ago, but I tried to throw off responsibility. I knew he told the truth to the church the day he was excluded. I did not vote against him; I could not. Neither did I speak in his favor; God forgive me!"

Harry availed himself of the permission thus given, and soon Minnie was in possession of the cheering news that the west, as well as the east, was engaged in banishing temptation from the presence of the wretched victims of appetite, and her faith grew stronger that her father would yet be saved. Nearer, nearer home the influence came; it stirred up the people to see if existing laws could not be better sustained, rightly judging, if they could be, it would prepare the way for entire prohibition.

Once, Mark Lee had struggled to free himself from the bondage upon him, but now he had ceased to try. Sometimes he had work, but he quite as often spent his wages for that that mocketh as for anything adding to the comfort of even his yet idolized Minnie, whose nights were now wakeful, and whose days languid, and who oftener received such delicacies as her feeble state required from the neighbors; that is, when they could find she wanted anything,

for she never complained. And the taste and comfort once so apparent in the management of Mrs. Lee were now sadly lacking. She would bustle about, and fancy she accomplished a great deal; but the intellect that once guided her labors was stupefied or excited, and, whether it was one or the other, she was alike unfit for her daily duties.

When Squire Allen quite decided to "turn over a new leaf," he was prompt to act upon the decision; and the first thing he did was to enact a "miniature Maine Law," he called it, and ordered a cask of brandy, and the remainder of one of rum, to be emptied into the street. But he soon found it easier to do an evil than to destroy the bad effects, for the lighter liquors he had always furnished his wife she was unwilling to have destroyed in that summary way; and she, not having gone through the process of reasoning and feeling by which he had been convinced of the correctness of the course he was pursuing, could see no occasion for such a change of principles and actions, and she looked upon the indulgence she had received as her right, and was so decided in the expression of her opinions that the squire, who had ever been indulgent without reason, could not see how to be reasonable, according to his own ideas, and still indulge her in what, for the first time, he had reason to apprehend was claimed more to gratify an appetite than to retain a right.

This was to him a sad state of things, and caused him to think of Harry. But Harry was safe, thanks to the influence of Minnie Lee, and a new cause of remorse appeared to him as he remembered calling her "a drunkard's daughter," and he thought Harry was right in considering her as a model. Was it true, however, that their love was but that of brother and sister? He did not understand it. He did not know of the all-absorbing love of Minnie for her father, increasing, it seemed, with his degradation, and of her one thought and prayer for his redemption. He did not know that she had missed the season of youth, and almost of childhood, and had spent years of care when she should have been a light-hearted maiden. As for Harry, he had always called her his sister; but he long since ceased to think her *little* Minnie. He had learned to trust to her maturer judgment, as if she had been the older. Now he came to look upon her as almost an angel, and to feel sure that whatever was the result of her solicitude for others, for herself it would hasten the repose of the grave.

The next thing the squire tried to do was to

get Mark to come and work for him, telling him of his change of principles; but here, too, he found evidence that the way of transgressors is hard. He would not work without rum; fifteen years ago he would have done it; but a *friend* taught him to drink, now he must have it.

Squire Allen felt the reproof, and thought, "Will the evil I have done always follow me? How humiliating! I have deserved it, and I must bear it."

His efforts were unsuccessful. Mark would not work unless there was a prospect of a treat; this it was not thought proper to give him.

The question of prohibition came before the legislature, and Minnie expected they would make short work of it; so she rested in her easy chair contented. Now was the time, she thought, when her father was to be given her at her petition, and his manhood restored to him at her request; but, as day after day passed without anything definite having been done, she became aware that her strength had rapidly failed with the excitement that had sustained it; that, having once given up her case to the legislators, she had no strength to receive it again.

"It was best, perhaps," she said; "God would take care of it and her; there she could trust with no fear of final disappointment."

And He did. There was one night of anxious watching; of speaking in subdued tones, when it was necessary to speak at all; of slow and careful steps; of ministering to every want as far as it could be suspected by her appearance; and the next day she lay robed in white, with the first roses of summer strewed around her.

Was her confidence in God misplaced? Did she close her eyes in her last sleep before they had seen what she so much desired? Her father stood beside her, for the first time for months, sober. She could not speak, but he understood her appealing look, and mentally pledged himself to entire abstinence. It almost seemed as if she read his thoughts, for she looked satisfied, and breathed her last.

Then he did not think it would be hard to abstain; indeed, he loathed what had so nearly destroyed him; but, after she was laid to rest, the fires burned within him as if they would consume him. Where then was a gentle hand to bathe his brow and prepare a draught that would "cheer, but not inebriate?"

Rominia seemed quite helpless in her grief, but acquiesced in Mark's proposition never to partake of anything that would intoxicate. They did not resolve in their own strength;

but, having "passed under the rod," their eyes were opened, and in their hearts they said, "Our Father in Heaven."

Order and plenty have returned; but it will be long, I ween, before they cease to miss their little Minnie Lee.

A SERIES OF PAPERS ON THE HAIR.

CHAPTER IV.

FAVORITE COLORS OF THE HAIR, COMMON MODES OF WEARING THE HAIR, ETC.

THE beautiful features and personal attractions of the fair sex are especially set off to advantage by that ornament to the person, a fine head of hair; whether the auburn tresses fall in many a graceful fold, the rich and glossy curls are bound with roses, or

"The long dark hair
Floats upon the forehead in loose waves
Unbraided."

The pillar of the Ionic order, in the composition of which both elegance and ingenuity are displayed, is said to have been constructed upon the model of a beautiful woman with flowing soft hair:—

"Her ringlets, unconfined,
About her neck and breast luxuriant play."

This architectural pillar presents a marked contrast to the Doric, which is formed after the model of a strong robust man.

There is not a voluptuous or luxurious scene in poetry or romance, into which a description of the heroine's hair is not introduced. Without this elegant ornament crowning the stature with grace, even the goddess of Beauty, though possessed of the brightest eyes and the most fascinating charms, would appear hideous and deformed. When Homer mentions the celebrated fair one who set all Asia in arms, he invariably calls her the "beautiful-haired Helen." Apuleius maintains that, if Venus were bald, though circled by the graces and the loves, she would not please even swarthy Vulcan. Petronius, in his picture of Circe, describes her tresses falling negligently over her shoulders, which they entirely covered. Apuleius praises her trailing locks, thick and long, and insensibly curling, disposed over her divine neck, softly undulating with carelessness—

"Whose golden hair
Around her sunny face in clusters hung."

Ovid notices those beauties who plaited their braided hair like spiral shells.

Amasia is described with hair distilling the perfumes of myrrh and roses, and that of Venus as diffusing around the divine odors of ambrosia.

At the present moment, almost every lady one meets has her hair arranged in "bands;" nothing but bands, the most severe and trying of all coiffures, and one only adapted to the most classic style of beauty. For the face with a downright good-natured pug nose, or with one that is only pleasantly *rétroussé*, to adopt it is quite as absurd as for an architect to surmount an irregular Elizabethan building with a Doric frieze. Every physiognomy requires its peculiar arrangement of hair, and we only wonder that this great truth has ever been lost sight of. There is a kind of hair full of graceful waves, which, in Ireland, is called good-natured hair. There is something quite charming in its rippling line across the forehead. Art has attempted to imitate it, but the eye immediately detects the imposture; it no more resembles the real thing than the set smile of the opera-dancer does the genuine play of the features from some pleasurable emotion of the mind. This buckled hair is, in short, the same as that denounced by the early churchmen under the name of the *malice of the D—l*, a term which it well deserves. There is another kind of hair which is inclined to hang in slender thread-like locks just on the sides of the face, allowing the light and shade to fall upon the white skin beneath with delightful effect. Painters particularly affect this picturesque falling of the hair, and it is wonderful how it softens the face, and gives archness to the eyes, which peep out, as it were, between their own trellis-work or *jalousies*. We own to a love of the soft glossy ringlets which dally and toy with the light on their airy curves, and dance with every motion of the body. There is something exceedingly feminine and gentle in them, we think, which makes them more fitted for general adoption than any other style. But most of all to be admired for a noble generous countenance is that compromise between the severe-looking "band" and the flowing ringlet, in which the hair, in twisting coils of flossy silk, is allowed to fall from

the forehead in a delicate sweep round that part of the cheek where it melts into the neck, and is then gathered up into a single shell-like convolution behind; the Greeks were particularly fond of this arrangement in their sculpture, because it repeated the facial outline and displayed the head to perfection. Some naturally pretty women, following the lead of the strong-minded high-templed sisterhood, are in the habit of sweeping their hair at a very ugly angle off the brow, so as to show a tower of forehead, and, as they suppose, produce an overawing impression. This is a sad mistake; Corinna, supreme in taste as in genius and beauty, knows better. The ancients were never guilty of thinking a vast display of forehead beautiful in woman, or that it was, in fact, at all imposing in appearance. They invariably set the hair on low, and would have stared with horror at the atrocious practice of shaving it at the parting, adopted by some people to give height to the brow. We do not mean to lay down an absolute rule; however, even in this particular, the individuality which exists in every person's hair, as much as in his face, should be allowed to assert itself, and the dead level of bands should never be permitted to extinguish the natural difference between the tresses of brown Dolores—"blue-black, lustrous, thick as horse-hair," and the Greek Islanders' hair like sea-moss, that Alciphron speaks of. Least of all is such an abomination as "fixature" allowable for one moment. He must have been a bold, bad man, indeed, who first circulated the means of solidifying the soft and yielding hair of woman.

Hair, most unquestionably, constitutes the proudest ornament of female beauty; and clustering locks, compared, both by the ancients and oriental poets, to the growth of grapes, has even been considered a *desideratum* at the female toilet; artificial means to curl the hair having been resorted to from time immemorial, even by man.

Not only as a means of ornament has the hair been seized upon by all classes and generations of our kind, but it has been converted into an index, as it were, of their religious, political, and social opinions. The difference between the freeman and the slave was, as we have seen, of old indicated by the length of the hair. In later times, we all know how the Puritan rejoiced in a "polled" head, whilst the Cavalier flaunted about in exuberant curls. The fact of its being the only part of the body a man can shape and carve according to his fancy, is sufficient to account for the constancy with which he has

adopted it as his ensign of party and doctrine, and also for the multitudinous modes in which he has worn it.

Some writers have supposed that there exists a certain relationship between the color of the hair and the moral temperament, so to speak. Thus, for example, rapidity of the circulation, love of change, vivacity of the imagination; in a word, all these attributes of the sanguineous temperament are associated with chestnut-colored hair. Black hair, on the contrary, is supposed to indicate athletic strength and vigor, energy, ambition, and the passions; whilst fair hair represents a soft and lax fibre, and is the emblem of mildness, tenderness, and affection, blended with judgment—in short, all the qualities which are usually associated with a calm and mild temperament.

"If the hair," says Lavater, "cannot be classed among the members of the human body, it is at least an essential part of it. It affords a variety of indications of the temperament of an individual, of his powers, of his habits of thought, and consequently of his intellectual faculties. It corresponds with our physical constitution, as plants and fruits do to the soil which produced them. The diversity in the color and texture of the covering of the lower animals sufficiently indicates the expressive meaning conveyed by the different qualities and color of the human hair; compare the wool of the sheep with the fur of the wolf, the hair of the rabbit with that of the hyena."

The predilection for certain colors of the hair differs in various countries.

In the East, black hair has ever been held in the highest estimation. In the Song of Solomon, a distinguishing feature is stated to be the hair: "His locks are bushy, or curled, and black as a raven." Black hair also characterized the prophetic virgins of the Druids. The women of Caraccas (Venezuela) are seldom blondes; but, with hair of the blackness of jet, they have the skin white as alabaster.

Jet black eyes and raven tresses have their admirers in all countries.

Ainsworth, in his "Thirty Requisites of Perfection," enumerates three black: "Dark eyes, darksome tresses, and darkly fringed lids."

There is among Europeans generally a strong dislike to red hair; but in Spain red hair is admired almost to adoration, and there is a story told of one of our naval commanders, who luxuriated in fiery locks, being idolized and caressed in consequence by the Spanish women, and looked upon as a perfect Adonis.

The Germans hold light hair in estimation,

and the Roman ladies of old had a great partiality for flame-colored locks.

Red hair has been almost universally given to warriors, and golden tresses to ladies.

In heathen mythology, the golden locks of Apollo, the red hair and beard of Mars, the yellow tresses of Venus, and the flaxen braids that were twisted under the helmet of Minerva, demonstrated how much the color of this hair was appreciated by the ancients. It is a favorite subject of description with our amatory writers:—

“Her soft, unbraided hair,
Gleaming like sunlight upon snow above her forehead fair.”

In the days of the elder Palma and Giorgione, yellow hair was the fashion, and the paler the tint the more admired. The women had a method of discharging the natural color by first washing their tresses with some chemical preparation, and then exposing them to the sun. “I have seen,” says Mrs. Jameson, in her “Memoirs and Essays,” “a curious old Venetian print, perhaps satirical, which represents this process. A lady is seated on the roof or

balcony of her house, wearing a sort of broad-brimmed hat, without a crown; the long hair is drawn over these wide brims, and spread out in the sunshine, while the face is completely shaded.”

Shakspeare especially seems to have delighted in golden hair. Black hair he only mentions twice throughout his entire plays, clearly showing that he imagined light hair to be the peculiar attribute of soft and delicate women.

A similar partiality for this color, touched with the sun, runs, however, through the great majority of the poets—old Homer himself for one; and the best painters have seized with the same instinct upon golden tresses.

A walk through any gallery of old masters will instantly settle this point. There is not a single female head in the National Gallery—beginning with the glorious “Studies of Heads,” the highest ideal of female beauty, by such an idealist as Corregio, and ending with the full-blown blondes of the prodigal Rubens—there is not a single black-haired female head among them.

SUSAN HARTT.

BY A VILLAGER.

THERE are in the world some persons who, when they go out of it, go in the same demonstrative, noisy way in which they have lived here, crashing and thundering, and calling on all around to witness the work of dissolution; not unlike a vast ship when fire consumes its structure. The fall of others is sudden and proudly grand, like the oak that beautifies a public walk or an ancestral house, when unseen rot has for ages consumed its inner life, till a fierce lightning stroke, or a resistless wind, has laid it low, revealing in a moment the subtle work that has so long been advancing, and leaving a great waste, a desolate place, over which people come to lament and wonder.

The aged righteous, as Holy Scripture saith, goes down to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe. Some loose their hold on earthly life as noiselessly as one of the million leaves that drop from their parent tree, not even making a ripple on the stream which bears it to the eternal ocean. The passing away of others is as when the last flower withers from the stem

where its companions grew and faded, vanishing, we scarce know how, and mourned not so much for the sake of the living as because it has no successor.

Like the dropping leaf or fading flower was the death of my quiet neighbor, gentle Susan Hartt. She had lived among us twenty years, and in all that period no one had heard her speak much of herself. From a home in another State, which death had desolated, she came hither to live with one of her few surviving relatives, a distant kinsman, and in his family she stayed, an honored and beloved guest. I was told her history, not an eventful or startling one, yet marked in early life by a more than common series of bereavements. Very often, I was asked: “Pray, who is Susan Hartt? and why does she stay at Judge Hamilton’s?”

‘And oftener still the question would be:
‘Susan is an old maid, isn’t she?’”

For Susan’s dress had always that neat and perfectly well-arranged air that we are apt to

think the peculiarity of single women. She had a slight figure, and was not in any degree a beauty; but her large, soft, brown eyes and glossy hair, always parted smoothly under a plain cap, gave a pleasing effect to features otherwise without interest.

At twenty, Susan was a bride, and at twenty-five a widow. Her two children followed their father to the silent land, and next her parents died. During the more than thirty years of her continued pilgrimage, Susan formed no new ties.

We never met her at a gay party, or making fashionable calls. When we saw her at home, and asked about her own health, which a colorless complexion indicated was far from vigorous, she would answer, quietly—

"I am very well, but not quite strong. I have to be careful of myself."

But her seat in church was seldom vacant; and those who, as is our neighborly country custom, watched at the bedside of the sick, or came together to lay out the dead, often found one of their number to be Susan Hartt. She never said a word about "dreadful spells of sickness" undergone by herself, though none could see her without knowing that she must often have suffered from pain and weakness. She never spoke of her husband or children, nor gave a circumstantial account of their diseases; themes that are too often resorted to, by way of enlivening the spirits of an invalid, or enhancing the solemnity of a death-chamber. We never saw her weep, and yet there was a quiet sympathy in the touch of her hand, a moisture in her meek eyes, that spoke better than language, and to the sorrowful proved more comforting than wordy efforts at consolation. Susan was not a wise, a learned, or a notable woman; she was only a good and quiet one.

"I am astonished!" somebody would say, on hearing that Susan had been a wife and mother. "She never speaks of her family. She must be a woman of little sensibility."

True, she never carried her sorrows out into the world "for daws to peck at," and yet, who knows but that she lived more constantly in the past, and felt her bereavements more keenly than the woman who takes all possible seasons to tell you "what an awful disease her poor husband died of; how worn out she got attending him; and how she shall always miss him, even if she marries another." And the dear little ones that so many summers ago nestled in Susan's bosom were no doubt, in imagination, as often at her side as though she had been continually telling of their pretty childish ways, and deploring their early loss.

At least, there were some of us who thought so long before Susan herself joined those who had gone first; and now we know it to be true.

Only two weeks had passed since I met Susan in the sick-room of a poor Christian sister more forlorn than she, for the woman has no near kin, and lives quite alone; a hard-working seamstress; and when ill is dependent upon parish bounty. A friend came in and told me—

"Mrs. Hartt is dead. Will you come round with me, and help make her grave-clothes?"

I had not heard that she was ill, and I said so.

"It would not be in keeping with her life to have her sickness make much stir," the friend remarked. "She was always so quiet, you know."

It was but four days since she had been stricken with fatal disease; and a fragile frame like hers could offer no resistance. With subdued feelings, but without tears, we entered on the melancholy work. There were no bitter wailings, no frantic outbursts of grief in the household of death, but on every face there seemed to sit an earnest solemnity.

Her kinsman said: "Let her head be uncovered, as it used to be when she was a girl."

So we took off the cap, and started back with whispered words of surprise and sad pleasure, as the long, soft, brown tresses, with not a streak of gray among them, floated over the pillow. It was foolish, perhaps, but my first thought was, how happy her husband will be to see her with the same dark hair that covered her young head when he called her his bride, and when they parted.

It was not with idly curious eyes that her private chamber was entered, yet we looked with interest on some mementos of her early life, to which a relative called our notice. There was a small mahogany box filled with the clothes which her children had worn, diminutive garments of an obsolete fashion, that we did not dare to touch. To handle them would have appeared like profanation. And the husband's miniature, that at any other time we might have commented upon as the work of an unskilful artist, seemed invested with a halo from the light of changeless love, that for so many years had held it as a sacred thing. Criticism would have been irreverent.

"That little wardrobe," they told us, "she had duly once a year taken out, looked over, and aired; then quietly restored to its keeping-place."

Well, Susan's funeral is past. It was on a still September day, when the hush on Nature's

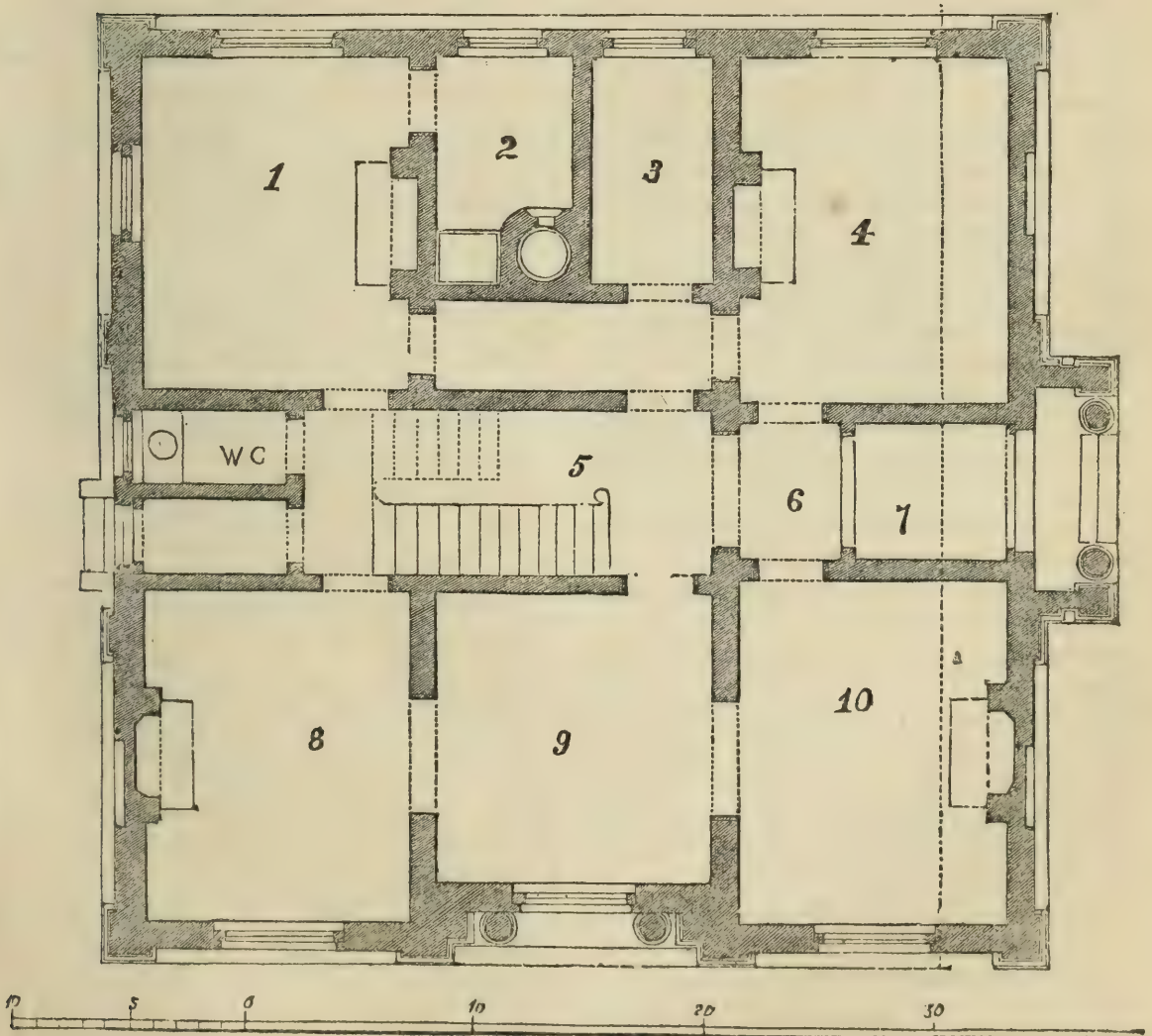
face harmonized with the noiseless life of her whose obsequies we met to witness; and though scarce a week has elapsed, outside the family circle where she dwelt, we hear her name no more. In the rush and whirl of life's tide, the severed leaf has floated off and vanished. The withered flower has dropped.

But, if we pause a moment to think, a sense of the vastness of the change to Susan is almost overwhelming. It would be entirely so, could we but comprehend it. A husband and two children waiting, we may well believe, to wel-

come her. Her disembodied being thrilled with joy to embrace those from whom she has so long been sundered; the shadows left behind; the reality felt and seen. How very near, and yet how little thought of is that mysterious existence! Some sharp and sudden pang; some random, misdirected blow from human hands may lift for us the curtain that shrouds its entrance. "An arrow let easily into the side" was the courier sent to warn Susan of that thitherward journey, the end of which has brought her such an unalloyed reunion.

GROUND-PLAN OF THE VILLA.

(See Building in front of Book.)



1. Kitchen. 2. Scullery. 3. Store-room. 4. Breakfast-room. 5. Stairs. 6. Lobby.
7. Hall. 8. Dining-room. 9. Library. 10. Drawing-room.

SELF-SEALING AIR-TIGHT PRESERVING-CANS FOR FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Fig. 1.

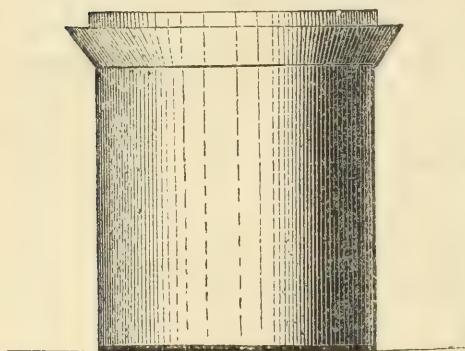
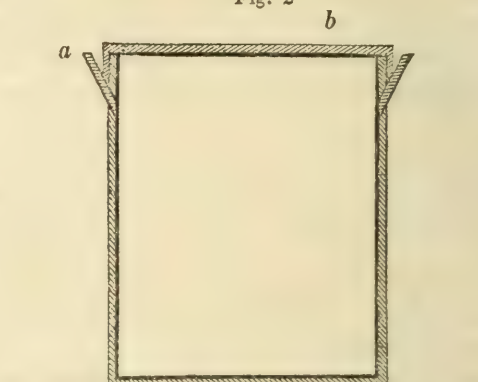


Fig. 2



THERE are few housekeepers in city or country who will not receive with pleasure the announcement, that a self-sealing air-tight preserving-can or jar, for putting up fresh fruits and vegetables, has been patented, and will be in market during the spring and summer. By this simple contrivance, the process of hermetically sealing is placed conveniently within the reach of every individual; and fruit, vegetables, and butter (if properly prepared) may be kept with their natural flavor unimpaired for an indefinite length of time.

A brief explanation of the construction and method of using these vessels will suffice to make their advantages apparent to every intelligent man.

The above drawings represent a tin canister made after the plan proposed. Fig. 1 is a perspective view of the vessel: fig. 2 is a section of the same.

It is constructed with a channel around the mouth, near the top (*a*), into which the cover (*b*) fits loosely, as shown in fig. 2. This channel is filled with a very adhesive cement, prepared for the purpose, and allowed to harden. The vessel may be made in any desirable form, and of any suitable material, such as glass, porcelain, or pottery ware.

In order to seal the vessel hermetically, it is only necessary to heat the cover slightly, and press it into place. It may be opened with as much ease as it is closed, by slightly warming the top. The ordinary tin cans, used for the same purpose for which this is intended, cannot be closed, as is well known, without the aid of

a tinner; they are difficult to open, and are generally so much injured in opening, as to be useless for future service.

These cans have been thoroughly tested during the past summer; and their contents, after the lapse of months, have been found unchanged. At a meeting of the "Farmers' Club," in New York city, we observe, in a recent published report of their proceedings, a can of peaches, preserved since last summer in this manner, was opened, and the flavor pronounced unimpaired. The members of the club spoke in very favorable terms of this new means of providing the luxuries of fresh fruit and vegetables through all the months of the year.

We have ourselves examined these preserving cans, and are satisfied that they will accomplish all that is claimed for them. The editor of Arthur's "Home Magazine" says: "We have used these cans in our own family, having been supplied by the inventor with a few last fall, after application was made for a patent; and find the articles preserved in them as fresh as when we sealed them up. The act of closing the cans was performed with the greatest ease, and in a few moments. And they were opened as easily, by merely warming the top or cover."

The patentee of this most useful invention is Dr. Robert Arthur, No. 252 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Preparations are now making to manufacture them on a large scale, so as to meet the demand, which cannot fail to be extensive as soon as the season of fruits and vegetables arrives.

Specimens of this can, all ready for sealing, may be seen at the office of the "Lad's Book"

PRETTY NAMES FOR GIRLS.

A FEW months ago, we published, under the above heading, a tolerably long list of female names, intended "for the benefit of young married people." Still having the good of that interesting class in view, we at once set our wits to work to analyze and define the names in the list alluded to. Our labors have met with partial success, and we now give the result of them, premising that we do not insist that we are invariably correct in defining, where many, with somewhat more learning than we possess, have "agreed to disagree."

Amelia.—See Emily.

Adela, Adele, Adelaide, Adeline.—From the German *edel*, noble; or *adel*, nobility noble-ness.

Agnes.—From the Latin *agna*, a lamb.

Agatha.—Greek *agathos*, good, virtuous, excellent.

Amy.—A female friend.

Alice, Alecia, Alicia.—Probably from the Greek word *alexo*, to protect: a protectress.

Aurelia.—Latin; the golden.

Angela, Angeline, Angelica.—From *angelos*, Greek; a messenger, an angel.

Ann, Anna, Annie.—Graceful, charming, agreeable.

Amanda.—From the Latin; one to be loved.

Antoinette.—Feminine and French form of Anthony: in Latin, Antonia; the praise-worthy.

Arabella.—The lovely.

Annabel.—Beautiful Anna.

Aspasia.—One who is friendly, pleasant.

Albertine.—Feminine form of Albert; nobly born.

Augusta.—From the Latin *augustus*; queenly, glorious, sacred.

Annette.—French form of Anna.

Aglaia.—Splendor. From the Greek.

Blanche.—Fair, white.

Bertha.—One worthy of being looked at.

Beatrice.—One who makes happy, or blesses.

Barbara.—From the Greek: a foreigner, a stranger, an outlandish person.

Cecilia, Cicily.—From the Latin: short-sighted.

Caroline.—One who is active, industrious, or full of energy.

Clara.—From the Latin *clarus*; clear, bright, illustrious.

Claudia, Claudine.—Literally, one shut up. From the Latin *claudo*; I shut up. Reserved, secret, close.

Clementina.—From the Latin *clemens*; mild, meek, compassionate.

Constance, Constantia.—Steady, persevering, constant. From *constans*, Latin.

Cornelia.—One who is strong, capable of enduring, firm.

Callista.—Greek; the most beautiful.

Claribel.—Beautiful Clara.

Celeste, Celestine.—The heavenly.

Catharine.—One who is pure, modest, chaste. From the Greek *Katharos*.

Cora.—A maiden, a virgin. From the Greek.

Christina, Christine.—From the name of our Saviour, *Christos*, Greek; "the anointed one."

Dora.—A gift, a present. From *dorea*, Greek.

Dorothea, or Theodora.—From the Greek *theos*, God, and *dorea* a gift; "the gift of God."

Deborah.—Hebrew; a prophetess.

Delia.—Greek *delos*; plain, manifest.

Dorcas.—Probably the Greek *dorkas*, an antelope, so called from its quick sight, the word being derived from *dekro*, "I see."

Eve.—Hebrew; "mother of the living."

Elfrida.—One who loves peace.

Elinor, Elonore, Eleanor, Eleanora.—The pitiful, the compassionate.

Eliza, Elizabeth.—Beloved of God, grace of God.

Elvira, Elmira.—Of high birth, exalted.

Emma, Emmeline.—One who is industrious, thrifty, diligent.

Eugenia.—From the Greek *eugenes*, of noble birth.

Eloise.—The victress.

Emily, Emilia.—One who is courteous, agreeable, captivating.

Ethel.—From the Saxon; the noble. Adela, Adele, etc., are words of the same remote origin.

Eunice.—Favorably disposed.

Ermengarde.—The brave archeress.

Euphemia.—From the Greek *euphemos*; of good omen.

Euphrasie.—Greek; from *euphron*, delightful, pleasant to behold.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE SPORTSMAN.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

(See Plate.)

THE boy's heart throbbed with anxious pride,
 His eyes were brightly gleaming,
 As, standing by his brother's side,
 He grasped the bow, not dreaming
 But that he was a marksman true,
 And aimed the shaft alone,
 And that the bird his arrow pierced
 By his own skill was won.

So have I seen, on the world's field,
 A simple youth beguiled,
 Fancy that through his cunning skill
 Some maiden on him smiled ;
 When, long before, her heart was caught
 Within a golden net,
 That one, in this world's lore more wise,
 With truer art had set.

Child, beside thy brother's knee,
 Listen to my moral,
 Of worth more rich, if rightly prized,
 Than gold or crown of laurel :
 Choose thine own game, point thine own shaft,
 Then let the arrow speed ;
 So will the bird thy hand brings down
 Be worth thy toil and heed.

GATHERED TO HER BABIES.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH W. LONG.

A Thought at a Brother's Funeral.

WHEN, 'neath the weight of honored years,
 Borne downward to entombing,
 A patriarch leaves his circling peers,
 And goes within the glooming ;

While Memory, from all minds around,
 Its wreathing tribute gathers,
 Well uttered o'er the ancient ground :
 " He's gathered to his fathers."

This utmost that our faith may dare,
 In marble's whiteness write it !
 Our boldest certainty and prayer,
 At best we so indite it.

Thus to the truth of heavenly force
 Unconscious credence lending,
 The level of man's sown life's source
 Must limit his ascending.

But when a mother stoops to go
 Beneath death's ancient portal,
 Let Hope, that lit her life below,
 Still glow above the mortal !

We'll lay her where, by little graves,
 Hushed doubt forgets his may-be's ;
 And, softly as the willow waves,
 Say : " Gathered to her babies."

Those loved and lost, that lent for her
 The heaven's enticing fairness ;
 The infants that all angels were,
 Each with peculiar rareness.

To no dead past her life was bound ;
 She yearned on and after
 A babe's first cry, the sweetest sound
 Celestial breeze could waft her.

Her thoughts paled, crimsoned, with the cheek
 Whose pillowed wail did plead her ;
 In all her ways, so very meek,
 A little child could lead her.

Forever dwelling in a shrine,
 All fret with child-fed fancies,
 Imaginings that shone divine
 Within her tenderest glances.

Not backward with the buried years
 Our thought her dear form places ;
 We see her forward through our tears,
 Girt round with infants' graces.

And as our hearts, in heavenly land,
 Best love to see and trace her,
 With babe on breast, and babe at hand,
 So, in her green grave place her !

OLD!

BY CORNELIA M. DOWLING.

OLD! old! chilly and cold,
 With the icy frost and the gathering mould
 On the silvered head ; and the weary heart,
 So lonely and sad, that would fain depart,

Tired of life,
 With its great wild billow,
 Longing to sleep,
 With the turf for a pillow.

Old! old! chilly and cold ;
 'Tis a weary, dreary thing to be old.

Old! old! wrinkled and gray,
 Tottering on o'er the time-worn way,
 Marked with the graves of the loved that are fled ;
 Strewn with the hopes that are withered and dead ;

Yearning with them
 To be peacefully lying ;
 Passing them all,
 So mournfully sighing !

Old! old! wrinkled and gray,
 Lonely and desolate, passing away.

Old! old! In the deepening night—
 Oh, is there no region *beyond* of light?
 There is! there is! and the weary breast
 May seek and find in that world a rest.

Sweet are the notes
 In that bright world blending
 Breathing of love
 That hath never an ending.

Old! old! in the deepening night,
 But soon to be young in a morning of light.

Old! old! chilly and cold ;
 But I love to know I am feeble and old,
 For I sooner shall land on that beautiful shore
 Where parting, and sighing, and tears are no more ;
 Sooner from earth

My glad spirit will sever,
 Sooner my heart
 Will be happy forever.

Old! old! chilly and cold,
 But nearing the land where *they never grow old!*

TO MORPHEUS.

BY S. P. BRYAN, M. D.

'Tis midnight; and mine eyes no sleep have found;
I count the seconds as their leave they take;
Have watched the hands of the great clock go round
Till one, two, three, have struck, and still I wake.

Oh, Morpheus! hast thou forgot the wile
Which erst my eyes could seal so softly tight?
Won by sweet Calliope's bewitching smile,
Art thou detained above with her to-night?

Or art thou listening to Melpoméné,
Who lately near the sanguine battle stood,
While she some tragic scene relates to thee,
Where mighty heroes welter in their blood?

Hath sweet Euterpe touched with skilful hand
Her heavenly lyre, and in her happiest mood,
That thou the mellow strain to hear dost stand,
And linger still where thou too long hast stood?

Hath Clio—child of erudition great—
Met and detained thee in thy long sojourn
With the rehearsal of the fallen state
Of some proud king, prolonged thus thy return?

Or hath Urania lured thee from afar
To her celestial bower, her secret haunt;
And dost thou linger still in that bright star,
"Smit with the love of song," to hear her chant?

Hath witching Thalia in a strain sublime
Thee entertained with some delightful play?
Some sketch romantic of the "olden time,"
Which she snatched from the flood ere its decay?

With bright Terpsichore art thou besmit,
As, lightly dancing on the breeze, she whirls;
And dost thou, gazing still and wooing, flit
And revel 'mid her soft ambrosial curls?

Hath Polyhymnia chained thee with her songs?
Ah, hath she oped her sacred psaltery,
Whose stringlets are so many angel tongues,
And bidden them sweetly chant to ravish thee?

Or hath the blithe, jocund Erato sung
Some novel love-song, fraught with soft complaint?
Charmed by the mellow accents of her tongue,
Still lingerest thou to list the tender strain?

Or like a coquette maiden art thou grown,
Who, winning, taunts her lover till he dies,
That thou art gone and left me thus alone,
Nor poured soft slumber on my waking eyes?

Oh, cruel Morpheus! I have waited long,
And wooed thee all the night thus far in vain;
And still thou heedest not my pleading song,
And hast not come to ease my aching brain!

Come, gentle Morpheus, now mine eyelids close,
And shake thy drowsy weeds in ambient air,
That I may find in sleep serene repose,
And wake refreshed to bless thy fostering care.

Thus, thus, sweet minister of sleep! Again
Thy weeds somniferous here above me shake;
Lull in soft slumber now my fevered brain,
And in sweet dreams I'll bless thee ere I wake.

VOL. L.—30

THE APPROACH.

BY CLARA MORETON.

"It is sweet, gentle death!"—*Sintram and his companions.*

As I watch the moments go,
My life runneth very low;
Very near seems death!
If he reached out his hand
From the place where he doth stand,
He could grasp my breath.

This is not the spectral form
Come to chill my pulses warm,
And to seal my sight;
This is not the phantom grim
That I fancied death had been;
'Tis a form of light!

Tales they told me long ago;
Now, I see they are not so,
For his mien so fair.
In his arms I have not lain,
But I know that woe nor pain
Could ever reach me there.

Very sweet must be the rest
For the weary on his breast,
Yet I'm loth to go;
For life is a radiant way,
And I cling unto the clay,
Where its tide doth flow.

MY HEART IS THINE.

BY EDGAR GORDON.

Humblest gift I bring to thee;
Wilt thou accept such gift from me?
Humblest offering, unmeet,
Maiden, thy acceptance sweet;
But oh, that gift is love's own shrine!
My heart, dear girl, my heart is thine.

Long through joy or sorrow's hour,
Or when dark clouds did o'er me lower—
Clouds dispersed by one fair sun,
Whose light my darkened soul hath won—
Through gloom, or when high hopes were mine,
My heart, my heart hath still been thine.

And I have wandered far from thee,
And sighed upon life's billowy sea;
Sighed for the joys of vanished hours,
The flowers that bloomed in youthful bowers;
But round thee still my thoughts did twine,
And still my bleeding heart was thine.

Wandering o'er the earth afar,
Thou, thou hast been my spirit's star;
When dangers thick oppressed my soul:
When darkness did my fate control,
Then love's orb did sweetly shine;
Then my heart was deeply thine.

Yes, I have known despair, but yet
One blessed dream could ne'er forget;
And now from wandering I come
Once more unto my childhood's home.
To offer thee, O maid divine,
A heart whose ev'ry sigh is thine.

A POET'S SONG IN DESPONDENCY.

(Inscribed to one absent.)

BY BELLE BUSH.

I've a mournful heart to-day, my love,
 A very mournful heart;
 The sky hangs dark above me, love,
 And the blessed dreams depart. Ah, me!
 My brightest dreams depart.

Is it dark to you? Is the earth all dark?
 Then come to me, my love,
 And tell me if yet there's a place of rest
 For the weary stricken dove. Alas,
 That I should be that dove!

I'm sitting beside life's rushing stream,
 That solemn, mysterious tide;
 I'm sitting still, for the light is gone,
 And I feel no hand to guide. Oh, God!
 I thought thou wast my guide.

I've broken the strings of my harp, my love,
 Those low, sweet breathing strings;
 And the spirit of song that their music wakes
 By the river of sadness sings. Alone
 By that mournful stream she sings.

I hear hot the lays of my sunny youth,
 Or the tones that were mine of yore;
 They have passed with joy to a far off-land,
 From a dark and changing shore. They are gone;
 And I weep by the desolate shore!

Was it all a phantom of hope, my love,
 That vision which seemed so fair,
 That loomed afar o'er the sea of life,
 Like a star in the sea of air. Ah, me!
 It floated away in air.

In youth, it beckoned me on, my love,
 To a glorious shining track,
 Where I sung and soared till I thought no power
 Could frighten or woo me back. Alas,
 How have I wandered back!

I dreamed I saw where the bright'ning goal
 Shone out o'er the flowery heights,
 And gleaming afar o'er my upward track,
 Were a thousand beacon lights. But oh,
 Where now are those beacon lights?

Lost, lost to me! I am weary worn;
 Far off is the shining goal;
 And the glorious summit of fame but mocks
 The dreams of my fainting soul. And shuts
 All light from my panting soul.

Doubt, grizzly porter of wild despair,
 Comes dismally croaking by,
 And stained by the dew of his Upas breath,
 My soul's best blossoms die. Unseen,
 All their rich beauties die.

I view far above me the dazzling heights,
 Smiling out o'er the realms of gloom,
 Where the beautiful wreaths of the poet wave,
 With flowers of immortal bloom. Ah, me!
 What pleasure to see them bloom!

But the ladder which lifts to those glorious Alps
 Must be strangely and cunningly wrought;
 Its frame and each round must be studded with gold
 Just coined in the kingdom of thought. Too slight
 Are the delicate tissues of thought.

The impulse, the purpose of life's early morn,
 That led to the fountains of song,
 Lives yet in its freshness, the dream of my soul;
 But the pathway is weary and long. I faint
 On a journey too weary and long.

The glorified spirits of hope and of love
 Would whisper me courage again;
 But I falter and sink when I'm trying to soar,
 And doubt mutters near me "in vain." Oh, woe
 To the heart that once echoes in vain!

The flowers, the flowers of my youth are gone,
 And the angels that were my guide;
 And I sit alone on the solemn shore,
 By the rushing and moaning tide. Alone
 By the sweeping mysterious tide.

And so, I've a mournful heart, my love,
 A very mournful heart,
 For the sky is dark around me, love,
 And the blessed dreams depart. Ah, me!
 That they should e'er depart.

THE FAIRY DREAMS OF YOUTH.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

THE fairy dreams of youth!
 Methinks I still can see
 The fairy ring in the everglade,
 Where oft, 'twas said, the wee folks played
 When thick was gathered evening's shade,
 And hushed the humming bee.

Full oft, with throbbing heart,
 Have I hurried by that place
 When the crimson shroud of the sun had fled,
 And the soft stars twinkled overhead,
 While the night moved by with a silent tread,
 And smiles on her dusky face.

Of each tall blade of grass
 Moved by the evening air,
 My eyes would make a fairy light
 Soft dancing through the livelong night,
 With eyes of dew-drops, pure and bright,
 And long and waving hair.

Oft as the spring came round,
 Within that favored spot
 I'd plant the rose and the lily sweet,
 A rest for their dew-laden feet;
 The azure violet should them greet,
 And wild forget-me-not.

And now, though heavy years
 Have rolled o'er memory,
 Still through Time's flood that fairy dream
 Shines with a clear, pellucid gleam,
 Like pearls beneath a limpid stream,
 Clearly and sparkingly.

"DROPPED TO SLEEP."

BY D. HARDY, JR.

NIGHT had let her sable curtains
Down upon the hill-tops fall,
And it rested in the valley,
Like a dark funereal pall;
Like wild beasts their prey pursuing,
Howled the winds among the pine;
Reigned so fearfully the darkness,
That the stars forgot to shine.

Beat the chill and frozen rain-drops
Down upon the window-pane,
Waking music on the shingles,
Like some old familiar strain;
Waking music unforgetten
In the heart's recesses low,
Like the voices sweet of loved ones,
Hushed and silenced long ago.

Though the night was dark and fearful,
Such as often visits earth,
Yet the firelight in the cottage
Cast strange shadows on the hearth;
Flitted wild and gleaming shadows
Noiselessly the ceiling o'er,
And like sprites from rosy dreamland
Danced upon the oaken floor.

Down before the glowing embers,
In a softly cushioned chair,
Gazing on the phantom figures,
Sat a man of hoary hair;
Bent his form until his forehead
Rested light upon his cane;
Seemed the shadows gayly dancing
To the music of the rain.

Led by memory, he wandered
Back through long departed years;
And his eyes grew dim and heavy
With their weight of unwept tears.
Faces of the loved and loving,
Of the faithful and the true,
With their sunny smiles of gladness,
Passed before his mental view.

Through each olden haunted castle,
With its truthful tales replete;
Through each sunny nook of childhood,
Mem'ry led his erring feet.
Voices of the loved were singing
Sweetly some familiar hymn,
And it seemed like far-off music
In the summer twilight dim.

As he roamed through childhood's mazes,
Hallowed scenes renewed their birth,
Till the glance of retrospection
Seemed the saddest thing on earth.
Long he sat, but not a muscle
Moved to mar the silence deep,
For the old man, like an infant,
In his chair had dropped to sleep.

But it was the sleep that's wakeless,
For his limbs were stiff and cold;
All his sands of life were wasted,
All his days on earth were told.

Angels came while he was musing
From their glory homes afar,
Bore away his restless spirit
Where the pure and sinless are.

Enigmas.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES AND ENIGMAS IN MARCH NUMBER.

CHARADES.—4. Night-in-gale. 5. Par-don.

ENIGMAS.—7. The vowels. 8. An oyster. 9. Slander.

ENIGMAS.

10.

I'M like yourself, a bright biped,
Blessed with two legs and one round head.
On many points you oft resolve,
But I on one of two revolve.
Your spheres are boundless (so you preach);
Mine ne'er extend beyond my reach.
I aid the precepts oft of youth,
And always demonstrate the truth.

11.

A BURTHEN folks at night oft bear;
I'm really lighter than the air,
Yet very far outweigh it;
So, by my extra weight 'tis shown,
You're made much lighter than you'll own,
Though heavy I who say it.

12.

Of a multiform figure am I;
I scruple with none to shake hands,
And my service you cannot deny,
Though your servants obey my commands.

That they often abuse me, I know;
But my character that can't affect,
For excellent cause can I show
Why I ought to retain your respect.

Betwixt friends I'm an agent at will,
Ever ready to answer a call;
Your mandate I'm wont to fulfil,
Submissive alike to you all.

I frequently startle weak nerves
By my sudden and boisterous tone,
Though my more gentle accent oft serves
To excite glad emotions, you'll own.

13.

My geometric faculty
The aptest scholar may defy,
The diagrams so faultless I contrive;
My arcs and radii never fail
To make my problem's end avail,
And demonstrate the fact for which I strive.

And yet this mathematic skill
(Like fabled sphinx who used to kill
Those whom her crafty art could not evade)
I most designedly employ
Unwary victims to destroy;
Now name me from my free confession made.

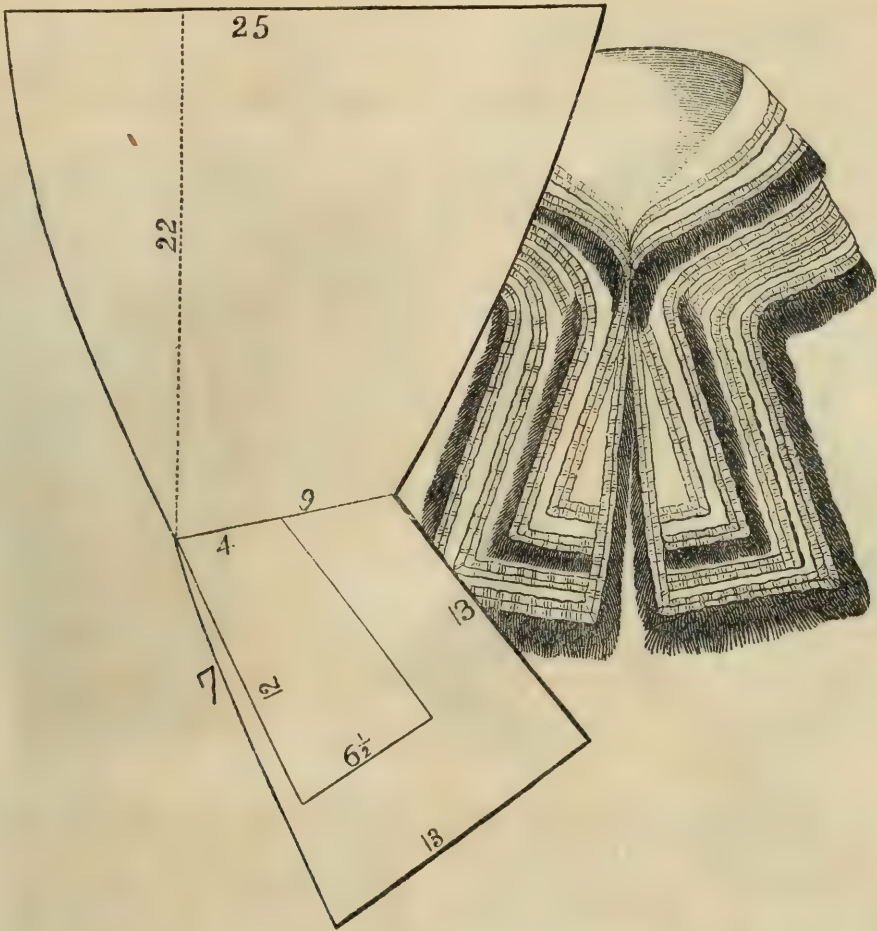
OUR PRACTICAL DRESS INSTRUCTOR



THE bonnet of the lady on the left is made of fancy rice-straw and blonde, trimmed on the right with small feathers, the inside ornamented with a ruche of blonde and small flowers; the dress is of taffetas, with from twenty to twenty-four flounces, all the same breadth, but gradually fuller; the body is very long-waisted, and fastened with a bow with long ends; the sleeves are pagodes, and trimmed with three or four rows of frills, the same as the dress; the chemisette and under-sleeves, of English point lace. The dress of the lady on the right is of plain tafetas d'Italie; the body is high, and trimmed with a revers, bordered with puffings of ribbon; the skirt has

three flounces trimmed in the same manner; the Scarf Mantelet is the same as our pattern, but with very deep lace trimming.

On the following page is given a proper working pattern of the newest Scarf Mantelet, the latest importation for the London Mantle and Shawl Company. It is very simple in making, and very elegant when made. We give the pattern of one-half, with the dimensions in inches for a person of average stature; of course, when the pattern is cut only to this measure, and fitted on, it may easily be made larger or smaller as necessary. The whole Mantelet is composed of five pieces, and may be made of any



SCARF MANTELET.

material, either muslin, satin, or of the same material, as the dress. The one from which the above engraving is taken was made of black moire antique, with ruches of black ribbon, and trimmed with deep black fringe. That given on the left hand figure of our Practical Dress Instructor is of the same shape, but trimmed with deep lace. The dotted line is to show where it is turned down.

NAMES.



NOVELTIES OF THE MONTH.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

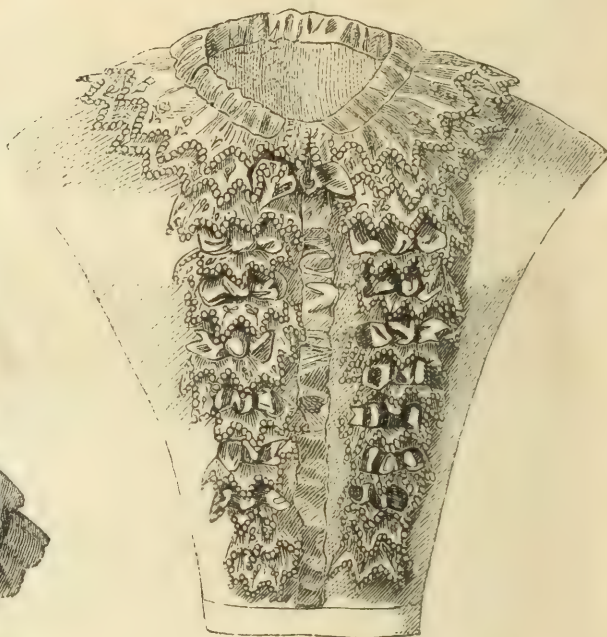


Fig. 1.—Travelling mantle and sacque. The sacque is of the same material as the travelling-dress (which is made close and plain), of cashmere, linen, or any plain desirable dress material. If of linen, or any silk and linen fabric, the trimming consists of repeated rows of narrow braid; the braid may also be of worsted, if the dress is heavy. Small outside pockets for handkerchief or railroad ticket, pencil, etc. The

mantle is of silk, to be laid aside in the dust of cars or stage-coach.

Figs. 2 and 3.—Chemisettes for spring and summer wear; they may be copied in lace, or with worked muslin bands. Fig. 2 has bows of satin ribbon, separating the rows of lace.

Figs. 4 and 5.—Duchess sleeves, to correspond.

Fig. 6.—Chemisette and sleeves of more elaborate pattern; a clear muslin or tulle puff, fast-

Fig. 3.

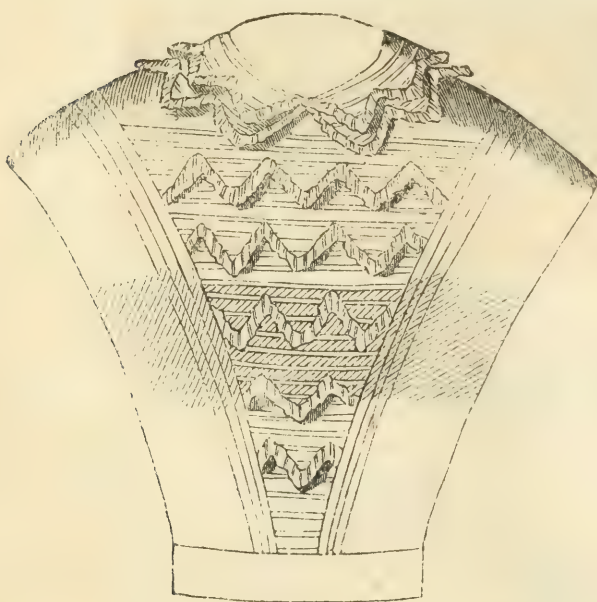


Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

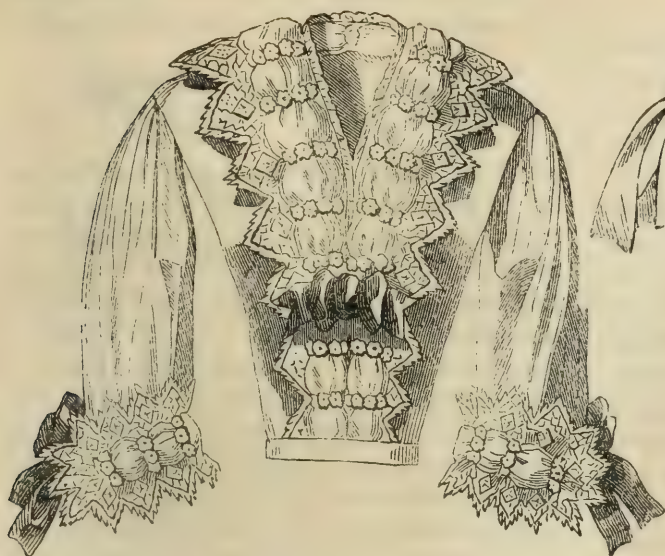


Fig. 7.



ened down by stars of embroidery, or any thick work intended for transfer. This is bordered by a band of wide edging, if the puff is lace, or embroidery if it be muslin. The sleeves correspond, and are quite new, and suitable for spring wear. Bows of satin ribbon some delicate shade.

Fig. 7.—*Berthe*, intended for dinner or evening dress. The centre is Brussels net; the edging and straight flounce any handsome lace. *Nœuds de corsage* fastening it in front, and bows to correspond on the shoulders, of the same shade as the evening-dress.

Fig. 8.—Tiny pattern of a morning cap, the

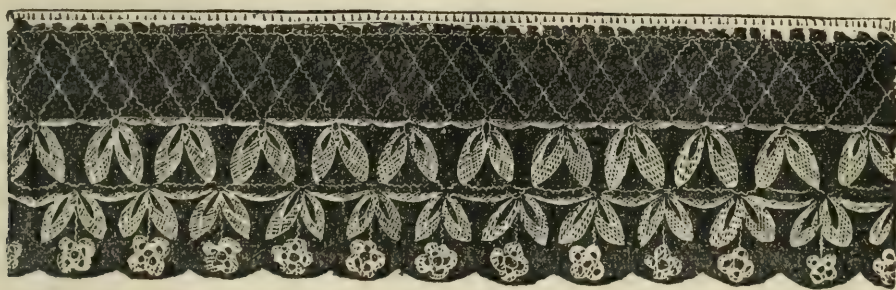
simplest possible form. Crown piece and foundation of plain net, covered by rows of lace,

Fig. 8.



which are separated by loops or bows of narrow ribbon.

DEEP LACE IN CROCHET.—FOR ANTI-MACASSARS, ETC.



Materials.—Cotton No. 12; crochet hook No. 14 or 15.

MAKE a chain the required length.

1st row in sc.

2d.—1 tc, 1 ch, miss 1; repeat.

3d.—1 dc, 7 ch, miss 3, dc in 4th; repeat.

4th.—* Sc in centre of 7 ch, 7 ch, *; repeat.

5th, 6th, and 7th.—Like 4th.

8th.—† Sc in centre of 7 ch, * 9 ch, sc in same stitch, * twice, 3 ch, miss 3, dc on 4th, 3 ch, miss 3, †; repeat.

9th.—Sc, miss every sc stitch of last row.

10th.—*, sc on point of the 1st loop, 3 ch, sc on point of the next loop, 7 ch, *; repeat.

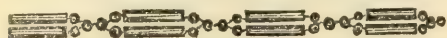
11th.—† Sc on centre of 7 ch, * 9 ch, sc in same stitch, * twice, 9 ch, †; repeat.

12th.—† 9 sc on 9 ch; then, on the first loop of 9, work 1 sc, 2 dc, 6 tc, 2 dc, 1 sc; then make the flower thus: 12 ch, slip in 6th for a loop, * 5 ch, 1 sc under loop, * 4 times; work these 4 loops in sc, missing all the previous sc stitches, then the 5 ch that were left of the 12 · 1 sc, 2 dc, 6 tc, 1 sc on 2d loop of 9, †; repeat.

BEAD AND BUGLE WORK.

WE have now come to nearly the last division of our subject, namely, trimmings and gimps composed solely of beads and bugles, and suitable for ornamenting dresses, mantles, and bonnets or caps.

The first pattern is worked in one-third inch black bugles, and cut-glass seed beads; an



ounce of the former and a bunch of the latter will make a couple of yards of the trimming. Take two of our silver wire bead needles, and thread in each a yard length of strong linen thread, or stout silk; knot these strands together, and pin them to a lead cushion; then work as follows: Thread a bead, a bugle, and a bead on one of the strands, and a bead, a bugle, and three beads on the other; pass the first strand through the last two beads of the second in a downward or parallel direction; draw the work up to the end, and repeat.

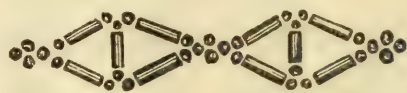
The second pattern may be worked in black cut-beads, and gold cut-beads of the size of a



mustard-seed; or in white and silver, or gray and steel beads. The first must be threaded on black silk, or strong thread, and the latter on white Chinese silk. Thread two of our needles with yard-lengths of silk, knot the strands together, and pin them to a weighted cushion; work as follows: Thread a black bead on one strand, and a black and gold bead upon the other, cross the first strand through the gold bead, on the second, and repeat, drawing up each diamond as it is formed, so that they may set evenly, but not stiffly. When these threads are worked out, take two fresh needlefuls of similar length, knot them together, and pin them on to the cushion close to the commencement of the first row of diamonds. Thread a black and a gold bead on one strand, and pass the other down through the side bead of the first diamond on the row of diamonds already made, and then cross it through the gold bead; repeat. A second row will thus be worked, in which the outer side beads of the diamonds first made form the inner side beads of the diamonds we are adding.

This gimp may be worked of any width by adding rows of diamonds according to the instructions given; it may be also made in one color only, and in one-eighth of an inch bugles instead of beads.

The third pattern is worked in gray bugles and small cut-glass beads, and threaded on stout



gray silk. Take two of our bead-needles and thread them with yard-lengths of silk, knot the ends together, and pin them to a cushion; work as follows: Thread a bead on one strand and two beads on the other, cross the first strand through the second bead on the other; draw it up; again thread a bead on one strand, and two upon the other, and cross the first strand through the last bead on the second one; thread a bead, a bugle, and a bead upon the one strand, and a bead, a bugle, two beads, a bugle, and a bead upon the other, and cross the first strand through the last bead, bugle, and bead upon the second; draw the work up; thread a bead, a bugle, and a bead on one strand, and a bead, a bugle, and two beads upon the other, and cross the first strand through the last of the two beads on the second. Work a diamond in beads by threading one on one strand, and two upon the other, and crossing the first strand through the last bead on the second; and then recommence the large diamond composed of beads and bugles, and thread it as before directed.

The fourth pattern is worked with one-third inch bugles, and seed beads. Four strands are

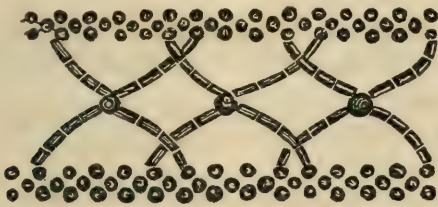


required; work as follows: Take two strands first; thread eight beads on one, and ten on the other, and cross the first through the two last beads on the second; repeat until the threads are nearly used. Attach the other two threads to the commencement; thread a bugle on both the threads, place it in the first loop of beads, thread two beads on one strand, and lay them over, and pass the other thread under the loop. Then pass both the threads through a bugle, and lay that in the centre of the second loop; and, having threaded two beads on one strand, and passed the other strand under the loop, thread another bugle on both threads; repeat until all the loops are filled up.

The fifth pattern is worked entirely in one-eighth inch bugles, and with strong linen thread and our bead-needles.

With two yard-length strands work diamonds of bugles by threading one on one strand and two on the other, and crossing the first strand

through the second bugle on the other. Two rows of these diamonds must be worked, and



laid in parallel lines over the cushion; then another strand must be added to the extremity of the left hand row of diamonds, and four bugles having been threaded on it, the needle must be passed through the side bugle of the third diamond in the right hand row; but not in the direction we are working, but backwards, as it were, putting the needle through the bugle from the lower end, or that nearest the worker; five bugles must now be threaded, and the needle passed through the side bugle of the third diamond on the left hand row, in the proper direction. Proceed thus, threading four bugles, and passing the needle through the third side bugle of the right hand row, in a reverse or backward direction, and then threading five bugles, and passing it through the third side bugle on the left hand row, in a proper direction.

The sixth pattern is worked with one-eighth



inch bugles, seed beads, and beads one size larger, on strong thread.

Make two lengths of diamonds with seed beads in the usual way. Take one of these rows, and attach another strand to it, thread five bugles, a large bead, and then five bugles; count ten beads in the chain of diamonds, and pass the needle back in a reverse direction through the tenth and ninth beads; again thread five bugles, a large bead and five bugles, and having counted ten more beads, again pass the needle back through the tenth and ninth beads; repeat until the length is worked.

Now take the other row, and having laid it exactly parallel with the first, attach a strand to it, and work in the same way; only, instead of placing a fresh large bead between each five bugles, pass the needle through the bead already strung on the side which has been worked, and thus unite the two sides together and form the pattern.

The seventh pattern is worked with grain beads and one-third inch bugles on strong linen thread.

Two strands are required; commence by

threading a bugle on one strand, and four beads and a bugle on the other, and cross the first



strand through the bugle on the second; continue as follows: Thread four beads on one strand, and a bugle on the other, crossing the first strand through the bugle on the second; repeat until the requisite length is threaded, always putting four beads on the one strand, and a bugle on the other, and crossing the first strand through the bugle on the second. Draw up each division as it is formed.

For this pattern we require seed beads and one-third inch bugles. Two rows of diamonds have to be threaded first, in the usual manner, and of the requisite length. This being done, they must be taken and laid exactly parallel with each other, and then another strand attached to the beginning of one of them, and a bugle threaded on it, and the needle passed through the side bead of the third diamond on the opposite row; another bugle is then to be threaded, and the needle passed through the side bead of the sixth diamond on the first row. Proceed thus, threading a bugle, and alternately passing through a bead on one side or the other, always omitting two diamonds, and taking the side bead of the third.

When these two rows are united, the pattern may be widened by laying another row parallel with them, and adding that in similar manner, taking care to arrange the bugles so that they shall form diamonds with those of the first row.

Any width can be worked by continuing to add rows of diamonds with bugles between.

This gimp, worked four rows wide, makes a very handsome trimming for the front and skirt of a dress.

In working these gimps, the chief matters to be attended to are, to use strong and even, but not too coarse silk or thread; to use beads and bugles of a uniform size, and to draw the work up evenly, but never so tightly as to strain it, as the bugles will then often fray and snap the silk.



JUDY'S ANTI-MACASSAR.

(See tinted Plate in front of Book.)

Materials.—Cotton No. 10; crochet hook No. 16.
133 ch.

Four rows of open square crochet.

5th.—20 os, 4 dc, 3 ch, miss 3, 12 dc, 2 ch, 17 os, 1 dc.

6th.—10 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 16 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 3 os, 9 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 21 os, 1 dc.

7th.—10 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 59 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 13 os, 1 dc.

8th and 9th.—The same.

10th.—11 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 54 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 14 os, 1 dc.

11th, 12th, and 13th.—Like 10th.

14th.—12 os, 20 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 32 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 14 os, 1 dc.

15th.—Like 14th.

16th.—12 os, 20 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 17 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 14 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 14 os, 1 dc.

17th.—12 os, 7 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 11 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 18 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 13 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 14 os, 1 dc.

18th.—12 os, 7 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 11 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 18 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 11 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 15 os, 1 dc.

19th.—12 os, 7 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 13 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 16 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 10 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 15 os, 1 dc.

20th.—12 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 7 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 11 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 16 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 8 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 16 os, 1 dc.

21st.—12 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 7 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 11 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 14 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 9 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 16 os, 3, 1 dc.

22d.—13 os, 7 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 12 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 12 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 7 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 17 os, 1 dc.

23d.—13 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 7 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 10 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 10 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 8 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 17 os, 1 dc.

24th.—14 os, 35 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 18 os, 1 dc.

25th.—15 os, 40 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 15 os, 1 dc.

26th.—17 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 41 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 12 os, 1 dc.

27th.—17 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 12 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 11 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 16 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 12 os, 1 dc.

28th.—17 os, 12 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 10 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 2 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 1 os, 13 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 12 os, 1 dc.

29th.—16 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 11 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 11 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 5 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 3 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 3 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 12 os, 1 dc.

30th.—15 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 12 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 11 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 7 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 17 os, 1 dc.

31st.—15 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 10 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 11 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 10 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 17 os, 1 dc.

32d.—15 os, 23 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 13 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 16 os, 1 dc.

33d.—15 os, 21 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 15 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 16 os, 1 dc.

34th.—15 os, 19 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 15 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 17 os, 1 dc.

35th.—15 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 32 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 17 os, 1 dc.

36th.—16 os, 28 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 18 os, 1 dc.

37th.—16 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 29 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 17 os, 1 dc.

38th.—16 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 30 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 17 os, 1 dc.

39th.—17 os, 25 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 3 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 17 os, 1 dc.

40th.—15 os, 10 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 17 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 19 os, 1 dc.

41st.—14 os, 14 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 18 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 18 os, 1 dc.

42d.—14 os, 16 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 17 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 5 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 16 os, 1 dc.

43d.—14 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 16 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 22 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 16 os, 1 dc.

44th.—15 os, 17 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 17 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 17 os, 1 dc.

45th.—14 os, 20 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 16 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 17 os, 1 dc.

46th.—13 os, 23 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 7 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 4 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 18 os, 1 dc.

47th.—12 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 8 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 29 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 18 os, 1 dc.

48th.—13 os, 35 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 19 os, 1 dc.

49th.—13 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 30 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 20 os, 1 dc.

50th.—13 os, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 15 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 12 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 20 os, 1 dc.

51st.—14 os, 13 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 1 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 8 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 20 os, 1 dc.

52d.—14 os, 10 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 3 os, 5 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 21 os, 1 dc.

53d.—15 os, 7 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 26 os, 1 dc.

54th to 57th inclusive.—In open square crochet.

Border for the anti-macassar, which must have a row of sc up each side previously done, to fasten in the threads.

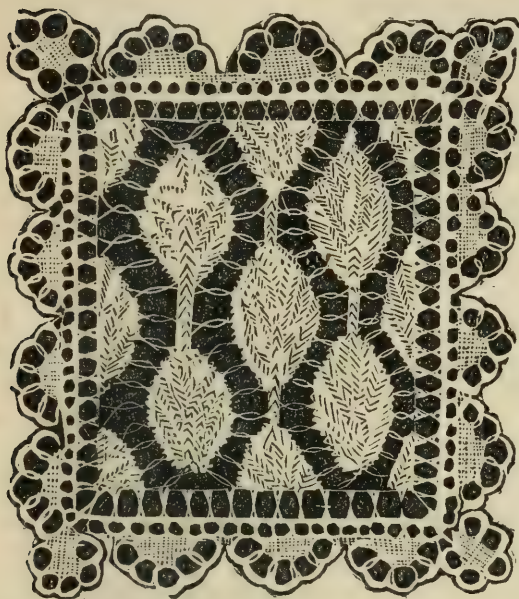
1st.—1 dc over dc of the anti-macassar, * 2 ch, 1 dc in next dc, 3 ch, 1 dc in same stitch, * : repeat all around.

2d.—Sc in the centre of the 3 ch of the last round, * 9 ch, sc in the centre of the next, *; repeat.

3d.—* Sc on first of 9 ch, 3 ch, miss 2, 1 dc on third, 4 ch, miss 1, 1 dc on second, 3 ch, miss 2, 1 sc on the last of the 9, *; repeat.

ANTI-MACASSAR.

LAURESTINA LEAF PATTERN.



Materials.—Cotton No. 8; knitting needles No. 13.

CAST on any number of stitches you like which can be divided by 16 and 6 over for the border. Knit three plain rows.

1st.—K 3, * m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2, slip 1, k 2 t, pass the slip stitch over, k 2, * twice for every pattern, k 3.

2d, and every alternate.—Knit the three first and last stitches, and purl all the remainder.

3d.—K 3, * m 1, k 3, m 1, k 1, slip 1, k 2 t, pass the slip stitch over, k 1, * twice for each pattern, k 3.

5th.—K 3, * m 1, k 5, m 1, slip 1, k 2 t, pass slip stitch over; * twice as before; repeat and k 3.

7th.—K 3, * m 1, k 2, slip 1, k 2 t, pass slip stitch over; k 2, m 1, k 1, * twice for each pattern, k 3.

9th.—K 3, * k 1, m 1, k 1, slip 1, k 2 t, pass slip stitch over; k 1, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 1, slip 1, k 2 t, pass slip stitch over; k 1, m 1, k 2 *; repeat to the last 3, k 3.

11th.—K 3, * k 2, m 1, slip 1, k 2 t, pass slip stitch over, m 1, r 5, m 1, slip 1, r 2 t, pass slip stitch over, m 1, k 3 *; repeat to the last 3, k 3.

13th.—K 3, * † k 2 t, k 1, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2,

k 3 t, k 2, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2, k 2 t *; repeat, k 3.

15th.—K 3, * k 2 t, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 1, k 3 t, k 1, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 1, k 2 t *; repeat, k 3.

17th.—K 2, k 2 t, * m 1, k 5, m 1, k 3 t *. Repeat to the end of the row, when you will knit 2 together, and then 3 of the border.

Repeat from 7th to 18th rows inclusive, until sufficient is done; then knit three plain rows, and fasten off.

BORDER FOR ANTI-MACASSAR.—Same cotton and needles. Cast on 17 stitches.

1st.—Slip 1, k 2, m 1, slip 1, k 2 t, pass slip stitch over, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 2 t, k 1, m 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 1.

2d.—K 1, purl all but 5, k 5.

3d.—Slip 1, k 2, m 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 2 t, k 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 1.

4th.—Like 2d.

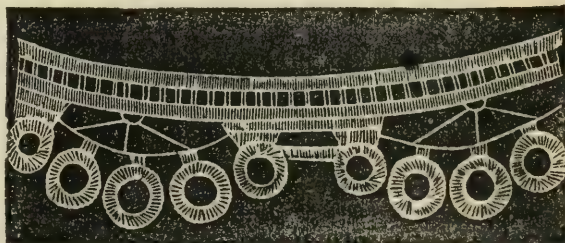
5th.—Slip 1, k 2, m 1, k 2 t, k 1, m 1, slip 1, k 2 t, pass slip stitch over, m 1, k 5, m 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 1.

6th.—Like 2d.

7th.—Slip 1, k 2, m 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 t, k 5, m 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 1.

8th.—Cast off 5, purl all the remainder, except the last five, which knit plain.

CROCHET EDGING.



LIKE all other crochet patterns, the size depends wholly on the materials employed. For dress trimmings, No. 30 cotton, with crochet hook No. 19, will be suitable; or even finer cotton may be used. But this pattern being particularly suitable for trimming curtains and so forth, cotton No. 10, and steel crochet hook No. 14, had better be used.

Make a chain of 15 stitches, and sc into the 6th of these to make a loop. Work under the upper half of this loop 8 sc, 11 ch; form this loop as before, leaving one chain between it and

and end of the pattern, in this and the following rows, the worker will find that she must knit three together in the body of the anti-macassar, and at the beginning and end of the row, only as directed in the text.

† Instead of knitting two together at the beginning

the last; work 8 sc in it; do three more with 11 ch, then one with 15, and so on throughout. When sufficient is done for the piece required, *allowing for its diminishing by one-third*, work 7 sc on the other side of every round, and 1 sc between. On the five chain between every five work 2 sc.

3d row.—Begun at the same place as the last. 3 sc on the three centre stitches of the first loop, 2 ch, 2 sc on the centre stitches of the next 3

loops, with 2 chain between, 3 sc on the last of the five, and 4 chain between; repeat.

4th.—Worked the same way. 3 sc on the 3 sc of last row, 13 ch, 3 sc on 3 sc of the fifth loop, 4 sc on 4 ch; repeat.

5th.—1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1; repeat.

6th.—Sc throughout.

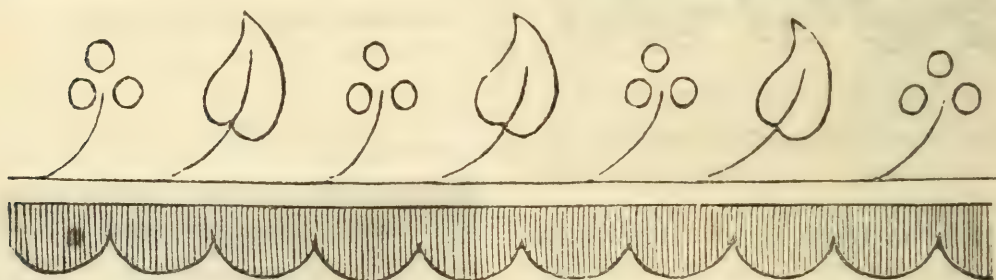
When this is done, work with a common needle and thread three bars of button-hole stitch, to connect the three centre loops, as seen in the engraving.

PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERY.

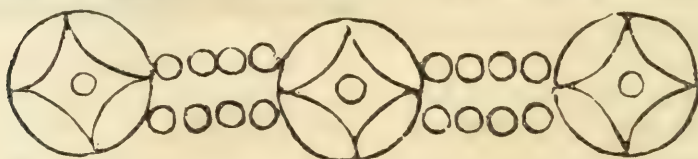
FOR CHEMISE BANDS.



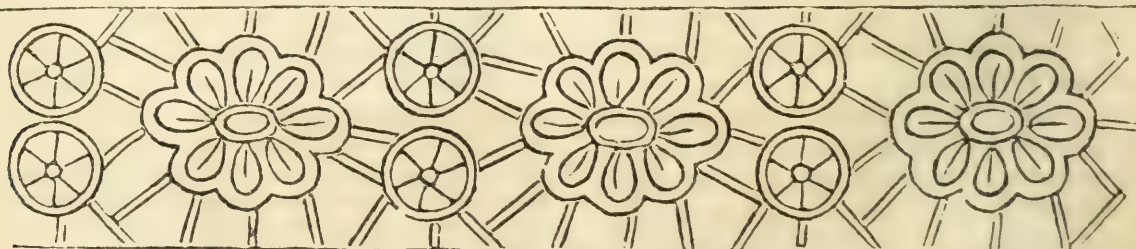
TRIMMING FOR AN INFANT'S SKIRT.



INSERTING FOR INFANT'S SKIRT.

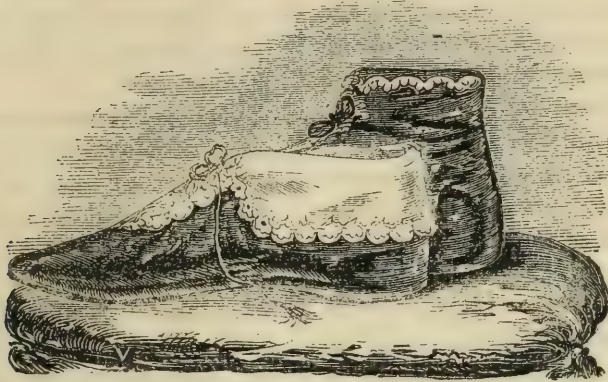


INSERTING.



FOOT-WEAR.

DRAWN FROM ARTICLES SELECTED FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT OF E. A. BROOKS,
575 BROADWAY, AND 150 FULTON ST., NEW YORK, EXPRESSLY FOR OUR PAGES.



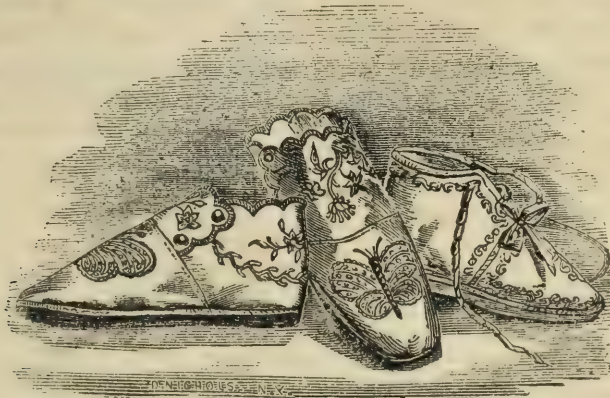
THE CARRIAGE OVERSHOE.

OUR friends, residing upon the "sunny side" of our Union, may congratulate themselves upon the *quasi* surprise with which they see quoted among the fashions at this season of the year the accompanying illustration. Alas for our hyperborean climate, whilst they are inhaling the fragrance of their yellow jasmine, now mantling every nook and corner with its golden glories, or revelling in the delicious sweets of their magnolia blooms, we may be pestered with the sullen chills and dampness of a northern April; therefore the luxuriously provident will be glad to see the overshoes so well adapted for their need. They are designed more especially for the carriage, in order that the passage to and

from it may not allow the feet to become chilled; as well as for persons who suffer with cold extremities. The material is black velvet, lined with taffeta, which is embroidered upon the edge with delicate needlework. The shoe is confined with cords, which are finished with tassels.

INFANTS' SOCKS.

Young mothers will perceive that we have not forgotten their requirements. We select two pairs of neat socks for their gratification. The more prominent is made of fine cashmere, bluebird-egg color; the other of white, embroidered with beautiful designs, and confined respectively with buttons and satin ribbon.



DIFFERENT PATTERNS FOR WHEELS USED IN EMBROIDERY.



INDIAN ORNAMENTAL WORK. SCREEN.

(See Blue Plate in front of Book.)

BEAUTIFUL cabinets, work-boxes, work-tables, fire-screens, &c., may be painted in imitation of ebony inlaid with ivory by the following means: Let your screen be made of an elegant form, but merely of common white wood or deal, prepared as below.

COMPOSITION FOR THE SURFACE OF THE WOOD.—Steep one ounce of glue in a pint of cold water all night; throw off the water in the morning. Take six ounces of finest white lead in powder, mix it by degrees in a mortar, with about half a pint of cold water, till it is perfectly smooth; then place it, along with the glue, in a clean pan. Add half a pint more water; set it on the fire, stirring constantly till it boils. Let it boil three minutes; take it off, and pour it into a stone jar, and continue to stir it occasionally till cold. When cold, but before it congeals, take a clean paint-brush, and paint your screen with the composition. When it is quite dry, rub it over with sand-paper, to make it quite smooth; then give it another coat of the white composition, repeating the rubbing with sand-paper as before. Repeat this same process five or six times, until you obtain a smooth, equal, white surface. When that is accomplished, dissolve the fourth of an ounce of isinglass in a quarter of a pint of water; when cold, but liquid, give the screen a coat of it with a clean brush, and do not use the sand-paper after it.

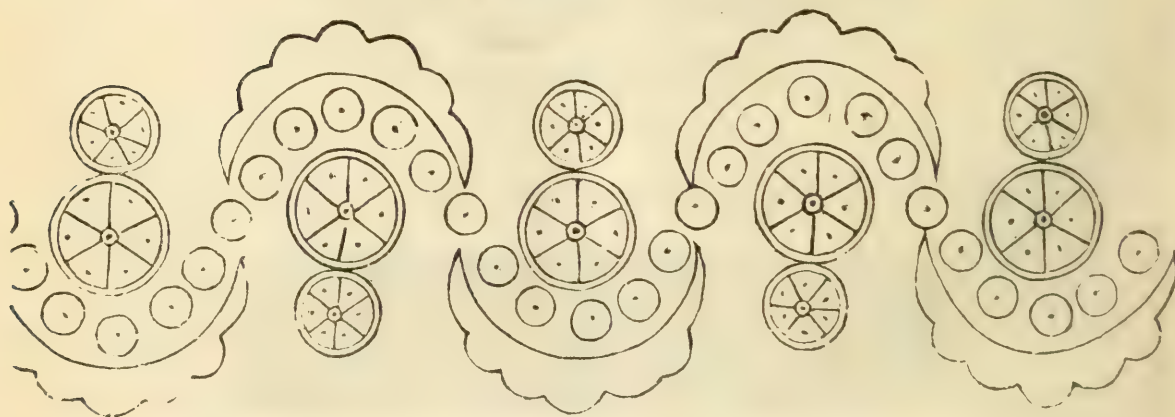
TO ORNAMENT THE SCREEN.—Lay a sheet of black tracing-paper on the screen, with the black side downwards; then place a pattern

above it, with the right side uppermost; place a weight here and there, to prevent it slipping; then trace over the outline with a rather blunt stiletto. On removing the paper, you will find the outline of the pattern transferred to the surface of the screen. Trace over the outline, and shade, in lines, with a fine camel's-hair pencil dipped in Newman's lamp-black; fill in with the same.

VARNISH.—Place four ounces of rectified spirit of wine in a wide-mouthed bottle; add one ounce of gum sandarac, a quarter of an ounce of gum mastic, and a drachm of camphor, all in powder. Put a stopper in the bottle, set it near a fire, and shake it occasionally. When all the gums are quite dissolved, add one ounce of oil of turpentine; then strain through muslin into another clean, dry, wide-mouthed bottle. Let it stand a day or two before using.

MODE OF VARNISHING.—Take a large, clean, new varnish-brush, dip it into the bottle, and then cover over all your screen with it. When perfectly dry, give it another coat, and so on till it has had six coats; let it remain untouched for two days; rub it smooth with sand-paper; then give it two more coats of varnish, and repeat the rubbing, being careful to wait between each coat till the last is dry, and not to rub with sand-paper sooner than two days after varnishing, and never give more than two coats of varnish in a day—one in the morning, another at night. When you think it looks clear and sufficiently thick, give it another coat without using the sand-paper after it; let it stand four days; then rub it all over with pounded rottenstone, and wipe it off with a wet cloth; after which take a little Florence oil and hair-powder, and polish with your hand.

EMBROIDERY.



Receipts, &c.

PASTRY.

FRUIT TART, FRENCH FASHION.—This requires a mould or a tin pan; it must be well wiped with a cloth; butter it; then take the remains of half puff paste, and roll it well, so as to deaden it; then roll it out a size larger than your mould, and about a quarter of an inch thick; place your mould on a baking-tin; put the paste carefully in the mould, and shape it well, to obtain all the form of the mould without making a hole in the paste; put a piece of paper at the bottom; fill with fruit to the top, and bake a nice color; it will take about half an hour baking with any fruit in season; put plenty of sugar over, according to the acidity of the fruit.

ANOTHER.—If you have no mould, make a quarter of a pound of paste (short paste, as directed in last number); roll it round or oval to your fancy, a quarter of an inch thick; wet the edge all round about half an inch; raise that part, and pinch it with your thumb and fingers, making a border all round; put on a baking-sheet; fill it with one row of fruit, if large; two rows, if small; remove the stones, and sift sugar over, according to the acidity of the fruit; it will take less time, too, than if in a mould. You see what variation can be made with very little trouble or expense.

SMALL PASTRY.—Make a quarter of a pound of half puff paste; roll it to a thickness of a quarter of an inch; cut five or six pieces out with the rim of a tumbler; put each piece in a separate tin; shape it well in forming a nice thin rim round the edge with your finger and thumb; three parts fill with either jam, stewed fruit, sweetmeats, custard, pastry, or cream; bake in a very hot oven for twenty minutes; dish up in pyramids, and serve.

LITTLE FRUIT RISSELETTES.—I also make with the trimmings of puff paste the following little cakes: If you have about a quarter of a pound of puff paste left, roll it out very thin, about the thickness of half a dollar; put half a spoonful of any marmalade on it, about one inch and a half distance from each other; wet lightly round them with a paste-brush, and place a similar piece of paste over all; take a cutter of the size of a dollar, and press round the part where the marmalade or jam is with the thick part of the cutter, to make the paste stick; then cut them out with one a size or two larger; lay them on a baking-tin; egg over; place in a nice hot oven for twenty minutes; then sugar over with finely sifted sugar, so as to make it quite white; then put back into the oven to glaze, and serve.

PLAIN PUFF PASTE CAKE.—Make half a pound as directed in the last number; when done, roll it about a quarter of an inch thick; cut as many pieces as you can with the cutter, or with the edge of a glass; wet a baking-sheet; place them on; egg well over; sift some sugar on each; bake from ten to twelve minutes, and serve.

ORANGE AND ALMOND CAKES.—Proceed as above, but lay orange marmalade all over a quarter of an inch thick; two ounces of almonds, cut into filets, mixed with two ounces of sugar, and the white of two eggs added to it; lay the almonds all over the marmalade; bake in a moderate oven, and cut in a diamond shape; dish upon a napkin in crown or pyramid; they ought to be of a nice transparent color. Apple or quince marmalade may be used instead of orange.

PRESERVE CAKE.—This style of cake is exceedingly simple, and admits of great variation. You must make half a pound of puff paste; take one-third of it and roll it out several times, so as to deaden it; then mould it round with your hands to the shape of a ball; roll it out flat to the thickness of a dollar; lay it on a baking-sheet; put on it marmalade, or any other preserve, a quarter of an inch thick, reserving about one inch all round of paste to fix the cover on; then roll out the remainder of the paste to the same shape; it will, of course, be thicker; wet the edges of the bottom, and lay the cover on it; press it so that it sticks; cut neatly round the edges, and make a mark with the back of a knife about a quarter of an inch deep, and half an inch apart all round; egg over, and lightly mark any fanciful design with the point of a knife on the cover; bake in a very hot oven for twenty minutes; when nearly done, sprinkle some sugar over; frost it with a hot shovel, and serve cold.

SMALL CREAM CAKE.—The former one must be made in proportion to the dish you intend to serve on, but the following is simple, and looks as well: Prepare the paste as before, but roll the bottom piece about a foot square; put it on a baking-sheet; cover with half an inch of cream, leaving one inch round the edge; roll the cover the same size; wet the edges; place it over; trim them; mark it down every three inches, and then crosswise every inch; bake in hot oven; sugar over, and salamander. When nearly cold, cut it where you have marked it; thus, a piece twelve inches square will give you twenty-four pieces; dish as a crown or pyramid. Twelve pieces make a nice dish for a party. They may be made of any puff paste which is left, but will not be so light as if made on purpose; can be cut to any fanciful shape you please. Any jam may be substituted for cream.

FRUIT CRUSTS.—Cut a French penny roll lengthwise in four slices; put the yolk of one egg with four spoonfuls of milk; mix it in a plate; dip quickly each piece in it, and *sauté* in a quarter of a pound of butter, which you have previously melted in a frying-pan; leave them on the fire until they have obtained a nice gold-color on both sides; put three spoonfuls of orange marmalade in a stewpan, with two glasses of sherry or brandy, and place on the fire; when on the point of boiling, pour over the bread, which you have previously put in a plate, and serve very hot. Any preserve may be used, also any white wine; and should you have no French rolls, any fancy roll will do, or even the crumb of common bread. Any kinds of jam may be used.

PRIZE RECEIPTS FOR CURING HAMS.

HOW TO CURE HAMS.—The committee on bacon hams, of the second annual exhibition of the Frederick (Maryland) County Agricultural Society, awarded the first premium to Mrs. George M. Potts, and the second to W. H. Lease, Esq.; and observed "that the hams were remarkable for their excellent flavor, and were at the same time juicy and tender." We publish the recipes for the information of our readers:—

Mrs. Potts's Recipe.—To each green ham of eighteen pounds, one dessertspoonful of saltpetre; one-fourth pound of brown sugar applied to the fleshy side of the ham and about the hock. Cover the fleshy side with fine salt half an inch thick, and pack away in tubs; to remain from three to six weeks, according to size. Before smoking, rub off any salt that may remain on

the ham, and cover well with ground black pepper, particularly about the bone and hock.

Hang up and drain for two days; smoke with green wood for eight weeks, or until the rind assumes a light chestnut-color. The pepper is an effectual preventive of the fly. I never bag hams. First premium.

Mr. Lease's Recipe.—When the hams were cool, I salted them down in a tight cask, putting a bushel of salt, well mixed with six ounces of saltpetre, to about 1000 pounds of pork; after it had been salted four or five days, I made a strong brine, sufficient to float an egg, and cured the meat with it, and let it remain five weeks longer; then hung it up, dusting the flesh sides with black pepper; then smoke with green wood. Second premium.

The following is the method by which the prize ham presented at the Petersburg (Virginia) Fair was cured. It is furnished by Mrs. E. M. Henry, of Charlotte, the lady who was the successful contestant. The judges, we may add, agree in pronouncing the ham in question perfectly superb:—

"After cutting out my pork, I rub the skin side of each piece with about half a teaspoonful of saltpetre, well rubbed in. I rub the pieces all over with salt, leaving them well covered on the fleshy side. I then lay the hams in large tight troughs, skin side down. I continue the process until it is all salted down. I let them remain in the troughs, without touching or troubling them, for four or five weeks, according to the size of the hog, no matter how warm or changeable the weather is. I then take them out of the trough, and string them on white oak splits; wash all the salt off with the brine, if sufficient; if not, with water; then rub them well and thoroughly with wood ashes. Let them then hang up and remain twenty-four hours, or two or three days, before I make the smoke under them, which must be made of green chips, and not chunks. I make the smoke under them once every day, and smoke them for five or six weeks. After I stop the smoke, I let the hams remain hanging all the time. Shoulders I cure in the same way.

"N. B.—My hogs are killed in the morning, and I always let them remain all that day and the next night before I cut them up."

SICK-ROOM AND NURSERY.

TO EXTRACT A THORN, IF THE FLESH HAS CLOSED OVER IT.—Apply shoemakers' wax, and a poultice over that; to remain on for twelve hours, or till the wax draws out the end of the thorn.

BRONCHITIS.—A writer in the Baltimore "Sun," whose family has been severely afflicted with bronchitis, recommends the following as a remedy from which he experienced great relief: Take honey in the comb; squeeze it out and dilute it with a little water, and occasionally moisten the lips and mouth with it. It has never been known to fail, in cases even where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow. It is certainly a simple remedy, and may be a very efficacious one.

COLD IN THE HEAD.—This is the season when colds in the head begin to inflict their miseries. It is, therefore, well to remember that no one is troubled with this most disagreeable disorder, and seldom with any other cold, who indulges in cold water. Frequent bathing, the head being well dipped, will not only brace the whole system to endure fatigue and repel disease gene-

rally, but will render you proof against draughts and their consequences.

Cookery for the Sick and for Young Children.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.—Cleanliness, a cardinal virtue in all cooking, is pre-eminently essential in the department now under consideration. A slight transgression of the laws of cleanliness is sufficient to render the most suitable food not only distasteful, but pernicious to the delicate organs of a young infant, or of an invalid. This fact should never be lost sight of in any one preparation for this class of consumers. "Never mind," says the sluttish cook; "if the sauce-pan is not over clean, that will not show in the dish. What the eye does not see, the heart does not rue." But the sick person turns disgusted from the ill-prepared mess, or the poor infant is disordered; and many a falling back in sickness, and many a grievous suffering in infancy, has been inflicted simply by disregard to cleanliness in the preparation of food. Under the head of cleanliness, a remark or two will be in place, as to the vessels used for preparing food for the use of the delicate. *Of metal vessels,* block-tin saucepans are generally preferred for making gruel, &c. Iron is objectionable, as it spoils the color of delicate food, and is apt to give an unpleasant taste. Copper, unless extremely well tinned and kept scrupulously nice, is still more objectionable. The vessel in which milk or gruel is boiled should not be used for anything greasy or seasoned; a saucepan in which broth has been made, flavored perhaps with onions or parsley, however nicely cleaned, will be sure to impart a disagreeable taste to milk or other delicate food. The only kind of metal that is an exception to this remark is brass; silver we suppose to be out of the question, on the score of cost. If always kept clean and bright, there is nothing more sweet than a brass skillet of suitable size; it may be used for every purpose, and is preferable even to tin, as being less liable to burn, and, when properly cleaned, retains no flavor of past operations.

Whatever vessel is used, the food should not be suffered to remain in it, but poured out as soon as done, and the vessel put to soak in cold water; after standing awhile, clean it thoroughly with wood ashes, rinse well, make perfectly dry, and if turned down on a shelf, which is a good way of keeping out dust, let the edge of the skillet or saucepan project a little beyond the edge of the shelf, to admit a current of air; when taken down for use, wipe with a clean dry cloth. The modern enamelled saucepans require only washing in cold water. For stirring, use either a silver or wooden spoon; not one of iron or other metal.

The *earthenware* dishes, basins, or whatever else may be used for keeping food already cooked, or for milk, should be scalded every time after using, made perfectly dry with a clean cloth, and left to become quite cold, before milk, broth, or whatever else it may be, is put into them. For preserving liquids (broth, gruel, or milk), a wide shallow vessel is better than a tall narrow one: milk should never be kept in a jug. Cooked food should not be shut in close with a lid; if any covering is necessary to preserve from cats, mice, or slugs, it should be a hair-sieve, or wire cover; or, not having these at hand, a common colander will answer the purpose.

The cake of fat which collects on the top of broth, while it remains unbroken, tends to preserve the liquor, but if once broken, the bits of fat floating at top soon turn sour. The fresher all these things can be used the

better; but if it so happens that the quantity of broth or gruel made is sufficient to serve for two or three times using, when one meal has been taken out, and the fat or skin at top broken, the remainder should be transferred to a clean dry vessel, and all remaining fat removed.

The sucking-bottle used for feeding infants—decidedly the best, and indeed only proper mode of artificial feeding—should be emptied and rinsed after every time of using; no food being suffered to remain in it. At least once a day, the wash-leather (which is used as a teat) should be renewed; the sponge scalded, and the bottle, if of glass, soaked in cold water, and drained dry before putting on the new leather; if of earthenware, the bottle may be filled with boiling water, and then drained. Tin sucking-bottles are often used on account of the cost of brittle ware; they are not, however, so pleasant or suitable, but may be kept sweet by often soaking them in cold water, and afterwards filling them with boiling water, and draining dry; the leather and sponge to be managed the same as for the other bottles. The leather referred to is just like the tip of a small glove finger, into which a morsel of sponge of a conical (or sugar-loaf) form, is put, to prevent the milk flowing too fast, and the leather securely tied on the small neck of the bottle. The length of the leather should be such, as to allow the infant to take firm hold of it without drawing the neck of the bottle into its mouth.

Food for infants or for the sick should neither be warmed, nor kept warm on a hob or in an oven, either of which gives a coddled, disagreeable taste, and renders it positively unwholesome. This is especially the case if either sugar or salt has been added to the composition. It is better to prepare no more than is required for use at once. But if any should remain, let it be brought to a proper warmth by the addition of a little water, broth, or gruel (as the case may be), boiling hot.

THE TOILET.

PERFUMED WATERS.—The spirit employed in perfumery should be selected with great care; it should be perfectly free from grain-oil and other impurities. It should be sixty over-proof, unless otherwise directed.

Simple Spirit of Lavender.—Lavender-flower (free from stalks), two pounds; rectified spirit, eight pints; water, sixteen pints; distil eight pints.

Odoriferous Lavender Water.—1. Rectified spirit, five gallons; essential oil of lavender, twenty ounces; oil of bergamot, five ounces; essence of ambergris, half an ounce. Sometimes four ounces of orrisroot are digested with the above.

2. Oil of lavender, oil of bergamot, of each three drachms; otto of roses and oil of cloves, of each six drops; musk, two grains; true oil of rosemary, one drachm; honey, one ounce; benzoic acid, two scruples; rectified spirit, a pint; distilled water, three ounces.—*Dr. Pereira.*

3. Oil of lavender, two ounces; essence of ambergris, one ounce; *eau de Cologne*, a pint; rectified spirit, a quart.

4. Oil of lavender, four drachms; essence of bergamot, essence of lemon or cedrat, and otto of roses, of each twenty minims; essence of ambergris, a drachm; rectified spirit, three pints; orange-flower water, four ounces; rose (or distilled) water, twelve ounces; burnt alum, twenty grains. Agitate frequently; then let it stand in a cool place for some days before filtering.

5. Oil of lavender, three drachms; oil of bergamot,

twenty drops; neroli, six drops; otto, six to twelve drops; essence of cedrat, eight or ten drops; essence of musk, twenty drops; rectified spirit, twenty-eight fluid-ounces; distilled (or orange-flower) water, four ounces.

HAIR RESTORATIVE.—To two parts (by measure) of the best olive oil, add one of spirits of wine, or of good rum; put them into a bottle, and shake them well together. With this annoint the head well morning and evening. For the first fortnight it should be well rubbed with a piece of flannel into the parts of the head most affected; after that time, care must be taken not to injure the young hair by a too violent application of the restorative.

TEA HAIR WASH.—The infusion of tea, when not too strong, is said to be very useful in preventing the hair falling off. The best plan is to pour boiling water on to the leaves, after they have been used for a meal. In ten or twelve hours it may be drawn off, and placed in a bottle for use as required. A tablespoonful of any perfumed spirit, or of rum, should be added to every half pint of the wash made. It should be applied to the scalp with a piece of sponge, or a very soft brush.

OINTMENT FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—*Glycerine*, a cheap and by no means disagreeable substance, formed by soap-makers in the process of preparing oils and tallow, is said to act like a charm in curing chaps and roughness of the skin. This requires no preparation; the arms and hands being merely smeared with it every night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MUFFIN PUDDING.—Cut six stale muffins in very thin slices; lay them in a deep dish, and pour over them half a pint of brandy, in which you will let them soak. Simmer half a pint of cream with a stick of cinnamon, the grated peel of a large lemon, and four ounces of lump sugar. Let it remain simmering over the fire for ten minutes; then take it off and keep stirring it until cold; then mix it by degrees with the yolks of eight eggs well beaten; butter a plain mould and line it with the muffins, the crusty sides being outwards. Fill up the mould with alternate layers of dried cherries or other fruit, and the crumb of the muffin. Flavor the custard with orange-flower water, and pour it into the mould. Keep the mould upright by sitting it in bran until the custard has soaked in. Then bake it half an hour.

TO PREVENT THE SMOKING OF A LAMP.—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn both sweet and pleasant, and will amply repay the trifling trouble in preparing it.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Take an ox's gall, a gill of soap lees, half a gill of spirit of turpentine, and make into a paste with pipe-clay; apply it to the marble, and let it dry a day or two; then rub it off, and if not clean, apply a second or third time until clean. 2. Mix finely-powdered pumice-stone with verjuice; let it stand for two hours, dip a sponge in it, rub the marble, and then wash with a linen cloth and fresh water, and dry with clean rags.

TO PREVENT MILK TURNING SOUR IN HOT WEATHER.—Add a little subcarbonate or potass of soda, which will keep milk sweet for some time.

TO MAKE THE OIL IN LAMPS LAST LONGER, AND TO REMOVE THE THICK SMOKE.—Dissolve in a glass of water as much salt as will fully saturate the water, and steep in it the wick, which must be afterwards dried.

pour into this water an equal quantity of oil, and then put them into a bottle and well shake them, in order to mix them together; trim your lamp with this mixture and the prepared wick. The linseed oil is the principal oil which has been used in this experiment, but other oils, it is said, will answer the same purpose.

AIRING ROOMS.—It is a common mistake to open all the lower part of the windows of an apartment; whereas, if the upper part also were opened, the object would be more speedily effected. Thus, the air in an apartment is generally heated to a higher temperature than the external air, either by the heat supplied by the human body, or by lamps, candles, or fires. This renders it lighter than the external air; and, consequently, the external air will rush in at all openings at the lower part of the room, while the warmer and lighter air passes out at the higher openings. If a candle be held in the doorway near the door, it will be found that the flame will be blown inwards; but if it be raised nearly to the top of the doorway, it will be blown outwards. The warm air, in this case, flows out at the top, while the cold air flows in at the bottom. A current of warm air from the room is generally rushing up the flue of the chimney, if the flue be open, even though there should be no fire lighted in the stove; hence the unwholesomeness of using chimney-boards.

TO SHRINK NEW FLANNEL.—New flannel should always be shrunk or washed before it is made up, that it may cut out more accurately, and that the grease which is used in manufacturing it may be extracted. First, cut off the list along the selvage edges of the whole piece; then put it into warm (not boiling) water, without soap. Begin at one end of the piece, and rub it with both hands till you come to the other end; this is to get out the grease and the blue with which new white flannel is always tinged; then do the same through another water. Rinse it through a clean lukewarm water; wring it lengthwise, and stretch it well. In hanging it out on a line, do not suspend it in festoons, but spread it along the line straight and lengthwise. If dried in festoons, the edges will be in great scallops, making it very difficult to cut out. It must be dried in the sun. When dry, let it be stretched even, clapped with the hands, and rolled up tightly and smoothly till wanted.

TO SWEETEN AN OLD CASK.—Having first scalded it well with boiling water (letting the water stand in it till cold), fill it with cold water, and throw in a large quantity of live coals from a wood fire, leaving the cask uncovered. By repeating this, the cask may be made perfectly sweet, provided that it has at no time contained fish. A fish barrel can never be used for any other purpose, as it is impossible to expel the taste and smell of the fish. Scalding an old cask repeatedly in strong lye, and then with clear water, will generally sweeten it; so will boiling water in which potash and lime have been dissolved.

Parlor Amusements.

MAGNETICAL EXPERIMENTS.

The magnetic attraction will not be destroyed by interposing obstacles between the magnet and the iron.

Lay a small needle on a piece of paper, and put a magnet under the paper; the needle may be moved backwards and forwards.

Lay the needle on a piece of glass, and put the magnet

under the glass; it will still attract the needle. The same effects will take place if a board be interposed between the magnet and the iron. This property of the magnet has afforded the means of some very amusing deceptions.

A little figure of a man has been made to spell a person's name. The hand, in which was a piece of iron, rested on a board, under which a person, concealed from view, with a powerful magnet, contrived to carry it from letter to letter, until the word was made up.

The figure of a goose or swan, with a piece of iron concealed about the head, is set to float in water. A rod, with a concealed magnet at the end, is presented to the bird, and it swims after it. The effect is still more amusing when some food is put on the end of the rod.

The figure of a fish is thrown into the water, with a small magnet concealed in its mouth. Of course, if a baited hook be suspended near it, the magnet and iron, by mutual attraction, will bring the fish to the bait.

Put a piece of iron in one scale of a balance, and an equal weight in the other scale; bring a magnet under the scale which contains the iron, and it will draw it down. Reverse this experiment, and put the magnet in the scale, and balance it; bring the iron under it, and it will draw down the magnet. Suspend a magnet by a string, and bring a piece of iron near it, and it will attract.

If a magnet suspended by one string, and a piece of iron suspended by another, be brought near one another, they will mutually attract each other, and be drawn to a point between.

Suspend a magnet nicely poised by a thread, and it will point north and south, the same end pointing invariably the same way.

Rub a fine needle with a magnet, and lay it gently on the surface of the water; it will point north and south. Rub various needles with the magnet, and run them through small pieces of cork, and put them to swim in water; they will all point north and south, and the same end will invariably point the same way. This mode of finding the north is sometimes of the utmost service at sea, when the compass is destroyed.

Opposite poles attract; poles of the same name repel. Take two magnets, or two needles rubbed with the magnet, and bring the north and south poles together, and they attract.

Bring the north poles near each other, and they repel. Bring the south poles near each other, and they repel. Rub a needle with a magnet, and run it through a piece of cork, and put it to float in water. Hold a north pole of a magnet near its north pole, and it will keep flying away to avoid it. It may be chased from side to side of a basin. On the other hand, an opposite pole will immediately attract.

Rub four or five needles, and you may lift them up as in a string, the north pole of one needle adhering to the south pole of another.

Put a magnet under a piece of glass, and sprinkle iron-filings on it; they will arrange themselves in a manner that will be very surprising. At each pole will be a vast abundance standing erect, and there will be fewer and fewer as they recede, until there are scarcely any in the middle. If the iron-filings are sprinkled on the magnet itself, they will arrange themselves in a manner very striking.

Lay a needle exactly between the north and south poles; it will move towards neither.

EDITORS' TABLE.

AFTER doubts, fears, and anxieties innumerable on the part of the Philadelphia dilettanti, as to whether we were to hear the world-renowned Grisi and Mario, the matter was accomplished; the lady gave three performances at the opera, and the gentleman sang a couple of songs at a concert. The pleasure was paid for at a price which proved that music has charms to "soften" hard times, if not "stones."

We are not among those who deprecate these large rewards to genius when its well-studied efforts minister not only to public gratification, but to the improvement of public taste. Persons often carelessly say: "What a sum for so little time and trouble expended by the artist!" They do not reflect on the years of labor, or the weary, toiling days and sleepless nights that have given this perfection, which the possessor will not exhibit without something like a compensating recompense. When Gabrielli demanded from the Empress Catherine II., of Russia, a very large sum, her majesty exclaimed—

"Why, that is more than the pay of a field-marshal!"

"You can get one of your field-marshals to sing then," returned Gabrielli.

There is certainly no art so all-pervading, so everywhere demanded, everywhere cultivated, as music. The most stately pageants of royalty, the poorest village show of bears and monkeys, are incomplete without it. We, in America, are no whit behind the rest of the world in our devotion to this art; but whether we bestow our money and time wisely in the matter is by no means so certain. If the taste for music be so universal, why not take a little pains to educate it, as a source of pleasure and profit? "Why study the languages of many portions of mankind, and leave the universal language of the feelings uncultivated?"

What we would suggest is, that our public schools and institutions of education for the young should have some knowledge of music communicated to all pupils who are capable of receiving its advantages. We mean that the theory might be taught, and so much vocal music as can be attained in classes. In the country especially, this would be an inestimable advantage to the people. The services of the churches would be rendered more interesting to the young; and the social intercourse of the week would be embellished and refined by an elegant art, which would be ennobled in the minds of all by its ultimate purpose, to assist in the worship of the sanctuary.

We believe there are very few persons to whom Nature has been so stern a step-mother as to deny the power of taking part in such musical enjoyments as these. On the other hand, there are a few in every community whose genius and excellence in these pursuits are so superior, that opportunity should be afforded them for profiting by their natural advantages, both for their own emolument and the gratification of the little world to which they may belong.

Many a man, and many a woman, now toiling in the hardest and humblest sort of labors, might, if an early impetus had been given, a narrow path opened, have arrived at a comfortable and comparatively easy way

of life, as a teacher of music, besides imparting much harmless amusement and innocent recreation to persons who, in a middle station, and remote from large cities, cannot reach the expensive pleasure of the opera. This is a slight sketch of what we think might be done for the people with respect to music.

Now we may be allowed to speculate on the way such things are managed by those who, in cities, are able by their own means to cultivate in their families this elegant art. We wish people in these circumstances could be persuaded that, without uncommon natural capabilities, the higher perfections of musical art are positively unattainable. As well might you attempt to make your blind son a good draughtsman as make your pretty daughter, "whose soul," and, we will add, *fingers*, are "not for music formed," a pleasing musician. And yet what sums are lavishly expended upon this task of the Danaides! Surely, when Nature has put her veto on musical excellence, it would be well to turn to some other branch of education in which to have our daughters perfected. *Reading* is an accomplishment as well as an occupation useful to all, attainable by all, and ennobling to all. And even though "household good" may not come within the scope of a young lady's idea of *accomplishments*, yet we think people generally will hold it better to be a good housewife, or a nice useful needlewoman, than to exasperate the ears of her family in a pursuit in which she can never attain even to a tolerable proficiency. How much more noble it would be for those tuneless ladies, to whom "money is no object," to bestow the large sums wasted upon themselves in affording musical instruction to those less favored with money, but more highly gifted with musical genius! These last would then have an accomplishment by which to earn their bread; and the generosity which had promoted their success would be more blessed even than the charity which gives alms.

Music is such an embellishment to life, that we would advocate its cultivation where there is any talent to cultivate. Madame de Staël has remarked, that it is the only one of the fine arts which is incapable of inspiring or expressing a mean, low, or coarse thought. Unless perverted by being adapted to poetry of a debasing character, it is pure and always refining, and the only earthly pursuit that we conceive of as accompanying us to heaven. After saying this, we cannot be accused of insensibility to its advantages, though we would fain persuade many of our intelligent friends to amplify their natural resources; when the genius for music is denied them, to cultivate other talents, and never to waste precious time on the impossible.

EMPLOYMENTS FOR YOUNG WOMEN are the order of the day. The subject is attracting attention from good and wise people in every section of our land, and opportunities for the employment of female talent are opening on every side.

In New York city, it is proposed to have book-keeping become a regular study in the public schools for girls. A correspondent of the New York "Observer" writes:—

"For some time back there has been a growing desire

to employ girls as clerks, under the impression that the work now performed by men at very high wages would be probably as well done by them. We have now in a benevolent institution one thus engaged, who gives more satisfaction than any clerk who preceded her; is more efficient as a saleswoman, and has succeeded in keeping *all* the books in which the business is done, by double entry, in a manner which would be creditable to an experienced book-keeper.

"With this instance before me, I am satisfied that women could be employed to great advantage in many positions now open only to the other sex, whilst their condition would be benefited, and the cause of benevolence subserved."

There is, however, a suitability of employment to the sex, whose most sacred duties must ever be *at home*, which should not be overlooked in our haste to remedy the present evils of woman's position. Those pursuits in which the girl engages, if these can be continued by the woman when married, will be found most useful. *Clerkships, storekeeping, type-setting, factory work*; none of these pursuits can be followed at home, therefore these branches of business do, in some degree, unfit the woman for the wife and mother. *School-keeping*, on the other hand, is one of the best professions for a young woman, because it prepares her for home duties. The sex are born teachers. God gives to the care of woman the forming of human character. Man cannot abrogate her office; he can only decide whether she shall, by suitable learning, be prepared for her high position. Hitherto, men have not been willing to give this liberal education to females; and the consequence has been the ignorance and degradation of both sexes. In our land, thanks to the influence of free institutions, these evils are being overcome. Women are taking their true place as teachers in public schools, though still there are great defects in the systems for their own preparation for these offices.

Needlework, in all its branches, is woman's province, though the coarse and common kinds are miserably paid, and now seem likely to be, in a great measure, performed by machinery; still there are many departments of family sewing which must be done at home. The fine and ornamental needlework is made a source of great profit to the women of Europe, and might be done to equal advantage here. We learn from the London "Morning Chronicle" that in the United Kingdom 250,000 females find employment in "*the sewed muslin and embroidery work*;" and the greater proportion of them work in their own homes. The principal seats of this branch of industry are the northern and western parts of Ireland, Ayrshire, and some other counties in Scotland. "The United States are customers to the value of over a quarter of a million sterling annually," states this British authority; that is, about a million and a half of dollars are paid by our people yearly for needlework done by Irish and Scotch women, which might be as well done by American women, and all the profits saved. *Artificial flower-making* is another neat and ingenious employment for girls. The half million of dollars annually paid to French *artistes* might be earned by our own young ladies, if they would only exert their taste and skill.

In short, we should like to see all pleasant, quiet *home employments* taken up and perfected by American women. Teaching, in all its branches, should be their special profession; a sufficient number qualified to act as physicians for their own sex in particular branches of medi-

cal practice; wood-engraving, and drawing, and designing for the industrial arts, may be made matters of improvement and profit to our sex; while those gifted with talent for literary pursuits should be encouraged and rewarded.

There is enough for us to do without encroaching on man's work. It is in woman's department especially that help is needed to perfect the highest civilization of our people, and elevate the standard of social intercourse and religious feeling.

WHO WILL GO WEST?—The "Lady's Book" has done and is doing much to encourage home industry and awaken female ingenuity. The directions for the "Work-Table," "Fashion Plates," "Patterns," "Illustrations," &c., sent forth monthly in our pages, incite young ladies to use their own lithe fingers in modelling their own dainty dresses and decorations. We should soon be freed from dependence on European skill, taste, and industry, so far as our sex is concerned, if the true spirit of ingenious application in female industry could be awakened and suitably rewarded in our own country. In the mean time, we are cheered by the approvals of the press, and by private letters from every point of the compass, each one bearing testimony to our true course. The following is to the purpose. Who will go?

"POTOSI, WISCONSIN, Jan. 14, 1854.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE 'LADY'S BOOK.'

That two good things may be done, I would say, do urge, through your magazine, the importance of industrious young women coming west. They will find good homes here at housework, from one to two and a half dollars per week. They are also wanted for school-teachers, seamstresses, wives, &c.; and by so doing, no doubt in a short time they will, many of them, subscribe to your magazine, especially when they remember that through your influence they are benefited; and I hope their posterity will rejoice in the great and glorious West! Yours, an old subscriber, W. H."

FEMALE COLLEGES IN THE UNITED STATES.—How many are there? Does any person know? In the "American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the year 1855," with one exception, no notice is taken of institutions for female education. We are left to conclude that the compilers either had no knowledge of such institutions, or did not consider the detail to come under the head of "useful knowledge." Yet there is a list of colleges for young men, *one hundred and seventeen* colleges, with the names of learned and reverend gentlemen who preside over these favored institutions; and other useful information is given. The sons of the republic are provided for. What is done for the daughters? No doubt the list of colleges for young women would be small; the account of the libraries very beggarly; and perhaps not one with anything like a suitable endowment. Still, the record of what has been done in this way is important; and the "American Almanac" should not ignore the efforts of the friends of female education. One exception, we remarked, is made; the "Wesleyan Female College, at Macon, Ga. Rev. E. H. Myers, President," is in the record. We thank the editor for 'his, and would counsel all heads of "female colleges" and incorporated "female seminaries" to send reports of their institutions to the publishers* of the "American Almanac" before another volume of that

* Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston, Mass.

interesting work appears. The record would be of vast advantage in this, that it would show the need of vigorous efforts and wise counsels, as well as rich donations, in order to make our system of female colleges worthy of comparison with that for the other sex. We shall, however, keep these subjects, as usual, before our readers, and have now the gratification of recording the prosperity of one important institution; namely—

The Franklin Female College, at Holly Springs, Mississippi. We have before us a "prospectus," from which we learn that it is designed to erect new college buildings on a magnificent scale, having a "large laboratory and lecture-room, capable of seating three hundred students; one room for paintings and statuary; cabinet and museum; music-rooms, library," &c.; the whole sufficient to accommodate four hundred young ladies.

The plan of organization and of instruction is to be on a liberal scale, corresponding with the number of students anticipated. The managers say: "It has ever been the policy of the college to employ a large number of male teachers—gentlemen thoroughly educated, and 'apt to teach'—not for the purpose simply of making money, but to *make scholars*; and, in this respect, the result has been most satisfactory. To this cause, we are greatly indebted for that prosperity which has hitherto attended the institution. Nor do we believe that any institution can long hold the confidence of the more intelligent portion of the community for thorough scholarship where a large number of professors are not to be found. * * * * *

"There is no tyranny like that of *ignorance*, and no despotism so degrading as that of *superstition*. Education and ignorance are struggling for the mastery; the former seeking to dignify and ennoble, whilst the latter strives to enslave and disgrace. Education and ignorance may in truth be said to be the prophecy of the future; and who shall live to realize the final issue? Not we, but our children; and shall we fail to arm them for the strife? Napoleon, when asked what was necessary to redeem France, replied: 'Mothers, educated and virtuous mothers.'"

Scholarships in this college can be now obtained in a very advantageous manner; and there seems good reason to hope that the institution will become one of the pillars of light to guide the way in that better system of female education which must surely yet prevail in our land.

SOME ACCOUNT OF BETHLEHEM FEMALE SEMINARY.—Many years ago, there lived in the communion of the Greek Church in Bohemia a small remnant of the Waldenses.

They had been driven from their mountain homes by one of those bitter persecutions to which that unhappy people were periodically subjected, and many of them became scattered among the hills and towns of adjoining provinces, and have since borne the name of "Moravians." This was acknowledged, in 1550, as an ancient Episcopal church, by the parliament of Great Britain. Its line of bishops was derived by ordination directly from the parent Waldenses. Their good old Bishop Stephen, shortly after this event, closed the evidence of his faith by the fiery seal of martyrdom.

In after years, though hunted like wild beasts, and having sheltered themselves in dens and caverns of the earth, a little flock was peacefully gathered at Herrnhut, a small hamlet built by themselves on the hospitable domains of Count Zinzendorf, a younger son of a Palatinate of Saxony.

Having received a share of His spirit who became "poor" that those he loved "might be made rich," they wished to carry the gospel to heathen countries.

The self-denial and perseverance of these poor people drew upon them the admiration of some of the royal family of Denmark, and other persons of note. A holy enthusiasm inspired and sustained their almost miraculous efforts in teaching the Saviour's precepts.

In June, 1741, a settlement was erected on the banks of the Lehigh, in the State of Pennsylvania. This was intended as a place of refuge for missionaries engaged among the neighboring Indians, and for educating their children.

Miss Heckewelder, the first white child born in Ohio, was one of the earliest inmates of the seminary.

In time, the principal received pressing invitations to expand the class of missionary children into a young ladies' seminary. This was done; and the institution thus begun has continued to thrive through sixty-nine years.

In connection with the usual studies, music and other accomplishments are successfully taught.

Physical education is by no means neglected. Sickly children frequently even attain to perfect health under the genial and wholesome influences by which they are here surrounded.

The mind and heart in the best sense are carefully cultivated.

A number of aged ladies have spoken with animation in my presence of their happy and beneficial school-days in Bethlehem. The original object of the institution is still kept in view; all the children of the mission and the ministry are well cared for in the various seminaries throughout Europe and at home.

Other denominations of late years have penetrated deserts and sojourned in weary lands for the sake of the Lord, in whose service the good Moravians were so zealous; therefore, much which at that time drew attention to them is no longer regarded as extraordinary. Many amusing misconceptions and descriptions of obsolete customs are now and then published.

It is scarcely necessary to say that most of them are as genial food for merriment to Moravians as to others.

A "sisters' house," under the care of a matron, for the use of such as had no other homes, was long continued; and, as I am aware, much good resulted from these institutions, by means of gratuitous instruction, &c. Now the matron has gone; and the structure is divided into dwelling-rooms, just as a collection of other private tenements might be. The dear little old-fashioned chapel remains, and meetings for religious worship are occasionally held there. Then, I love to watch the mossy apple-boughs, probably the same that waved before its windows in my childhood; and there are gathered many of the same kindly countenances that greeted other days.

Most of these have been familiar in the seminary as teachers or pupils. Many valuable leaves of life are there open to the lover of the good and beautiful in humanity.

More poetry than dust gathers with the brooding swallows about the eaves and under the low walls of the cloister-like sisters' house. In one of the long buildings connected with it, the school was commenced; in 1817, it was removed to the more suitable one, which it still occupies. It numbers five male professors, twenty-four female teachers, and about one hundred and eighty pupils.

C. L.

A FEMALE STEAMBOAT CLERK.—The St. Louis "Republican" says: "There is one feature about the steamer 'Illinois Belle' of peculiar attractiveness, a lady clerk. Look at her bills of lading, and 'Mary J. Patterson, clerk,' will be seen traced in a delicate and very neat style of chirography. The insurance companies, under such an arrangement, will have to come down a fraction on their risks. A lady clerk on a western steamboat! It speaks strongly of our moral progress."

CHLOROFORM OR ETHER.—We have, heretofore, in our "Book," given the history of the discovery of this wonderful panacea for pain, and expressed in warm terms the gratitude due from our suffering sex to the discoverer.* That a remedy of such great power over the patient would need to be carefully administered was plain. There might be danger to life in using chloroform, but we never once thought of other evil consequences. Recent developments in this city have shown the dangers to be such, that we think it our duty, as editors of a journal for ladies, to warn them against the practice of inhaling ether or chloroform in any dentist's office, unless a third party be present. If the revelations made by the dentists of New York are to be credited, no lady can, when alone, allow herself to be placed in the state which this drug induces, without subjecting herself to insults or indelicacies of some kind. Fathers, husbands, and brothers, should see to this, and never allow daughter, wife, or sister to go unattended to a dentist who administers chloroform, no matter how respectable or apparently religious the practitioner may be.

THE St. Louis "Medical and Surgical Journal" relates several cases in which soda has been successfully employed as a remedy for snake bite and the sting of poisonous insects. The injured part was bathed in warm water, and then the soda, moistened a little with water before being used, was applied to the wound.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted, and will appear as soon as we have room: "My Friend Muggins's Experience in Albums"—"Our wide, wide world! What is it?"—"The Other Side: a Tale of Buttons"—"The Thunder: a Tale of Truth"—"To Viola"—"I have loved thee fondly"—"Blue-eyed Laura, little one"—and "Lines on a Silk Hat."

The following we are compelled to decline, partly from want of room, and partly that the articles, though many possess merit, are not prepared with suitable care: "Sympathy"—"The Lily of the Vale"—"M'Amie"—"The Chieftain's Prayer, &c."—"Sunrise"—"Sunshine and Shade"—"Lines on a Mountain"—"Julia Waverly"—"Prayer"—"Discontent"—"Dream on"—"Song"—"The Captive's Dream"—"Sorrows"—"On a Sleeping Child"—"Memories"—"Old Times and New"—"Fairy Isle"—"Lines on the Death of a Friend"—"Favorites"—"On the Loss of the Arctic" (many poems on this subject have already been published)—(We cannot comply with the request of "E. L. E." We have too many poetical contributors already)—"Elegiac" (the writer had better publish in a journal nearer his own locality. We are obliged to decline these poetical tributes of affection generally, or our pages would be filled only with obituaries)—"Death in Life"—"The Study of the Beautiful"—"My Lost Child"—"A Prayer for the Dead"—"Second Thoughts"—and "Tribute of Affection."

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

DISCOURSE IN COMMEMORATION OF THE FOUNDING OF THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES OF PHILADELPHIA. By William Parker Foulke. Delivered March 20, 1854, in the Hall of the University of Pennsylvania. The time which has elapsed since this discourse was delivered has not diminished its interest or value. It may be read with pleasure not only for its entertaining sketches of the early history of the Academy, and the biographies of its founders, but also for the author's very able and animated exposition of the objects for which the Academy was established, and the usefulness of the labors to which its members are especially devoted. It is gratifying to our national pride to learn that the museum of the institution is surpassed in the number and variety of its specimens only by four others in the world, namely, those of London, Paris, Berlin, and Leyden, all of which have had the patronage and support of wealthy governments, while the Academy's collection has been formed by the unaided efforts of a few zealous and disinterested contributors. It is another proof of the energy awakened in all minds by republican institutions.

From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & Co., No. 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

MIRANDA ELLIOT; or, the Voice of the Spirit. By S. H. M. We have not been able to unravel the mysteries of this novel. We have no doubt, however, of its being worthy of the attention of those who take pleasure in solving the philosophy of fiction.

THE SONS OF THE SIRES: a History of the Rise, Progress, and Destiny of the American Party, and its probable influences on the next Presidential Election. To which is added a Review of the Letter of the Hon. Henry A. Wise against the Know Nothings. By an American. This handsome volume will doubtless attract very general attention during the prevalence of the politico-religious excitement which at present agitates the country.

From T. B. PETERSON, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

THE INITIALS: a Story of Modern Life. This is a new edition of a favorite novel—one, indeed, which has but few, if any, equals among the great mass of works of fiction which have issued from the press since its first publication.

From M. W. DODD, New York, through W. S. & A. MARTIEN, 144 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

SCRIPTURE PORTRAITS; or, Sketches of Bible Characters. Especially designed for the family circle. By Rev. Jonathan Brace. This handsome volume contains twenty-two sketches of prominent Scriptural characters, written in an impressive and forcible style. These sketches were originally published in the "Mother's Magazine," and were received with much favor by the readers of that work.

From PARRY & McMILLAN (successors to A. Hart, late Carey & Hart), corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia :—

THE NEW PASTORAL. By Thomas Buchanan Read. The author of this volume of true American poetry, although young in years, has been, almost from his first published effort, a great favorite with the students and admirers of nature. European critics have long since accorded him an honorable position among the most gifted modern writers of poetry, a position which we think will be fully sustained by the work before us. In "The New Pastoral," it appears to have been the great and patriotic object of Mr. Read to describe truthfully, but in glowing language, whatever his discriminating judgment deemed either beautiful or sublime in the varied scenery of his native land, and with descriptions he has ingeniously blended the most attractive pictures of the rural labors, the quiet, but manly independence, and all the peculiar and distinguishing characteristics of his free and happy countrymen. We should be pleased had we time to make a more particular reference to the work. We anticipate for it a wide American and European circulation.

From D. APPLETON & Co., No. 200 Broadway, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

CHEMICAL ATLAS; or, *the Chemistry of Familiar Objects: exhibiting the General Principles of the Science in a Series of beautifully colored Diagrams, and accompanied by Explanatory Essays, embracing the latest Views of the subjects illustrated.* Designed for the use of students and pupils in all schools where chemistry is taught. By Edward L. Youmans, author of the "Chemical Chart," "Class-Book of Chemistry," "Alcohol, and the Constitution of Man." We need only add the fact that this work is accompanied with recommendations from the most eminent teachers and scientific men in the country.

AMERICAN SYSTEM OF EDUCATION. *First Thoughts; or, Beginning to Think.* By a Literary Association. The plan of this work seems to be admirably arranged for imparting instruction to the infant mind.

A YEAR OF THE WAR. By Adam G. De Gurowski, a Citizen of the United States. In former works, the author has shown himself to be well informed in relation to the politics of Europe.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through C. G. HENDERSON, Philadelphia :—

ANALYTICAL CLASS-BOOK OF BOTANY. Designed for academies and private students. In two parts. Part 1. Elements of Vegetable Structure and Physiology. By Francis H. Green. Part 2. Systematic Botany. Illustrated by a compendious Flora of the Northern States. This is a beautiful and valuable work. Its introduction into private families cannot fail to be productive of the most pleasing results. Care has been taken to present the science in language so intelligible, as to place its beauties and its mysteries within the comprehension of every class of readers and students.

From J. C. DERBY, New York, PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co., Boston, and H. W. DERBY, Cincinnati, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

GETTING ALONG: *a Book of Illustrations.* "Know Thyself." In two volumes. This is a work of more than ordinary merit. Its style is thoughtful, religious, and controversial.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia :—

AVILLION, AND OTHER TALES. By the author of "Olive," "The Head of the Family." This is No. 105 of "Harper's Library of Select Novels." Price 50 cents. Beautiful in style, and unexceptionable in morality.

HARPER'S STORY BOOK. Nos. 2 and 3 of this interesting work have been received. These numbers equal the first in beauty; the engravings and stories are both good. There ought to be an immense sale for this work.

HARPER'S GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD. Nos. 9 and 10. This is the conclusion of this great work, one that ought to be in every family, for it is useful to the man and the boy. It is a history of the world.

INEZ: a Tale of the Almo. This volume is dedicated "to the Texan patriots, who triumphantly unfurled and waved aloft 'the banner of the Lone Star,' who wrenched asunder the iron bands of despotic Mexico, and wreathed the brow of the 'queen State' with the glorious chaplet of civil and religious liberty. Like other works of the same class, it will doubtless have a good run during the present excited state of the public mind on the vexed questions of religious faith and observances.

From W. P. FETRIDGE & Co., Boston, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

THE COQUETTE; or, *the History of Eliza Wharton. A Novel founded on Fact.* By a Lady of Massachusetts. New edition. With an historical preface and a memoir of the author.

From A. BURKE, Buffalo, and ROSS, JONES & TOWNSEND, New York :—

TOM CROSBIE AND HIS FRIENDS. By Samuel Lover. This is another instance to be added to those we mentioned last month—that those engaged in the periodical business are fast becoming publishers. Here is a book printed in Buffalo, with etchings superior to any that we have ever seen, and the designs are also admirable. The paper is good, and the type large and clear, just the size that we like to see in a book we feel bound to read; and we do read all Lover's works. Need we commend it? Is not the name enough—Sam Lover? It is identified with humor.

OUR Fashion Editor will furnish any of the following at the prices affixed :—

Ladies' Cloaks,	-	-	-	\$1 10
do. Mantles,	-	-	-	56
do. Full Dresses,	-	-	-	1 37½
do. Basques,	-	-	-	75
do. Dress Bodies,	-	-	-	75
do. Sleeves,	-	-	-	31
do. Aprons,	-	-	-	31
Children's Dresses,	-	-	-	56 to \$1 10
do. Basques,	-	-	-	56
do. Paletots,	-	-	-	56
do. Jackets,	-	-	-	31 to 56
do. Overcoats,	-	-	-	56
do. Pants,	-	-	-	31
do. Aprons,	-	-	-	31

cut in tissue paper, and trimmed as to be made, or any of the patterns of cloaks in this or any other number of the "Book."

BACK numbers of the "Lady's Book" can be furnished, as the work is stereotyped.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

OUR LADY CORRESPONDENTS.—We venture to say that there is no editor or publisher in the United States that can boast of a correspondence so extensive and so agreeable as the editor and publisher of the "Lady's Book." And why is this? Simply because our correspondence, outside of mere business transactions, is principally confined to letters from ladies of taste and judgment, whose unqualified approval of our work, or whose suggestions for its improvement, are always most acceptable.

It is now—and our readers are fully aware of the fact—more than a quarter of a century since we commenced our labors. It must be obvious, from the very commencement of our editorial and publishing career, that we have been familiar with the peculiarities of the female style. We judge, therefore, that we may now speak truthfully on a subject which has in some measure divided the opinions of learned and practical observers, and that we may assert, without fear of contradiction from any quarter entitled to the same amount of credit that would be due to our own experience, that the most admirably written letters we receive are from the ladies whom we have the happiness to number among our numerous correspondents. Remember, we do not confine our remark to the chirography, which is generally of the plainest, as well as the most delicate style of writing. We allude also to the brevity and explicitness, to the candor and the open-heartedness, which characterize all, or nearly all, the public or the private correspondents of the "Lady's Book." It is a characteristic which speaks well for the daughters and future mothers of America, and for the generations of enlightened American freemen who are to come after us.

PATTERNS of the cloaks in this number, from Brodie's celebrated establishment, our Fashion Editor will furnish at \$1 10 each. Patterns may be selected from anything we publish, colored fashion plate, &c., and they will be furnished at the prices mentioned in each number.

WE do not seek advertising, but will insert one or two pages monthly, at \$100 per page. We will deal with principals only, and not through the intervention of any advertising agencies.

SUBSCRIBERS must not accuse us of delay. We are just receiving letters, some of them dated as early as January 15th. The storms in the various parts of the country have delayed the mails very much.

CAUTION TO THOSE REMITTING MONEY.—Don't depend upon the adhesive matter on the envelopes; always use a wafer in addition.

BOARDMAN & GRAY'S PIANOS.—We extract the following from a lady in North Carolina, who purchased one of these pianos on our recommendation: "I am happy to inform you I have one of the pianos you did me the favor to recommend, and find it just as you said."

WE have a specimen before us of paper made of Basswood at the celebrated piano-forte manufactory of Boardman & Gray, Albany. It is a good article, and, we think, will help to bring down the price of rags.

BRODIE has again favored us with two very beautiful articles from his immense repository, No. 51 Canal Street, New York.

W. H. CARRYL'S celebrated curtain establishment was recently destroyed by fire; but, phoenix-like, Mr. C. is up and doing again, and may be found in Chestnut Street, one door above the Masonic Hall. His recent importations, received since the fire, embrace a large stock of the very finest goods; but in the spring Carryl will shine out in his new establishment with the largest stock of curtain materials ever opened by any one house in this country. It is impossible to keep such a man from being at the head of his business.

IRON CHESTS.—Need we say that every man of business ought to have an iron chest? And we need not urge that it is the duty of every lady to see that her husband has one. Thus much granted. The next thing is to know where to get a good one. That question is settled by referring to the advertisement of Messrs. Farrell & Co. on our cover, of Herring's Patent Iron Safes, thief and fire proof. We have now three chests in our establishment, and the only one upon which we place any dependence is Herring's. Our subscribers are interested also, for in it we keep our subscription books; and, were they burnt, they would have to go without their "Book," for we would not know whom to send to. Messrs. Farrell & Co. have them of all sizes, from \$50 to \$1,000, and all equally safe. Ladies, see that your husbands have a *safe*—*emphatically a safe*—in their places of business.

WE are indebted to Adams & Co. for late California papers.

UPON the two following recipes we speak feelingly:—
COTTAGE PUDDING.—Two cups of flour, one cup of sugar, one cup of milk, two tablespoons of butter, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, one egg; beat all together, then add one teaspoon of subcarbonate of soda. Flavor it with lemon. Bake it one-half hour in a moderate oven, and serve with wine sauce.

DANDY PUDDING.—One quart of milk, two tablespoons of flour, yolks of four eggs; beat well and mixed with the milk. The whites beat separately with four teaspoons of sugar, drop it on top of the pudding, and put in oven.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

Breast-pins, from \$4 to \$12.

Ear-rings, from \$4 50 to \$10.

Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.

Rings, from \$1 to \$2.

THE New York "Picayune" is the only really good attempt ever made in this country to get up an American "Punch." The engravings are good and telling, always hitting at some of the follies of the day. The editor, Mr. Levison, is a good writer, and we read his travels in Europe with great pleasure.

DAWSON'S BOOK AND PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT IN MONTREAL.—We can testify from personal observation to the correctness of the following from the Montreal "Transcript," touching the pride of the Canadas:

"We observe that Mr. Dawson has completely removed all his stock of books and stationery into his new store, on Great St. James Street, the premises for some years occupied as the Provincial General Post-Office. The building is now the property of the occupant, and has undergone a vast amount of repair and reconstruction to suit it for the purposes of his business. We know of no building which presents a handsomer appearance, or is more commodiously arranged for its objects. The lower story is exclusively used as a sale-room, and runs the whole depth of the building; the upper portions of which are converted into offices, and, from their central position and proximity to other public buildings, are certainly admirably adapted for such uses. The front of Mr. Dawson's establishment presents a beautiful appearance, and when lit up with gas, its display has, since opening, afforded a cheap and instructive luxury to pedestrians to gaze upon. The magnificent engravings with which it is decorated, and the splendid books it exposes to public view, deserve the highest commendation.

"Mr. Dawson has probably done as much as any other person we know to introduce among us a taste for cultivated literature. Since his advent among us, a literary taste has been fostered and encouraged by his ever ready disposition to introduce to his customers the newest and best editions of all popular works and periodicals. We are sincerely glad to see that his services, in this respect, while they aided him in his business, have also contributed greatly to the instruction and gratification of his numerous customers. We wish Mr. Dawson good success in his new store, and feel assured the public do the same."

And we also wish him success, for a more amiable, gentlemanly man than Mr. Dawson it has never been our fortune to meet. Mr. Dawson is assisted by his sons in the management of his extensive establishment, and they are worthy of their sire.

It will be seen by the following to what an extent the making of hair ornaments is carried in England. Everybody seems anxious to preserve a memorial of a friend, especially when it also can be formed into a very beautiful ornament: "According to the 'London Directory' of the present year, there are the following persons exclusively devoted to the speciality of the human hair: Three hair-merchants (large wholesale importers probably); seventeen hair-manufacturers; twenty-four artistes, or workers in hair—hair-jewellers, or device-workers, as they may be termed—who elaborate the hair of our deceased friends and relatives into such *memento mori* as rings, brooches, ear-rings, chains, and other fanciful ornaments."

GODEY'S GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS FROM PAINTINGS BY THE FIRST MASTERS.—No. 4 of this work is now ready, price 50 cents. The whole four numbers will be sent on receipt of \$2. They contain about 125 engravings. This is the cheapest set of engravings in the world.

It will be seen by an advertisement on our cover that we have introduced a new club—"Godey's Lady's Book" and "Harper's Magazine" for \$4 50.

A WIFE WANTED.—The writer of the following poem (we omit a few flourishes) seems in earnest. If any lady wishes to go "out West," the opportunity is now offered. Of course, she will study the "Map" and "Mr. Benton's book," and find out where the "snug little town" is located, before she makes up her mind:—

SATURDAY EVENING, August 26, 1854

My dear Mr. Godey, and you, Mrs. Hale,
Will excuse, I am certain, this desecration of the mail,
For I have weighty reasons, as you will find ere I have done—

Perhaps they fill a bushel, and perhaps they're only one.

When I tell you where I hail from, and I find out what's to pay,

Perhaps we'll strike a bargain in our honest merchant way.

Well, then, out in Missouri there's a snug little town,
All gravelled, and graded, and macadamized round,
With plank roads and railroads and rivers a few,
That reach round creation and back again, too;
Perhaps a little incident will bring to mind its name,
For it ships a pile of bacon and a mighty sight of grain;
Or, if I have still the vantage, you will find it if you look

On Uncle Samuel's big map and in Mr. Benton's book;
'Tis a little west of sunrise and eastward of the hill
Where the Yankees and the Hoosiers their mighty pockets fill,
With a river just before it and a prairie in the rear,
Where the comets dance the schottish in the winter of the year.

* * * * *

Now, there many things do happen in this little town of ours,

Which sets the buck and bachelors a gaping by the hours;

And, as I am just midway between those doubtful ages,
I am entitled to the counsels of the editors and sages.

* * * * *

Now, I think, with your assistance, if you make my wishes known,

My prospect and appearances are rather good, I own:
I've a snug house in the country, with a hundred acres round,

And another in the city of this mighty little town;
And then I have a mule team, a rockaway, and sleigh,
That can beat a steamboat walking in the two and forty way;

And these I wish to barter for a requisite of life,
A helpmate and a better half—in other words, a wife.
Now, I am not particular about either form or face,
But would like a pleasing countenance mixed with a little grace,

An eye that beams with pleasure, a spirit light and gay
As the winds upon our prairies when the zephyrs are at play;

And, if you think there is one would like to come out West,

I'll send along the yellow boys by "Adams's Express."
I would add a postscript, also, but this must go to night,

And I hasten to subscribe myself yours,

BILLY CARROLL WHITE.

BLITZ.—Our amusing friend Blitz is still making the young folks happy at his night magical soirees at Columbia Hall.

PARTICULAR CAUTION TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS ABOUT POSTAGE.—Having received several complaints from our subscribers that they are not allowed the benefit of prepayment quarterly, we give the following extract from the last "Post-Office Book," page 6: "*Quarterly payments in advance may be made, either at the mailing office or the office of delivery.*" Signed James Campbell, P. M. G.

We have reweighed our "Book," and find that it does not weigh five ounces; we therefore make another extract, with the same signature of James Campbell, P. M. G., attached to it: "Over four ounces and not over five ounces 4½ cents for three months." Subscribers will therefore please resist any attempt made to extort more postage than the above extract from the post-office laws calls for. An appeal to the Postmaster-General will be answered by that gentleman.

"**THE LITTLE PILGRIM.**" Edited by Grace Greenwood. We are happy to hear of the great success of this estimable work.

WE copy the following from Fitzgerald's "City Item:" "Our hotel here, the Irving House, is the central point of New York; and everything of the gayety and brilliance of the day and night is here to be seen and enjoyed. Your Mr. Burroughs, the proprietor, is a princely fellow, and has as many friends as Henry Clay ever had. The other day, a distinguished gentleman, who had been nursed and cared for during a severe illness by Mr. Burroughs and his household, as if he had been in his own home, was so penetrated with gratitude that he made Mr. Burroughs a present of a magnificent gold watch, set with diamonds, and valued at a thousand dollars."

MRS. HALE is not the Fashion Editor of the "Lady's Book." We may also state that, when an order is received for the fashion department, it is handed to the editor of that department, who does not know, nor do we, whether the sender is a subscriber or not to the "Book;" and, moreover, she will not send an article until she receives the cash. She can't keep books even by single entry. We state this fact, inasmuch as some of our old subscribers have been offended because goods were not sent on credit.

VALUABLE HINTS.—Diogenes suggests the following titles for new books, that the authoress of "Light and Shade; or, the Young Artist," may as well write when she can find time and publishers:—

Brimstone and Treacle; or, the Young Grocer.

Hooks and Eyes; or, the Haberdasher's Apprentice.

Cutting and Curling; or, the Barber's Clerk.

(And especially)—

Milk and Water; or, the Young Novelist.

To which we beg leave to add:—

The Clam Boy; or, the Enraged Oyster.

The Hacked Tommy Hawk; or, the Ensanguined Aboriginal.

The Hack Horse; or, the Tired Wheel.

Hearts and Livers; or, the Butcher Boy's Oath.

The Bread Basket; or, the Mysterious Roll.

Shots and Lockers; or, the Avenging Bomb-Shell.

Animal Instinct; or, the Suspected Sausages.

Two hundred thousand copies of each of the above works have been sold, and the last form is not off the press.

A SPICY BOOK.—The "Life and Beauties of Fanny Fern," recently announced by Messrs. Long & Brother, is likely to excite a good deal of interest. Orders for it, we are assured, are pouring in at the rate of one thousand copies a day.

THANKS to our friends, we are now supplied with volumes for 1846.

WE have been asked lately the process of making alum baskets; we now give it:—

ALUM BASKETS AND ORNAMENTS.—First prepare the object desired, such as a wire-basket, or the sprig of a plant, by twisting over it some cotton, or, still better, some worsted thread, so that it is covered in every part. If an irregular mass of crystals be desired, a large cinder or piece of coke, wrapped over in the same way, may be employed; you must observe that whatever object be selected it must be of such a weight as to sink readily in the solution to be afterwards made, or it must be loaded to give it that effect. Then dissolve 1 lb. of alum in a quart of water (observing the same proportion for a greater or less quantity), by boiling it gently in a tin vessel, over a moderate fire, keeping it stirred with a piece of wood until the solution is complete. When the liquor is *almost* cold, suspend the subject to be crystallized by means of a small thread or twine from a lath or small stick laid horizontally across the aperture of a deep glazed earthen jar, as being best adapted for the purpose, into which the solution must be poured. The respective articles should remain in the solution twenty-four hours; when they are taken out, they are to be carefully suspended in the shade until perfectly dry.

The whole process of crystallization is best conducted in a cool situation. When the subjects to be crystallized are put into the solution while it is quite hot, the crystals are apt to be formed too large; on the other hand, should it be too cold, the crystals will be small in proportion. Experiments convince us that the best temperature is about 95 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer; that is, about the warmth of new milk.

TO COLOR ALUM BASKETS.—There are numerous colored crystals, but none of them are used to make ornamental works, except blue stone, on account of their expense. This, however, is cheap, and gives a most brilliant blue. For other colors, it is only necessary to tint the solution of alum with some dyeing material, and then set it aside to crystallize as in the last receipt. The addition of turmeric produces transparent *yellow* crystals; powdered litmus, or solution of litmus, produces *red* crystals; logwood makes them *purple*; and common writing-ink *black*.

The more troubled the solution looks, the finer are the crystals it affords, so that filtration is not necessary. These colored crystals are more easily destroyed than those of common alum; they may, however, be redissolved and recrystallized at pleasure.

WHEN I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent places, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by time, and there remains no record of them any more. Yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and Pleiades, are still shining in their courses, clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them in the plains of Shinar.

THE following from the celebrated humorous poet, Tom Hood, we give, and we hope it won't startle our bachelor friends, especially our friend Bowman, of the "Alleghanian," who, in a letter to us, says: "I intend to take your advice, and marry some of these days, when the smiles of your pleasant countenance, reflected from the pages of your darling *protégée*, will be ever welcomed by me:"—

A SERENADE.

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"

Thus I heard a father cry—

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"

The brat will never shut an eye;
Hither come, some power divine,
Close his lids, or open mine!

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"

What the dickens makes him cry?

Lullaby, O, lullaby!"

Still he stares—I wonder why?
Why are not the sons of earth
Blind, like puppies, from the birth?

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"

Thus I heard the father cry—

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"

Mary, you must come and try!
Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake!
The more I sing, the more you wake!

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"

Fie, you little creature, fie!

Lullaby, O, lullaby!"

Is no poppy-syrup nigh?
Give him some, or give him all,
I am nodding to his fall!

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"

Two such nights and I shall die!

Lullaby, O, lullaby!"

He'll be bruised, and so shall I!
How can I from bedposts keep,
When I'm walking in my sleep?

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"

Sleep his very looks deny—

Lullaby, O, lullaby!"

Nature soon will stupefy—
My nerves relax—my eyes grow dim—
Who's that fallen—me or him?"

Very pretty, from Victor Hugo:—

"Sire, at your hands

I had the right to claim all meet respect
That majesty to majesty accords:
You are the king!—I am—a father!
The eminence of years o'ertops a throne.
Upon your brows and mine, as well,
There rests a crown!—a crown
To which no eye of insult dare be raised.
The golden *fleur-de-lis* your diadem,
And mine, the silvery locks of age.
King, when the sacrilegious hand
On yours is laid, from you the quick,
Terrible redress!
But when dishonor smites the coronet
That Time has hallowed on a father's head,
God is the avenger!"

WE give the following account of a late wedding in England because of the deviation from the usually received manner of dressing at weddings. It is an attempt to carry back the outward symbols of the marriage-bond to a period when ceremonials of this character were of a far more imposing nature than later centuries have witnessed.

On the nuptial morning, the company met in the gallery, and here, for the first time, was observed one of the most interesting features in the day's ceremonial. This was the costume of the principal ladies of the party, which, without being literally copied, was as near an approach to the dresses worn in the thirteenth century as could well be imagined. Mrs. Washington Hibbert, mother of the bride, was most picturesquely attired. Her costume was composed of a double skirt of white *glacé* silk, trimmed with *ruches* of dark-blue ribbon Vandyked, and steel buttons. The jacket was of the same material similarly trimmed, the edges and sleeves ornamented with rows of Mechlin lace, and *ruches* of white ribbon. The chief feature of the costume was, however, a magnificent blue velvet cope or mantle, which, suspended from each shoulder by a *coque de perle*, almost encircled the figure. A necklace of very large pearls, and a brooch *en suite* added to the effect of the costume, which was still further heightened by a headdress of blue velvet, ornamented with pearls.

The bridesmaids—twelve in number—were attired in the same style of costume, though with less elaborate effect. They all wore double skirts of white *glacé* silk, the bodies trimmed with *ruches* of net and ribbon; and from the shoulders of each, reaching to the ground, fell copes of corded silk, fastened by pearl brooches. The colors were equally divided by these ladies, six of the mantles being red, and six blue. Their headdresses consisted of blue and red wreaths to match the mantles, and white tulle veils were gracefully disposed at the back of the head.

The assembling of this group in the gallery had a very pretty effect. Nothing could be more charming than the contrast of the bright colors of the ladies' dresses with the somewhat chastened tone of the apartment in which they were brought together.

Shortly before ten o'clock, the Lady Annette was led into the gallery by Capt. Hibbert. Her ladyship looked exquisitely beautiful, and received with much grace the congratulations of her relatives and friends on the auspicious advent of the day. The bridal costume was perfect. It consisted of a white *glacé* silk skirt, ornamented with two deep flounces of the richest Brussels lace. The jacket was of the same material, trimmed with *ruches* of tulle and white ribbon, fastened behind with a bow of Brussels lace. A point veil was thrown over the head, and partially concealed a beautiful wreath of orange-blossoms encircling the hair, which was disposed in the *double bandeaux* style. Her ladyship wore a superb cope of white watered silk, embroidered with silver and gold flowers, and fastened by gold and silver tassels. From her neck hung a brilliant diamond-cross, the gift of her betrothed, and on her arms she wore several costly bracelets.

The procession having been arranged, the bridal party left the Grange in a number of carriages for Rugby, at which place the religious ceremony had been appointed to take place.

The bride having plighted her troth, the ring was blessed by the bishop. The bridegroom then deposited

upon a salver gold and silver coins, and having received the ring back, he took the hand of his bride, and thus addressed her: "With this ring, I thee wed; this gold and silver I thee give; with my body I thee worship; and with all my worldly goods, I thee endow."

MUTTON AND TURNIPS.—An Englishman, when he asks his friend home to this national dish—which not even the vulgarity of pseudo-fashionable novelists has succeeded in making vulgar—means, with John Bull honesty, to give exactly what he promises him for his dinner. He means to make his friend at home in his house, and, therefore, places before him nothing more nor less than his usual family meal. He is a merchant perhaps, or a clerk in one of the government offices; a young barrister, or a rising author; if either of the latter, he may possibly often "sit at good men's feasts," where the entertainments are of the most generous and *recherché* character. His guest may be one of the very flower of fashion and rank, whose courtesies at a richer table he is now returning; but still he only gets plain mutton and turnips, with perhaps a glass of "humble Port," in return for his French pastes and "imperial Tokay." And for why? John Bull is a man of sense. He has read of the fate of the frog who tried to distend himself to the size of a bullock; and while making up for mere display in heart-free hospitality, he is conscious that he would only make himself ridiculous to his guest by putting on a style for an hour which must be laid down so soon as the cloth is removed. He feels, too, perhaps, that he may vie with his friend in other things than dinners, and he does not choose to venture a game with him when he holds a losing hand. This is manly, sensible, and independent on the part of John. It proves the real integrity, the *esse quam videri* of his character. But how is it with Jonathan when he asks his commercial friend or country cousin to come home and eat a *steak* with him? Time was when "a steak" meant only a thin piece of beef, cut from a particular part of an animal known by naturalists as the genus "*Bos*." Now, however, the word comprises nothing less than a *potage vermicelli*, or *de St. Julien*; a side dish of *ris de veau saute au truffes*, with a dozen other *entremets*, not to mention oysters, raw, fried, and scalloped, and Champagne and Rhine wines without number.

"Come and dine with me," said a friend to Dean Swift; "I have a noble bill of fare to-day."

"Confound your bill of fare!" replied the right-minded dean; "show me your bill of company."

The dean did much to break down the silly parade of his time, by introducing into "good society" the homely dish which gives a name to this paragraph. And often has Harley (afterward earl of Oxford), with Prior, Atterbury, and Bolingbroke, enjoyed his brightest sallies while regaling upon their customary joint at "the Thatched House."

A RECENT invention of a somewhat novel character is said to be attracting attention in Paris. It is an electro-galvanic pen called the medicinal pen. By the union of two metals capable of producing a voltaic current, which is excited by the moisture of the hand, it diffuses a healthful and curative influence over the whole body of the person using it, acting chiefly on the nervous system. If all the benefits anticipated by the inventor of this article are realized, it will be a very valuable and unique discovery.

PLAINT OF THE OLD MAN.—"This was published some years ago," says the "City Item," "in a book, now probably forgotten, edited by Miss Sheridan, entitled the 'Comic Offering.' The author's name was not stated:"—

Some boast of their *fore-fathers*; I—

I have not *one*!

I am, I think, like Joshua,

The son of *none*!

Heedless in youth, we little note

How quick time passes,

For then flows ruby wine, not sand

In *our* glasses!

Rich friends (most pure in honor) all have fled

Sooner or later;

Psha, had they India's spices, they'd not be

A nutmeg *greater*!

I've neither chick nor child, as I have nothing;

Why, 'tis lucky rather;

Yet, who that hears a squalling baby wishes

Not to be a little *father*?

Some few years back, my spirits and my youth

Were quite amazing;

Brisk as a pony, or a lawyer's clerk

Just fresh from *Gray's Inn*!

What am I now? weak, old, and poor, and by

The parish found;

Their *pence* keeps me, while many an ass

Enjoys the parish *pound*!

THE editor of the "Family Dental Journal," while on a northern tour last year, visited the St. Regis Indians, and examined their teeth, with a view to see for himself if they differed from those of the whites. He found that those who were temperate had better, while those who were intemperate had bad teeth.

LETTER-CARRIERS OF HAINAULT.—It is a singular fact, that the letter-carriers to the villages of Hainault, which is a mountainous country, put a quill in their mouths to breathe through whilst running. They go at the rate of about five miles an hour, and find this practice prevents shortness of breath. They likewise carry a pole about eight feet long in one hand, which facilitates their course somewhat like the fly-wheel of a steam-engine. It is common with boys, too, when running, to put a pebble in their mouths. The object of these practices is plainly to retard the expiration of the air from the lungs, to render the breathing deeper and slower.

THE following is an estimate of the value of the jewels in the crown of England: twenty diamonds round the circle, £1,500 each, £30,000; two large entire diamonds, £2,000 each, £4,000; fifty-four smaller diamonds placed at the angle of the former, £100; four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds, £12,000; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, £4,000; twelve diamonds contained in *fleurs-de-lis*, £10,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, £2,000; pearls, diamonds, etc., upon the arches and crosses, £10,000; also 1,411 small diamonds, £50,000; twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross, £3,000; two circles of pearls about the rim, £300. In American money, this would be \$632,000.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

THE following marriage ceremony of the Prince of Prussia with the Princess Maria Anna, of Anhalt Dessau, we deem of interest enough to present to our readers. The mixture of ancient and modern styles is somewhat amusing, and, to us plain republicans, may seem somewhat ridiculous. It certainly would seem singular to us to see our Ministers of State "bearing tall white tapers with double wicks, marching two by two through the dance, followed by the newly married couple." Just fancy Hon. Wm. Marcy, Hon. Jeff. Davis, Hon. James Guthrie, Hon. Caleb Cushing, Hon. James C. Dobbin, and Hon. James Campbell marching two by two through a set of dancers bearing double-wicked white tapers!

To the Editor of the "North American and U. S. Gazette."

BERLIN, PRUSSIA, Dec. 12, 1854.

THE marriage of one of the Royal Princes has furnished the occasion for the revival of some of those ancient courtly ceremonies which have a peculiar charm from their historic associations, and befit that graceful and chivalric character with which royalty boasts itself to be invested. The Princess Maria Anna, of Anhalt Dessau, arrived at the railway station, without the gates, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 28th of November, and was there received by dignitaries of the court and city, and conducted to the Royal Palace at Charlottenburg. The same evening she proceeded to the Palace of Bellevue, in the Thiergarten, and there joined, on the following morning, the pompous procession which was to convey her to meet the bridegroom. The Brandenburger Thor, through which one passes from the beautiful park called the Thiergarten to the noble street "Unter den Linden," and which emulates in brick and stucco the marble splendors of the Propylæa of the Athenian Acropolis, was decorated with garlands and the national colors of the two States to which the royal pair belong—black and white, those of Prussia; and red, white, and green, those of Anhalt Dessau. Of the five passage-ways through this gate, the middle one is reserved exclusively for royal personages and officers of high distinction. The road through this middle gate, and for some distance beyond in the city, was strewn with fresh green pine branches. On either side of the street, the whole length of the Lindens, stood crowds of people, protecting themselves from the storm of snow and rain with umbrellas, and waiting patiently for the spectacle, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The windows of the mansions and the balconies on either side were filled with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen. I secured a very advantageous position near the low platform erected just within the gate for the representatives of the city government and the business men of Berlin. At length, about twelve o'clock, the band of music was heard, and the shouts of the people in the Thiergarten announced that the procession was approaching. As it reached the limit of the city, cannon were fired, and the salute was continued until the bride had reached the Royal Castle. At the head of the procession came a detachment of dragoons, mounted on noble horses, and finely arrayed; then followed carriages, drawn each by six horses, containing ladies and gentlemen of the court; then a fine band of musicians mounted, and the royal body-guard, with their gilded helmets and gorgeous uniform, all riding white horses, followed immediately

by the great state carriage, drawn by light white horses, and literally covered with gold, bearing the Princess and her future mother-in-law, the Frau Prinzessin Karl, with the young bride's lady-in-waiting. Loud and hearty shouts of welcome rang on all sides as the Princess came in sight; and, even if loyalty had been wanting, her consummate beauty would have conquered all hearts. Unlike the Empresses of France and Austria, the Princess Maria Anna is more beautiful than her portraits; nature has given her charms beyond the reach of flattering court painters. Her form is large and commanding, and at the same time graceful; her features regular and noble; her smile irresistibly winning. On every side one heard the exclamations of the people: "*Wie schön!*" "*Wie schön!*" "*Ein schönes kind!*" "*How beautiful!*" "*How beautiful!*" "*A beautiful child!*" The carriage stopped by the platform, and the chief Burgermeister of the city read an address of welcome, which the Princess acknowledged by repeated smiles and bows, making a short reply at the end. The magistrates were attended by beadles holding staffs with the escutcheon of the city, which is a black bear rampant. The address must have been a bore to the Princess, but we spectators were delighted with the opportunity it gave us of feasting our eyes on her beauty.

On the sides of the state carriage reclined two delicate young pages, daintily dressed in red and white, and shrinking from the storm. The burly coachmen and footmen were resplendent in garments literally covered with silver lace and cords. In another carriage were two young ladies of the Princess's court, who seemed vexed that the crowd, absorbed in the bride, had no eyes for their beauty. A detachment of guards closed the procession. Hearty cheers from the crowds in the street, and smiles and waving of handkerchiefs from the ladies at the windows and on the balconies, attended the Princess on her way. At the palace she was welcomed by the king and queen, and all the royal princes and princesses, and there she met her bridegroom for the first time since her present coming to Berlin. The ceremonies of the wedding, of course, I cannot describe as an eye-witness. Their order and character, however, were so minutely particularized in the published programme of the Court Master-of-Ceremonies, that I can give you some of their most striking features. The marriage rite was performed by one of the court preachers, the distinguished Dr. Strauss, in the chapel of the palace, lighted with gas from *twelve thousand* burners. A discharge of cannon announced to the city the moment when the bride and bridegroom exchanged rings. Of course, all the movements within the palace—to and from the chapel, the reception-rooms, the dining-halls, and so on—were in processions regulated by the strictest etiquette, and attended with great pomp. As soon as the company were all assembled, the royal crown was borne in by officials of the court treasury, attended by guards, and placed by the queen, assisted by the chief lady of the court, the Countess of Brandenburg, upon the head of the bride. The procession was then formed, and moved to the chapel for the solemnization of the nuptials. The trains of the bride and of the queen were borne each by four noble ladies; those of the other Princesses by two pages.

After the performance of the ceremony, the procession returned to the state-rooms, when the bridal party, the king and queen, and the King of Hanover, placed them-

selves at a card-table under the canopy, and all the other royal personages at other card-tables at each side. Packs of cards lay upon these tables, and the dignified parties made the appearance of preparing to play the game of "Boston." The real design of the farce, however, was, according to an ancient custom, to enable the guests to approach and pay their respects to the married pair and to the royal family. When all have thus paid their court, supper is announced; the procession is again formed, and moves through the picture gallery and adjoining apartments to the hall of the knights, where, and in adjoining rooms, the party are seated according to rank, and the dishes are passed from lackeys to pages, from pages to officers, from officers to generals and counts, until at last they reach sufficiently noble hands to be presented to royalty itself. When the soup has been removed, the king rises and proposes the health of the bride and groom; the trumpets sound, and the toast is drunk at all the tables. The feast appears rather in name than in reality, and the company very soon leave the tables to witness the Fackel Tanz. This ceremony is a relic of pagan times, which the court journals even connect with the old Greek marriage-processions, in which youths bearing torches, and singing the hymeneal songs, preceded the bridegroom as he conducted the bride from her parent's house to his own new home. The torch-bearers on this occasion were twelve dignitaries, all ministers or ex-ministers of state. They each bore a tall white taper with double wicks, and marched two by two through the dance, followed by the newly married couple. When they had once made the tour of the hall in this manner, the king paid his compliments to the bride, and led her through the same ceremony; then the King of Hanover danced with her in the same manner, and after him all the royal princes in their order. Then the newly-married prince made his obeisance to the queen, and led her through the same dance, and then danced with all the princesses present, according to their priority of age and rank. The ministers of state, after these multitudinous peregrinations, were released from service, and the torches taken by twelve pages, who lighted the procession, which was now formed, and marched to the private apartments of the young couple, even as married pairs were lighted to their chambers in old Greece and Rome. Here, the heavy crown which the young victim had borne with great fortitude throughout the ceremony was taken from her head, and before the guests retired the bride's garter was cut up by the chief mistress of the court, and distributed. The next day, there was a pompous *Kirchgang* of the royal family to the chapel of the palace, to pray for a blessing on the nuptials; and for the two following days were appointed dinners; a performance at the opera, to which only the court and invited guests were admitted; and, as the grand finale, a court ball. These were postponed on account of the death of a relative of the king in one of the minor German courts, but are taking place to-day and to-morrow.

Pleasing and grateful as were the early ceremonies of the reception of the beautiful princess in the city, I am told by the guests at the wedding, that the ceremonies in the palace were in many points stiff and tedious, as one would readily infer from reading a description of them. The thousands of lights in the chapel, added to the preparations made expressly for warming it, made the heat intense and well nigh insupportable. The dance was almost ludicrously stiff and formal, but

it was retained as a very ancient custom in the German empire, which has always been observed by the present house of Prussia. The simple natural festivities at the wedding of a common village maiden are in themselves infinitely more charming and attractive than all the additional pomp and circumstance which attend the nuptials of princes and princesses.

DR. CARTWRIGHT, of New Orleans, in an article on the therapeutic power of the vapor of boiling cane juice, says that the fragrant saccharine vapor is applied to the whole extent of the diseased membranous surface. It is perfectly respirable, and can penetrate not only wherever atmospheric air can enter, but it evidently possesses the power of opening obstructed bronchi, and letting in the air, by resolving and attenuating the morbid exudation matter which blocked them up. In this, he says, it possesses great advantages over nitrate of silver, iodine, etc.

The Buffalo "Medical Journal" acknowledges the receipt of a specimen package of Dr. Clertan's "*Perles d'Ether*," in use in Paris. The ether pearls are simply four or five drops of pure ether in a capsule, which readily dissolves in the fluids of the stomach; the pearls are as large as a large pea, and are taken as pills. Their advantage is found in the accuracy of the dose, the freedom from unpleasant taste or odor, and the avoidance of all loss by evaporation. The volatile nature of ether renders its neat administration a somewhat difficult feat, and its effect consequently somewhat uncertain. All these objections, it is said, seem to be overcome in the "*Perles d'Ether*."

WE copy the following manifesto from that most amusing paper, the N. Y. "Spirit of the Times:"—

Must this continue so? Must I drag out my weary chain of life cheerless and hopeless, and die at last a monument of neglected industry? No! cries the spirit of Faust; and by that spirit I once more invoke you to settlement. Ye farmers! plant me a patch of corn, or fatten me a pig, and set aside the produce to pay up your bills. Ye mechanics! the price of a plough, a set of horse-shoes, a lye-cask, a pair of boots, a pair of pantaloons, some little tinkering at a clock or watch, or any other brief deduction from your daily gains, will blot out the records of my ruin. But if you will not; if you still turn a deaf ear to the voice of warning, and hug yourselves in fancied security, whispering to your consciences: 'tis but the printer's old complaint, I swear by the lever of my press I'll draw off your accounts, and set the squire and constable at work. Remember this; chalk it down upon your hats, or against the beams of your houses; my ledger is open, and the amounts due stare me in the face; I'm charged to the brim with resolution. I'll not make fish of one and flesh of another. I'll go straight ahead, and show neither fear nor favor, but only the hope of reward. Such is Pandora's box, out of which delinquents will be compelled to take a pinch! But I pray you, friends and patrons—oh, ye men of state, arouse from your false security, and stay me in the act of removing the lid. Plank me the cash, and all will be well. The sun will rise brighter; the moon will shine clearer; the business of the office progress with more vigor; and the "Blufftown Bugle," like its grateful proprietor, will go forth in all the plenitude of renewed strength and power.

SOME of our lady friends will be obliged to us for the following hints:—

FLOWER-POTS FOR ROOMS.—Fill a pot with coarse moss of any kind, in the same manner as it would be filled with earth, and place a cutting or a seed in this moss; it will succeed admirably, especially with plants destined to ornament a drawing-room. In such a situation, plants grown in moss will thrive better than in garden-mould, and possess the very great advantage of not causing dirt, by the earth washing out of them when watered. For transportation, plants rooted in moss are said to be better adapted, on account of their lightness. The explanation of the practice seems to be this: that moss rammed into a pot, and subjected to continual watering, is soon brought into a state of decomposition, when it becomes a very pure vegetable mould; and it is very well known that very pure vegetable mould is the most proper of all materials for the growth of almost all kinds of plants. The moss would also not retain more moisture than precisely the quantity best adapted to the absorbent powers of the root, a condition which can scarcely be obtained with any certainty by the use of earth.

THE following parody on the "Last Rose of Summer" was made by a very hungry boy, and, considering the circumstances under which it was made, it is very good:—

'Tis the last cake of supper,
Left steaming alone,
All its light-brown companions
Are buttered and gone;
No cake of its kindred,
No cookie is nigh,
To steam on the platter,
Or near its mate lie.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To meet a cold fate;
Since thy mates are all eaten,
Come lie on my plate.
Thus kindly I'll butter
Thy steaming side o'er,
And think on thy sweetness
When thou art no more.

Thus all cakes must follow,
Three times every day;
When the meal-times approach
They must vanish away.
When hunger is mighty,
And sickness has flown,
What cake can inhabit
The table alone?

SOYER, the great French cook, says, and we are obliged to him for the information, for we dearly love a cup of tea:—

TO IMPROVE TEA.—M. Soyer recommends house-keepers to place the teapot with the *dry* tea in it upon the hob for a little while before making. This plan certainly improves both strength and flavor. Rain-water, when pure, is the best for making all infusions, including tea, of course; since the solvent powers of water are great in proportion to its freedom from earthy salts.

MISS WILBUR'S "CROCHET-BOOK."—We have received a fresh supply of this work, and will furnish it to our subscribers for 25 cents.

SNOWING.

BY FANNY FALES.

GOES the lily-footed snow
Bearing ermine down below,
Down below
To the chilly, naked earth;
To the brooklet by the mill
Lying still.
I can see anear my hearth
Every pretty blossom-flake
Wide awake,
While the stricken woods are dumb
When they come;
Seem with loosened tongues to raise,
As did Zachariah, praise
To the Merciful above
For his love.
Oh, there's language in the snow!
How it dances; see it go!
See it go!
Every starry flake a voice,
Though it utters ne'er a word,
Can be heard;
Yet the gentle winds rejoice,
For *they* hear the inner strain;
And again
To the dreaming heart it calls
As it falls;
To the listening soul that yearns
For the beautiful, and learns
Mysteries the baser-born
Laugh to scorn.
Goes the lily-footed snow,
Moving thoughtfully and slow,
Moving slow;
Wraps it rev'rently the grave
Where, ne'er lifting her blue eyes,
Hattie lies,
Like stalactite in a cane,
Or a little vein of gold
None behold;
Like a star that wears a cloud
For its shroud.
Flakes a-tiptoe, one by one;
Slower, slower; they are done,
As afraid to break her sleep
Silence keep.

OUR PATTERNS.—Ladies do not seem to be aware that these patterns are *fac-similes* of the originals in color, trimming, &c. At a distance, they would be taken for the garment itself. They could be worn in a *tableau* without being detected.

MRS. HALE'S "COOK BOOK" we will furnish at \$1, and pay the postage. Mrs. Hale's "Household Book" on the same terms. Every one of our lady subscribers ought to have both these books, and they would, if they knew their value.

"HOW TO MAKE A DRESS."—We can now send this work to all who have ordered it, our new edition being ready. Price 25 cents.

"THE BOOK OF THE TOILET," published by Godey, should be in the hands of every lady who wishes to have perfumery or cosmetics that she knows are pure. Price only fifty cents."—*Ill. Courier.*

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp.

In our answer to correspondents in March number—Miss O. H.—it should read, "But one of our family, who is somewhat of an equestrian, too, says he ought to be on the *right*, not left. The matter never has been settled. Some gentlemen ride on the left of the lady, and some on the right. It is optional with the lady."

"Mrs. E. B. F."—Sent patterns 16th.

"R. T. S."—White waistcoats are not in general use at parties.

"P. B."—Sent cards 16th.

"J. C. E."—Sent Rapp's Condor pen 17th.

"Mrs. O. J."—Sent comb 19th.

"Mrs. L. R."—Olives with the fingers.

"H. C."—Sent patterns 19th.

"Mrs. M. S. T."—Gentlemen's shirts are the same now that they have been for the last twenty years. We can see no change in them.

"Miss A. H."—In the evening it is always customary.

"W. T. S."—Answered your letter by guess to Weldon, N. C., as you do not name the State, and the post-mark, of course, nothing could be made of. When will our subscribers learn to name their State inside of their letters? You did not inclose a stamp to pay return postage.

"Mrs. R."—Always be particular, in dating your letters, to give the name of your town, county, and State.

"Mrs. W. B. S."—Sent patterns 23d.

"Mrs. M. A. H."—Sent bundle by mail 23d

"Mrs. J. P."—Delivered hair bracelet and pin to M. & S. 24th.

"Mrs. R. V."—Sent hair ear-rings 24th.

"Mrs. J. W. T."—Sent box by mail 25th.

"N. E. C."—Sent hair ornaments 25th.

"Mrs. A. O. P."—Sent hair ornaments 25th.

"Miss H. T."—Sent hair ornaments 25th.

"Miss E. P. S."—Sent patterns 25th.

"A. J. S."—Sent cards and plate 25th.

"W. H. G."—Sent Rapp's pen 29th.

"Miss S. R. O."—Sent hair pin 29th.

"Mrs. L. N. M."—Sent hair ear-rings 29th.

"Miss M. W. S."—Sent bugles 30th.

"C. B. O."—Sent Rapp's pen 2d.

"Mrs. E. G. W."—Sent box by Adams & Co. 2d.

"Miss R. M. L."—Sent slipper pattern 5th.

"Mrs. S. M. P."—Sent patterns 5th.

"Mrs. B. H."—Sent hair ear-rings 5th.

"Miss V. R. S."—Let your letters always be written on a separate sheet of paper, so that they may be filed. Don't write poetry on the back of them.

"M. J. H."—Sent patterns 6th.

"Mrs. W. F. S."—Sent patterns 6th

"Mrs. H. E. H."—Sent patterns 6th.

"Mrs. O. O. O."—Sent patterns 6th.

"Eagle Card-board Gauge."—We have had several inquiries about this. Inquirers had better address Mrs. S.

"Miss N. A. M."—Do not perfume your letters; it is very bad taste.

"Mrs. E. M. L."—Sent patterns 7th.

"Patent Door-Fastener."—Will the inventor of this ingenious article send us his address? J. H. Merriam is the name.

"Mrs. M. C. A."—Sent your goods by mail 9th.

"Mrs. L. W. O."—Sent India-rubber gloves 9th.

"Miss A. V."—Sent music 9th.

"Miss E. J. G."—The opinion given by the Fashion Editor on the subject you speak about is also the opinion of the other editors.

"Mrs. M. C. W."—Sent laces 12th.

"Mrs. R. P. O."—Sent hair pin and necklace 12th.

"Mrs. C. W. U."—You will find the prices of the patterns in every number of the "Book."

"Italia."—For \$3 can send you a very neat bracelet. Elastic to slip over the hand. Very little hair will do. Very much obliged to you for your kind opinion of the "Book."

"Miss E. G. O."—Sent the full set of hair articles 12th.

"Mrs. R. W."—Sent "Bible Reading Book" 12th.

"Birdie."—Please write under your own name, and will answer your questions with pleasure. It takes some time to gather all the information necessary to answer queries, and we always like to know whom it is we have to deal with. Your name will not be used. Your letter is dated Buffalo, and post-marked Black Rock.

"Miss E. M. F." will find answer on page 279 March number.

"Mrs. B. H."—Your piano is out of order and wants repairing; the springs are broken. You had better write to the maker, Mr. Reichenbach.

"A. M. B."—Broderie Anglaise is worked in button-hole stitch, or over and over.

"Mrs. S. O."—Sent "Bible Reading Book" 13th.

"J. E. S."—Sent "The Prince" 14th.

"Mrs. S. H. P."—Sent patterns 15th.

"Miss R. S. A."—Sent hair-pin 15th.

"Mrs. M. V. A."—Sent worsteds 15th.

"Mrs. A. C. H."—"General Twigg's Hair-Dye. Dissolve in a pint of rose-water one ounce of lac sulphur and half an ounce of sugar of lead. Wet the hair thoroughly every night, shaking the bottle occasionally." If you would only take Mrs. Hale's two "Receipt Books," you would have a treasure invaluable to every housekeeper.

Centre-Table Gossip.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

No sweeter name there is in the host of fanciful *noms de plume* in these later days of female literature, of which she was one of the eldest and healthiest supporters. In the dark winter months just passed, her charming descriptions of rural scenery—the beechen woods, and leafy lanes, the gardens "one flush of beauty," the lawns, and parks, and harvest-fields—were referred to by us almost daily with the same pleasure that a stand of plants or a bouquet of rare flowers gives when the snow shrouds everything. Even then, the hand that painted them so lovingly, so delicately, was stilled; and the "clouds of the valley" cloud above her. Cheerful, serenely beautiful, loving-hearted to the last.

Among the many tributes to this gentlest and loveliest of women, we think the brief subjoined notice, by one who knew her personally, the most worthy her memory, from its simplicity of expression, and reality of feeling. In these days of careless and vitiated literature—much, we grieve to say, from the pens of our own sex—here is

a model of purity in thought and style, of undeviating self-respect preserved in successful authorship and flattering personal attentions, worthy of more than passing note :—

"Mary Russell Mitford is dead. The sad intelligence brought by the last steamer from England will fall on many a heart in America with peculiar interest. She has so long been permitted to gladden the world by her cheerful pictures of home rural life, that her loss will be felt everywhere. No female writer of our day has been so loved as Mary Mitford. To the few who have seen her face to face, she can never be forgotten; and to the many who have never heard the sound of her voice, and have known her only through her charming pages, she must be missed like a friend. She was so good and kind; so sunny in her noble character; so warm and constant in her friendships, that those who knew her best will mourn her loss the longest, and feel most deeply that one of the purest and best of her sex has passed away.

"No writer was ever more fondly respected among the English common people, the peasantry of the land, than Miss Mitford. Whoever has had the happiness to accompany her about the green lanes of her own country will not fail to remember the frequent lifted hat, and the modest courtesy by the roadside. One summer day, the writer of this brief notice rode with her to a cricket match some distance from her cottage, and when her carriage came upon the green, the game was suspended, that the players might flock about her and pay their respects. With what interest she inquired about the sport, and how knowingly she chatted with the young people assembled to greet her, her companion that day must always remember.

"So excellent a woman, so richly endowed a genius, has seldom gladdened the world; and now that her beautiful name has been borne away among the angels, we look in vain for another to fill the place she has left on earth. The story of her life is written in her works. Beautiful as a summer's day flowed on the current of her existence, and although some passing clouds briefly obscured the sunlight on her pathway, her years have been more touched with joy than sorrow. In the little town of Alresford, in Hampshire, at Christmas time, in the year 1789, she was born. In her quiet cottage in the leafy village of Swallowfield, on the 10th of January, 1855, she died. Her life will be written by some loving hand chosen from the ranks of friendship; and her correspondence, reaching through half a century, will be published no doubt at the same time. A more delightful biography, a more admirable series of letters, cannot be given to the world. She was the friend and companion of some of the greatest and best in the walks of English literature; and her signal abilities have strewn our path with chaplets honorable and abundant.

"Her first prose book, 'Our Village,' 'like spring, left no corner of the land untouched;' and the best spirits in England flocked about her at once, with words of praise. Talfourd, De Quincey, Wilson, Wordsworth, and indeed nearly every great name in her time, are found inscribed in the rich catalogue of her friendships. Walter Savage Landor only a few months since addressed to her some exquisite lines, full of tenderness and heart poetry. Among her own sex, Mrs. Hemans loved her as a sister; and Mrs. Browning sat at her feet and listened like a child. It would be difficult in the whole range of literature to find another character the counterpart and parallel of Miss Mitford, as regards position

and peculiar talent. She created a school of writing, and must always stand at the head of female authors who have made descriptions of rural life attractive and enduring.

"Miss Mitford was eminently a beautiful woman, her face retaining to the last an expression of affectionate interest and cheerful good nature. The portrait painted by John Lucas is a faithful likeness. Her manner was full of winning kindness; and the very soul of melody seemed native in her voice. Her merry laugh rang through her cottage like bird music; and when she read aloud a favorite poem—her tones at such a time always taking a chant—it was like listening to the recitative of a fine singer.

"Her last letter contained the sad presage of the coming on of death; but she spoke of her approaching end with touching simplicity, and even cheerfulness. 'You will not see your old friend when you come to England again,' she writes, 'for I shall not be alive in the spring; but they will tell you where I am sleeping.'"

PARLOR FURNISHING.

THE second floor of a house built in the English basement style is called "the drawing-room floor," and consists of a square apartment or hall, into which the first flight of stairs ascends, and from which the second flight is seen; both should consequently be handsomely carpeted alike, if possible. At each end, a parlor is seen, shut off, when desired, by sliding doors, with ground-glass panels. Many prefer to use the back room as a library. We have, in our last number, described the usual style of furnishing. Others again station the piano there, and call it "a music-room" on this solitary claim. The whole floor should be carpeted alike; the central apartment having pictures, vases, with perhaps a handsome table and lounge. Parlor furniture usually comes in sets, or *suites*, as is the general term, all or any piece of which can be purchased separately, consisting of sofa or square tables, sofa, lounge, chairs, cabinet, of mahogany, black walnut, or rose-wood, covered by hair-cloth, satin-laine, plush, or brocatelle, according to price. Mantle and pier mirrors, pictures, bronze, alabaster, China, and Parian figures, groups, and vases, are considered decorations.

Window draperies we have described at length in our various notices of the large establishment of W. H. Carryl. Shades are now principally used for halls, dining-rooms, and libraries, or to protect the curtains of parlors and chambers.

Candelabras, since the introduction of gas, are by no means so universal. Branch candelabras in bronze have superseded in a great measure the upright candlesticks, so to speak, surrounded by glass pendants, which succeeded the silver-plated sticks and snuffer-tongs, the mantle ornaments of our grandmothers. Ornamental clocks of every description are in use still, though bronze is perhaps the favorite style. Tall vases of artificial flowers, covered by glass shades, are obsolete.

Gas-fixtures, which include the central chandeliers and side or branch lights, are of innumerable varieties, and any range of price. These have also been described in notices of Cornelius & Co., and Archer & Warner, the most celebrated manufacturers in the country. They are usually either bronze or gilt, and of late without pendants.

The above applies to the old arrangement of "double-parlors," or the other favorite modern style: two drawing-rooms, and a saloon or tea-room on the first floor.

CLIPPINGS BY OUR OWN SCISSORS.

MISS NIGHTINGALE.—The personal appearance of this self-sacrificing and energetic woman is thus described by a correspondent of the "Lady's London Newspaper:"—

"Miss Nightingale is a tall, thin, lady-like woman, with that calm, thoughtful expression of face which, when combined with firmness of manner, is certain to command respect. Her features are generally good. I think she may be considered altogether pretty, if that word may be applied to her. As to work, this queen of the nurses seems to be inexhaustibly active. Her table is covered with letters; and she writes answers innumerable. If a window or a door, a board or a fire-place, be required, she no sooner discovers the need than it is supplied either through government, or from her own resources."

Add to this, that she is a lady of enviable position by birth and fortune; more than usually accomplished; and her present abandonment of home and friends for the care of the suffering thousands at Scutari becomes still more heroic and unexemplary.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—Whatever be a man's station in life, whether high or low, public or private, he will become a better man, and escape many a disaster, if he will listen in due season to the voice of the intelligent and refined among the sex. Not only do they generally excel us in their nice perception of the proprieties of life, and in their tender sense of duty to both God and man, but they are equally before us in their instinctive faculty of foreseeing evil before it is upon us, and of wisely discerning the character and motives of men. It was not all a dream which made the wife of Julius Cæsar suggest that he should not go to the Senate Chamber on the fatal Ides of March; and had he complied with her entreaties, he might have escaped the dagger of Brutus. Disaster followed disaster in the career of Napoleon from the time that he ceased to feel the balance-wheel of Josephine's influence on his impetuous spirit. Washington, when important questions were submitted to him, often said that he should like to carry the subject to his bed-chamber before he formed his decision; and those who knew the clear judgment and elevated purposes of Mrs. Washington thought all the better of him for wishing to make her a confidential counsellor.

RUDE AND CRUDE OBSERVATIONS.—(By a Plitudinarian).—None of us like the crying of another person's baby.—"I won't" is a woman's ultimatum.—No man knows when he goes to law, or gets into a cab, what he will have to pay on getting out of it.—Red tape is the legal chalk with which a lawyer ruddles his sheep.—If we all had windows to our breasts to-morrow, what a demand there would be for blinds!—When a man has been "drinking like a fish," it is "the salmon" always that is to blame for it.—The truth, with "London pure milk," lives certainly at the bottom of a well.—Years are the milestones which tell us the distance we have travelled; but it's rarely women count them.—The dissipation that persons resort to to drown care are like the curtains that children in bed pull round them to keep out the dark.—The bread of repentance we eat is often made of the wild oats we sow in our youth.

MUSICAL PRACTICE.—No. 4.

PURITY of tone is the next consideration.

The defects of tone that may be remedied are *harshness* and *weakness*; by connecting them, the *compass* of

the voice is usually extended. For instance, the singer finds that her lower notes from the middle C to A in the octave below, including semitones, are hoarse, or that she *flats*, as it is called; that is, fails to reach E, F, and G above the second C, or touches them with a screaming, shrinking effort, unpleasant to herself and her hearers. We have instanced the mere common voice, called *mezzo soprano*; a pure soprano could not reach much below C, and may extend to B flat above. A contralto, falsely called a "low voice" by some, or a "second voice" by others, rarely reaches above E or E flat; and any attempt to force either would do great and lasting injury. If possible, get a competent judge to pronounce of this primary point.

Taking then the *mezzo soprano* or ordinary voice, the object of practice is to gain compass, strength or volume, purity, and flexibility.

The vocal instruction books, similar in plan to those intended to teach the piano or guitar, are used for this, in which the voice is treated as an instrument; and our young student will find a regular course of vocalization laid down.

Our own choice is the work of Panseron, edited by F. Dorigo, and well known to all musical circles of this city. The course of instruction is simple and progressive; the exercises judicious; and the "vocalizes," or lessons in which their practice is introduced, are graceful and effective.

Remember always that the voice is more easily injured than any instrument, and can rarely be repaired.

Never practice over half an hour at once. The great master, Garcia, who taught Jenny Lind, commenced with five-minute lessons.

Be content with very gradual, but thorough progress; and do not be discouraged because unpractised ears do not discover an improvement evident to yourself.

Volume and steadiness of tone are gained by practice of the swells; flexibility by the scales and running passages.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"**RICHARD CHEVERING TRENCH**" is the author of the sonnets in our last table-gossip; not *French*, as the printer has it. We do not wonder that our allusion to this distinguished scholar was not understood.

"**A SOUTHERN MATRON.**"—Meat biscuit are *not* sandwiches, but a recent invention intended for travelling, and not for dancing parties. A combination of the best wheat flour with the nutriment of excellent beef makes a dry, inodorous, flat, and brittle cake, which will keep, when dry, an unlimited period. It is used in soup form by the addition of hot water and seasoning, and is not only nutritious, but extremely palatable.

"**MISS ALICE B.**"—It is not the fault of the instrument. Very few pianos in daily use, particularly where there are young children practising, will keep in tune more than three months. Many families contract with the tuner by the year, and have his services monthly. We think this almost too often where a piano is not abused; but send for him at least once a quarter. The usual charge in the city is one dollar.

"**MRS. L.**"—The soil was probably too rich. A light shallow soil, if properly drained and prepared previously to sowing, is preferable for a lawn, as it tends to keep down undue luxuriance, promotes the growth of finer grasses, and checks the development of rank weeds. If well stirred and thickly sowed now, the lawn will be ready for mowing in July.

"MRS. NOLAN S."—In England, giving a false character of a servant is punishable by law. One's feelings should never be suffered to bring forgetfulness of the golden rule. You would be justly offended if another lady recommended a faulty servant to you as unobjectionable. If your feelings are enlisted, even when you are obliged to dismiss a maid, tell her future mistress exactly the truth, with the palliating circumstances, so that she may be on her guard; at the same time, beware of injuring by unproved suspicions a person whose character is her only dependence.

"BRETTELLES" are plainly translated *ribbon-braces*, and are intended to be worn instead of *berthés* in evening-dress. We have a cut and full description in preparation. See *Fashion Department* for other inquiries.

"ALBERTINE" had better send to some well-known music-publisher for his list, and mark the songs or waltzes she wishes. We will then forward the whole collection.

"MRS. M. L. R." need feel no uneasiness that her child does not walk at twelve months. Many do not attempt to step alone for half a year more. We do not approve of "standing-seats," or any other artificial means. Leave nature to its own development, unless sickness is to be met.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Bridal wardrobes, spring and autumn bonnets, dresses, jewelry, bridal cards, cake-boxes, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, Rapp's gold pens, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Evans & Co.; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR APRIL.

Fig. 1st.—Walking-dress; a model for the earlier spring dressmaking, though intended for later wear.

Dress of two shades cross-barred Argandy. The skirt in alternate flounces pink and white; the edges scalloped in needle-work prints. The skirt itself and the corsage of plain white. Corsage short; plain on the shoulders, and gathered into a belt, with a slight fullness. Pink belt ribbon and small pearl buckle. Spanish mantilla of rich black silk, with two deep falls or flounces of lace.

Drawn white silk bonnet, with cap of blonde, mixed with apple and peach blossoms in clusters.

Fig. 2d.—Walking-dress of plain stone-colored taffeta, the skirt in three deep flounces, slightly waved, and edged with a quilling of green satin ribbon. The basque, which is open, and slashed on the hip, to correspond with the sleeve, is trimmed in the same manner, having an extremely light and spring-like effect. Split English straw bonnet, with a light curling plume on the left side. Bonnet-cap in blonde, with irregular knots of pink ribbon, and cluster of arbutus on one side.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING MANTLES AND MANTILLAS.

(See Cuts in Front.)

NO. 1.—THE ANTOINETTE.

This mantle may be worn as a step between a cloak and the lighter summer scarfs, being made to fall close to the figure, and can be corded without injuring its shape. It is in three parts; a double pelerine; the first rounding on the shoulders; the second falling just below the waist, with a full basque or flounce attached.

Material, dark-green *poull de soie*; trimming, a broad band of Tartan taffeta ribbon; but in plain, a fringe in green and black on the extreme edge. This is one of the most elaborate and stylish mantles of the season.

NO. 2.—LA MANUELA. A Spanish mantilla of black taffeta, falling rather low on the shoulder. Trimming, very deep sewing-silk fringe, headed by a row of guipure lace, set on with a slight fullness.

DESCRIPTION OF CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

(See Cuts in Front.)

Fig. 1st.—Street-dress of a young girl from nine to fourteen years of age.

Plaid raw silk in bright colors. The skirt in three flounces, trimmed with a plain taffeta ribbon, the deepest or prevailing hue in the cheque. A plain basque set on at the belt; the waist has *revers* or folds to match the skirt, and the open space is filled by a chemisette of Swiss muslin in close puffs. Puff of the same forms an undersleeve. Tiny collar of embroidered Swiss muslin at the throat. Bows on the shoulders and down the front, to plaid ribbon, to match the dress. If this style is objected to, as too elaborate, it may be made very prettily with a plain skirt, and without the basque.

Fig. 2d.—Dress for a little girl from eight to twelve.

Material, plaid *glacé* silk; white barred with two shades of blue; very delicate. Trimming, a quilled ribbon, blue and white. Two rows surround the skirt; two more are arranged in the fashion of a tunic.

The basque, which may or may not be added, is castellated, or trimmed in squares; the waist is made high by the addition of the muslin tucker given in the cut.

Fig. 3d.—Party-dress for a little girl, of white organ-die; the skirt embroidered in three rows of open stars of any color fancied; waist and sleeves trimmed with the same shade of satin ribbon, with rosettes to correspond.

Fig. 4th.—Fancy-dress for a child's party.

The skirt is of white cashmere, with a deep border of ruby-colored velvet, headed by four rows of velvet ribbon the same shade. Peasant's bodice, of ruby velvet, over a waist and sleeves of white Swiss muslin, carelessly laced and tied by ribbons to correspond.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

IN changeable April, it will be remembered there are few actual changes in dress, although all the shops are full of spring goods, and spring purchasers making preparations for the more genial skies of May and June. Chintzes answer to the crocus in first opening; *brilliantes*, with their white grounds and delicate patterns in green, blue, pink, purple, and brown, may be likened to the hyacinths; and we have besides in dress materials, lawns, organdies, *batistes*, *challés*, and every variety of delicate silk tissues, with any conceivable fancy name, mostly adopted from the prominent points of the seat of war, or the more brilliant engagements of the past winter, as the *Tissue d'Alma*, *Mousseline Aboukir*, *Soie Demantine*, *Gaze d'Orient*, all of which are prepared for the May Paris Exposition. *Batiste-de-laine* is a trifle thicker than either of the above materials, taking in a measure the place of *barège-de-laines*; then there are the travelling-dress materials, *cashmire de bège*, *mohairs*, and the like, with a trifling difference in style and color.

All the goods we have mentioned are distinguished by lightness of style and delicacy of color, the English chintzes having mostly white grounds, and the French, some of which come as high as half a dollar a yard, are light stone, fawn, and slate colored, with palm and other oriental patterns in rich shades. These are considered sufficiently handsome for morning-dresses, the English and American prints being principally intended for children and the school-dresses of young ladies.

For actual wear this month and the next, all-wool *mousselines* and cashmeres of bright medium colors, and in an infinite variety of patterns, with black or medium silks, are the most suitable wear. The first are trimmed with ribbon principally; the last much as we described the fall silks; the newest style perhaps being rows of ribbon, pinking, or whatever the edge may be, each side the front breadth, from the waist to the skirt. Knots of ribbon, or tags of velvet, are placed in the same manner. It is a becoming style for those that wish more than a plain skirt, yet are too short or too broad to venture on flounces. In the thick materials we have mentioned, *basques* are still made, very deep on the back and hip, and frequently much trimmed. For instance, velvet or moir ribbon, half an inch in width, put on in stripes plain, with the end or tag hanging over the edge of the *basque*, which is trimmed with sewing-silk fringe, to correspond with the color or colors of the material. A rosette of the same is on the fore-arm of the sleeve. Again, the *basque* is scalloped slightly, and a bow of ribbon, with flowing ends, placed at the head of each, say eight in all; a bow to match closes the corsage below the chemisette, and the openings of the sleeves.

Striped and chequered silks are still worn, as well as *reps*, *gros de Tours*, and *brocades*. The patterns are of infinite variety, and the colors fresh and spring-like. One of the prettiest of the cheques is formed by stripes of lively colors on a pale green ground. Around the inside of each square is a wreath of oak leaves of a darker shade than the ground. Other silks have the flounces bordered in a satin edge imitating lace; or in satin stripes, a darker shade than the silk, and graduated in widths.

The straw bonnets follow very closely the shape of those in silk, introduced about Christmas; we mean the long oval crown and slightly flowing brim. This is an almost invariable rule; the winter silk shaping the

summer straw, as the straws are principally sewn at that season. They are trimmed with ribbon and blonde. One of the novelties in dress bonnets is the substitution of lappets of lace or blonde for ribbon-strings; the bonnet should first be securely tied with narrow ribbon, which may be hidden under the barbes. The most elegant are made with a fall of rich lace attached to the brim, and tied lightly under the chin. The new styles of artificial flowers are very light and beautiful, both the wreaths and clusters. Those most in use for spring are fruit-blossoms, as the apple, peach, wild-flowers, the arbutus, violet, etc.; and the early garden buds and blossoms, flowing almond, lilac, acacia, azalia, lily of the valley, and many others, all exquisitely imitated with their foliage.

In mantillas, the indefatigable Brodie has many novelties. The introduction of the shawl patterns abroad is marked by one celebrated manufacturer announcing the *châle de Brodie*, in compliment to the taste and liberality of his transatlantic customer, well-known through his yearly visits abroad. We shall speak of Brodie's opening more particularly in our next. The *châle* valentine is best described by a foreign correspondent:—

"Shawls of black and colored silk, trimmed with fringe or lace, are much worn in Paris. Those of black silk are preferred, and are, therefore, most generally adopted. The shawls are square, and are folded so that the fringe or lace which trims them falls in a double row, one above the other. The corners are rounded, and the trimming is surmounted by a *ruche* of ribbon, a row of open-work guipure braid or figured cut velvet. At the neck, these shawls are fastened down in folds, and the folds are gradually diminished and carried off as they descend down each side, so that the shawl sits partially open in front. The folds are retained in their place by five *agraffes* of velvet or *passementerie*. We have had the opportunity of inspecting a packet of these shawls, just received from Paris. Those composed of light-colored silk are trimmed with silk of the same tint as the shawl, which is prettier than black lace. Some of those of light colors, for instance, lilac, gray, and pink, are embroidered with white silk; and in this case, the fringe employed for the trimming is of the same color as the shawl, intermingled with white. These silk shawls, thus embroidered and trimmed, will probably for a time supersede China crape shawls. For the trimming of shawls of black silk, a variety of the most elegant fringes have been manufactured; some consisting of silk intermingled with chenille and jet, are very rich and tasteful."

For still milder weather, and especially adapted to white dresses, there are the *barège* or tissue shawls, which have recently obtained much of fashionable favor, now produced in a variety of new designs and colors. Most of these shawls have broad borders, consisting of flowers of various hues and forms, or of palm-leaves only, the latter being the most general. Some have a plain middle, white, black, or colored; but those are the most elegant which have the middle figured. Some having a brown ground, covered with a gold-color pattern, the gold-color also prevailing in the palm-leaf border, are exceedingly rich. One of the most *distingué* we have seen has no border; but the ground, which is of a rich dark brown, is covered with palm-leaves figured in gold-color and brown, the palm-leaves being only about an inch long. Another, in the same style, has the ground in green instead of brown, and the small palm-leaves are in green and gold.

FASHION.



The Young Girl





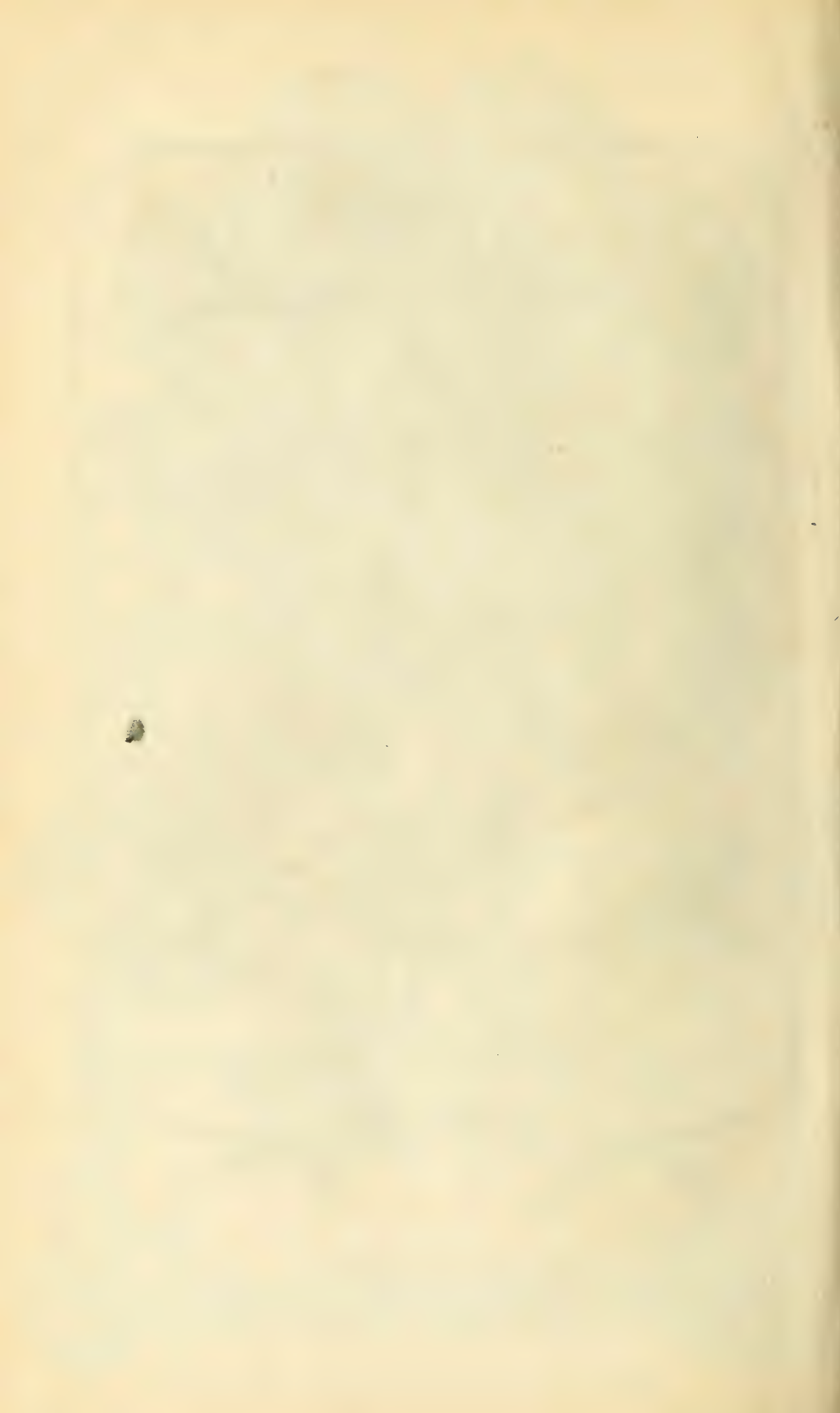
TEN WIPER.—EMBROIDERY IN BRAID.



TOILET CUSHION.—EMBROIDERY



The Queen of May.



NEW CAPS AND BONNETS.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



DOWN WHERE THE BLUEBELLS GROW.

SUNG BY

SIMS REEVES.

POETRY BY J. BRUTON.

MUSIC BY A. LEE.

ANDANTE.

mf

p

p

I know a spot which oft I deem'd of ru - ral haunts most fair,
And I have thought that heaven beam'd, With brighter sunshine there; It is a sweet se -

p



THE ALMA.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]

THIS garment is fashioned, as is also its companion the present month, with a deep frill or skirt set upon the body proper of the mantilla. The manner of its adjustment to the shoulders is sufficiently apparent from the illustration, as is also its general style, being so simple as to require scarcely a word of explanation. It will be observed that it is gathered in regular box-plaits upon an insertion of a beautiful style of gauze and satin ribbon of a trefoil pattern, which also outlines and adorns the garment. This frill is continued all the way to the bottom of the tabs in front, which are curved from their outside corner, and form thus a point with the middle line of division or the inside edge of the mantilla. The material of the one from which the illustration is made is of *glacé* silk, of that peculiar tint of pearly blue which lends such enchantment to the early day, before the sunrise has robbed it of its soft and misty loveliness.



THE BALAKLAVA.

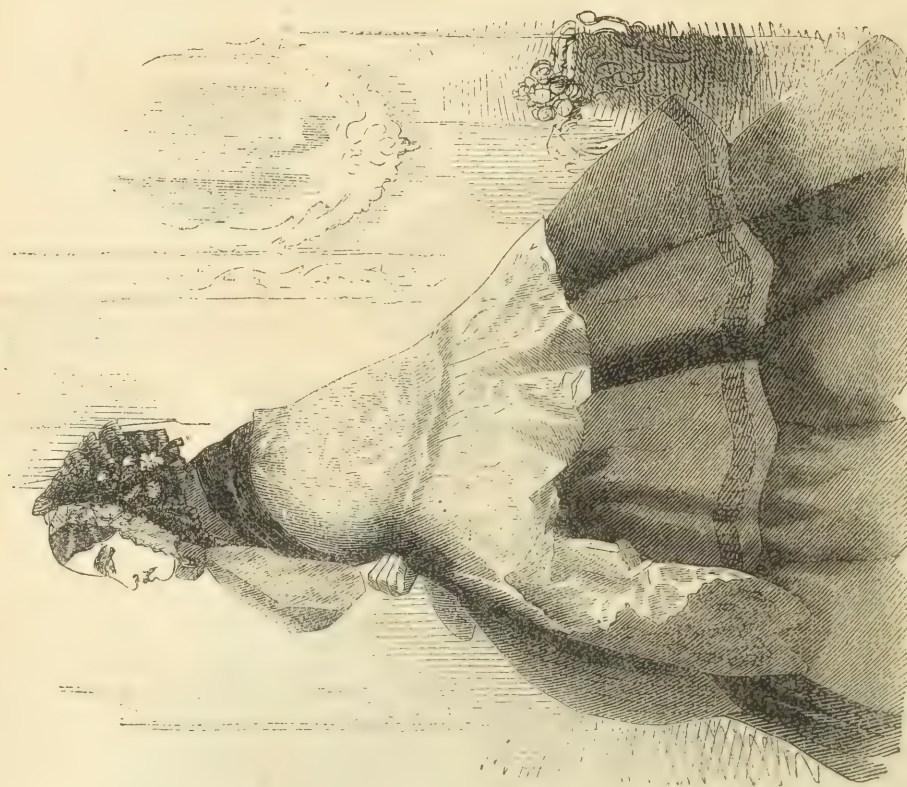
[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]

LIKE the preceding, this is also box-plaited in ample fulness upon an insertion of tulle, which, similarly with the upper portion and the stripe set into the frill, gives an airiness and charm to this beautiful style. The lozenge spaces formed by the crossing of the pearl-edged braid, which is sewed upon the tulle, gives an admirable finish to the garment, and relieves beautifully the solid character of the *gros d'Afrique* of which the main portion of the garment is fashioned.



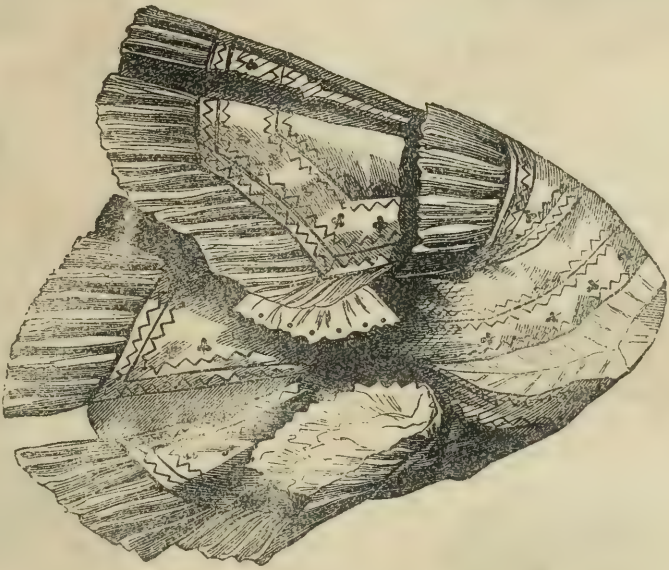
CHALE VALENTINE.

CHALE VALENTINE.—Of rich black silk, slightly plaited on the shoulder to fit the figure. For full description of this new wrap, see April number.



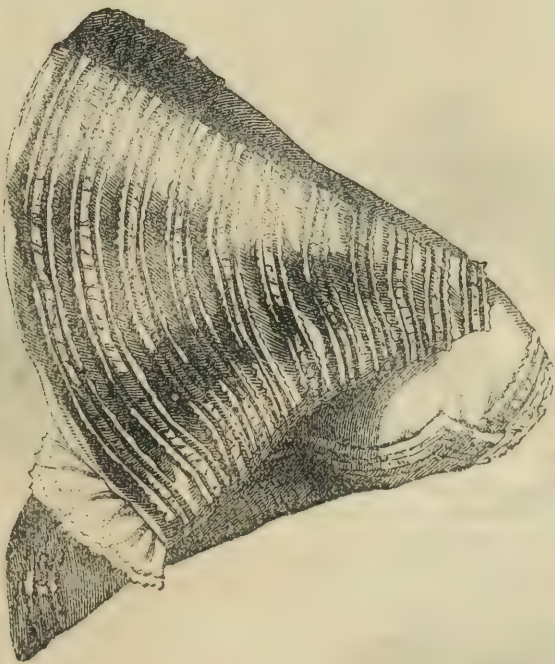
CARRIAGE MANTLE.

CARRIAGE MANTLE.—Of white embroidered muslin, with a deep fall or flounce of the same. These are intended for wear later in the season, and may be lined with any delicate shade of Florence silk.



THE EMILY.

THE EMILY.—Mantilla of fawn-colored silk, with a slight pattern of embroidery in black, filled in by black velvet shamrocks at intervals. Here also we have the sewing-silk fringe, so much in vogue—not so deep as in *La Manuela*—alternating fawn and black.

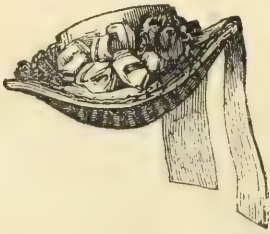


THE VIOLET.

THE VIOLET.—Suitable for a school-girl, or very young lady. It should be made from the same piece as the favorite spring walking-dress of the wearer, if possible, as it will look well in any plain shade. The form is very peculiar—fitting close to the bust, and lapping slightly from left to right. The shoulder is full trimmed, imitating a large cone sleeve. The ribbon trimming is of satin or taffeta, to correspond with the silk of the mantilla, set in rows, and drawn to a slight fulness.

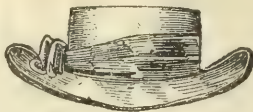
OAKFORD'S SPRING FASHIONS.

No. 1.



No. 1.—Child's hat of fine dunstable or split straw braid, with crimped straw-colored satin lining on the under brim, and rich straw-colored satin ribbon full-trimming interspersed with rich lace.

No. 2.



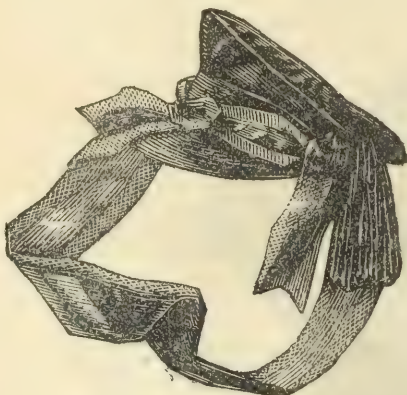
No. 2.—Boy's summer hat, of Panama, Leghorn, or fine braid.

No. 3.



No. 3.—Fine variegated metropolitan lace cap, embroidered with satin straw, with brocade ribbon trimming. This cap is very rich in material and style.

No. 4.



No. 4.—Lady's riding-cap, of fine light habit-cloth, plaited on top; fine ribbon trimming, with a rich and full tassel hanging over the left side.

No. 5.



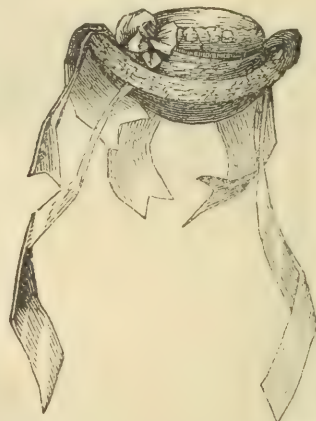
No. 5.—Boy's hat of fine Leghorn; striped rich velvet trimming.

No. 6.



No. 6.—Infant's turban, of fine Tuscan braid, trimmed with a row of Neapolitan lace on the edge.

No. 7.



No. 7.—Child's hat; satin straw braid, trimmed with two rows of fine satin quilled ribbon, with rich bow and streamers hanging over the brim, which is neatly rolled; and a fine quilling extends around the edge.

No. 8.



No. 8.—Lady's riding-hat, entirely new in style; round crown; bound with velvet or satin around the brim; double rich plume extending around the front and hanging gracefully over the side. These hats are made of smooth beaver, rich napped beaver, pearl, drab, or black, fine Leghorn, or straw.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1855.

FURS FOR THE LADIES; AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

THE quantity of furs used for clothing would naturally lead to the supposition that the animals which produce them must necessarily be found in immense numbers somewhere; this is really the fact. We do not see many of them in their wild state near the habitations of men; but in certain parts of the world they exist in such multitudes as to furnish an inexhaustible supply to the hunter. We have already noticed the Marten tribe. These are exceedingly numerous in the northern and temperate regions of both continents. They are carnivorous, and it appears to be their business in the economy of nature to diminish the numbers of the rodentia order of animals (the *gnawers*), comprising the squirrels, marmots, lemmings, rats, mice, and their kindred species, who would otherwise become too numerous. These latter feed on vegetable productions, and in their turn restrain the too rank luxuriance of the roots, grasses, and seeds upon which they feed.

"A late writer, in explaining the utility of the marten tribe in destroying vast numbers of the rodents (*rodentia*), makes the following judicious remarks: "The rodent animals in the forests of cold and tropical countries are subject to many contingencies from the severity of the weather, besides the direct and extensive consumption of them by the animals whose use in nature we are endeavoring to point out; and as they also have their use in restraining the exuberant vegetation of the summer (which, if allowed to go on, would run everything up to stem and leaf, without flower or seed), and also in consuming the surplus seeds (which in most plants are at least a hundredfold what is necessary for the succession); as there are these necessities for the rodent animals, in order to preserve a temperate healthy state of vegetation, and as the rodent animals are subject to the contingencies and direct spoliations which we have mentioned, the

uniform law of the system requires that they should be endowed with a fecundity equal to, or greater than, those means which tend to thin their numbers. We know that this is the case with all the tribes of the ground rodentia which are found in our own country; and we all may have read, if so inclined, of the perfect floods which are sometimes poured from the wild forests upon the cultivated parts of northern and polar countries; as, for instance, of the invasion of lemmings, which sometimes takes place in Norway, and by which the surface vegetation is as completely destroyed as it is by locusts in places nearer the sun."

"This great power of production is necessarily attended with a corresponding strength in the controlling power; and accordingly we find that in Siberia, in the northern parts of America, and, in short, round the whole polar zone, the rodent animals and the marten tribe, which prey upon them, exist in multitudes which no man can number; multitudes which, though hundreds of thousands of both kinds of animals are every winter killed by the hunter for the sake of their skins, do not appear perceptibly diminished. In this way, employment is given to a vast number of people in latitudes where, and at a season when, other occupation for man in the same localities there would be none; and thus, we find that in the natural economy of the polar regions, and in the severity of the polar winter, there is provision made for calling forth the skill and industry of human beings, and crowning them with an ample reward. Nor are the trophies of the thousands of slain, which are the produce of this labor, without their use in the grand commerce and accommodation of the world. It may be said that the furs of Siberia and Canada are 'luxuries.' But, we ask, what is meant by a luxury, if the thing alluded to contributes to human enjoyment, and the pos-

essor can afford it? If these two conditions are involved in it, everything is a necessary of life, and sable and ermine are just as much to one who can afford them as rags are to a beggar, or as the wool on its own back is to a sheep. It is often thought, and not unfrequently said, that the possession of such misnamed luxuries as those to which we are alluding produces envy and discontent in all who cannot afford them, and tempts many to obtain them by improper means. This, however, is the vice of the parties, and not the fault of the things complained of. There is an honest way of getting at them, and that is, 'to win them;' and there is or ought to be the greater struggle for improvement in proportion as there is more to learn. The fable—and though it is a fable, it has a moral—says, that the mighty Macedonian sat him down and cried when the world was won; but it will be remembered that he was bold, and venturous, and cheerful during the winning of

it. The moral of this fable is, that while there is anything to be won, we ought never to abate our cheerfulness, or slacken the hand of our industry; and really, in the natural view of the case, the man who has least has the vantage ground in this respect.

"We have thus endeavored to show not only that the martens have a use, and an important use in nature, proportionate to their numbers, and to their general distribution over the earth, but also that they are valuable to man in many respects. Some races, which will not quit, but rather which come and multiply in proportion as man cultivates, are useful in the direct preservation of his property from enemies against which he himself has no defence. Others again find employment and furnish wealth, and the wealth so furnished, if contemplated in the proper spirit, ought, as all wealth ought, to be converted into a stimulus to intelligence and industry in those who possess it not."



COMMON POLECAT.

Before taking a final leave of the extensive tribe of animals coming under the general name of marten, we notice two of the tribe, the polecat and genet of Madagascar. There are several varieties of the polecat, as, for instance, the common, the Polish, and the Siberian. Of these, the former is the most common of all the marten tribe. It is also one of the most powerful and most mischievous, while its fur is of little value, and its flesh is so rank as to be

rejected even by hungry dogs. It is about a foot and a half long, and its tail is about half a foot more. Its general color is brown, passing into yellowish on the flanks, with some white spots on the head. It is very destructive of rabbits, hares, and other small quadrupeds, as well as of poultry. It is found throughout the west of Europe and the north of Africa.

There is a beautiful variety of the genet kind, called by voyagers the genet of Madagascar, the



THE GENET OF MADAGASCAR.

animal being found only in that island. Its color is a grayish-red, marked with brown spots arranged on the back in four lines, with others scattered over the sides. Its tail is round and tapering, slightly marked with brown rings. It lives in the woods of Madagascar, near the villages. Its fur is soft, delicate, and very beautiful.

The great estimation in which the furs of this (the marten) tribe of animals have been so long held, and the severe labor which must be undergone in order to procure their skins, have tended not a little to confuse the natural history of them. The quality and color of the fur are, of course, the properties upon which its market value depends, and they consequently hold the foremost place in the thoughts both of the hunter and the dealer. With the exception of the ermine, the skins of all the rest are not only esteemed more beautiful in proportion as they are darker, but they are actually better in quality. For this reason a classification, according to color, of the skins in the very same animal is not only natural, but almost necessary. On the other hand, the labor that must be undergone in finding such small animals in the wilds, and the fact of the whole race being solitary animals, of which only one can be captured at a time, renders the real hunting one of the least profitable occupations in which human beings can engage; at the same time that it is one of the most severe, both in bodily labor and exposure to the weather. For these reasons, the hunting of the fur animals can be practised only by persons of the very humblest class, who

are incapable of doing anything better. Such persons cannot be expected to have any knowledge of the principles of natural history, or any desire to promote the practice of it, and we require no other proof of this than the fact that, with the exception of one or two spirited agents in the wilds of Canada, whose occupation was much more that of purchasers of furs than original procurers of them, the hunters of fur animals and the dealers in their skins have added nothing whatever to natural history. We have a remarkable instance of this in the case of the chinchilla of the western slopes of the southern Andes. The skins of these animals had been in common use by thousands for many years before any person in Europe knew from what part of the world they came.

The numerous tribe of foxes should be noticed as contributing largely to the supply of furs. But they are held in widely different degrees of estimation, according to the fineness and rarity of the different species. The more common kinds are low priced and extensively used.

The European or common fox is about one foot in height. From the muzzle to the other extremity of the body it averages about two feet and a half. A fawn color, intermixed with black and white, constitutes its characteristic hue. On the head, along the spinal column, the flanks, the posterior part of the limbs, and the sides of the tail, the fawn predominates. Grayish-fawn, sprinkled with white, prevails on the thighs and shoulders. The under part of the neck and breast anteriorly, a kind of half collar at the bottom of the neck, and a narrow

spot commencing at the interior angle of the eye, and descending towards the throat, are black. It is quite unnecessary, however, to dilate upon the colors of an animal so well known. The coat is thick, especially on the back and tail. In winter, the woolly are more abundant than the silky, and the fur is more valuable at that season. The silky hairs predominate in summer, and their number is not so great. The physiognomy of the common fox, its slender muzzle, large head, and shortness of limbs, in comparison with the body, are very generally known. The organization of the fox and dog, with one exception, is precisely similar. This exception is the eye, which in the fox resembles that of our domestic cat, and not that of the dog. In a strong light the pupil contracts, and appears only in a narrow and longitudinal section. It opens and assumes a circular form only during twilight or night. Consequently, this animal, like the cat, avoids the light, and prefers darkness and obscurity.

Foxes feed on small game, leverets, rabbits, moor-fowl, partridges, pheasants, poultry, eggs, moles, rats, field-mice, cheese, fruit, and particularly ripe grapes; also fish, oysters, limpets, carrion, etc., are devoured by them, together with snakes, lizards, toads, beetles, wasps, and bees. The species best observed do not breed

more than once a year, and litter from four to six pups in the spring. Foxes grow to the second year, and live thirteen or fourteen. Next to the dog, they have the greatest number of intonations of the voice, the yelp, bark, and scream with a sound resembling that of a peacock; they cry in hunting, and murmur when pleased: they lie down twisted in a curve, sleep profoundly, and, when watching birds, stretch the hind legs behind them.

The burrowing species, when hunted, make a direct effort to regain the earth, and, if this be stopped, they make a circuit and then return to the same, or to a second outlet; but, when convinced their home is closed up, they start off for some distant cover with great velocity, leaving a strong scent. Hounds hunt them with singular pleasure, and, before they can defeat the numerous wiles they have to encounter, are often tried to the utmost. In this respect, the English foxes appear to have educated themselves far above the continental, where, not being pursued in a similar manner, their sagacity and vigor of limb are less exercised. Finally, they justly deserve admiration, for being singly often more than a match for all the sagacity of twenty or thirty dogs, and a number of other animals that run after them.

The Arctic fox is smaller than the common,



THE ARCTIC FOX.

measuring only one foot eleven inches to the tail, which is twelve inches in length, and the height at the shoulder is about the same; the head is short, but the muzzle, being pointed, appears long; the feet and soles are thickly

covered with fur, like those of a hare, the tail densely clothed, and back and sides are likewise covered with wool and hair above two inches in length. During winter, the color is pure white, which, as the summer approaches, gra

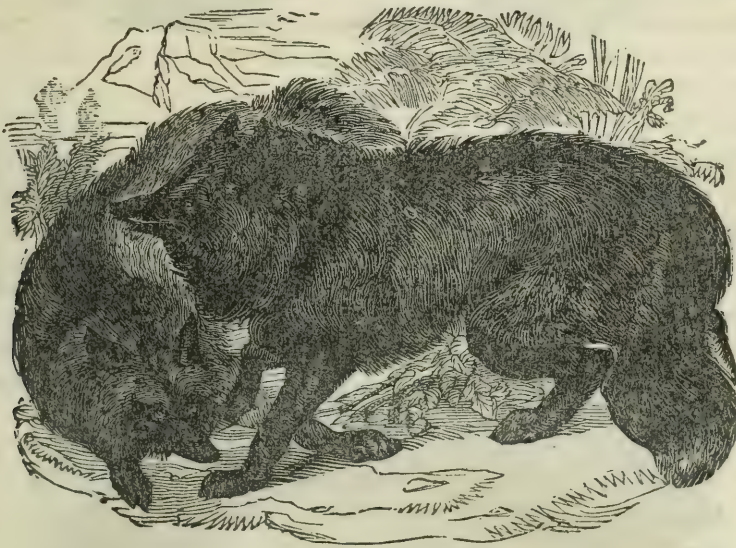
dually becomes browner, gray, or bluish on the head and back, along the upper surface of the tail, and across the shoulders. In this condition, when the fur is likewise less dense and shorter, these animals have been called cross and pied foxes; but, as autumn returns, the white hairs increase till they again acquire the winter dress. In Russia, they are more frequently bluish.

Both the races of America and the old continent reside in open deserts adjoining the Frozen Ocean, scattered over Eastern Asia, Siberia, and Lapland, but more numerous on the coasts; they do not descend in Russia so far to the south as in America, where they are found

nearly to the fiftieth degree of latitude. Their young are somewhat migratory, more social, sometimes gregarious, and more prolific than true foxes. Their burrows are in sand on the sea coast, very deep, provided with more than one outlet, and furnished with dry moss.

Although they are without the distrust of foxes, there is no want of sagacity in their conduct. The notice of Captain Lyon is sufficient proof of both; and their dexterous industry when searching for food, swimming from rock to rock to feed on birds' eggs, the young brood, or the parents, to catch fish or mollusca, is well known.

The cross fox of Europe is described by Gesner,



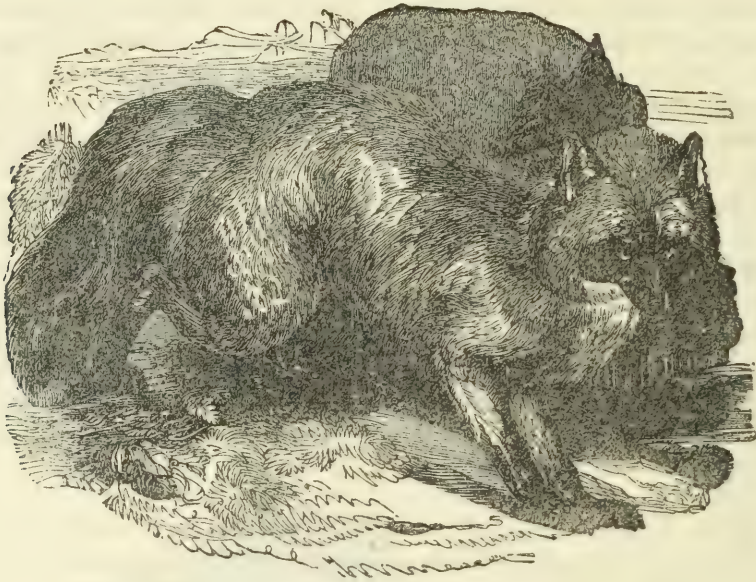
THE CROSS FOX.

from a communication received by him in a letter from George Fabricius, together with a figure; but no mention is made of the general colors, which, from the context, appear to have been those of the Swedish or Norway common fox; but a broad band of black passed from the nose over the head and back down to the end of the tail, and was crossed by another over the shoulders, extending in a narrower line over the outside of the forelegs down to the toes. This variety is noticed likewise by Olaus Magnus, and does not belong to Germany, being confined to the Scandinavian peninsula. It is a different species from that of America.

The red or Virginian fox of Palisot de Beauvoir was formerly confounded with the common fox of Europe, but is now determined to be distinct. It measures two feet three inches and a half in length, and the tail one foot four inches. The upper surface of the body is red fulvous, with various shades; the muzzle dark

rufous; forehead and cheeks pale; edge of the lips white; inside of the ears yellowish-white; the outside black; back and sides of the neck, shoulders and forelegs, bright rufous; on the back are some waves of whitish, because the longer hair is fulvous at the base and at the points, with a white space in the middle; the chest is gray, and the inside of the thighs white; anterior line of the forelegs black down to the toes, which are fulvous; the hind leg rufous above and whitish on the inside, as low as the feet; the tail is mixed fulvous and black, with a white tip.

The fur of this animal is remarkable for fineness and elegance, but for hunting it affords little sport, running swiftly a short distance only, and is then easily overtaken by dogs and horsemen. In propensities to rob the farmer, they yield nothing to the most mischievous foxes of Europe, and they are still more cautious in their proceedings. The red fox inhabits a

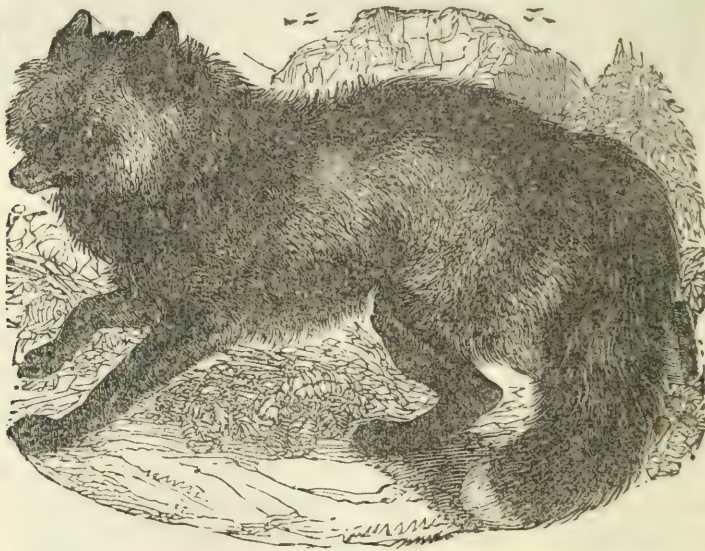


THE RED FOX.

great surface of America, being found in the wooded districts of the fur countries of the north, and there acquiring fur under the feet during the winter season, and growing to a

larger size than in the south, in which direction they are found as far as the Carolinas.

The silver fox appears to be the ultimate deviation from the typical color of the red fox,



THE SILVER FOX.

of which it is deemed to be a variety. When adult, and in prime fur, it is entirely deep, glossy black, with a silvery grizzle on the forehead and on the flanks, and occasionally there is a white spot on the breast. This variety is extremely rare, and the skins sell considerably higher than those of any other color. It is found in the same latitudes as the red.

Besides the Arctic, silver, and red foxes, we

have in America the gray and swift foxes. The former is very common throughout the United States. The general color of the animal is grizzly, becoming gradually darker towards the tail. It affords better sport to the hunter than the red fox. The swift fox is found between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains. Its hair is fine, dense, and soft. Its color is fulvous gray.

MY FRIEND MUGGINS'S EXPERIENCE IN ALBUMS.

BY A. E. STEWART.

"DID I ever tell you," said my friend Muggins to me one day, as we were sitting in my room, discussing the flavor of certain "Havanas"—"did I ever tell you, 'Squire, of my experience in those compounds of gilt-edged paper, turkey-morocco, and nonsense called albums?"

"No, Muggins," replied I. "I don't remember that you ever did."

"Well," continued he, tipping his chair easily upon its hinder legs, and pouring a cloud of smoke from his mouth and nose at the same time, a curious, but common practice of my friend Muggins by the way, "I called on Miss Nelly Jones one day, and she had just come into possession of one. She had won it in a game of philopœna," explained my friend Muggins, *sotto voce*; "and speaking of philopœnas, I have only to say, that that game is one of the greatest impositions now existing. If you win—which, by the way, you have very little chance of doing—two to one but you get a doll, or a penny trumpet for your pains; but if you lose, nothing short of an annual, a guitar, or an album, will pass at all. Besides that"—

"I am entirely of your opinion," interrupted I; "but, my dear Muggins, to come back to Miss Nelly Jones"—

"Well, she insisted upon my writing something in it. 'Just anything, you know, Mr. Muggins,' said she. 'I prize your autograph more than anything else.' I thought of Tom Hood's plan of sending *his* autograph in print, and half resolved to send her one of the last election tickets, which had my name on them for coroner. I had plenty of them left, you see, 'Squire, for I had one printed for every man in the county. I believe I only got six votes after all; but then, you know, it's a great thing to know just how you stand.

"While I was hesitating, Miss Nelly informed me that Mr. Sawbuck, my rival, had written—'Oh, the most beautiful lines! and so quickly, too! Why, he only had the album over night!' This was enough. If Sawbuck could write verses, so could I; and I could do it as quickly, too; so, affecting a careless air, I replied: 'Oh, certainly, Miss Nelly, if you wish it. I shall pen a few lines, and return it to you this even-

ing.' Stroke of generalship, you see, 'Squire. Going to do it in less time than Sawbuck.

"Accordingly, I departed with the coolest and most leisurely air imaginable; but after I got round the corner, out of sight, the way I made the gravel fly was a caution to locomotives. Popped into my room, threw off my coat, and commenced operations. I thought I would first inspect Sawbuck's verses, and see what I had to contend with, besides getting a hint perhaps; for, you see, 'Squire, I knew no more about writing in albums than a cat does about crutches, which, I take it, isn't very much. As they were the only ones in the album, I had no difficulty in finding them. They ran thus:—

LINES

TO HER WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

'Tis said that the beautiful goddess, yeapt by the poets
sweet Venus,
Had a sort of half-girdle, half-bodice (I don't half believe it, between us),
Which, if worn by herself or another, like a note drawn
"to A. B., or bearer,"
No gazer his feelings could smother, but straight fell in
love with the wearer.

But ——— the advantage possesses; she scorns even
Venus's charms;
No girdle need circle her dresses, except perhaps one
made of *arms*;
And if e'er of "that same you'd be wanting," though
to mention it makes me quite nervous,
I think I may say, without vaunting, *I've* a pretty good
pair at your service. S. S.

"Here, then, was the production against which my own was to be set. I didn't feel disheartened, however. On the contrary, I felt rather pleased than otherwise, that Sawbuck had done his first. It gave me the advantage, you see. I took a sheet of paper, scratched my head, and began. I was a little puzzled how to 'open up the subject,' but it struck me that Sawbuck had put in something about the goddesses, so I concluded to show off some of my Greek and Latin, too. As I had spent three years in studying them, and they had never done me any good yet, I thought I might as well put them to some service. So, I immediately commenced, and in a little more than five hours produced the following:—

LINES

TO MISS NELLY JONES.

If Venus kept an album (I hardly think she does,
For Homer says she wasn't cute, though Virgil says she
was),
And in it wrote the names of those most fit to cast a spell
Of witchery around all hearts, first would be lovely
Nell.

If Juno kept a list of those (whether she does or not,
I leave for poets to decide, and really think they ought)
Whose looks her jealousy might rouse—the cause I need
not tell—
The foremost on the scanty page would be my lovely
Nell.

If e'er I make a catalogue (I think I will some day,
For loving girls by wholesale, I find will hardly pay)
Of those whose look, whose tone, or touch, can make
my bosom swell,
The first, in staring capitals, I'll write, my lovely
N-E-L-L.

If I should ever conjugate (I'm much afraid I won't,
Though if you know the reason why, I wish you'd tell;
I don't)—
Oh, happy, if my lady-love should suit me half so well
As the loveliest, kindest, sweetest, most *perpulcherissimo*
Nell!!!

"Strike me, 'Squire, that is enough to make
Byron look to his laurels; and done in five
hours, too, and without gin and water, as they
say 'Childe Harold' was written!"

"Excellent!" exclaimed I. "Excellent, my
dear Muggins. You were certainly cut out for
a poet!"

"Do you think so?" said he, evidently pleased
with my enthusiasm. "Well, I thought so, too!
You see, I had displayed my classical know-
ledge; made two more verses than Sawbuck;
did it in less time, for I am confident that the
fellow sat up all night to write his; piled on the
agony splendidly; and wound up with a Latin
adjective, sufficient in itself to crush the conceit
out of all the Sawbucks in existence. And then
the sentiment, too! None of your new-fangled
ways of beating round the bush, but coming out
plump and square, and"—

"Yes, yes," interrupted I. "It's all very
true; but what did Miss Nelly say?"

"Well, I copied it out on a green leaf in the
album; signed my name, Mulberry Muggins;
took my hat, and started for Mr. Jones's. When
I got there, whom should I find in the parlor along
with Miss Nelly but that villain, Sawbuck? He
and Miss Nelly were just starting to the concert,
to hear some celebrated singer imitate a locomotive
whistle, or something that way, I believe.
'Oh, Mr. Muggins, are you done already?' said
Miss Nelly, as I presented the album. 'Well,
I'm sorry I haven't time now to look at your

verses, as we shall be late at the concert.' Of
course, I didn't detain her, and they went out
of the room, Sawbuck giving me a look, as he
passed, which made me trim my nails next day,
for fear I should be tempted to spoil his counte-
nance next time we met. I chatted awhile with
Miss Nancy, Miss Nelly's younger sister, and
took my leave.

"But I wasn't going to leave matters in this
state. I determined to see Miss Nelly's actions
when she saw the verses, which, you know,
Squire, amounted almost to a declaration. The
window-blinds had been left open, and the cur-
tains were drawn a little apart, so that, by putting
my head close to the window, I could command a
view of the entire parlor. Acting upon this cir-
cumstance, I walked about the streets in a deli-
cious state of excitement until the concert was
over. I remember hearing afterward that the
locomotive imitation was a failure. Miss Nelly
and Sawbuck came home, and I, standing in the
shade of a tree on the sidewalk, saw him escort
her up to the door. Confound him! It was so
dark that I could not see what passed; but I
distinctly heard a noise, just as if some one had
slapped his hands together! What the mis-
chief could that have been? If it hadn't been
that she had been so fond of me that morning,
I should actually have suspected that he was
kissing her. As it was, of course that supposi-
tion was out of the question.

"When Sawbuck was gone—I remember I
had very hard work to keep from 'pitching into
him' as he passed me—I slyly opened the gate,
and went up to the window. Miss Nelly had
just laid off her bonnet, and picked up the album
as I reached it. Now, you see, 'Squire, I had
supposed that Miss Nelly's first motion would
be to kiss the volume, press it to her corsets,
and turn up her eyes, while 'Dear Muggins'
would break from her rosy lips. I had ciphered
it all out, you see, while I was standing under
the tree, and had concluded that this would be
about the proper course for a modest young lady
to pursue. Miss Nelly took up the book, looked
rather suspiciously at an ink spot that I had
unfortunately made, opened it, and began to
read. Now, in my sidewalk soliloquy aforesaid,
I had settled that Miss Nelly would frequently
pause in her reading, to give vent to her admi-
ration; and, at the close, she ought to lift her
hands and eyes to heaven, and exclaim, in tragic
tones: 'Ye gods! and will the mighty intellect
that produced this ever lay his heart at my feet?
Alas!

"'It were all one that I should love
A bright particular star, and think to wed it!'

or some other equally sensible and feeling remark. Miss Nelly, however, read through the verses without stopping, and at the close lifted up her hands and eyes just as I had supposed. I was so overcome with ecstasy, that I didn't quite catch what she said, but I thought I could distinguish the words 'great beast!'"

"Alluding to Sawbuck?" said I.

"Perhaps so," replied he. "However, she immediately got up and left the room. I remained standing on tiptoes—I remember I suffered tremendously with the cramp that night in consequence—until she returned, bearing in her hand a paper-cutter! She advanced to the table with a look of resolution, took up the album, and then, as if suddenly recollecting something, came to the window—I, in the mean time, shrinking until the rim of my hat rested on the top of my boots—and closed the curtains! Of course, the 'show was out' for that time, so I came away."

Here Muggins paused, knocked the ashes off his cigar, and then puffed away in silence.

"My dear Muggins," said I, after a pause, "I am anxious to know what Miss Nelly was going to do with the paper-cutter."

"Ah, 'Squire," said he, "there you touch upon a tender subject. I never could exactly settle

that in my own mind. Sometimes, I think that she was a going to cut out Sawbuck's verses, and sometimes that she had concluded to cut out mine, in order to carry them in her bosom conveniently; but the 'great beast,' and the mysterious noise, together with a peculiar glare of light, which shone through the curtains as I turned to take a last look at the house, as if some inflammable material was being consumed within; and some other little circumstances, such as her sister Nancy's telling me that Miss Nelly had gone out when I went there the next day, though I was certain that I saw her eyes, without which she couldn't conveniently have left the house, I should think, staring at me from between the window-curtains at the same time; these, and similar occurrences, I say, have raised such doubts in my mind, that I have never been to see Miss Nelly since. However, to-night I intend"—

"Halloo, Muggins, look out of the window here! A wedding-party, upon my word; and there, in the front carriage—yes, as I live, it's Miss Nelly Jones and Mr. Samuel Sawbuck!"

Muggins looked out a moment, and then bit the end of his cigar clean off.

"Confound the album!" said he.

THE SICK-ROOM.

THE care of the sick devolves on women. From the highest to the lowest none are, properly speaking, exempt from this charge. 'Tis true that those who are rich can hire experienced nurses, but still the responsibility and the anxiety rest with the mistress, for she cannot hire affection, thoughtful care, and all those little attentions which make the sole comfort of an invalid; she can merely secure a species of human machine which mechanically performs its duties, and between whiles eats, drinks, sleeps, and comforts itself. There are many excellent and kind-hearted professional nurses, but there are also more who have become, as it were, petrified by the habitual contemplation of suffering, and who merely regard the patient with a business-like eye.

In a sick-room, the kindness and attention of the nurse often operate far greater marvels than the skill of the doctor, for she is there every hour, she sees every change, and can minister to so many little wants. Those trifles which make up the events of an invalid, those minor details

so unimportant to a person in health, those whims, and desires, and nervous susceptibilities which appear almost childish to lookers-on, will be studied by a good conscientious nurse, and overlooked or disregarded by one who either does not feel interested in the patient, or has not sufficient sympathy to induce her to study these matters. In the former case, the invalid will be soothed and cheered; in the latter, irritated and depressed. Surely it is not difficult to conceive which influence must act most beneficially upon the system.

Gentleness, watchfulness, firmness, judgment, some delicacy of feeling and *savoir faire*, and a truly Christian spirit, are the distinguishing characteristics which will best adapt a woman for fulfilling this phase of her duties. There are many who, from intense solicitude or romantic devotion, will give way to those impulses of feeling which lead them to devote themselves so entirely to the nursing of some beloved relative, that all other duties, and even self, are wholly forgotten. What is the consequence of this

error of judgment? Their own health succumbs, and they become not only useless, but render themselves sources of trouble and anxiety. How much better to have husbanded their strength, so as to be able to remain useful! That despised article, common sense, would teach us all so much if we would but stop to listen, if we would not mount, each one, our own peculiar hobby, and gallop off at a tremendous rate, heedless of all sign-posts, and often regardless of even hedges and ditches. Affection! feeling! sentiment! nerves! how much has been done and left undone in these names, especially as regards the subject we are now treating of! while poor dear Common Sense has been decried as a most unfeeling person, and rudely ejected when she strove to make herself heard.

Yet in few places is common sense a more valuable assistant than in the sick-room. Aided by self-command and good feeling, she will transform the most uninitiated person into an excellent and efficient nurse. Let us hear a few of her fundamental principles:—

Speak in a low but perfectly distinct voice, both to the invalid and to any one who enters the room, in order that, although no unnecessary sound may be heard, the patient's ear may not be fatigued by striving to catch the words, or excited by mutterings or whispers addressed to some one else.

Let your countenance be calm and cheerful, your manner soothing and hopeful, and your words such as may cheer or comfort the mind.

Avoid all fuss, all hasty movements, all noises that may startle or disturb; let even your dress and shoes be chosen with reference to quiet.

Keep everything in its place, so that in an instant you can put your hand on it when required; have hot water, clean cups, spoons, and glasses, and well-aired body and bed linen always handy; let the air of the room be changed frequently; avoid all bad smells, or remove them as soon as possible; pay strict attention to the temperature of the chamber, and keep it as even as may be; and regulate the light with equal care.

All food offered to invalids should be daintily prepared, and presented in the most careful manner. How often, when we have been longing for food, have we turned from it with disgust because we had seen the nurse cool it with her breath, or taste it, and then drop the spoon back into it, and present it to us. Nor is it well to inquire of invalids what shall be got for them. If they express a wish for some particular thing, well and good, let it be got for them, if reasonable; but a trifling delicacy unexpectedly brought will often tempt the appetite; besides, a sick

person, or even a convalescent, is often too languid to be at the trouble of thinking about eating, and would sooner go without; or if he or she chooses something, it may be the very thing which would be improper or prejudicial, and then comes disappointment, and a species of disgust of all else, for in illness the appetite is ever capricious.

Nowhere is cleanliness of such paramount importance as in the sick-room. Do not let us be misunderstood here. We do not mean that an immensity of sweeping, scouring, and dusting is to be done, but simply that the chamber must be kept clean and ventilated, that the bed and body linen must be changed often enough to refresh without fatiguing the patient, and that the air must be purified by means of vinegar, or other disinfectants.

As there are so many kinds of illness, no general rules can be laid down, and our friend common sense must be allowed to be the special adviser. In one case body and mind may be paralyzed by weakness or languor; in another, the body may be agonized, and yet the mind clear and active; while in a third, the body may be sane, the mind insane. Hence no one who is a mere machine, guided by certain rules, can be a good and efficient nurse; no one who does not study how to minister to the mind as well as the body, who will not endeavor, to a certain extent, to identify herself with the tastes, feelings, and even prejudices of the patient, can be really useful.

What we have hitherto said applies chiefly to adult patients; to nurse a sick child may seem a far easier task, but is not so. What gentleness, firmness, playfulness, and, above all, what patience are needed in the sick chamber of a child!—for in time of illness a child is doubly a child, almost a baby again. Sometimes, when we have been visiting that most excellent institution, "The Hospital for Sick Children," we have involuntarily found ourselves studying the countenances of the different nurses there, in order to form some opinion of their fitness for the arduous responsibility they had taken upon themselves, and caught ourselves thinking how hard it would be to send one of our own cherished darlings, when stricken with illness, to receive from strangers that care which only a mother can properly give. And yet that institution is a most excellent and valuable one, not only to the poor, but to society at large, for it removes the stricken child of some poor couple from the close room it shared with a large family, giving to it quiet and cleanliness, and good air, and saving them from the danger of

infection; and it affords a school, and the only one in England where medical men can study the diseases of children—a branch of their profession, of which too many know very little, as the great mortality among children of tender ages most plainly testifies.

Every housekeeper should always have a store of old linen, cambric, and calico rags, and old pieces of flannel; these are easily obtained by saving worn-out linen, flannel, and other garments, or at least the useful portions of them, and treasuring old silk and cambric handkerchiefs. Such things are invaluable in time of sickness for poultices, fomentations, leeches, &c. Those who have them not will do well to visit a pawnshop, or the emporium of one of those purchasers of wardrobes; and having there found one or two articles of no value but to be torn up, to buy these, bring them home, have them thoroughly washed, and then put them away for use.

It may seem to some that we dwell too long on a sad and painful subject, but it is good for us at times to be serious, to turn from the contemplation of life's pleasures and enjoyments, and look upon its darker pages; for it has been beautifully said by an eminent writer, that "suffering is not a slender, dark thread, winding every now and then through a warp of dazzling brightness, but it is interwoven with the whole texture. It is not incidental, but designed for us; it enters into God's purposes; it has a great work to do, and we know nothing of life until we comprehend its purposes." Again: "Suffering nourishes the tenderest sympathies of our nature; it raises us to energy and a consciousness of our own powers, and at the same time infuses the meekest dependence on God; it stimulates us to cherish and prize the blessings of this world, and at the same time weans us from and lifts us above mere earthly things."

There is no home into which sickness may not come at any hour; and as it is to woman that the office of nurse is invariably delegated, surely every woman ought to learn betimes all that will best qualify her to become the ministering angel, whose presence shall bless the long hours of pain and confinement. False delicacy, foolish weakness, and all that can militate against usefulness, should be early overcome. We have seen a daughter scream, and weep, and wring her hands, while her mother lay fainting before her; we have seen a mother shriek and fall on her knees, and utter words of agony, when some accident happened to her child. But what did all this unavailing grief benefit the sufferers? How much better she who, controlling her feelings, thinks only how she can administer relief.

Some might deem her callous, but God knows what *real* feeling is concealed behind the pale face, white compressed lips, and quivering eyelids; but to utter it might weaken her, and incapacitate her from rendering that prompt assistance which may even be requisite to preserve life. It is our private opinion that every woman should have a general knowledge of the anatomy of the human frame, and of the functions of its various organs; also that she should be acquainted with chemistry to a sufficient extent to prevent her from committing absurd errors in cookery, or the making of perfumes, cosmetics, and pomades, or pickles and confectionery; and to this we would add that she will find it useful to understand the qualities and action of the drugs and medicaments in most common use, in order that she may not administer them to herself, or any members of her family "promiscuously," but with some slight notion of what she is about. We do not, however, mean to advise "our housewife" to "quack" herself or those belonging to her, for many a constitution has been ruined by over-physicking; but there are cases in which some household remedy, promptly applied, will often prevent a long illness, and then every one should know how to act.

Women should understand the making and applying of poultices, leeches, fomentations, warm baths, and similar things; but how few do! They may fancy themselves clever in such matters. We have now a young person in our household who rushes on headlong in everything of the kind she undertakes; makes a poultice in the kitchen, and wonders that it is as cold as ice by the time she has carried it up into the second floor; applies fomentations, and damps the bed and nightclothes, so that a chill, instead of heat, is produced; opens and shuts the door again and again while the invalid is taking a warm bath, and forgets to have warm towels and linen ready. Her will is good, and her self-esteem large; but, like many more would-be nurses, she turns a deaf ear to common sense, or has done thus so many times that it no longer troubles itself to advise her.

So much is every day written on all matters relative to illness and disease that we should only be unnecessarily taking up the time of our readers if we were to set about giving detailed instructions for the performance of those duties we have specified, and many others incident to a sick-room; therefore we content ourselves with dealing in generalities, and acting the part of sign-posts which point out the road, and leave the traveller to follow them or not, as it pleases him.

ROWENA FONTAINE.

A SKETCH OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

THERE is something very peculiar about a Southern summer. The thermometer seldom rises as high as it does now and then among the mountains of Maine or New Hampshire, and each day, as it comes, seems a very endurable one. But it is in this long continuance that the true secret of its power lies. With terrible patience, the sun girds himself day after day, and week after week, to run the same race. With an eye at once bright and pitiless, he looks down on those who have crept too near the throne of his power, and while for the less adventurous ones, he has days of relenting, when he veils his face with soft clouds, or lets his beams fall on them sparkling through the light rain, upon them, the audacious intruders, from June till September, he turns one burning gaze, unflinching and unbroken, excepting when he summons all his mighty forces—the wind, the lightning, and the storm—and lets them go free to their utmost.

The early part of the summer was easy enough to bear, and I had amused myself over my exaggerated dread of it; but before it had ended, I had learned that there is a power in perseverance more subtle and subduing than in intensity or vehemence. My thoughts were constantly roving to the cool recesses that my childish feet had haunted; and one day, sitting with Virginia Percy and Rowena Fontaine, I began to describe a particular spring, welling out from a mossy rock in the side of a mountain, whose waters, in the heat of summer noon, were as cool as if their unfathomable depths were encased in ice, and as clear and bright as crystal. No Bacchante, deprived of her goblet, could have dwelt with more longing pathos on her past enjoyments, than did I descant on the deliciousness of that water, which, in my childhood, I had drank after the fashion of Gideon's chosen men, out of my hand, and which, when years had given me the inventive faculty, said to be peculiar to my countrymen, I had been used to quaff from a cup formed of a twisted leaf.

Virginia was one of those persons who, with the power of gratifying almost every wish, never seem to indulge in any. She had no whims; no "desires for the unattainable," or caprices

of any kind. Duty was her guiding star, and to herself and the world in general she was rigid and severe; but to the few whom she called her friends, she was indulgent to the fullest extent. All their little follies and weaknesses were a part of themselves, and, as such, she liked and yielded to them. If it had not been for this peculiarity of hers, she would not have been half so lovable. Therefore, while listening to the account of this remote spring, as inaccessible then to me as if it had been in the top of an enchanted mountain, and guarded by three fiery dragons, she was revolving in her mind some plan to make me forget for a time my great deprivation.

"There is a place near here that is said to be always cool," said she, at last. "It is where the Ashoba winds between two hills, and the trees grow very close and large about it. We used to go there a great deal when we were children, for there were a number of enormous grape-vines hanging from one tree to another, enough to make swings for all of us."

"Let us go there," said I. "One cool breeze would be delightful to me."

"Suppose we make up a party," said Rowena, "a pic-nic, and go. It has been so dull here for the last six weeks!"

Quiet ruralizing was not to Rowena's taste.

The idea pleased us, and after consulting Mr. and Mrs. Percy, we began to make preparations for it. At first, we intended to have the party a very select one; but, finding that the plan seemed to please the popular mind, and that it would be difficult to avoid giving offence if we carried out our intentions, we yielded to the tide, and giving up the care of inviting the guests to Rowena, who, we were sure, would do the business thoroughly—in fact, Virginia said, we might as well have asked a bellman to go round and summon all the Loudonites to a grand barbecue—we prepared ourselves for a day of uninterrupted enjoyment.

Our road for some distance lay over an almost level plain, whose hardly perceptible undulations were covered by tall grass, faded, yellow, and dry by the summer heat; occasionally, we caught glimpses of the river rolling slowly along, its current heavy and turbid with the rich soil

through which it had passed. I had never before appreciated the beauty of meadows, with their close green carpet, or mountain streams, dashing their clear waters from rock to rock, as now, when, by force of contrast, they rose vividly in my mind. I had begun to despair of seeing anything that would compensate me for rising at four o'clock in the morning, when suddenly the carriage turned into a grove of trees, some of which must have been old enough to have sheltered the first white man who had wandered through that part of the country.

"Isn't this beautiful?" asked Virginia, as a turn in the road brought us in sight of the river, winding cool and dark under the overhanging hills.

I assented warmly, and sprang out of the carriage, with the avowed intention of spending the rest of the summer in that secluded spot. I found plenty who professed their willingness to join me in my retreat, for more than half Loudon were already assembled at the rendezvous, and were all prepared to enter with spirit into the only sociable amusement that had offered itself for weeks. The pic-nic went on very much like all others of the same kind. There was the usual amount of rambling and sitting in shady places with little knots of selected companions; the usual medley at the collation; and perhaps rather more than the usual amount of flirting.

This last excess was probably owing to Rowena, whose nature and education had both combined to make her the most finished flirt it has ever been my fortune to meet. She was a Napoleon in her way, and, like him, she had one constant opponent always lying in wait, watching for every vulnerable or weak point, and trusting to time and chance for a victory that he could gain in no other way. It was rumored and believed that she had refused twenty eligible offers, besides some half-dozen others that were considered doubtful, or not worth counting. Mr. Maxwell Latimer, the gentleman who had predetermined to play the part of Wellington in this mimic conflict, was supposed to have endured more defeats than he was willing to own.

It was always an inexhaustible source of amusement to me to watch Rowena with her train of followers, and see how she contrived to keep them all occupied in attending to her whims, and interested in her caprices. Restless and volatile, full of life and spirit, and outraging all rules of etiquette, there was yet an innate propriety that kept her within certain bounds; and even in her wildest freaks, there was something that showed that she was a lady, and that she

was to be treated like one. She reminded me of an unbroken colt, rebelling against all control of bit or bridle, but obeying in every wild movement an inner law of grace and gentleness of spirit.

She was not beautiful, though she was constantly called so. The only perfect feature in her face was her mouth, which was faultless both in shape and expression. Her hair, too, was generally admired. It was of a soft auburn tint—it had been red when she was a child—and fell in natural ringlets around her face. It had been very long and abundant; but, not many months before, it had been cut during a severe illness, and now had but just grown long enough to allow Rowena to twist it up with some difficulty. Tresses were constantly slipping from the comb, and hanging around her neck, or falling over her temples in picturesque and becoming confusion. One part of her headdress had perplexed me a little when she laid aside her riding-hat. Where could she have got those long curls that floated over her comb at the back of her head? Her hair could not surely have grown so in a single night. She soon solved the mystery for me herself.

"What do you think of my hair, Pauline?" she asked, in a whisper.

"It looks very well; but those curls?"

"They are Aunt Lucy's; some she used to wear when she was a girl. She put them in for me, and they looked so pretty I would not let her take them off."

"You will lose them before the day is over," said I.

Rowena laughed, and shook her head.

"That would be dreadful!" said she. "Just imagine it, Pauline. I should die with mortification."

"You will never get home with those curls safe," replied I.

My prediction was fulfilled in an unexpected manner late in the afternoon. I was sitting in a pleasant nook, talking with a lady, a Mrs. Judson, and resting after a long and fatiguing ramble, when I heard a laughing voice calling—"Cousin Anne, have you your needle-case with you?"

Looking up, we saw Rowena at a little distance, holding up to our view for sympathy and assistance a large rent in her muslin dress.

"Mr. Latimer did it, and now he is to help me to mend it," said she, while the delinquent gentleman, hardly seeming as distressed as the occasion required, approached Mrs. Judson for the implements, with which she always provided herself on such occasions.

Rowena seated herself not far from us, and

began her task, which promised to occupy her for some time; and Mr. Latimer, delighted to find that at last he had an opportunity for a little uninterrupted chat, threw himself down by her. After the usual fashion with people of her description, Rowena's conversations were generally carried on in too low a tone to be heard, except by the one person for whom her remarks were intended, so that I had no idea of the purport of the whispers that passed between Mr. Latimer and herself; but I could see that the gentleman himself was not satisfied with them, and leaned back with a doubtful and troubled expression.

His eyes rested admiringly on the softly rounded shoulder, gleaming white through the thin muslin; on the delicate throat, and the graceful head, with its soft rich hair, slightly disarranged by the heat and exercise of the day, and now lying in thick waves and masses. I knew by the motion of his lips and hand that he was asking for a lock. I saw that it was merrily, but decidedly refused. His lips closed firmly, and "I bide my time" was legible in every line of his face. He played a moment idly with the scissors, then slowly raising his hand, he cautiously severed one of the floating curls from the rest; and a second "Rape of the Lock" was achieved.

Rowena had sat very still during this little operation, which Mr. Latimer had thought so dexterously performed; so still, that I was sure, by a slight trembling about her lips, and a sly flicker of her eye, that she knew exactly what he was about. He held the stolen curl triumphantly before her.

"See, Miss Rowena, I will keep this while I live," said he.

"Will you? Would you like the others? You are quite welcome. I am sure Aunt Lucy would be very glad to give them to you;" and with a mischievous laugh, Rowena flung the curls into his hand, and hastily finishing her dress, sprang off.

Mrs. Judson and I joined in her merry laugh, and Mr. Latimer could not repress a smile as he threw aside the curls and joined us.

"I hope you are satisfied now, Maxwell," said Mrs. Judson. "If Rowena had had the slightest feeling for you, she could never have done such a thing as that."

"No, Cousin Anne," said he; for Mrs. Judson was his cousin, too, although he and Rowena were not connected, except by that slender link; nearly all the families in Loudon were related in a very complicated and confusing manner. "No, Cousin Anne, until Rowena proves her

indifference to me by marrying some one else, I shall not give up my hopes of marrying her. I have loved her for the last ten years, ever since she was a little girl, and her father called her in and made her say 'Young Lochinvar' for me. I determined then that, if possible, she should be my wife; and my resolution is as strong now as it ever was."

"How often has she refused you, Mack?" asked Mrs. Judson, a little maliciously, I thought.

Mr. Latimer hesitated a moment, and then replied, with a reluctant smile—

"Only seven times; but I began, you know, when she was thirteen."

"You could not have done a more foolish thing, if you had wanted her to accept you. But, it seems to me, if you had half the good sense I have always given you credit for, you would long ago have dismissed all thoughts of one so light and trifling as Rowena Fontaine is, wasting her time and thoughts indiscriminately on every man she meets. If she has any heart at all left by this time, which I doubt, it certainly is not worth the trouble of gaining."

Mr. Latimer did not seem pleased with these severe strictures.

"You judge her very harshly," said he; "she is only more full of life and animation than her companions. When she marries, she will make a good, affectionate wife, I am sure. She is a devoted daughter."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Judson, "that is the best point in her character; if it were not for her love to her father, I should think her incapable of strong feeling of any kind."

After a little more conversation of the same nature, Mr. Latimer rose to seek Rowena once more; and soon afterwards, the party dispersed.

Not many weeks after, Rowena's father was seized with a fever, and brought suddenly to the gates of death. She hung over him in the deepest sorrow; for, excepting her young brother, he was her only near relative in the world.

"What shall I do without you, father? What shall I do?" sobbed she.

"If you were only married, dear child; if you would only marry Mr. Latimer, it would be a great relief to my mind. I should feel then that I left you with some one who would take even better care of you than I have done. He was with me this morning, telling me how much and how long he had loved you; and I promised him I would speak to you about it. I would not urge you against your wishes, but you and Robert are both so young and thoughtless, that it is agony to me, worse than all my other sufferings, to think of leaving you unprotected."

"Would it make you happier, father, if I were to promise to marry Mr. Latimer?"

"Yes, dear, if you think you could love him well enough."

"I like him better than any of the others; not as well as I do you, father. I never could do that, and so I did not care to leave you. But I like him very much; and if it could make you more easy, you may tell him so."

Accordingly, Mr. Fontaine sent for Mr. Latimer, and had a long conference with him, the result of which was, that they both entreated Rowena to allow the ceremony that was to decide her fate for life to be immediately performed. Mr. Fontaine knew her fickle temperament, and though he did not doubt her sincerity at the moment, he dreaded to trust her to the chances of a year's delay.

Rowena consented, as she would have done to any request of her father's at that hour, and the clergyman was summoned. Mr. Fontaine collected all his energies to listen to the office, that seemed doubly solemn from the place and time in which it was performed; and then, all excitement passing away, he sank so rapidly, that, for some hours, Rowena hung tremblingly over him, dreading that each moment should be his last.

For two days and nights, his life hung fluttering on every breath, and, during all that time, although the house was filled with sympathizing relatives, anxious to make themselves of use, Rowena could not be persuaded to leave her father's room even for an hour's rest, or for the food she needed. She sat with his hand in hers, and her eyes fastened upon him, as if she thought that, if she loosened, by the slightest withdrawal, the strong bond her love had upon him, his soul, already half freed from its earthly tenement, would take its flight forever.

During the latter part of this time, the doctor had begun to give her a little encouragement; and early on the morning of the third day, finding that his patient had sunk into a deep slumber, he insisted that Rowena should lie down in another room, if only for an hour, assuring her that he looked on her father as almost out of danger. At last, she consented, on condition of being called the moment her father moved, and sought her own room. On opening the door, she found it already fully tenanted. Two aunts were sleeping in her bed, and three cousins were crowded into a couch hastily prepared on the floor. Judging from this, that all the other chambers must be occupied, she turned to the parlor, and threw herself on the sofa, intending to allow herself but one hour's sleep at the

utmost; but, worn out with her long watching, her slumber soon became so profound, that the household movements, hushed and subdued by the presence of illness, failed to disturb her.

It was noon before she awoke, and, although the shutters had been kept closed for fear the light might rouse her, yet the sun, ever true to its one purpose of melting the very souls of men, had managed to force enough rays into the room, through various chinks and crevices, to enable her to discern all the objects within it dimly; but her attention was for the time abstracted from all outward things. She lay in a half-sleeping reverie, in which the feelings and events of the last few days passed before her languid mind, as if self-summoned, uncontrolled by any volition of her own. Suddenly, amid the thronging shadows, one started into life with a reality and vividness so striking that the rest faded away and left it to itself.

Was it possible that the event she had never looked forward to but as the possible and probable termination of a long course of pleasure and conquest, had suddenly come upon her to cut it short in its commencement; and that she did not feel the least sorry that it was so; she lay meditating upon it.

"Married—married"—she murmured to herself.

"Yes, dearest, married at last," said some one bending over her; and, looking up, Rowena met Mr. Latimer's glance, in which, with the affection, there was a little triumph blended.

"How did you get in here?" asked Rowena, starting up.

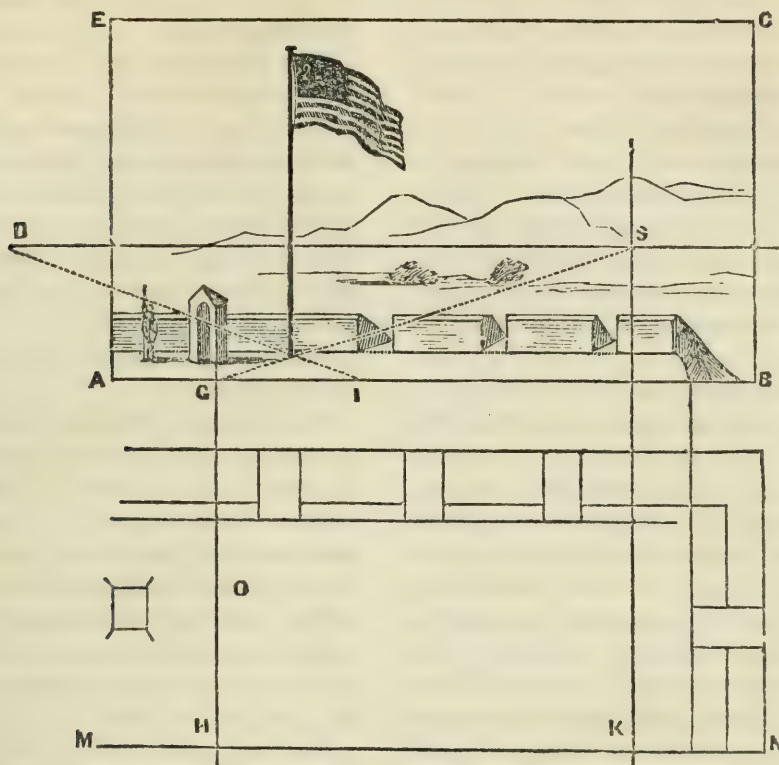
"I came to see how your father was, and I am glad to tell you that he is much better; and finding that you were sleeping here I thought I would wait till you awoke."

"I must go and see how father is," said Rowena, springing out of the room before he could detain her.

In course of time Mr. Fontaine recovered; and the next topic that interested the people of Loudon, who fulfilled the apostolic injunction, and "looked every man upon the things of his neighbor," as literally as most inhabitants of small towns are accustomed to do, was how Rowena would conduct herself in the new estate, for which she had seemed so little prepared.

She disappointed all the ill-boding Cassandras of the place, by developing a talent for house-keeping, which amounted to a genius, and absorbed all the energies of her most energetic nature. Her husband bought one of the finest places to be obtained in the neighborhood, and in a few years she had made it one of the pret

Fig. 16.



The diagonal D I will intersect a visual line G S at the required perspective position of the object.

In drawings made on this principle, in which a plan of the object is first laid down, with the positions of the station and plane of delineation, paper more than twice the size of the proposed picture is required, which is sometimes inconvenient. This objection may in many cases be

removed by inverting the plan, and making the base-line of the picture serve the double purpose of the base of the plane of delineation and of its position on the plan. In this case, the station-point of course is placed above the drawing, instead of below it, and the plan of the object is shown inverted, below the drawing.

PECULIARITIES OF ENGLISH ADVERTISING.

THE "London Times," with its supplement, is said to contain as much printed matter as would fill a three-volume novel; and what novel ever yet touched on the variety of subjects which may be found in its columns? Facts, surmises, every ill that flesh is heir to, and every remedy that science can discover and quackery invent. The lovers of fiction could scarcely find anything more touching than what we meet with every day in its advertisements. The few words of entreaty from parents, wives, and friends, to the one who has desolated them, to come back; *the return* the only condition required for entire forgiveness for all the anguish which has been inflicted. It is impossible to read these brief notices without a touch of sympathy for those suffering the pangs of separation, aggravated by

suspense and apprehension; for the unhappy wife, whose husband may have parted in anger, or for some chance hope of procuring help for those at home, or full of happy anticipations—what heavy hours of watching and of listening! And for the poor parents to whom that young girl belonged, whose age, appearance, and dress are brought before us by a few words. Who can tell the horrors of the long dreary hours since she left them? And will she return to them pure and unblighted as when she last stood by them on the domestic hearth? Many a tale of woe can be gathered from the few words given. Such as these frequently meet the eye; they were found, a few days since, in the "Times" columns of advertisements: "R. R., you do not wish me to write to you: I will not. You will

not desert me? Let me know if you have seen this." It is well to turn from the heartlessness of which it is evident the writer was the victim, to the world of kindness conveyed in the short sentence or two we now copy from the "Times:" "John Wilson—My dearest brother Jack, *come to me*; my means are sufficient to support us both. I can also get you employment. For the love you bear me write immediately; do not keep me longer in this suspense. Signed A." We can scarcely think that this loving appeal can have met with anything but an affectionate response.

Advertisements, as now published in England, were not general till the beginning of the 18th century. Any person advertising a reward for the return of things stolen, was liable to a fine of £50, if the words "no questions to be asked" were added. The *Hue and Cry* was the common law process of pursuing "all robbers and felons, with horn and with voice, from hundred to hundred, and from county to county." The hundred was formerly bound to make good all loss occasioned by the robberies therein committed, unless the felon were taken. But by more recent acts, it is now only answerable for damage committed for riotous assemblies: its advertisements still continue to proclaim losses, all ending with "God save the Queen." Among a vast number, curiously put, the following was inserted a few years since: "Lost, a small English spaniel, marked red and white, with long ears and fantail. Answers to the name of 'Topsey.' Whoever brings him to the owner shall receive a reward of ten shillings. God save the King! He lately had the mange." By such slight transpositions of the sense, the most ludicrous effects are frequently produced. We lately read—"Wants a situation, a man and his wife, a short time disengaged. Age, thirty-four together or separate."

A rat-catcher advertises—"Rats and gentlemen caught and waited on by Solomon Gundy."

The following appeared in a provincial paper in Ireland, a few years since: "Missing from Killarney, Jane O'Fogarty; she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow—all black, with red hair and tortoise-shell combs behind her ears and large spots all down her back, which squints awfully." Here, indeed, is inextricable confusion between the cow and the delinquent.

A volume of poems was announced after this fashion: "Poems on various subjects written by a gentleman fifty years since, who has now slept in his grave for many years, entirely for his own amusement."

The sale of a gig is thus notified: "To be

sold, a gig, the property of a gentleman without a head." It is evident he could have had but little use for it.

By a slight mistake of the press, truth sometimes slips out—as "a never failing remedy" became "an ever failing remedy." The gravity which an appeal to our better feelings is sure to induce is frequently disturbed by a few concluding words, such as in the heart-rending entreaties of the parents of Mary, which "urge her to return home—or, at least, to send back the key of the larder."

These advertisements appeared in the London "Times."

The styles of the advertisements might be classified; that coming under the head of Temptation would be large indeed. Who could withstand the following? "A nice hot plate for your venison, game, haunch of mutton, &c." There is infinite judgment in thus presenting the various articles of food in review, as it were, to the mind, and it requires no stretch of imagination to conceive the difference of being helped on a cold or hot plate.

We have seen "the Reversible Waistcoat" advertised day after day, and, after puzzling for some time over the announcement, we have at last come to the conclusion that it is made after the fashion of some of the habiliments of Bryan O'Linn—"skinny side out and the woolly side in." When we read of "The Elysian Shirt," what exquisite ideas we form of the article!

"Lee and Perrin's Worcestershire sauce," we are assured, is "the best *sauce extant*;" indeed, if we inquire into the most remote times, nothing so admirable could be found. From what has been divulged respecting this condiment, we may indulge freely in its use, with the pleasing impression that we are at the same time actually under medical treatment. "The celebrity of the same," we are assured, "has extended to every quarter of the globe; its efficacy in promoting the general health is becoming daily more and more acknowledged. In the United States it is esteemed for its tonic and invigorating properties, the habitual use enabling the stomach perfectly to digest the food." One of the fortunate enthusiasts, who imbibes this miraculous sauce, writes thus to the gifted inventor: "I have carried a bottle of your Worcestershire sauce in a tour, which I have just completed, through Spain and Portugal, and I believe I owe my present state of health to its use. Your sauce is a stomachic, and, I think, medicine—I can with truth say, there is nothing in a traveller's baggage so essential to his comfort, at least in these countries, as your sauce—and in

India also, where it is found at the mess of every regiment." In corroboration of this last-mentioned fact, we are favored with the following extract from the letter of a medical gentleman in Madras to his brother in the same profession at Worcester; it comes thus with double weight, as being the opinion of a medical man, and the affectionate communication of a brother, who is, of course, anxious to impart what is most interesting and important. "Tell Lee and Perrin"—it is thus he writes—"that their sauce is highly approved of in India, and that it is, in my opinion, the most palatable as well as the most wholesome sauce made." "This sauce," as Lee and Perrin themselves tell us, "is suitable to every variety of dish, and the universal demand which its excellence has created has led to many imitations being offered to the public."

Some among us can remember Packwood's style of advertising—it was sure to secure a reading—it is still occasionally resorted to. "The war in the East" leads us insensibly and unexpectedly into the midst of a "choice stock of India Pongee Handkerchiefs." "The close of Holidays" at once suggests thoughts of "Rowland's Macassar Oil for the Hair," and "Rowland's Kalydor for the Skin." The use of these articles at once dispels all notions of holiday times. "The Meeting of Parliament" ushers in no less than "500 entirely new fancy bonnets;" how these bonnets are to influence the debates is only hinted at by its being stated that they are "*just imported from Paris.*"

"*An alarming Crisis!*" brings us somewhat more circuitously to Mr. Spinks's ware-room, where we are apprised that that magnanimous individual is bent on making "the most enormous sacrifice on his fancy articles." This self-devoted martyr, for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, offers his goods at "such prices as must excite universal astonishment!" Indeed, it must be said, in justice to our dealers, that very many among them are perfectly reckless of their own interest, coming forward to proffer their goods for considerably "less than first cost," thus sacrificing all pecuniary advantage for the indulgence of an excess of generous feeling.

The catechetical style of advertising, perhaps suggested by Pinnock's educational books, is now very much the mode. "Do you keep livery servants?" is demanded: if we reply in the affirmative, the course of action lies before us. "Doudney's Liveries satisfy Masters and Servants." Ah! if our statesmen would take their measures after this conciliatory fashion, what a satisfied world we should live in! When asked, "Do you want luxuriant hair or whiskers?"

it is at once easy and natural to turn to Messrs. Graham's Nioukiene, and every lady and gentleman may rely on being furnished with a fine head of hair, and those attractive ornaments—whiskers, moustache, and eyebrows." These laconic notes are appended to the advertisement: "My hair is quite restored—*Miss Orme.*" "I have a full pair of whiskers, thanks to our Nioukiene—*H. Robb, Esq.*" "It has cheated the grayness.—*Mrs Jones.*"

"Does your hair fall off?" inquires another; "if so, consult Mr. Taylor, and he'll 'guarantee to stop the falling off in 48 hours, by the application of his miraculous 'Botanical extract.' " Of course this must be some preparation of *Harebell.*

"Do you bruise your Oats?" is followed by some pithy remarks on a machine invented to save you the wear and tear of doing it with your own hands.

"Have you bought your spring dress?" points at once to Hyam's new Spring Stock.

"What shall I take with my chop?" would demand serious reflection, were not a rational answer supplied: "The Picardy Sauce—luxurious, invigorating, appetizing, giving a piquant and delightful taste to fish, flesh, and fowl—refined palates instantly appreciate it, and in the wide, wide world there is not its equal. Depot, 7, White-friar Street."

The authoritative style is very general:—

"Examine your Tailor's Bill!" has an awful sound, and we can imagine the look and manner in which it would have been spoken by Mrs. Siddons. Advice so excellent is followed by what is equally good—"If you are dissatisfied with the charges, try 62, New Bond Street."

"Keep your feet dry"—is a happy introduction to a new kind of Over-all.

At least a hundred and fifty self-qualified medical practitioners tell us of at least a hundred and fifty recipes for obtaining robust health. We do not think the following, copied from "Saunders's News-letter," of August 28, 1758, promises more than we meet with every day in the advertisements of modern quacks:—

"The famous Doctress, Brazill, a gentlewoman from Great Britain, takes this opportunity to inform the public that she cures the pain in the stomach, or side, in nine days' time; liver-grown, in young or old; foulness of blood; scurvy and pimples on the face; pains in the bones; the decay, in old or young; the gout; the bite of a mad dog; deafness, &c. She hath performed these cures in London, Bristol, and Bath, as may be proved by many in this kingdom."

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GETTING INTO SOCIETY," "MRS. MURDEN'S TWO-DOLLAR SILK," "MUSTARD TO MIX," ETC. ETC.

"WHAT could have possessed Seth Grovner to marry?" everybody said, when they received his wedding-cards. "And what in the world would his sisters do, poor girls! after having devoted themselves to him all their lives, to have a sister-in-law put over them now, and their nice carpets and furniture spoiled by a family of young children?"

It was a serious affliction, certainly, and felt so by the Misses Grovner themselves, before their friends came on visits of congratulation to the happy pair, tempered by asides of meek condolence to themselves.

The bride, the last person in the world they should have expected Seth Grovner to marry, could not help seeing that she was held in the light of a social calamity by the highly respectable circle into which she suddenly found herself introduced. It required all her amiability to give up the slippered ease and dressing-gown comfort of her own room, twice or thrice every morning, for the first six weeks of her married life, in answer to a summons from the parlor: "Mrs. Jones, an old and highly esteemed friend of the family, having called on her;" or to be introduced to "Miss Paul, sister Sarah's particular pattern of propriety." Then there was Mrs. Peter, who had confidently intended that, if ever Mr. Grovner did marry, it should be her oldest daughter, Mary Jane, and the young lady herself now turned of thirty, and wearing high colors and a great many flounces. Mrs. Alibone, the most fashionable woman on the list, "had been a Proudfit," said Miss Sarah, in enumerating the fine people who visited her;—probably "her mother was a Powler"—only, as "Hard Times" was not then written, that fact had not been ascertained.

The circle in which the Misses Grovner visited, and which forthwith commenced making preparations for a round of solemn entertainments to the bride, was composed of highly respectable families, though respectability is never an antidote against dulness; unfortunately, in this case, as in many others, it was rather a promoter of it.

Mrs. Seth Grovner wearied of sedate morning calls, in which she sat on precisely the same corner of the sofa, and answered to the

same catechism as to whether she had "ever been in Philadelphia before, or was this her first visit?" and "How did she like Fairmount?" "Had she seen Laurel Hill yet?" and "Didn't she *admire* Girard College?" when Kitty, the waiter, after the lapse of just so many minutes, made her appearance, and, at a sign from Miss Grovner, presented the silver cake-basket, on the largest silver tray, to the guest, to Mrs. Seth, and then to the sisters-in-law, successively, who made a feint of nibbling at the bride-cake as long as the visitor did, and must have eaten citron and plums enough to make them sick for the rest of the winter, in the course of the allotted six weeks. Then Kitty, replacing the cake-basket on the round-table in the back parlor, presented the cordial and wine-glasses, which Miss Sarah arose to fill, and Mrs. Seth's good health was solemnly proposed and "sipped," at the risk of best silk dresses and new gloves; while the bride herself invariably declined both cake and cordial, with a lack of knowledge or defiance of etiquette, which sincerely distressed her new relatives, and gave the visitor something to talk about for a month to come.

If Mrs. Seth wearied of such trifling civilities as these, and the restraint of evenings passed in the back parlor with her two sisters, when her husband read the newspapers, or played chess with Miss Sarah, and Miss Grovner looked over the board suggestively, holding her worsted-work in her hand; while *she*, poor girl! who did not play chess, and detested fancy work, was not expected to read, and felt herself "checked," whether the players were or not, at any attempt at sprightly conversation, how her spirit rebelled at the entertainments got up at so much expense and trouble for her especial benefit, and which she never was allowed to decline. No matter how much her head ached from the furnace heat, to which she was entirely unaccustomed, or what cold she had taken wearing her bridal-dress four evenings out of six, or how much she wanted to write home, in answer to a most loving letter that day received, and over which her tears had fallen like rain, the ordeal must be gone through with; the grand toilet—for every one made it a point that

she should "appear in character;" the formal presentation; the stiff conversational circle, for there was little dancing and less music, as may be imagined, in these highly respectable families; the supper-table, with the invariable terrapins and oysters, the ice-cream, the calves-foot jelly and cake; and, worse than all, being expected to enjoy herself in this dreary, monotonous routine, the natural element of her sisters-in-law, to which even her husband had grown accustomed in his long attendance, in a brotherly way, upon them.

If she had been of a weak, timid disposition, she could have suffered herself to be withered into acquiescence, or frozen into the required mould of stiffness and formality; if she had lacked consideration for others as much as she was mentally accused of doing, she would have rebelled at once, and caused open scandal by stirring up her husband to insubordination; but being neither, having a cheerful, light-hearted, and thoroughly independent spirit, tempered by good sense and discretion, Mrs. Seth set herself quietly at work to escape the thralldom that threatened her.

She knew their brother's marriage had been a shock to the Misses Grovner, and especially his choice, a country-girl of three-and-twenty, when he was at least fourteen years older, who could never be trusted, they feared, with the family silver, and who seemed to be entirely ignorant of domestic skill in pickling and preserving, with no idea of the routine and severe *espionage* necessary to keep a household in the exact order to which poor Seth had always been accustomed.

It was always "poor Seth!" now, generally emphasized by a low sigh and little shake of the head. His health would be ruined! for they had discovered Mrs. Grovner encouraged him in going out, when it was fair over head and dry under foot, without his umbrella and overshoes; for the first time in his life, he had declined a course of boneset and chamomile tea for a slight hoarseness; and it was more than suspected that he had "tampered with himself" by taking an infinitesimal dose of sugared pellets, instead, from the heretical black leathern case they had discovered on his wife's dressing-table.

"Poor Seth!" when Mrs. Grovner talked boldly of the opera, and dared to say that *their* piano had not enough octaves by one and a half for some of her favorite arrangements by Herz and Hummel, people they had never heard of; and Miss Sarah's performance of "The Battle of Prague" and "The Spanish Retreat" had been so celebrated in their set on that very in-

strument. She would be wanting a new one next!

And, above all, "poor, dear Seth!" when not only a new piano, but a new house was talked of, and he seemed actually so blinded as to imagine it would be the best thing for all of them that the family circle, so long unbroken, should be divided, and he should set up an establishment of his own, in a modern house, in a new street, with furniture that *could* be moved from one side of the room to the other, if occasion required it, and entirely lacking the hue and the polish of that remote period to which their own claw-footed tables and side-boards belonged.

Nothing less than a complete rupture was expected by all sympathizing friends, who, of course, had "seen how it must all end from the first, and, for their parts, were not in the least surprised;" and nothing but the most delicate tact and kindly consideration on the part of Mrs. Seth could have averted it. She had been as far-seeing as their friends from the first, and though it would have been her part, according to modern theories, to submit meekly to all the losses and crosses of her lot, she did not feel herself called upon to do so, when the income of her husband was sufficient for a separate establishment, and his sisters had been left entirely independent of all masculine aid and succor, which was probably one reason it had never occurred to them to think of matrimony on their own account.

Still, there was a slight coldness between the two contending forces, Miss Sarah loftily declining to offer or give any assistance in the choice of furniture or servants, though, we must say, she punished herself by so doing; and Miss Grovner suspended the copying of the family receipt-book, which she had commenced as a kind of legacy, as soon as she heard Seth was determined to marry, the original going to Sarah, of course. And another thing said Miss Grovner to Miss Paul: "Who in the world would visit them?"

"Seth would be cut off from all congenial society, for it was plain to be seen his wife would never be a favorite in their circle! She had never taken the least pains to conciliate Mrs. Peter, and Mrs. Jones had not been the same friend since the night she wore a dark silk at the little party Mrs. Jones was so good as to give; and then, with her music and riding lessons—it was preposterous for a married woman to take lessons, any way—what time would there be to see after the house, suppose any one should overlook Mrs. Seth's shortcomings,

and go there? Perhaps it was just as well that mortification should be spared them. But poor Seth!" And Miss Grovner pulled up her black lace mitts, and shook her head towards the portraits of her late lamented parents over the mantel-piece, as much as to say she was glad they had not lived to see the disastrous day. It was enough for her and Sarah to have to bear it.

Respectable as they were, there was one "rancor in the vessel of their peace," before their brother's wife had come to disturb it so greatly. They never had been *fashionable*. Their father had made his money in a business for which they never had had occasion to blush; they had always worn, and eaten, and drank "the best of everything," to use Miss Sarah's favorite expression; yet Mrs. Alibone was the only person with any pretension to fashion who visited them, and, strive as they might, their social position had never varied since they moved into the Twelfth Street house, before their mother's death, and bought the Brussels carpets and blue and fawn curtains that still decorated the parlors. They were secretly shocked at Mrs. Alibone's small bonnets and very free conversation; but she had been a Proudfit, and the L—s, and the C—s, and the D—s, and P—s visited her, so she was petted and courted by the Misses Grovner, who delighted in nothing so much as news of this world from which they were shut out, and caught up every detail eagerly, to be repeated again to Miss Paul and Mrs. Peter, who were *not* visited by Mrs. Alibone.

One of Miss Sarah's most ambitious dreams had been that their brother Seth's marriage, if it ever did take place, might unlock the doors of this palace of enchantment—the fashionable world—to them. She never had agreed with her sister in considering Miss Mary Jane Peter a suitable match for her idolized brother, though not venturing so far as open dissent.

Why should he not marry a fashionable woman? Gentlemanly, well read, and handsome he certainly was, though rather quiet and old-fashioned in his manner. But, after all, he chose to fall in love with and marry, on a two months' notice, a young lady from a country town, who had come to the city for music lessons, with no particular style or connections, or any special attractions so far as they could see!

It was this very absence of pretension that had charmed Mr. Grovner; it was so different from anything he had heretofore met with in ladies' society; and he began to wake up to a new life in her frank, affectionate, buoyant disposition, never fully developed before they were

fairly settled in their own home. He was sorry that his sisters allowed themselves to be so blinded to his wife's attractions, and admired the amiability which she displayed in keeping up the established Wednesday visit to Twelfth Street, where she was treated with so much studied reserve, no matter what agreeable invitation or engagement was declined.

"All in good time," said Mrs. Seth, whose kindly nature was grieved at the trouble her sisters-in-law persisted in making for themselves; but she could not in her heart feel sorry when Miss Paul ceased to visit her, and Mrs. Peter declined a sociable tea invitation, which she had felt it incumbent on herself to extend.

And now she speedily found herself in a more congenial element, where she was welcomed for her gayety, and the charm of her one chief accomplishment, a musical talent, remarkable in one who, heretofore, had had such a limited opportunity for its development. Who her visitors were, the Misses Grovner never condescended to inquire, and as their visits were stately, and stated monthly returns of the Wednesday tea-drinkings, they seldom encountered any of them. They mourned over their brother as lost to society; they looked narrowly for symptoms of melancholy or decline, while neither would confess to the other that he grew younger, livelier, and more agreeable every day.

The birth of a nephew was the first shock to the resolute determination of the Misses Grovner not to countenance any of their sister-in-law's proceedings. The first child in the family since the advent of its papa, thirty-six years before, could but make a stir even in the stagnant waters of Twelfth Street.

"For you see Kitty," said Miss Grovner, prying into a long unopened drawer, "it's my brother's child after all, and is to be named David, after my father, which, I suppose, he insisted on; so, it is only fair that he should have *his* father's christening-dress;" and the admiring Kitty held up her hands at the production of a marvellously wrought slip of the finest India muslin; the waist an inch and a half long; the skirt in proportion. But babies were dressed to fit in those days, and the trailing length of modern christening robes was an undreamed of extravagance.

Two leaves of the manuscript receipt-book, relating to possets and panadas, accompanied this invaluable gift; and Mr. and Mrs. Seth looked at each other across the baby, and smiled, when this first olive branch was received, at the decided token of a truce, as well as the quaint cut of the odd little garment, which the most

lively imagination could not now picture as having enveloped Mr. Seth's well-developed figure.

Miss Sarah suffered from a passing disappointment when her nephew was presented to her. It was the first time in many years that she had beheld such early infancy, and the undecided complexion, unclassical turn of features, and limp expression of figure, were not what she had fondly anticipated. However, David he was called, another trait of his mother's amiability; and Miss Grovner said, "she trusted he would grow more like that best of men—her father—daily." Mrs. Grovner thought of the stiff old gentleman with the white neck-cloth, blue coat, and brass buttons, over the mantle in Twelfth Street, and hoped the kindly wish would never be realized.

The addition of Daisy—that was his mother's name for the juvenile—and his nurse to the family party, made Wednesday quite another thing.

Miss Grovner submitted to any amount of litter in the back parlor, and was always studying out some remarkably nourishing compound from the family receipt-book, which his mother was obliged to avert by every style of stratagem, nursery diet being as different in character as nursery costume in the olden time, wine and spices not being considered by modern schools as suitable as farina or plain sago.

Daisy's mamma could but receive some of the flattering attentions showered upon the young gentleman, and it was wonderful how many good qualities came to be developed through this new medium.

"Kitty," said Miss Sarah to their staid receptacle of all the news and opinions of Twelfth Street, "you may take this easy chair back to my mother's room; it really makes a very nice bed for my nephew, and I see that his mother has very proper ideas about regular naps."

"How she seemed to relish those potted pigeons," said Miss Grovner. "I think I shall finish copying those receipts after all."

"David's complexion improves wonderfully," continued Miss Sarah; "and Mrs. Seth has promised to see about a set of those worsted aprons from the repository. I'm glad I mentioned them to her. By the way, I heard when I was in there yesterday, that Mrs. Flag is to give a grand ball on the 13th. I suppose we shall have all the particulars from Mrs. Alibone; it is really quite delightful to have her back again. I have quite lost the run of things since she went south."

"It will be very exclusive, no doubt," said Miss Grovner, with a little sigh. "If my brother had but improved his advantages"—

"Who knows?" resumed Miss Sarah. "We might have been going with Mr. and Mrs. Seth."

"I don't think Mary Jane has ever been introduced to Mrs. Flag."

"Who said anything about Mary Jane?" responded her sister, a little tartly. "There are other people in the world! But we need not think of these things now. However, it has turned out better than could have been expected."

"Yes, I think it has, Sarah," said Miss Grovner, thoughtfully; "and perhaps we ought to exert ourselves a little more for Mrs. Seth; she must be dull, poor thing, without any society. Suppose we invite a few friends to meet her next Thursday."

"That is the 13th, the day of the ball. Mrs. Alibone will be engaged, sister."

"Oh, true! Well, we will think about it, Sarah, and talk it over with Kitty. What day would be most convenient for her? We will have some of those trifles she used to like, I remember, when they were first married. I think David has my father's nose decidedly—the Grovner nose—or will have as he gets older. Yes, we really must try to make it a little more cheerful for my brother and his wife, shut up as they must be."

Benevolent Miss Grovner! She had not forgotten her little plan, and was waiting a favorable opportunity to introduce it, the Wednesday following, when Mrs. Alibone called, and was warmly received, as usual, the only drawback to Miss Sarah's enjoyment in the anticipation of hearing all about Mrs. Flag's party being Mrs. Seth's position at the moment she was ushered in; actually sitting on the carpet, for the more effectual amusement of Master Daisy, established on one of Miss Grovner's best bedroom pillows.

"So, you're going to Mrs. Flag's! We supposed so," said Miss Sarah, with itching ears for the communication that was sure to follow.

Mrs. Alibone graciously entered into particulars. She was just tolerated in the Flag set, on account of her connections, she well knew, and her triumph was confined to such recitals among those who had not even this *entrée*.

Mrs. Seth listened, with a little smile playing across her fine face now and then, particularly as Mrs. Alibone enlarged on one especial attraction promised, some very fine amateur music, superintended by *Rubelli* himself.

"Short sleeves, with Honiton caps, coming almost to the elbow, and my new ornaments," said Mrs. Alibone, out of breath enumerating the different articles of her showy costume.

"Nobody has asked me what I'm going to

wear," said Mrs. Seth, looking up demurely, and at the same time saving Daisy's Grovner nose from a bump with a basket-rattle.

"You?" exclaimed her sisters-in-law in a breath.

"Daisy's mamma, me," said Mrs. Seth, quietly.

"If mamma's little man can spare her."

"I don't understand," said Miss Sarah, simply.

"We were talking of Mrs. Flag's," added Miss Grovner, by way of explanation, thinking Mrs. Seth had not rightly heard the name.

"I know," said she, very composedly; "Mrs. Flag's."

"Perhaps Mrs. Seth can tell us," resumed Mrs. Alibone, with just the slightest possible expression of scornful incredulity, "who is going to sing with Mrs. Flag the duo from Donizetti's new opera she has had sent to her in manuscript from Paris; that is one great feature of the evening. I wish you could hear Mrs. Flag, with your musical taste, Miss Sarah. Such execution!"

"Daisy's mamma," was the hand-grenade tossed lightly to the astonished group on the sofa. If it had been one in reality, it could not have had a more startling effect. Mrs. Alibone departed suddenly. Her reign was over in Twelfth Street; that was plain to be seen, her late absence from the city accounting for her ignorance of Mrs. Seth Grovner's intimacy in this inner circle of musical amateurs.

If Miss Grovner could have served every delicacy in market on one dinner-table, it would have been done that day, as an ovation to her brother's wife, who was henceforth quoted in Mrs. Alibone's place, and with more expressive unction. Miss Sarah, in process of time, had the un hoped-for pleasure of being in the same room with Mrs. Flag, and hearing her sing at the private musical reunion in her brother's pleasant parlor. She was so much agitated at an unexpected introduction—this was *beyond* her wildest flight of fancy—that she said, "thank you," instead of the response usual on such occasions.

Mrs. Flag has even left a card in Twelfth Street, ever since conspicuously displayed, as you may be sure; and the visitors of the Misses Grovner declare they do not know which they are most tired of, having it pointed out to their notice, or hearing the reiterated mention of the talents and virtues that they have discovered to centre in "my brother's wife."

LOW FIREPLACES.

WE observe in the "Journal of the Society of Arts," the following observations, by Dr. Ar-

nott, on the fashion lately introduced in England of placing the fire-grates much lower down than formerly—in some cases on the very hearth—the reasons assigned being that a low fire burns better, or gives out more heat from the same quantity of fuel than a higher; and, because lower and nearer the floor, that it must warm the carpet better, and so lessen the evil of cold feet. Dr. Arnott says: "Both these suppositions are curious errors or delusions, having their origin in popular misconceptions respecting heat, and particularly respecting the radiation of heat. 1. The supposition that fuel, burnt in a low fire, gives out more heat has arisen from the experimenter not reflecting that his hand held over the low fire feels not only the heat radiated from the fire itself, but also that reflected from the hearth close beneath it, which second portion, if the grate were high, would have room to spread or radiate downwards and outwards to the more distant floor or carpet, and to warm them. 2. The notion that the fire, because near the floor, must warm the carpet more, springs from what may be called an error in the logic of the reasoner, who is assuming that the hearth, floor, and carpet, being parts of the same level, are in the same predicament—the truth being, however, that in such a case the hearth within the fender gets nearly all the downward rays, and the carpet almost none—as a candle held before a looking-glass at a moderate distance diffuses its heat pretty uniformly over the whole, but if moved close to one part of the glass it overheats, and probably cracks that part, leaving the rest unaffected. A low fire on a heated hearth is to the general floor or carpet of a room nearly what the sun, at the moment of rising or setting, is to the surface of a field. The rays are nearly all shooting upwards from the surface, and the few which approach it slant obliquely along, or nearly parallel to the surface, without touching, and therefore without warming it. As would be anticipated by a person understanding the subject aright, low fires make cold feet very common, unless to those who sit near the fire with their feet on the fender; but, deceived by their fallacious reasoning, the advocates are disposed to blame the state of their health or the weather as the cause, and they rejoice at having the low fire, which can quickly warm their feet when placed near it. A company of such persons seen sitting close around their fire with thankfulness for its warmth near their feet, might suggest the case of a party of good-natured people duped out of their property by a swindler, and afterwards gratefully accepting as charity from him a part of their own property."

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND CORTES.

FOR GODEY'S YOUNG READERS.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

(Continued from page 324.)

CHAPTER XIII.

Preparations for the siege of Mexico.

WITHOUT the brigantines, Cortes had no hope of attacking Mexico successfully. He, therefore, made up his mind that, while those vessels were building, he would subdue the cities lying around the great capital. Accordingly, having spent a week in Tezcuco, he began his labors by marching at the head of a small force against Iztapalapan—a city of some fifty thousand inhabitants, and built upon a narrow strip of land parting the salt floods of Tezcuco from the lower and fresh waters of Lake Chalco.

After a hard fight, the Spaniards forced their way into the doomed city. A frightful scene of burning and bloodshed followed. Iztapalapan was well nigh ruined, and six thousand of its people were slain by the maddened Tlascalans, who had no pity for man, woman, or child.

Night had meanwhile set in, and the work of burning and slaying was at its height, when Cortes, always watchful, saw, by the sudden rising of Lake Chalco, that the Mexicans had broken down the causeway between it and the waters of Tezcuco. Death by drowning stared him in the face. "In three hours," he says, "not one of us would have escaped." With difficulty gathering his troops together, he hurried back to the main land; but, so fast did the waters rise that, before the solid ground was reached, many Tlascalans drowned, and the Spaniards escaped only by being able to swim.

Wet, cold, and hungry, the next day, after a sharp skirmish with the enemy, the Christians arrived at Tezcuco little pleased with their late triumph. The following morning, however, Cortes was cheered by the coming of messengers from many cities, whose people, frightened by what had happened to Iztapalapan, begged forgiveness for the harm they had done the Spaniards, and prayed the general to number them among his friends.

Several days after the return of Cortes from Iztapalapan, tidings came that the brigantines were finished, and waited only for a guard of

Spanish troops to watch over the laborers chosen to carry them in pieces to Tezcuco. Sandoval was at once sent on this errand, with two hundred and fifteen soldiers. The young captain had scarcely reached the lands of Tlascala, when he beheld the gay flags of a great procession winding down the mountain road before him. It was made up of eight thousand men carrying the different parts of the vessels, and a guard of twice that number of Tlascalan warriors. At the head was Chichemecatli, a chief who almost quarrelled with Sandoval because he was not allowed to "be the first man who entered Mexico."

A body so numerous and so heavily laden went on but slowly. Clouds of Mexicans hovered around; yet, hopeless of victory, they made no attack. At length, after a rugged and wearisome march of sixty miles, Sandoval had the glory of leading the bearers of the brigantines into Tezcuco. The Indians, clad in their gayest attire, and adorned with their richest ornaments, made a splendid appearance. Cortes saw them coming with gladness, and welcomed their chiefs with open arms and every show of honor. Dressed in his most brilliant garments, he stood for six hours while the long procession, marching to the sounds of barbaric music, and making the air ring with cheerful shouts, passed before him into the city.

Two or three weeks elapsed, during which time Cortes learned, by experience in many conflicts, that he had a brave and determined people to overcome. Nor were they unprepared to meet him. Cuitlahuatzin, the new emperor, had laid wise and skilful plans for the defence of his empire. But he had reigned a few months only, when the smallpox, a frightful pestilence hitherto unknown in the New World, made him one of its thousands of miserable victims. His successor, Guatemotzin, a nephew of Montezuma, and a brave and far-seeing young warrior, had, however, prudently followed out his plans; so that the conquest of Mexico, notwithstanding his numerous triumphs, and the many friendships he formed with rebellious

subjects of the empire, was now looked upon by Cortes as a work of the utmost hardship and danger.

A few weeks more were needed to get ready the brigantines for launching. That period the general determined to spend in marching around the lakes of Chalco and Tezcuco, in order to learn what was doing in the capital, and to conquer, or make friends of, those cities which were yet hostile to him.

Setting out on the 5th of April, at the head of some three hundred Spaniards, and a large body of Tezucans and Tlascalans, he marched southwardly through the city of Chalco, making the lord of it his ally, and began crossing a rugged and rocky region. After many stirring adventures, in one of which he was repulsed by a band of sturdy mountaineers whom he attempted to drive from their fastnesses, Cortes, on the tenth day of his march, emerging from a defile nine miles in length, came in sight of the beautiful city of Xochimilco. It rose from Lake Chalco, and, like the great capital, was reached by artificial roads through the water. Strong by nature, and defended by a courageous people, whom twelve thousand warriors from Mexico aided, this city held out against Cortes for three days.

On the first day of the assault, our hero narrowly escaped the greatest danger that had ever threatened him. His soldiers, driving the Mexicans before them, had left him almost alone, when a fresh body of the foe suddenly assailed him. He was struggling fearlessly with them, when his horse sunk down tired out. Before he could rise, the general was struck by a blow on the head, and seized and dragged off by the Mexicans. At this moment an Indian, fully armed, came up. "Fear not," said he, as he sprang furiously upon the captors of Cortes, "I am a Tlascalan!" With this warrior's assistance, whom he thought "very brave and well-shaped," he was enabled to remount his charger, when, several Christians drawing near, the enemy sought safety in flight. The following day, Cortes looked long and earnestly for the courageous Tlascalan; but, as he could not find him, "dead or alive," he piously concluded that his patron, St. Peter, had thus helped him in the hour of his need.

Enraged at the stern resistance he had there encountered, the general, upon leaving Xochimilco, ordered it to be set on fire. He then continued his victorious march northward till he reached Tacuba, a city lying near the end of the causeway by which he had so wofully departed from Mexico. That evening, at sunset, he and

his captains, from the top of a lofty temple, had a good view of the Aztec capital. While gazing upon the splendid scene before him, Cortes, it is said, could not keep from sighing. "You will be my witness," he exclaimed to those around him, "that I tried to persuade yonder city to yield quietly. It fills me with sorrow to think of what my brave followers have yet to undergo, before we can call it ours. The time has come, however, when we must put our hands to the work."

Early the next day the Christians again began their march. Passing around the northern borders of the salt lake, they arrived, without further adventure, at Tezcuco, from which they had been absent nearly three weeks.

While Cortes was thus carrying out his plans of conquest, an unlooked-for and most dangerous plot for his destruction had been laid by one Anthony Villafagna, a common soldier, equally daring and cunning, and, as a follower of Narvaez, no great friend of the general. With him were joined, by solemn compact, some three hundred others, mostly his old comrades. The leaders of this dark plot were already waiting a chance to fall upon Cortes and stab him to death, when one of the general's veterans, who had been seduced into the conspiracy, conscience-stricken, secretly made known to his commander all he knew of the matter.

Though alarmed, Cortes, always prompt in moments of peril, at once put a stop to the affair. Attended by some of his trustiest officers, he hurried to Villafagna's quarters. Before the astounded traitor could prevent it, he was seized, and a paper bearing the names of the chief conspirators snatched from his breast. As Cortes looked hurriedly over the list, he was at once startled and grieved; for he saw there the names of many whom he had deeply confided in. Printing these upon his memory, he tore the tell-tale paper in pieces. Villafagna, tried by a military court, was doomed to death, and the next morning saw his lifeless body dangling before the house in which he had taken up his quarters.

To the assembled troops, many of whom wondered greatly, Cortes at once made known the crime for which the dead man had suffered. The conspirator, he continued, had, at the moment of his arrest, torn and swallowed a paper, which, it was thought, contained the names of those joined with him; nor could the painfulest tortures afterwards force him to tell who his confederates were. This artful speech quieted many a troubled heart. Thankful for their narrow escape, the guilty companions of Villa-

fagna endeavored, by a great show of zeal and friendship, to blind the general to the fact of their base designs. But, though as a matter of policy he never let on that he knew of their guilt, Cortes very wisely took care they should not again have a chance to do him hurt.

Meanwhile, the brigantines had been made ready for launching. To aid in this, eight thousand Indians had labored for two months in widening and deepening into a canal, one mile and a half in length, a little stream which flowed by Tezcuco to the lake, and down which the vessels were to be floated. The work was a great one, having dams and locks, and being partly cut twelve feet deep through the solid rock.

The morning of the 28th of April, on which the brigantines were launched, was marked by devotion and ceremony. After solemn mass, all the troops, Indian as well as Spanish, were drawn up on the banks of the canal. Father Olmedo having blessed the little fleet, the vessels, one after another, dropped down into the lake, each being named by the good priest as it glided by. As, with streaming flags and bursts of triumphant music, they spread their sails to the breezes of Tezcuco, the whole air rang with shouts of joy and admiration, while peal after peal of thunder broke from the Spanish cannon.

Soon after this stirring event, Cortes mustered his forces. Late arrivals from Hayti had swelled the number of Christians to nearly a thousand. He had three large and fifteen smaller cannon, one of which latter was placed on each of the brigantines.

The general had made up his mind to assault the city from three different points: from Tacuba on the west, and from Cojohuacan and Iztapalapan on the south. Alvarado, Olid, and Sandoval, with nearly equal forces, were to lead the several attacks. The latter, however, Cortes himself was to support, with three hundred Spaniards and the brigantines.

Marching to the positions pointed out to them, Alvarado and Olid, as they went on their way, cut off the pipes, which, leading from Chapultepec, supplied the capital with water, and thus gave a beginning to the miseries the Aztecs were doomed to undergo. This was late in May, at which time the siege of Mexico may be said to have begun.

CHAPTER XIV.

Beginning of the siege of Mexico.

CORTES was still at Tezcuco, when tidings reached him that Xicotencatl, the Tlascalan

general, had deserted, because, it is said, some Spanish soldiers, who had "broken the head" of one of his kinsmen, were not punished as they ought to have been for the outrage. Though greatly alarmed, Cortes seemed to be angry only. "Xicotencatl never was my friend," said he, very truthfully, "and there is no use in wasting words with the traitor." Aided by the Tlascalan authorities, he had the unfortunate chieftain seized and dragged before him. The captive was haughty and stern, and spoke of the Christians as the enslavers of his country. Scorning to ask their pardon, he was hung, a victim to the laws of Spain and Tlascalala, which alike punished desertion with death.

Shortly afterwards, Cortes set sail for Iztapalapan, which Sandoval was already assaulting. From Mexico a fleet of canoes, which seemed to cover the face of the lake, rowed daringly to meet him, at a time when his vessels were well nigh helpless for the want of wind. But "it pleased God," writes Herrera, "that, just as they drew near, a brisk breeze sprung up, blowing so favorably for the brigantines as to appear miraculous; whereupon, spreading every sail and plying every oar, they rushed furiously upon the enemy." The comparatively huge vessels of Cortes crushed into the midst of the frail canoes with terrible havoc. Panic-stricken, the Mexicans struck scarcely a blow, and fled with the swiftness of fear. For three hours Cortes pursued them, till, of all that multitude of canoes, a few only had not been upset or shattered to pieces.

Now master of the lake, the general fixed his head-quarters at Xoloc, on the causeway, about half way between Iztapalapan and Mexico. From this place, where he was much harassed by frequent and desperate assaults of the enemy, he sent Sandoval to take possession of the northern causeway. Thus the capital was completely shut off from the rest of the world.

More than a week elapsed, when Cortes resolved to give a sterner character to the siege. Directing Alvarado and Sandoval to storm such parts of the city as were nearest them, he led in person a third assault from Xoloc. I spare my readers the details of this attack. Cortes himself, cheering on his men, forced his way to the heart of the capital, and, first of all, mounted to the top of the great temple, whence he cast down the new idol which had been there set up. No sooner did the Mexicans see their god thus insulted than they rent the air with their fiercest howls, and, frothing at the mouth with rage, sprang like wild beasts upon the Christians, driving them back in such disorder that Cortes

had hard work to keep them from disgraceful flight.

That evening, some seventy thousand warriors from Xochimilco and other near cities came to offer their services to the Spaniards. Only a few weeks previous, these same people had fought against Cortes; but, remembering that their freedom had been torn from them by the Aztecs, they now hastened to join in the war which was to end in the ruin of their enslavers.

The next day Cortes again struggled into the city, a number of whose buildings were set on fire. Evening coming on, he once more fell back to his quarters, following up the assault in a like manner, and with like success, for many subsequent days. Meanwhile, Alvarado and Sandoval had been courageously pursuing the lines of attack laid out for them.

Thus did the Aztecs behold the awful last days foretold by their prophets begin to dawn. War, pestilence, famine, and fire were even now in their midst. Yet, trembling not, they strove, like the Jews of old, to give prophecy the lie. "By night and by day, on land and on water," they fought with a courage that would not have shamed their invaders, and stood unshaken against assaults so incessant as to render the struggle of weeks an almost continuous battle.

Vexed at the slowness of their progress, the fiery cavaliers of Cortes urged him to force his way once more to the great market, and, planting himself there, put a speedy end to the contest. "Consider this thing well," said the general; "for you will find plenty to do." On their answering that they would face any danger rather than be always fighting to no purpose, he, not wishing to seem too fond of his own will, fixed a day for the assault, at which Alvarado and Sandoval were to assist with their respective divisions.

On the appointed morning, the three armies moved forward. That headed by Cortes in person at length reached a point from which three streets led to the great square of the market. Separating his force so as to have one division for each street, he gave two of them in charge of John Alderete, the royal treasurer, and Andrew de Tapia, whom he strictly enjoined not to advance a step without filling up every canal and ditch they might cross.

Cortes himself, on foot, led the third division. The enemy flying before him almost unresistingly, he at once suspected that a plot had been laid to draw him into the city, and there surround and destroy him. The thought no sooner

entered his mind than he ordered a halt. Messengers now came from Alderete, who sent word that he had nearly reached the market, and could hear the shouts of those combating with Alvarado and Sandoval. The apprehension immediately struck Cortes that his hot-headed officer, in the excitement of seeming triumph, had neglected to fulfil his injunctions, and he at once hurried to look into the matter.

He had proceeded a little way only along the street followed by Alderete, when he was stopped by a broad canal, the deep bed of which a scarcely visible attempt had been made to fill up with earth, reeds, and a few pieces of timber. Feeling certain that the treasurer had rushed headlong into the trap prepared for him, Cortes and his followers hastened to finish the neglected work. They had spent but a few moments in this labor, when a noise was heard as from a mighty throng struggling in battle. The roar of conflict swelled louder and louder, till, at length, a tumultuous multitude of Mexicans, Tlascalans, and Spaniards was seen sweeping with fearful swiftness towards the yet open canal.

It was as the general had feared. Alderete and his companions, overjoyed with easy success, and deeming it inglorious to fill up ditches when triumphs were to be won, had rushed headlong in pursuit of the seemingly flying foe, with scarcely an attempt to secure a safe retreat by obeying the strict orders of their commander. The doom of rashness overtook them. Suddenly, above the din of battle, arose the doleful sound of the great drum on the temple of the war-god. In the moment, roused well nigh to madness, the Aztecs turned upon their wonder-stricken pursuers. A short, fierce struggle, and the Spaniards were flying in fearful disorder, treading each other under foot in their blind efforts to escape. Thus they rolled backward, till they reached the fatal canal, where Cortes and fifteen brave companions waited their coming, sorrowfully, but with the stern determination "to die rather than desert them in their extremity."

Forced on by the overpowering mass of their foes, the fugitives were plunged one upon another into the deep waters of the canal. Many a miserable wretch sunk at once; others, more wretched still, were dragged off captives in the canoes of the exulting barbarians. Heedless of the storm of darts and arrows which broke over him, Cortes ran hither and thither, now shouting cheery words of encouragement, and again, with his good sword, or with outstretched hands, trying to save from captivity or drowning all of his "poor followers" that he could.

Suddenly, while he was thus employed, the cry of "Malinche! Malinche!" the name Cortes went by among the Indians, was heard, and a vast throng of the Aztecs beset him on all sides. Among his assailants were six stout chieftains of high rank, who, uniting their strength, seized him, and began to drag him in triumph to a canoe. As he strove desperately to shake off his captors, he received a severe wound in the leg, which rendered him so helpless that he well nigh lost hope. At this moment two heroic followers, seeing his danger, sprang to rescue him. One of them, Francis de Olea, cut off the hands of an Indian who had hold of him, but was himself immediately stricken down at his commander's feet, "which," says Herrera, "was a glorious death." Another Spaniard, named Lerma, and a Tlascalan chief, continued the fierce struggle over the prostrate form of Cortes, slaying three Aztecs by as many blows.

Not long, however, could these brave men have preserved the life of their commander, beset as they were by so many and so powerful enemies. But the tidings of Cortes's peril had meantime found their way to the ears of Quinones, the captain of his body-guard. Calling together a few stout troopers, that officer burst into the midst of the press which reeled to and fro around the straitened general, and, after a short, but stern struggle, happily tore him from the grasp of his captors, who, by this time, had fought their way with him into the canal.

Once more on the causeway, and furnished with a horse, Cortes succeeded in reaching an open place in front of a broad street. Here were his cannon, from which a brisk fire was opened upon the dense crowd of the Mexicans. Then, with his little troop of horse, he swept back upon the wavering mass, driving it before him, while the weary foot-soldiers retreated slowly and safely to their quarters. Almost disconsolate, and cast down by the thought that this disaster had befallen him on account of his sins, the general followed after them, stopping occasionally to beat off the assault of some more than usually daring band of the exulting enemy.

Beautiful as was the evening which succeeded this disastrous day, it brought no comfort to the Spaniards, who, notwithstanding the forced cheerfulness of their commander, could not even seem to be in good spirits. For their despondency, they had reason enough. Twenty of their comrades had perished in the fight, and few of those who survived were without wounds. But, more afflicting than all besides, forty Christians, together with a vastly larger number of their Tlascalan friends, "had fallen alive into

the hands of an enemy never known to show mercy to a captive.

"The approach of night," continues Robertson, "though it delivered the dejected Spaniards from the attacks of the enemy, ushered in what was hardly less grievous, the noise of their barbarous triumph, and of the horrid festival with which they celebrated their victory. Every quarter of the city was illuminated. The great temple shone with such splendor, that the Spaniards could plainly see the people in motion, and the priests busy in hastening the preparations for the death of the prisoners. Through the gloom, they fancied that they discerned their companions by the whiteness of their skins, as they were stripped naked, and compelled to dance before the image of the god to whom they were to be offered. They heard the shrieks of those who were sacrificed, and thought that they could distinguish each unhappy victim by the well-known sound of his voice. Imagination added to what they really saw or heard, and augmented its horror. The most unfeeling melted into tears of compassion, and the stoutest hearts trembled at the dreadful spectacle which they beheld."

"Before," says the brave old soldier, Bernal Diaz, "I saw the breasts of my comrades cut open, their yet throbbing hearts offered to an accursed idol, and their flesh devoured by their exulting enemies, I was wont to go into battle, not only without fear, but in high spirit; but from that night, I never went to meet the Mexicans without secret horror and apprehension. My heart shook at the thoughts of the death which I had seen them suffer."

CHAPTER XV.

The fall of Mexico.

HAVING ended their rejoicings, the Aztecs sent off to several neighboring provinces the heads of some of the Spaniards they had sacrificed, as witnesses of the great victory they had won. At the same time, their priests made the cheering announcement that the dread war-god, gratified by the blood of so many victims, had declared, in a loud voice, that, at the end of eight days, the hateful Christians should be destroyed.

This prophecy was uttered with such solemn confidence, and so exultingly shouted out in the hearing of the besiegers, that it soon had a most dangerous effect. The allies of Cortes all believed in and worshipped the same gods as the Mexicans; and now, when the priests of those deities spoke so confidently of their having fore-

told the destruction of the Spaniards, they began to tremble, and secretly fled away by thousands. Even the stout-hearted Tlascalans became alarmed, and, in a wonderfully short time, Cortes beheld the mighty multitude of his barbarian friends vanish away like snow under the influence of an April sun.

To be thus abandoned was disheartening. Nevertheless, the general put on a cheerful face, and laughed at the prediction of the Aztec priests. Taking advantage of the short time within which the prophecy was to be fulfilled, he resolved to prove the falsity of it. Accordingly, while he kept a strict watch on all the movements of the enemy, he never once ventured to assault them, but remained quietly in camp. Thus glided away the eight days marked out by the oracle; the brilliant morning of the ninth shone upon the glittering arms of the Christians, who still invested the now doomed city. The prophecy had been shown to be false.

Ashamed of their late credulity, the Tlascalans hastened to place themselves once more among the soldiers of Cortes, while other tribes, convinced that the gods had now abandoned the Mexicans, also flocked to the standard of the Christians. Even more rapidly than the recent army had melted away, a new host assembled, one hundred and fifty thousand strong.

Thus strengthened and encouraged, Cortes resolved to begin again, but on an entirely different system, the active prosecution of the siege. Instead of striving to make himself master of the capital at one bold stroke, he determined to go forward by slow steps, tearing down every building in his way, and with the ruins filling up evenly and solidly every canal and ditch, so that, in his own words, "the water should be turned into dry land!" It was with great reluctance that he came to so stern a determination, for he longed to spare that city, which he declared to be "the most beautiful thing in the world."

Cortes at once hastened to carry out his new plan. After a few days of successful fighting and labor, during which his intentions were plainly made known to the Mexicans, he resolved on trying again to save the city. An Aztec noble, lately taken captive, was sent to Guatemotzin with a message, beseeching him to pity his subjects, and to shield them and their homes from destruction, by "returning to that allegiance which he had once proffered to Spain." The young monarch called a council to consider what ought to be done. Some were for submitting; but the priests angrily objected. "Peace is good!" they exclaimed, "but not with the white men. Better to give up our lives at once

for our country, than drag them out in slavery and suffering among the false strangers!"

"Since it is so," said Guatemotzin, sternly, "let no man who values his life henceforth talk of surrender. We can surely die like warriors!"

Cortes received no answer to his message; but, two days after sending it, he was well nigh overwhelmed, even in his own camp, by a fierce outpouring of the besieged. Victory was not long doubtful, however. Unable to stand before the deadly blaze of the artillery, the Mexicans swept back in wild disorder, and with howls of disappointed rage, to the crumbling shelter of their doomed capital.

From this time, Cortes ceased not to follow out the terrible plan he had adopted. As with slow, but certain steps, he moved forward, weeks glided by, on every day of which the same scenes of conflict and destruction were to be witnessed. In the mean time, famine had sorely afflicted the miserable Aztecs. As the Spaniards advanced into the city, they saw where the trees had been stripped of their bark and leaves, and the ground torn up for roots, or whatever else the wretched people might hope to quiet the gnawings of hunger with. "But the more they were straitened, the more obstinate and enraged they grew; so much so, that all the old women swept the dust and dirt off the tops of the houses on the Spaniards to blind them; and the boys threw stones and darts, railing at them as they heard their fathers."

At length, on the 27th of July, the three divisions of Cortes, Alvarado, and Sandoval, came together at the great market-place, where the general immediately fixed his head-quarters. From the flat roof of a neighboring temple, he could take in at a glance the scene of ruin which he had wrought. Seven-eighths of the mighty capital were level with the ground. In the remaining part, the Aztecs, still a vast multitude after all their losses, were crowded in a space which was scarcely large enough to hold comfortably one-third of their number.

To relate fully all that the Mexicans now suffered would be sickening. Starvation was in their midst. High and low, rich and poor, were alike its victims. Thousands thus perished; and such as survived scarcely kept themselves from the last extremity by devouring the most revolting things; and mothers, it is said, ate of the poor children who had starved to death in their arms. To horrors like these, pestilence was added, daily sweeping off hundreds of unfortunates. They no more performed that most sacred of their religious duties, the burial of the dead, so that, in the words of an eye-witness,

"their corpses lay so thick that one could not tread except upon them."

Though pressed down by such dire evils, the spirit of the young Aztec emperor remained firm and unsubdued. When Cortes, hoping that the miseries of his people would move him to hearken to offers of peace, induced a captive nobleman to bear to Guatemotzin proposals of the kind, the stern and determined monarch, rejecting the peaceful overtures with scorn, ordered the unfortunate messenger to be instantly sacrificed.

On hearing of this, Cortes commanded a general assault. As the Spaniards advanced into the Indian quarter, they were met by a number of ghost-like figures, who, stretching forth their thin and fleshless arms, cried out to them: "You are the children of the sun; but he is swift in his course. Why, then, are you so slow? Why do you not kill us at once, that we may go to our god, who waits to give us rest from our sufferings?"

"With very good words" Cortes tried to comfort these poor nobles—for such they were—and persuaded them to go and speak to their emperor of peace. Guatemotzin promised to meet Cortes the next day in the market-place; but, instead of coming himself, he sent five of his nobles, who excused his absence by saying that he was unwell. Though greatly disappointed, the general treated the ambassadors with all courtesy, and easily induced them to partake of the feast which he had prepared for their emperor.

When they had finished their repast, Cortes, loading them with a supply of food, bade them go back to Guatemotzin, and assure him that he might come there without danger. But, though for the two next days the emperor kept promising to visit the Spaniards, he never made his appearance, whereupon, losing all patience, Cortes ordered a last assault.

On the approach of the Spaniards, the besieged set up a loud and awful cry of battle. Fierce and desperate was the struggle that followed. The carnage was terrible; blood flowed like water; and the very canals were crimsoned with it. The air was rent with shrieks, yells, shouts, curses, the roar of cannon, the crackling of flames, and the crash of falling buildings. Even the stern conqueror was appalled by what he saw and heard. "The piteous cries of the women and children in particular," says he, "were enough to break one's heart." These, and all that asked for mercy, he ordered to be spared; but it was easier to excite than to check the ferocity of his barbarian allies. Ere darkness brought an end to the slaughter, full forty thousand Mexicans, it is said, had perished.

Seemingly stunned by this terrible stroke, the Aztecs gave no signs of life during the dreary night that followed. The stillness of the grave rested over their gloomy resting-place. In the Spanish camp, however, were brilliant bonfires, and the sounds of mirth and minstrelsy; for the soldiers rejoiced in the certain hope that their long labors were about to end. They looked forward with exultation to the morrow, when the rich treasures of the Montezumas were to repay them for months of hardship.

Before beginning the attack on the following morning, which was Tuesday, the 13th of August, 1521, Cortes tried, for the last time, to induce Guatemotzin to yield peaceably. "I am ready to die," was his mournful reply. "It is for you to work your pleasure!"

"Go, then," exclaimed the stern conqueror to the emperor's messenger, "and bid your master prepare his people for death! Their last hour is at hand!"

I shall not weary my readers with a narrative of the horrible events which ensued. When the day ended, Mexico, or what little remained of it, was in the power of the Spaniards, as was also its emperor, who, in attempting to escape, had been made prisoner. Led into the presence of Cortes, the captive "appeared neither with the sullen fierceness of a barbarian, nor with the dejection of a suppliant." "I have done all that I could in defence of my people," said he. "If my gods have not favored me, I am not to blame. I am your prisoner; do with me as you will. Nothing now remains but to die. Take this dagger," he continued, laying his hand on one which the general carried, "and plant it in my breast! I shall go to my gods with great satisfaction, dying by the hand of so brave a commander!"

"Cheer up," was the reply of Cortes. "You have defended your capital like a brave warrior; and I shall treat you with as much honor as if you had been victorious."

For a short time, the conqueror remembered his fair words.

The day following his capture, Guatemotzin obtained the general's permission for what remained of his people to depart from the city into the surrounding country. A long train of haggard wretches, numbering, without the women and children, from thirty to seventy thousand souls, sorrowfully took advantage of the permission granted them.

Thus, after a siege of eighty days, "unmatched in history," says Prescott, "for the constancy and courage of the besieged, seldom surpassed for the severity of its sufferings, fell the renowned

capital of the Aztecs. * * * Whatever may be thought of its conquest in a moral point of view, regarded as a military achievement, it must fill us with astonishment. * * * Yet it would be unjust to the Aztecs themselves, at least to their

military prowess, to regard it as directly achieved by the Spaniards alone. Their monarchy fell by the hands of its own subjects, under the direction of European sagacity and science."

(To be continued.)

THE USEFUL AND THE ORNAMENTAL IN LADIES' WORK.

WE have often felt regret, when watching the different work-table occupations of our fair lady friends, to remark how little of the truly useful seems to attract their attention; until, perhaps, when becoming wives and mothers, they have to share in the actual "battle of life," and are suddenly startled by the conviction that work they must, if they do not wish to squander needlessly much, perhaps, of a husband's limited income, or submit to what would be a real sacrifice to any woman, to go without the little *agrémens* of dress she has always been accustomed to—things that are absolutely necessary to render even the fairest neat and elegant in the eyes of others; for what woman can appear graceful in an untidy or ill-fitting dress, or the fashion of which has become so out of date as to cause remark from her acquaintances? And this will unavoidably follow in the latter case, as the most inexperienced eye will detect a want of harmony and nicety in a lady's dress, although, probably, for the most part it would be impossible for those remarking this to point out what is faulty and wanting, in spite of an instinctive knowledge that all is not as it might, or ought to be. We said that as wives and mothers (if not in affluent circumstances) they will find they *must* work, if they wish to have things neat about themselves, and those near and dear to them; but the question is, *how* are they to do this, and *how* are they to set about it without spoiling what they venture to undertake? This question is puzzling enough even to an industrious and well-intentioned woman, if in youth her education has been so far neglected in what is useful and necessary for women of all ranks to know, as otherwise she must become totally dependent on others, or be forced to make awkward, unsuccessful attempts, when she ought at least to be able to direct and explain what she requires, or, taking scissors in hand, cut out, and fit those things she has not sufficient time to execute

entirely herself; but which, under skilful guidance of this kind, she can have made up^{*} under her own eye by any tolerable sewing-maid or needle-woman, at one-third or one-fourth of the cost that she must expend if the articles were purchased ready-made or given out. By properly understanding these matters, and superintending and directing work at home, as before described, we have seen some ladies keep themselves and their households (however numerous) better provided than many of those who, with far heavier purses, had *carte blanche* to order and purchase whatever their inclination might prompt; for there are many little niceties and requisites that it is impossible to enumerate here, which none but a watchful and experienced eye *at home* can remark as wanting, and see replenished as soon as wanted.

In almost every bookseller's shop or stall, no matter how remote the town or village, we meet with books or papers on *ornamental* work in endless variety; but, alas, how seldom do we chance to discover any article in all the patterns and *receipts* given that can be really useful to the fair hands they are intended to set in motion! We chanced, however, very lately, to observe two unpretending little volumes, of so practical and useful a character that we cannot refrain from calling the attention of our young readers to an art upon which one day or other they may need to exercise their skill. "How to Make a Dress"^{*} is, in our opinion, much the more useful, and much the better written of these little books, although there are some valuable hints and rules in "How to Make a Bonnet and a Cap"[†] that are not to be despised by those who wish to try their hand at either; and give our hearty meed of praise to the authoress of these two clever little works.

* Published and for sale by L. A. Godey. Price 25 cts.

† Will be published in the "Lady's Book."

CHARADES IN ACTION.

Answer to Charade in last number—BRIDEGROOM.



[THIS Charade differs from those we have previously given in being spoken instead of acted in dumb-show.]

CHARACTERS.

MURROGH O'BRIEN. MR. LASCELLES.
MR. PARKER. THE MAYOR OF FAIRMOUNT.
MR. ALDERMAN SOWERBY. EMILY O'BRIEN.
RAILWAY PORTER. TOWN SERGEANTS.

SCENE 1—*The platform of a railway station.*

Enter O'BRIEN and EMILY in travelling-dress.

O'BRIEN (*looking round*).—And a very charming spot it is for the *terminus* of a long journey. Tired, my Emily? Well, let us sit down at this pleasant, cool, bay-window, and quietly consider our past, present, and future. A very charming prospect, indeed! Now let us be comfortable; it is long since I felt my cares and troubles reduced to such a small compass.

EMILY.—Oh, Murrogh! my dear Murrogh! how can you speak so coolly of our distressing situation?

O'BRIEN.—Why should you expect me, of all the people in the world, to look melancholy?

Why, my dear girl, I couldn't do it, if I tried. See what a charming retreat we have; and no charge for occupation. Then our financial account is easily balanced, for our last sixpence is gone; and, as for our worldly possessions, the whole wardrobe of Mr. and Mrs. Murrogh O'Brien, including the elegant *trousseau* of the fair bride, is contained in this simple carpet-bag. And not a bad bag either, now that I look at it. Cheer up, Emily, the carpet-bag will bring half a sovereign; decidedly, my love, the carpet-bag must go next. Then we can inclose our cares in a silk pocket-handkerchief, which I shall carry suspended to my walking-stick, over my shoulder.

EMILY.—But, my dear Murrogh, I really do wish you to be serious for a moment, and answer me. What is to become of us now that we are absolutely penniless? Do you think we could, in any way, work and earn money to support us? for I fear papa will never forgive my elopement. How many letters have we written? and not one has been noticed. Alas! alas! I have no mother or sister to intercede for me; and, though kind-hearted and generous,

papa ever regarded disobedience as a crime. Then, Murrogh, I was his only child; and I abandoned him.

O'BRIEN.—Why, my pretty darling, what in the world could you do, doting on me as you did, when your father, one of the wealthiest bankers of Lombard Street, announced his decided objection to bestow the hand of his fair daughter on a penniless attorney's clerk? Certainly, that same presuming clerk had the blood of kings in his veins; though the family estates, like the princes of Arran, from whom they were derived, are no more.

EMILY.—It was very provoking for my father! He wished me so much to marry Sir Alfred Broadhurst, who is certainly handsome and learned, but too grave for my taste; yet I really cannot tell, Murrogh, how I happened to fall in love with you; or how we became acquainted, indeed, for I remember no regular introduction. You called with some bundles of papers for papa, were shown into the breakfast-room: then papa was called away, and you were requested to wait his return. To escape your large impertinent eyes, I fled to my piano-forte; you followed, and took up a second to my song, as if we had known each other for years. I felt very much provoked and offended at first; but you looked so comically unconcerned about my anger, that I could not forbear laughing; and, after that laugh, Murrogh—

O'BRIEN.—After that laugh, Emily, there was no retreat for you. I had frequently to come with papers; and, like a blundering Irish fellow, I always happened to come when Mr. Lascelles was out, and had, of course, to wait his return. Not to be idle, we practised duets till we were hoarse; then we sat down and told our respective histories. Mine was short. I told you that my dear thoughtless father had died penniless, but happy in the belief that his rich brother, Counsellor O'Brien, would provide for his sons. The excellent and prudent Counsellor, not much gratified with the charge of three rough, wild Irish youths, procured commissions for my two younger brothers, and sent them to die in India. I was his godson, his namesake, and the heir to the family honors of the O'Briens; therefore, he handsomely articulated me to his friend Parker, a London attorney, allowing me fifty pounds per annum till I had completed my clerkship, when he withdrew the noble allowance. Old Parker then elevated me to the second desk in his office, which exalted situation, with all its profits, I forfeited, when I persuaded you, my dear girl, to run off with one of the hereditary princes of Arran.

EMILY.—I never would have consented to quit my father, Murrogh, if you had not so rashly asked him to accept you for his son-in-law, roused his wrath, and effectually put an end to our pleasant musical meetings. I cannot conceive how you could be so bold as to propose for me.

O'BRIEN.—Why, my love, boldness, honesty, and a tolerable gift of speech, are my capital. On these possessions, my hopes of future wealth are grounded.

EMILY.—But, in the mean time, Murrogh, we must look to the present. In a month we have emptied our purses; sold everything that would raise money; and now, poor, weary, and homeless, convinced that my father is inexorable, we are glad to repose our tired limbs at a railway station in a strange town. And here we must remain, Murrogh; for we have no longer the means to proceed.

O'BRIEN.—Well, my dear, never despair. Our situation has its advantages. We are out of debt, and perfectly independent. This is a pleasant spot; the benches are very commodious; we will remain here a little longer, and something may turn up.

EMILY.—But we ought to exert ourselves. By the by, Murrogh, could we not teach music?

O'BRIEN.—Music—hem! My ear is fine, and Neddy Geoghan taught me to handle a fiddlestick; but I do not pretend to be a Paganini. You play and sing charmingly, love; but never yet did the wife of an O'Brien condescend to earn a farthing; and I should expect the ghosts of my royal ancestors to rise from the grave, if I permitted you to sully the unstained name. No, Emily, music is not the thing. I suppose I must try something. I must find out what the natives do in this quiet place. Here, my good fellow (*to a porter*), what is there going on in this famous town of yours?

PORTER.—There'll be grand doings t' next week, sir. We're boun' to have t' election; and there's to be a throng town to-night. Mr. Mayor has a meeting o' t' electors, that they may pick out a reet sort o' man, to send up to Parliament.

O'BRIEN.—And what sort of man is "the right sort" to please your electors?

PORTER.—Wyah, they want to fin'd a man that'll stand up for poor folks; and argue to get 'em cheap bread and such like. A chap all for free trade, and larning folks to be scholars.

O'BRIEN.—Ho! ho! then your electors would like a little opposition, I see. Emily, my love, I must go to this meeting; I have a plan in my head.

EMILY.—I cannot conceive what your plan can be; but I am very weary, and will remain in any quiet spot till you return to me.

O'BRIEN.—I am determined to try my luck with the electors; so come along, and I will get you a room at the hotel, on the strength of the carpet-bag. It is very lank; could we not fill it up a little better as we go along? There seems plenty of grass growing in the streets.

EMILY.—That would be knavery, Murrogh.

O'BRIEN.—You are right, my love. An Irishman is allowed a certain latitude of tongue; but he is a rogue if he does not keep his hands honest. [Exeunt.]

SCENE 2.—*The Town Hall. A long table. GENTLEMEN seated round. SERGEANTS in attendance in cloaks, carrying the maces. The MAYOR in the chair.*

THE MAYOR.—Gentlemen, it appears we are unanimous in our dissatisfaction with this proud scion of nobility, who offers to represent our ancient borough, but disdains to show himself to his constituents, or to declare his opinions. I have received a card from a gentleman, who requests to be heard at our meeting. I think that in our present position it would be prudent to allow him, at any rate, to declare his sentiments. Is this proposition agreeable to the meeting? Mr. Alderman Sowerby, may I request you to speak?

ALDERMAN SOWERBY (*after a little consultation with the rest*).—I think I may venture to say for my friends and brother councillors that, in this matter, we leave ourselves entirely in the hands of Mr. Mayor.

THE MAYOR.—I thank you, my good friends, for your confidence in me, which shall never be abused. Sergeants, show in Mr. O'Brien.

Exit SERGEANTS, who return immediately, ushering in O'BRIEN, who shakes hands with the MAYOR.

THE MAYOR.—Gentlemen, I have the honor of presenting to you Mr. O'Brien.

O'BRIEN.—I trust, gentlemen, that the exigency of the occasion will excuse my appearing before this respectable meeting in my travelling-dress. The truth is, that no sooner did I hear the important announcement of this proposed consultation—a consultation in which the public honor and the public prosperity were so deeply concerned—than, hastily abandoning all other affairs, I sought a spot so suited for the field of my labors.

Enter SERGEANT, giving cards to the MAYOR.

SERGEANT.—Two gentlemen send in their cards, your worship, and request permission to hear the speeches.

THE MAYOR.—Show them into the gallery. I will see them after the meeting. (*To Alderman Sowerby.*) Spies, probably, from our late representative.

O'BRIEN.—May I be permitted, worthy ruler of this ancient and celebrated borough, to address this honorable assembly?

THE MAYOR.—We have long been represented by a gentleman who is personally a stranger to us, and from whom our neglected borough has not derived the slightest benefit. We are indignant, and tired of our slavery; we desire to throw off the yoke; we are an independent people, and we wish to choose an independent representative (*applause*). Be pleased to address the meeting, Mr. O'Brien.

O'BRIEN (*using much action*).—Gentlemen, I come among you a stranger, a wanderer from the sister isle—with no qualifications save purity of motive, liberality of opinion, integrity of purpose, shrewdness of judgment, and truth of speech. To these advantages I may add the more doubtful claims of good birth, finished education, and a scanty purse. My principles and my means equally revolt at bribery and corruption, and I cast the frail bark of my hopes on the pure waters of patriotic freedom (*applause*). Yes, gentlemen, it is not hidden from me that this staunch and independent little borough may proudly boast of aiding to break down the barriers which arrested the progress of the stream of knowledge and light, and diffusing it over a wide area of barren ignorance. When banished from the fair though desolate halls of my fathers, by oppression, calamity, and poverty, I left the land of my birth; I passed through the proud cities and the wealthy towns of this land of labor and luxury; but never till this moment have I found rest for the sole of my foot. I disdained to represent the city or the shire where the aristocracy crushed the will of the free-born peasant. I turned away dissatisfied from the crowded towns, where the merchant princes erect golden idols, and fall down to worship them, while misery and crime surround them unnoticed and unmitigated. I came to this favored spot, where the bounties of nature and the noble relics of past art are widely scattered and fully appreciated (*applause*). I find here the kind heart, the open hand, that characterizes the free, the noble, the generous sons of merry England. Here alone I recognize the unvitiated Englishman. Here I would set

up the tabernacle of my home. True and honorable gentlemen, I desire to represent you; I desire still more to call you friends. Grant me the honor of becoming your representative; admit me to your domestic hearths (*great applause*). I read in your countenances, my friends, that we have sympathy of opinion, unity of purpose; I can, therefore, freely promise to become your faithful servant. The energy of my mind, the deliberation of my understanding, the fervor of my eloquence, and the labors of my pen, shall be wholly and solely devoted to the interests of my constituents—the prosperity of this unequalled town. And I ask boldly, but respectfully, that some one of you, my dear friends, will hold out his hand to present me to the electors as a fit person to represent the time-honored borough of Fairmount.

Very great applause, and much shaking of hands.

THE MAYOR.—In the name of all assembled here, I congratulate you, Mr. O'Brien, on your admirable expression of sentiments which are so honorable to you. It is unnecessary to command a show of hands, for the meeting unanimously accept your proposal. It will be necessary to arrange the form of proceeding; and, for this purpose, if you will do me the honor of breakfasting with me to-morrow morning, I will invite and introduce you to the most influential of the electors.

O'BRIEN.—A most agreeable invitation, Mr. Mayor; nor can I hesitate a moment in accepting it, though I shall thus leave Mrs. O'Brien alone at the hotel.

THE MAYOR.—Mrs. Mayoress is unfortunately an invalid, and unable to call on Mrs. O'Brien; but if the lady will kindly waive all ceremony, and accompany you, Mrs. Mayoress will be proud to welcome her.

O'BRIEN.—Mrs. O'Brien is the least ceremonious person in the world; she set out, at a moment's call, to accompany me on my electioneering adventure; and she will not hesitate even to walk to the Mansion House, as we are without a carriage here.

THE MAYOR.—My carriage shall be at the hotel at nine to bring you.

O'BRIEN.—I accept your friendly and convenient offer; and take leave of you all, gentlemen, with thanks for your indulgence, and in the sanguine hope that our new friendship may be long and prosperous.

They shake hands. [Exit O'BRIEN.]

THE MAYOR.—A most promising candidate, gentlemen: we must endeavor, by every means, to secure him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE THE LAST.—*A room in the hotel.*

O'BRIEN and EMILY seated on a sofa.

O'BRIEN (*rising and walking about*).—A complete victory! worthy of my noble ancestors. Success has crowned my daring enterprise (*sitting down*). Emily, my love, we must sup on a biscuit. To-morrow morning we shall have a capital civic breakfast, which we must do justice to; for, afterwards, we have only the carpet-bag to live on.

EMILY.—But I have had some tea, Murrogh. I am miserable to be in debt. Could we not contrive to sell the bag to-night, and pay the good people what we owe them?

O'BRIEN.—What an unhappy suggestion! Conceive, my love, the awkwardness of my going out to sell my carpet-bag to one of my electors. A pretty figure I should cut on the hustings after such an exploit. No, my dear, the tide is turned; we must struggle a day or two longer. Depend upon it, our star is in the ascendant, and my next application to papa will be signed Murrogh O'Brien, M. P. Surely that will make him relent.

Enter MR. PARKER.

MR. PARKER.—Mr. O'Brien, your servant; Mrs. O'Brien, my good wishes to you. I regret, sir, that necessity compels me to allude to the circumstances under which you entered into an alliance with the lady present. I speak of you having unadvisedly and illegally absented yourself from duties you had engaged to perform for me. From the extraordinary nature of the case, I judged it necessary to report the whole transaction circumstantially to the worthy Counsellor O'Brien, by whom you were committed to my care.

O'BRIEN.—You did exactly what I expected from you, Mr. Parker; and you would doubtless astonish the old gentleman no little.

MR. PARKER.—The Counsellor, Mr. O'Brien, condescended to reply to my communication with his usual urbanity. To my surprise, his epistle set forth his desire that I should seek you out, charging the expenses of my journey to his account, and offer to restore to you that seat in my office which by your misconduct you had forfeited. Furthermore, he declareth, he purposes to restore to you with augmentation the stipend formerly bestowed on you; making the sum one hundred pounds per annum.

O'BRIEN.—What munificence!

MR. PARKER.—This is not all, Mr. O'Brien. The Counsellor points out to me the necessity of advancing your salary to one hundred pounds per annum (*sighs*), with which recommendation

I am bound to comply, the said Counsellor, though hard in making bargains, being liberal in recommending clients to me. I therefore give you notice, Mr. O'Brien, that you are from this day restored to the stool and desk, number two, in the front office, which you vacated on the occasion of your marriage.

O'BRIEN.—The desk, or nothing, I suppose?

MR. PARKER.—On the contrary; the honorable Counsellor further adds that, if your inclination should prompt you to read for the bar, he will still allow you the before-mentioned one hundred per annum; but, in such case, the stipend from me must be reduced to a sum proportioned to the hours of your service.

O'BRIEN.—After all, the Counsellor is an O'Brien at heart, Emily. What do you say to this noble provision for an embryo Chancellor?

EMILY.—It will certainly be preferable to our present destitution, Murrogh.

O'BRIEN.—Decidedly, my love; but then—my election?

EMILY.—Oh, Murrogh! your election could not be accomplished without dishonesty. Decide at once, if you love me, on the desk or the bar.

O'BRIEN.—“My poverty, but not my will, consents.” Alas! alas! all my glorious hopes scattered! Never again may I have the opportunity of displaying the eloquence of the O'Briens before the assembled senate. And I suppose we cannot go to breakfast with the Mayor—

Enter MR. LASCELLES.

EMILY *rushes forward*; MR. LASCELLES *takes her hand, then, turning to O'BRIEN, speaks.*

So, young man, after absconding from your master's service, and robbing me of my daughter, you have this evening had the audacity to offer yourself as a worthy representative of the good moral people of the borough of Fairmount.

O'BRIEN.—Too true, sir; but you hold in your hand my fair excuse. And I am proud to inform you that all is happily arranged for the future. I resign the honor intended to be forced on me by these worthy burgesses, and am restored to the dignity of the number two stool and desk in Mr. Parker's office.

MR. LASCELLES.—My unfortunate child's husband to be an attorney's clerk!

O'BRIEN.—I have an alternative. One hundred a year, and permission to study for the bar. And, for your sake, my Emily, I must try it, I believe. You can live or starve on the hundred pounds, and I, if all else fail, shall not be the first of the O'Briens who has cleaned shoes or begged in the streets.

MR. LASCELLES.—That I doubt not; but my daughter's husband must not be a shoe-black. Parker and I heard you speak to-night, young man; if I could rely on your sincerity and steadiness, I do not see why you should not read for the bar, and my daughter return to her natural home.

O'BRIEN.—I really cannot bring forward an objection to such a convenient arrangement; and, my dear Emily being restored to the comforts I deprived her of, I shall be happy to resign my wooden throne in Mr. Parker's office to be filled by a more worthy occupant.

MR. PARKER.—In truth, that may easily be, Mr. O'Brien; for, though in compliance with the request of the honorable Counsellor, your uncle, I retained you in my service, I ever protested against your objectionable custom of making speeches in the office; whereby you engaged the attention of the junior clerks, and were not only idle yourself, but the cause of idleness in others.

O'BRIEN.—I own the fact. I was then practising the powers that nature had bestowed on me, in the hopes of one day displaying them before the noblest senate in the world. Alas! the opportunity is gone, and I never, never shall be called into that grand arena!

MR. LASCELLES.—Do not despair: wait till you are called to the bar; and then, I have no doubt, you will have leisure enough to offer your services to the worthy burgesses of this independent borough.

The scene closes.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

IT is a most painful spectacle in families where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their music, their fancy-work, and their reading; beguiling themselves to the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but, as a necessary consequence of a neglected duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their fate when they dare not blame their God for having placed them where they are. These individuals will often tell you, with an air of affronted compassion, that “poor mamma is working herself to death;” yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element—in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half as much to do.

JUST DOWN THE ROAD

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

AUNT MARY and I lived all alone in our little cottage. It was the quaintest old house, with green blinds and gray gables, the wild vine toiling up its sides, with the scarlet berries flashing like red stars among the dark green leaves.

Then there were two chestnut-trees that stood all summer before the front door, like tall friars with green stoles folded over their bosoms; and on either side of the gravel-walks, harebells and daffodils made a ruffling of gold and purple down to the little wicket.

Oh, it was a happy home to me! I sit here and close my eyes, and, looking down into the far land of my memory, I see the quaint gables, the great trees, and the golden ruffling, shining clear through the light and the darkness of the years that lie between it and the present.

Just down the road—I could see it from my chamber-window—was a red frame-house, with the moss of half a century growing thick on its sloping roof. The building was considerably dilapidated; still, it had a *cosy*, old-fashioned look of a summer's morning, when the sunshine used to gild the eaves, and plate with gold the great weather-stained front door.

Mrs. Willard and Harry lived in the red house; he was her only son, and she was a widow. They were very poor—all the village knew this; but Mrs. Willard managed to obtain a somewhat precarious livelihood for herself and child by taking in plain sewing; and as she sometimes fitted Aunt Mary's dresses and mine, and Harry always came for and returned these, I became acquainted with him.

Henry Willard was a strange boy. He did not laugh and play as other boys of his age do; he was only two years older than I; and there was an air of mingled pride and timidity in his manner, a shadow on his young face, and a look of melancholy earnestness in his large dark eyes, which arrested my attention, and awakened my sympathy the first time that I saw him.

We were both naturally shy, and so Harry came and went many times with the little bundles; and I sat in a chair by Aunt Mary's side, getting surreptitious glances of the pale mournful face, and wondering greatly why it was not like that of other boys, before the least overtures for acquaintance were made on either side.

But Aunt Mary, whose heart seemed always overflowing with kindness and sympathy for every human being, had taken a great fancy to Harry Willard; and one day, just as he was leaving, after having discharged the commission on which his mother had sent him, she suddenly said to me: "Alice, you had better go out with Harry, and make a bouquet for Mrs. Willard. Don't you like flowers, Harry?"

"Yes, ma'am, very much; thank you," replied the boy; and then his eyes were full of a strange beautiful light as he placed them full on Aunt Mary's.

So, we went into the garden together; and there we talked for the first time, while I gathered mignonette and roses; and Harry held the flowers when I tied the blue ribbon round the stems.

After this, our reserve wore gradually away; and Harry became a frequent, always a welcome, visitor at our house. We would sit for hours under the great restless shadows of the chestnut-trees, while he would talk to me in his strange dreamy way of the stars, that seemed to him like golden stairs on which the angels came down to earth; of the strange music his heart could hear in the wind, music that rose in the spring-time into a mighty jubilee; and it flowed over the fields, and they grew green; and the violets opened their eyes, and made purple seams in the grass. In the summer, Harry said this music grew into a glorious psalm, filling the forest and the woods; and when the autumn came, it swelled into a grand stream, that went rolling up the hills, and along the valleys; and there was nothing like it but the moan of the great organ, floating through the aisles of the village church when the choir sang the doxology.

And Harry's brown eyes would grow so large, and kindle with such a strange light as he talked of these things! and then he would stop suddenly, and the old shadow and sadness would come into them, and he would tell me how he loved to read books; and how there was a strange hungry feeling at his heart for knowledge; and how the hunger sometimes grew into a fire there, which he could not describe; and he would say, in a tone of such touching, mournful pathos, that it always brought the tears into my eyes to hear him: "But, Alice, you see, we are very

poor, and I cannot go to school; and nobody knows how I feel; and nobody cares for me but mamma." And then I would draw up close to Harry, and say: "Don't talk so, please, Harry, for it makes me feel bad; besides, it isn't true, for Aunt Mary loves you, and so do I; and I know you'll grow up to be a great man, and have as many books as you want, and study everything, too!"

Then Harry would lift his face to mine, and there would be such a glow all over it! And his lip would quiver when he said: "Ally, your words always make me feel happy. God bless you!" and my heart always beat lighter when he said those words.

But one day, when Aunt Mary was "picking over" some gooseberries for supper, and I sat by her side, hemming an apron for my new doll, I told her all that Harry had said to me. I noticed she seemed very thoughtful after this; and, at last, I looked up, and saw she was running her fingers in an absent manner through the pan of gooseberries, and I said: "Aunt Mary, you're thinking about something."

She smiled; her own sweet, loving smile; and bending down, kissed my upturned forehead, and said: "You have guessed rightly, Ally. I was trying to devise some method by which I could send Harry Willard to school, but this is not so easy a matter as I see, by the sparkling of those blue eyes, that you think it is. Harry Willard's mother was not always poor, as she is now; and she is very proud, too, and, unless I could represent his going in the light of a favor done to me, I do not think I could obtain her consent to this matter."

"But you can think of some way; I know you can, Aunt Mary. Harry so longs to go!" I eagerly answered, for I placed the most unbounded faith in Aunt Mary's diplomatic resources.

"Well, Ally, I had just thought of a plan when you spoke to me, which, upon reflection, appears the best calculated of any to succeed. I have felt for some time that my darling ought to commence some higher studies than those she is learning of me; but it is a long way to the village school, and—"

"And you are going to have Harry go, too, to take care of me! Oh, I'm so glad, Aunt Mary!" I interrupted, springing up and clapping my hands; an involuntary ebullition of my excited feelings.

Aunt Mary's smile verified my remarks; and at sunset on that very day, she went down to the red house, and had a long talk with Mrs. Willard.

The star was just coming over the great hill

at the side of our home, a single golden drop in that sea of blue, when Aunt Mary returned, and informed me that her mission had been a successful one, and that Harry and I were to enter the village school on the ensuing week. Oh, that Monday morning's sunlight shone not on two happier hearts than Harry's and mine, when we shut the white wicket of our cottage-home, and, hand in hand, took the road leading to the village school, pausing every few rods to send a smile or a kiss to Aunt Mary, who stood in the front door, watching us with her loving eyes until we were out of sight.

Very happy were we, too, for the next six months; very tender and watchful was Harry's care for me; and very wonderful was Harry's progress in his studies, distancing all his classmates, and greatly surprising the teacher, while the light beamed more brightly, and the shadow went more and more from his face, which he would turn to me sometimes, and say, in his sudden, abrupt manner: "Oh, Ally, I'm very happy now!"

But, at the expiration of six months, there came the darkness of the shadow of death over all their brightness.

It was evening. Aunt Mary sat in her old seat by the window, and I stood by her side, watching the round moon as she came slowly up the blue bridge, on either side of which lay the silver-looped and gray-fringed clouds, when Harry Willard burst into the room; and every muscle of his white face seemed working with terrible suffering, as he sprang to Aunt Mary's side, saying wildly: "Oh, please go to her; please go to her quick, for my mother is dying."

With a half-suppressed exclamation, Aunt Mary seized a shawl, and hurried after Harry, who had rushed out of the house.

I was all alone, with the white moon looking in at the window, and plating with silver the backs of the chairs; and in the half darkness, a great fear came over me. I could not endure the stillness and the ghostly moonlight, so, I seized my bonnet, and followed Aunt Mary as rapidly as my trembling limbs would permit.

I shall never cease to remember the scene which presented itself as I entered the red house. Mrs. Willard was sitting in a chair in one corner of the long old-fashioned parlor, her head resting on Aunt Mary's bosom, who was striving to wipe away the current of blood which issued from her white lips. Harry's words were but too true! His mother was dying of sudden hemorrhage at the lungs.

But once the dim eyes unclosed, and the cold fingers moved convulsively. "Harry," gasped

the dying woman, as the boy buried his head, with a heart-breaking sob, in her lap, "I am going home. Oh, God, forget not thy covenant with the fatherless!" Again, the cold fingers moved convulsively amid his brown curls; there was a faint sigh; the head leaned more heavily on Aunt Mary. Harry Willard was motherless!

Two days later, they buried Mrs. Willard. It was a pleasant autumn day, and the winds soughed through the tangled grass of the churchyard, and the sunbeams glinted brightly along the marble, where Harry's mother was laid down to that slumber which no sunlight could ever waken. Poor Harry! He did not weep then; but he stood there, his whole frame quivering like a wind-broken bough, when the clods rattled on the coffin.

There was a corner in that same churchyard to which Aunt Mary and I glanced often through our tears; for there, under those drooping willows, with their white hands folded calmly over their hearts, my father and mother were sleeping that sleep which knows no earthly waking.

We could not dissuade Harry from sleeping at the house "just down the road;" but he passed most of the week subsequent to his mother's death at our cottage. He grew calmer every day; but none who looked in the boy's sad eye could doubt of the great "heartache" beneath them.

One morning, he came over as usual, and told my aunt that he had resolved to leave the village, now that he had no relatives (how his voice trembled) to keep him there.

It was all useless trying to dissuade him from this, for the boy's heart was set on going; and he said he had lain awake, in the loneliness and darkness of the red house, thinking how he would carve out his own fortune; so, at last, Aunt Mary ceased her verbal opposition, and set herself about preparing the boy's wardrobe for his journey; and disposed to the best advantage of his mother's simple furniture.

It was an October morning. The great fruit-laden branches were dipping downward, almost within our reach, when Harry Willard and I stood under them for the last time.

"You will not quite forget me, Harry," I said, swallowing down the sob that was in my throat, "when you are so far away; and you will think sometimes of the village school, and the garden, and the old trees where you used to sit; won't you?"

"Forget you, Ally!" and his arm was drawn around my waist, and the brown eyes looked earnestly, almost reproachfully, into mine; "you, whom I love better than anybody in the

world, now mamma is gone! Oh, Ally, I shall be lying under the grass, as deep and as still as she is, this pleasant morning, before I can forget you, and Aunt Mary, and all your kindness to me, a poor little fatherless, friendless boy! Ally, I have passed the happiest hours of my life with you; and now, won't you give me one of those long curls that has lain for years against your cheek? And I will place it on my heart; and it will keep it always warm for you. Don't cry, Ally, dear!" for the tears were dripping down my cheeks, as I took Aunt Mary's garden scissors, which she had inadvertently left on a rustic bench under the tree, and severed the tress.

"I'll come back to you when I've grown to be somebody you'll be proud of;" and his form dilated. "But hark! There comes the stage, and Aunt Mary is calling;" and the tears trickled on his heavy lashes, as he ran toward the house.

"Good-bye, Ally."

"Good-bye, Harry."

We stood under the small vine-wrapped portico; and he kissed me twice, and then ran hastily toward the gate, for the driver was late and cross. I heard the rumbling of wheels, and saw through my tears the floating of a handkerchief; and Harry Willard was gone, and the red house "down the road" was desolate.

* * * * *

Eight years had passed since that morning, when Harry Willard and I murmured our tearful farewells under the vine-wrapped portico. They had not been all bright years to me; there was a great shadow trailing through the later ones, until this was lost, swallowed up in darkness, the darkness of death!

Our home, our darling cottage home went first. Henry, the former owner of the place, was a hard man, and the bill of sale was lost, so it fell into his hands.

Aunt Mary struggled very hardly to bear up under this blow; but it was a very heavy one leaving the home of her fathers; and after it, she always smiled a sad, patient, heart-broken smile, that brought the tears into my eyes, and said: "God's will be done!"

Her health, which had been failing her for a long time, gave way at last. There came another autumn day; and the wind soughed through the tangled grass of the churchyard; and the sunlight glinted along the white marble, just as it had done in a day far down in my memory, when they laid Aunt Mary under the willows to sleep.

After this, I, too, was ill for a long time with a fever; and some kind neighbors took me to their homes, and watched over me during that

long illness almost as tenderly as Aunt Mary would have done.

My father had a widowed sister, who resided at the capital, and of whom I seldom heard; but I knew that Aunt Mary had written her a few days before she left me, although she did not reveal to me the nature of her communication.

But when I was able to sit up, they placed a letter, in a strange handwriting, before me. It contained an invitation (I tried to think it was a cordial one) from this aunt to make her residence my future home.

The kind family with whom I had resided since my aunt's death were not wealthy; and so, after many prophetic misgivings, I resolved to accept the home which had been offered me. I came to the city, reader, a lonely orphan girl, without a friend outside the little village, which it almost broke my heart to leave.

But the proud mansion, whose tall stone front looked down coldly and sternly upon me when I ascended the broad steps, and glanced up at it for the first time, was no home to me. I soon perceived that my aunt and her two fair haughty daughters regarded me as an unwelcome dependent upon their bounty, whom it would in no wise avail their interest to recognize; and sometimes I wished that I was lying under the willows, close—oh, so very close!—to Aunt Mary. May God forgive me! for I was very wretched.

* * * * *

"Then, Julia, you are sure we may depend upon his honoring our *soirée* with his presence?"

"Perfectly so, Annie. Mr. Lee, who is, you know, his most intimate friend, says we may rely upon him for next Tuesday, though he had to refuse several other invitations in order to accept ours. How he is *fêted* and worshipped everywhere! I'm sure I shall be grateful to Mr. Lee forever. And, Annie, I'm resolved that our *soirée* shall be the most brilliant of the season. So distinguished a guest certainly demands an extra effort on our part. Dear me, Alice, I had quite forgotten you;" and the tone and the glance which accompanied this remark were ample evidence that the reminder was anything but agreeable to my cousin. "Of course, you won't think of entering the parlors next Tuesday evening. The society there will be so very unlike anything to which you have been accustomed in that little out-of-the-world village, that you would find yourself sadly out of place. Then there is a young and very distinguished orator to be present, about whom the fashionable world is just now in perfect ecstasies; and you couldn't, of course, expect us to present you to him. But you can make yourself useful in

some way, I dare say. The servants will be very busy; and after the company have all arrived, you can go into the dressing-room, and arrange the cloaks and hats, so that the owners need not have so much difficulty in identifying them as they did at our last party. I always look forward with dread to that finale of confusion."

I bowed my head, and left the room, for the tears were coming; and I would not that they should see them.

"Oh, Aunt Mary! Aunt Mary! if you could see your little Alice now!" I groaned in the agony of my heart, as I laid my throbbing head on the arms I wrapped together on the table.

And then I resolved I would return again to my village home, though all the light had gone out of it. Now my health, which I had not gained when I came to my aunt's, was restored, I thought I could establish an infant school in my old home, and for Aunt Mary's sake the inhabitants would aid me in this matter.

It was evening. All alone in my little chamber at one corner of the mansion, I could hear the hurrying to and fro of many feet, and the rumbling of the carriage-wheels, as they drew up before the door. Below me, I knew, the chandeliers were pouring their tides of silvery light through the magnificent drawing-rooms, and flowing over fair young brows, and winding through the ringlets that drooped around them. I thought of the light-hearted girls there of my own age; and I envied them not their happiness, not their riches, but the love that was denied to me; and sometimes, when a swell of rich eager laughter would come rippling up the winding stairs to my chamber, I would bury my face in my hands, and weep. And sometimes, I thought of him for whom all this beauty and chivalry were assembled; and then I would wonder if, amid all that homage and adulation, his heart would not grow mournful a moment, were he to know that, under that very same roof, a broken-hearted orphan girl was sitting, with no companions but her memories and her tears!

At last, I grew very uneasy, and sitting there with my head leaning on my hands, I fell asleep, and dreamed I was sitting with Aunt Mary by our old cottage-window once more.

It must have been very late when I awoke, for I could hear the tide of company slowly setting up from the dining-hall into the parlors; and, remembering the task which my cousin had assigned me, I seized a light and hurried down the back stairs into the dressing-room.

It presented to me a scene of almost hopeless confusion; but I had at last succeeded in ar-

ranging the garments so they would readily be recognized by the owners, when I heard footsteps hastily approaching the door, and vainly looked round to find some mode of egress.

"You did well, Lee, to smuggle me out of the room as you did; but necessity knows not the law of conventionalisms, and I must hurry off without taking leave of my hostess and her daughters. Here are our hats; lucky we've found them."

I stood in one corner with the light in my hand, so the gentlemen did not observe me; and I was internally congratulating myself on this, when the younger of the men, who had previously spoken, turned again, saying—

"Wait a moment; I put my cane in this corner, and had well nigh forgotten it. Madam!" He paused suddenly, for he had discovered me.

I lifted my eyes, and the light fell full on his features, and we stood there face to face. One glance—yet another, intense, breathless, into those brown, deep eyes that were fastened eagerly, wonderingly on mine—and then I knew him. Time had moulded the contour of the pale boy-face into that of early manhood, and softened and deepened the light of those wondrous eyes; but I knew they were Harry Willard's.

"Alice!"

"Harry!"

The words came involuntarily to the lips of both; and then, with that voice, the memories of other days rushed darkly over my heart, and the tears I *could* not restrain brimmed over my eyes.

He made a sign to Mr. Lee, who stood staring from one to another, to leave us, saying, "I will join you soon." And then he came close to me, and putting away the curls from my forehead just as he had done in the olden time, he said—

"Alice, my sweet child-angel, what has brought you here? And what has taken the smile out of those blue eyes, and brought this sadness over the face, the dear face, that has always haunted my dreams? Look up, darling, and tell me."

But I did not look up, and could not have seen him if I had, for my blinding tears; but I laid my head on his arm, while he drew the other around me, and I said—

"Harry, our old home is gone, and Aunt Mary is dead, and I am here all alone, friendless, and very wretched."

"But friendless no longer, Alice," he answered, in his deep, thrilling tones. "Did you think I could forget you—you, whose memory

has dwelt as constant in my heart as the dark brown curl you gave me has risen and fallen with its every pulsation since? Hark! they have discovered my absence, and I must leave you. Alice, say nothing to any one of this meeting; I will come to you again. When shall you be alone?"

"To-morrow evening," I said, recollecting that my aunt and cousins were engaged at that time. "After eight I shall be alone."

"Farewell till then." He bent down his lips to my forehead, and the next moment I was alone—alone, but no longer wretched.

It was evening again; there was a deep hush in the stately parlors, and a single lamp poured its soft, dim light over the massive furniture and among the gorgeous flowers of the carpet, as I stole softly into them, and awaited, with heart throbs that almost alarmed me, the coming of Harry Willard.

I did not keep a long watch that night. In a little while, we were seated together in one of the dim alcoves of the great room; my hand was lying in his, and I was telling him the story of the years since we parted.

It was a mournful history, and the tears often choked it, and sobs closed many a paragraph. At last I concluded it with the relation of the previous night's sufferings, of the unkind words my cousin had spoken, and of my wondering if even the great orator, whose name I did not know, would not have felt a momentary pang for my sorrows. There was a long silence after I had said this, but at last Harry broke it.

"Alice," he said, and there was a look in the eyes he bent on me that brought the lids over mine, "while the world has been dealing thus hardly with you, it has been very kind to me, after a year or two of hard struggling, which it matters not now to talk of. Alice, have you forgotten the words that I said to you under the old pear-tree, the morning that we parted? 'I love you better than any other in the world.' And the heart of the man echoes to-night the words of the boy. Alice, my beautiful, loved with a true, changeless love—my first, and my last—during all the long years of our separation, will you take this love—will you be *my wife*?"

I could not make him answer for my tears; but I laid both my hands in his, and he was satisfied.

"They have sent for you to come down to the parlor, Miss, in a great hurry," said a servant, putting her head into my room the next morning, while I sat there dreaming of Harry.

Wondering greatly what my aunt and cousins

could want, I descended to the parlor; but I heard my aunt say, as I entered—

“I am confident, Mr. Willard, you will not find this person the one of whom you are in quest, and the mistake in your information will probably be owing to their similarity of names.”

My aunt and her daughters, Mr. Lee and Harry, were all there. As soon as the latter saw me, he rose, took my hand, and, leading me up to these, said—

“Permit me, madam, and young ladies, to present to you Alice Mernin, my affianced bride!”

Never shall I forget the look of mingled surprise and consternation which settled over my aunt's and cousins' features, as they heard this declaration.

“Why didn't you tell us, Alice? Why didn't you tell us?” they simultaneously ejaculated; and then a light began gradually to dawn on my mind. I looked at Harry, and the mischievous light that filled his eyes corroborated my sus-

picious. He was the “distinguished orator” in whose honor my cousins' *soirée* had been given. Oh, I shed proud and happy tears before them all when I knew it!

My haughty relatives never recovered from the mortification which Harry's revelation gave them; but the prestige of my relationship was discovered too late, though I was overladen with attention and caressed for the remaining few days of my sojourn with them. Harry and I were married the next week at his friend's, Mr. Lee.

Where his old home once stood, a fine Grecian villa now rises; the columbine wraps its balconies, and the honeysuckle its portico, and at nightfall Harry and I wander through the long garden aisles, and the stars look down upon us with the same smile that they wore in our childhood, and Harry's eyes are filled with their old light as I lean on his arm, and we talk about the old days, and the old red house “just down the road.”

A SERIES OF PAPERS ON THE HAIR.

CHAPTER V.

MODES OF WEARING THE HAIR.

CERTAIN modes of wearing the hair distinguished particular nations; for example, hair twisted in the form of a mitre, Armenians and other Asiatics; long, floating, and curled, Parthians and Persians; thick and bristly, Scythians and Goths; cut upon the crown of the head, Arabians, Abantes, Mysians, Curetes, and Ætolians; long hair often washed in lime-water, Gauls; long, the Athenian cavalry, and all Lacedæmonian soldiers; floating only, Bacchantes; fastened upon the top of the head, girls; tied and fastened upon the nape of the neck, matrons. To remain or be in the hair, was a phrase (especially among the Lombards) to signify unmarried girls, who wore their hair long, not twisted into knots like that of married women.

“In former days,” observes a recent writer, “what was known of a woman's hair in the cap of Henry the Eighth's time; or of her forehead under her hair in George the Third's time; or of the fall of her shoulders in the belt or wing in Queen Elizabeth's time; or of the fulness of her throat in a gorget of Edward the First's time; or of the shape of her arm in a great bishop's sleeve, even in our own times? Now-

a-days, all these points receive full satisfaction for past neglect, and a woman breaks upon us in such a plenitude of charms, that we hardly know where to begin the catalogue. Hair light as silk in floating curls, or massive as marble in shining coils; forehead bright and smooth as mother-of-pearl, and arched in matchless symmetry by its own beautiful drapery; ear, which for centuries had lain concealed, set on the side of the head like a delicate shell; throat a lovely stalk, leading the eye upward to a lovelier flower, and downward along a fair sloping ridge, undulating in the true line of beauty, to the polished precipice of the shoulder, whence, from the pendent calyx of the shortest possible sleeve, hangs a lovely branch, smooth and glittering like pale pink coral, slightly curved towards the figure, and terminating in five taper petals, pinker still, folding and unfolding ‘at your own sweet will.’”

We give up the ear. Pretty or not, it cannot afford to be shown. Any face in the world looks bold with the hair put away so as to show the ears. They must be covered. The curve-line of the jaw needs the intersecting shade of the falling curl, or of the plait or braid drawn across it. So evident is it to us that nature intended the female ear to be covered—(by giving

long hair to women, and by making the ear's concealment almost inevitable as well as necessary to her beauty)—that we only wonder the wearing it covered, by hair or cap, has never been put down among the rudiments of modesty.

In or out of fashion, we contend that curls are pre-eminently beautiful and becoming. As weapons aimed at men's hearts, no other revolvers are half so deadly. They look youthful; they look modest; they look caressing. The cheek is brighter for the foil they are to its lustre. Grace is in their fall over the temple. Poetry has idealized and embellished the general impression with regard to curls. Their motion coquets with the eye, and the perplexed light and shadow that play in and out of the nests of curve entrap the fancy. Few faces are beautiful enough to do without them—few faces that have a profusion of them gracefully worn are unattractive.

Yet of late years fashion seems to have rejected curls.

The rarest beauty in the world is hair becomingly joined on the neck behind. Usually, of course, the bandeau or braid should be so brought round from the temples as to conceal the roots of the hair, without so increasing the bulk as to give that part of the head an animal expression. This is the point we often see ill managed in hair-dressing.

But, of all the arts of decorating the head, the one which requires the most skill and taste (not to say good sense) is the locating the bulk of the hair when put up. Phrenology should be called in, for the proper point to receive addition differs with every different formation of skull. Woman has very much the advantage over man in this respect. She can make her head show, phrenologically, for pretty much what she pleases. The prominent propensities may be made unobtrusive by counterbalancing even where the bumps themselves cannot be concealed. But, upon most of the betraying prominences, complete disguise may be put, and those which are creditable and beautiful may be greatly thrown into relief, heightened and made to tell upon the expression. An inch forward or backward in the placing of the knot of the hair, gives the head (the most common observer sees, without knowing why) a very different character. How often do we wonder what it is that makes this or that lady's head so invariably dignified or stylish, when, in fact, it is nothing but her tact at rightly locating the bulk of her hair.

"How often," remarks a writer in "Blackwood's Magazine," "do we see a really good face made quite ugly by a total inattention to lines! Sometimes the hair is pushed into the cheeks,

and squared at the forehead, so as to give a most extraordinary pinched shape to the face. Let the oval, where it exists, be always preserved; where it does not, let the hair be so humored that the deficiency shall not be perceived. Nothing is more common than to see a face, which is somewhat too large below, made to look grossly large and coarse, by contracting the hair on the forehead and cheeks, and there bringing it to an abrupt check; whereas such a face should enlarge the forehead and the cheek, and let the hair fall partially over, so as to shade and soften off the lower exuberance. A good treatise, with examples in outline of the defects, would be of some value upon a lady's toilet, who would wish to preserve her great privilege—the supremacy of beauty. Some press the hair down close to the face, which is to lose the very characteristic of hair—ease and freedom. Let her locks, says Anacreon, lie as they like; the Greek gives them life, and a will. Some ladies wear the hair like blinkers; you always expect they will shy if you approach them. A lady's headdress, whether in a portrait or for her daily wear, should, as in old portraits by Rembrandt and Titian, go off into shade, not to be seen too clearly, and hard all round; should not, in fact, be isolated, as if out of sympathy with all surrounding nature. The wigs of men of Charles the Second's time had at least that one merit of floating into the back-ground, and in their fall softening the sharpness of the lines of the dress about them."

"We do not presume to enter into the question whether short curls are more becoming than long ones, or whether bands are preferable to curls of any kind, because, as the hair of some persons curls naturally, while that of others is quite straight, we consider that this is one of the points which must be decided accordingly as one style or the other is found to be most suitable to the individual."

"The principle in the arrangement of the hair round the forehead should be to preserve or assist the oval form of the face. As this differs in different individuals, the treatment should be adapted accordingly. The arrangement of the long hair at the back of the head is a matter of taste; as it interferes but little with the countenance, it may be referred to the dictates of fashion, although in this, as in everything else, simplicity in the arrangement, and grace in the direction of the lines, are the chief points to be considered. One of the most elegant headdresses we remember to have seen, is that worn by the peasants of the Milanese and Ticinese. They have almost uniformly glossy black

hair, which is carried round the back of the head in a wide braid, in which are planted, at regular intervals, long silver pins, with large heads, which produce the effect of a coronet, and contrast well with the dark color of the hair."

Leigh Hunt very justly reprobates the vile and injurious practice of curl papers:—

"Ladies, always delightful, and not the least so in their undress, are apt to deprive themselves of some of their best morning beams, by appearing with their hair in papers. All people of taste prefer a cap, if there must be anything; but hair a million times over. To see grapes in paper bags is bad enough; but the rich locks of a lady in papers, the roots of the hair twisted up like a drummer's, and the forehead staring bald instead of being gracefully tendrilled and shadowed! It is a capital offence—a defiance to the love and admiration of the other sex—a provocation to a paper war; and we here accordingly declare the said war on paper, not having any ladies at hand to carry it at once into their head-quarters. We must allow, at the same time, that they are very shy of being seen in this condition, knowing well enough how much of their strength, like Samson's, lies in that gifted ornament. We have known a whole parlor of them fluttered off like a dove-cote, at the sight of a friend coming up the garden."

Of all the nations of antiquity, with whose character we are at all acquainted, the Greeks cultivated beauty with the greatest care, and by them beautiful and tastefully adorned hair was held to be quite necessary to setting off their persons. Until a very late period, when they had attained to the highest pitch of refinement, they continued to dress their hair in a very simple manner. Dividing it evenly on the middle of the crown, from the forehead backwards, they allowed it to flow loosely on either side in waving ringlets on the shoulders, at the same time turning it carefully, so as to form a semicircle along the forehead towards the temples, as Byron describes it:—

"Those tresses unconfined,
Woody by each Egean wind."

Or, instead of allowing their brilliant tresses to flow thus loosely, turned them up, and fastened them with a single gold pin.

The eyebrows are usually of a darker shade than the hair, which serves to give a tone of character to the forehead.

"Black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or half moon, made with a pen."

Winter's Tale.

The ancient Romans considered it indispensable for a beauty to have her eyebrows meet, and, in Scotland, persons whose eyebrows are so formed are considered lucky.

In the East a powder composed of antimony and bismuth is used to darken the eyelashes.

In Circassia, Georgia, Persia, and India, one of the mother's earliest cares is to promote the growth of her children's eyelashes, by tipping and removing the fine gossamer-like points, with a pair of scissors, when they are asleep. By repeating this every month or six weeks, they become, in time, long, close, finely curved, and of a silky gloss. The practice never fails to produce the desired effect, and it is particularly useful when, owing to inflammation of the eyes, the lashes have been thinned or stunted.

MARRIED MEN.

HEAR what Miss Bremer says about married men. "So good was he that I now take the opportunity of making a confession which I have often had upon my lips, but have hesitated to make from the fear of drawing upon myself the hatred of every married woman. But now I will run the risk—so now for it—some time or other people must unburden their hearts. I confess, then, that I never find a man more lovable or more captivating than when he is a married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect, in my eyes, as when he is married, as when he is a husband, and the father of a family, supporting in his manly arms wife and children, and the whole domestic circle, which, on his entrance into the married state, close round him and constitute part of his home and world. He is not merely ennobled by his position, but he is actually beautified by it: then he appears to me as the crown of creation; and it is only such a man as this that is dangerous to me, and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But, then, propriety forbids it. And Moses, and all European legislators, declare it to be sinful, and all married women would consider it a sacred duty to stone me. Nevertheless, I cannot prevent the thing. It is so, and it cannot be otherwise; and my only hope of appeasing those who are excited against me is in my future confession that no love affects me so pleasantly; the contemplation of no happiness makes me so happy as that between married people! It is amazing to myself, because it seems to me that I, living unmarried, or matchless, have but little to do. But it is so, and always was so."

MRS. DAFFODIL AT THE OPERA.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

AT an early hour, our party, Mr. and Mrs. S., George and myself, started to call for Mrs. Daffodil. As it was a warm pleasant evening, we concluded to walk. Mrs. Daffodil and Euphrosyne were quite ready; and, indeed, from what we learned, had been waiting an hour or two for us. Major Clapperton offered his arm to Mrs. S., Mr. S. took Euphrosyne, George gallanted the widow, and I was left to Pete. The major most politely offered me his other arm, but I preferred my juvenile escort, as it afforded an excuse to walk beside Mrs. Daffodil.

"I've got my best dress on," said the old lady to me, as we started. "It's one my poor, dear Daffodil gave me just after we were married; but Ninny wore her white dress, and rose-buds in her hair, so I put it on."

Even this explanation did not prepare me for the sight which I beheld when Mrs. Daffodil threw off her shawl on entering the theatre. Her dress consisted of a bright yellow silk, made in the time of departed Daffodil's youth. It was extremely short waisted, had large leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and, to add to the effect, the trimming was pale green. A large collar covering her shoulders was fastened at the throat by a green bow, in the middle of which a cheap breast-pin sparkled. Her cap was trimmed with a profusion of green and yellow ribbons, and so covered with artificial flowers that the lace was completely obscured. The look of mortification visible on the major's face showed that he was totally unprepared for such a display of antiquity. Ninny, who sat next her mother, looked quite pretty in her white dress, with a few rosebuds in her fair hair. Pete, who sat behind with the major, wore a gray blouse, with a large linen collar, fastened by a huge crimson bow. His hair was fancifully arranged, probably by Peter Smith, the village barber; it hung in long lank tresses round his head.

"I do so like a theatre," said Mrs. Daffodil; "it's so light, with the chancieles suspended all around, and the seats is so easy here, too. I never was at a theatre but once before, when I went to see the 'of course I can, brother.'* The little gal remembers."

I assented, for I had a very lively recollection of the occasion.

The overture commencing at this moment, the old lady was silent until the first scene was over.

"I can't make out a word they're saying," she said, as Orsini finished "*Nella fatal*." "What are they making such a noise about?" she continued, as thunders of applause greeted the "*divine Sontag*." "Who's the black woman, with her face covered up?"

"That is Sontag—*Lucrezia Borgia*," said George; "and the applause is to let her know how glad we are to see her."

"Oh, that's the uproar part, I suppose!" said she.

Again she was all attention until *Lucrezia* kisses *Gennaro* as he lies asleep.

"Well, I declare!" she cried, "that young woman ought to be ashamed to be kissing that man right before a whole theatre full of people looking at her. No wonder she covers her face up, if that's the way she carries on."

Quiet again, until the return of Orsini and his companions.

"What is the little boy so mad about?" she asked. "How they all holler at her! It's another uproar, ain't it?"

"They are reminding her of dreadful crimes she was believed to have committed," said George. "She was supposed to have poisoned many of their relatives."

"Pizened!" said the horrified old lady; "the murdering witch! I wish she'd take that thing off her face. Why," she cried, as Orsini snatched the mask from *Lucrezia*'s face, "the little fellow heard me. Thank you, my little man!" she continued, in a voice so loud as to attract several glances at our box as the curtain fell.

"Sister, you make yourself ridiculous!" said the major, with a very marked expression of contempt on his face.

"Gracious, how contemptible you look!" said Mrs. Daffodil. "I didn't mean no harm, I'm sure."

"How are you pleased?" I asked, willing to turn the conversation.

"Well, the dresses is very pretty, except the

* "*Corsican Brothers*."

black woman. But I'd like to see my Pete rigged out like that little fellow in the play. I wish they'd talk it though," she added; "it would be easier for them, and a heap better to understand. I can't make nothing of the gibberish they sing."

"And be deprived of those strains of seraphic melody which now greet our enraptured ears?" sighed the fair Euphrosyne.

"My ears ain't wrapped up!" said her mother; "and I wish you'd talk English. You are as puzzling as the play actor fellows. What are you going to do with them flowers?" she said, pointing to a bouquet the major was handing to Mrs. S.

"They are for Lucrezia," said Mrs. S.

"What, the black pizenning woman! Well, if that ain't the discouragement of vice and immortality! Major, I'm ashamed of you, to reward her evil deeds!"

"Hush!" whispered Euphrosyne, as the curtain rose on the second act.

"That is Lucrezia's husband, the Duke Alphonzo," said I, as Badiali entered.

"She's a married woman," said the old lady, "and carrying on as she does! Sakes alive! what is he pulling off the letters for?" was her next query, as Gennaro struck the B from Borgia.

"He wishes to insult Lucrezia," said George, "and so defaces the name on the door."

"Just like Joe Smith and I," said Pete, leaning forwards. "We was out one night, and had a jolly good time, pulling down signs and ringing bells. We put Dr. Comfort's sign over the tavern, and Toddy's 'Liquor sold here' over Mr. Jenks, the temperance preacher; and stuck the barber's pole in Miss Prim's candy-shop winder, and Jimmy Dolittle the cobbler's sign over the bricklayer's door; and we rung Mr. Makewell's night-bell till he came down in a fine rage, and then we run off. Weren't it fun! Didn't ma wallop me, though!"

"What's the juke scolding his wife for?" said Mrs. Daffodil, who had been gazing with puzzled attention on the stage. "There's that young man again, Juneairo. That's the row, is it? Give it to her, juke; she deserves it," she cried.

"Hold your tongue, sister," said the major. "You make too much noise."

"Oh, they want all the uproar to themselves, I suppose. There, everybody in the house is making a noise," she said, triumphantly, as the sovereign people testified their approval of the trio.

Again the curtain fell.

"Well, I can't see into it," said Mrs. Daffodil. "What was in the bottle she gave him?"

"An antidote for the poison the duke gave him," I said.

"The juke? The woman, you mean! Why, the juke was as pleasant as could be."

"Nevertheless, it was the duke who poisoned him, and Lucrezia who saved his life."

"What did he pizen him for?" she asked.

"Because he suspected him of loving his wife."

"Well, he'd a heap better lock his wife up, and not let her go running about after fellers, than to pizen the poor young men when she catches them. Why, he was fast asleep when she kissed him; and just now she only waited till the juke was gone, and then she was right on her knees to him."

"She was imploring him to leave the duke's dominions."

"Well, I'm glad she sent him off."

Mrs. Daffodil listened with grave attention to the next act, which was increased to a frightened interest as the mysterious voices came from behind the curtain.

"Well, I declare," she cried, as Lucrezia again appeared, "if there ain't the black woman after the young man again! She don't let him have a minute's peace. What is she saying now?"

"She tells them that they are all poisoned, in revenge for the insults they offered her, you remember, in the first act," said George.

"I remember! Gracious, the young man's going to kill her! She deserves it; but—no, he ain't!" she said, with a sigh of relief, as Gennaro dropped the knife. "But what is she singing about now? There's the little bottle again."

"She's begging him to take the antidote again, and he refuses, because there is not enough for his companions."

"Has she pizened him again? Why, she must think he's got as many lives as a cat. Ain't he a powerful long time dying? There, he's dead! No, he ain't; he's up on his arm, singing away as loud as ever. There, he's down; and now he's up, at it again. Well, I hope his singing so at his last moments won't be taken into the 'count against him. He don't seem to know how to talk. Poor thing!" she said, as Sontag's impassioned acting brought tears to her eyes. "I can't tell what she says; but she does seem to feel very bad. I declare, that man is as hard to kill as an eel! They're both singing now. How can she sing, if she feels so bad? There, he's dead! There's the juke; what's she saying to him?"

"She is telling him that the young man is her son."

"Her son!"

"Yes, by a former marriage."

"Poor thing! how I pity her! I should feel dreadful, if I'd pizened Pete."

"How did you like the music, Mrs. Daffodil?" asked Mr. S., as we left the theatre.

"I didn't notice it much," was the answer.

"I was trying to find out what the furren talk was; I couldn't make much of it. I don't think I like that juke much. He really looked as if he liked it, when she swooned, after giving her son the anecdote."

"The harmonious strains of the seraph could scarcely afford more delightful pleasure than the dulcet notes of this exquisite cantatrice," said Euphrosyne.

"She wasn't a candytreese," said her mother; "her name was Loucraterser, if it's the black woman you're talking about."

"Do you admire the Italian school?" inquired George of Euphrosyne.

"She never went to it, sir," said her mother.

"She never went to no school but Miss Sli-

ther's; she went there for all the eddication she's got."

"All music is to me like a dream of the spheres of bliss," said Euphrosyne.

"Will you accompany us to Taylor's, Mrs. Daffodil?" asked Mr. S.

"Thank you," said she; "but I never buy anything at the tailor's; all Pete's clothes are made at home."

On being made to understand the nature of Taylor's establishment, she accepted Mr. S.'s invitation, while the major apologized for her mistake.

"Shall I order some Charlotte Russe for you, Mrs. Daffodil?" asked George.

"No, I thank you," said the old lady, rather indignantly. "I ain't a hannibal, to be eating Charlottes, or Susans either, for that matter."

She consented to partake of a cream and some cake, and, at her own door, wished us a very sleepy good-night, while her cordial "Thank you, ma'am, I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," sounded far more grateful to our ears than the polite, tedious apology the major thought necessary to add to his thanks for what he termed his sister's eccentricities

LOOK FOR THE FLOWERS.

WE often wonder why it is that May is not the merry month now that it used to be in former days, such as old writers describe with loving words and jocund phrases, and of which poets of our own time draw pictures, in verses rich with eloquence and imagery. The May of the olden time is associated in our minds with so much of mirth and merriment that we have come to look back upon it with a sort of regretful resignation—as a vision for the entertainment of our fancy, or as a subject of vain wishes—a something that can never come again. The consequence is that the May of the present seems as nothing in our estimation when compared with the May of the past.

And this it is which makes us wonder. It can hardly be that the months have changed; the promise, made of old, "seed-time and harvest shall never fail," would assure us of that. And we may be pretty sure that our forefathers had cares and anxieties as well as ourselves; they did not find life all fun and frolic any more than we. It was as incumbent on them to plough and to sow, to plan with the head and labor

with the hand, to meet with difficulties and endure privations, as it is on us. We may believe, therefore, that human nature was much the same in its great essentials in that day as it is in this; and if we are called upon to endure sorrow, and trial, and suffering, we may be sure that it is no new thing, but only a portion of that which has befallen ever since the world began.

Hence it is that we wonder. Why should we not be as joyous and as frolicsome in the present month of May as we fancy our forefathers were, dancing round their tall, flower-bedecked Maypoles, from one end of the country to the other? Why should we not? For we may if we like. If we could go back to those glad some days, and see the world as it was, we should find many an aching heart and careworn spirit; many suffering from real causes, but many, many more from imaginary ones. Numbers there were who saw no brightness in the sunshine, and no beauty in the spring.

Had they opened their eyes they would have seen a sky filled with light-beams, and an earth covered with flowers! "It is naught," they said,

in their wilfulness, and they thought how much better it had been in the earlier days; just as we do, in this present year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty-five.

But they were not all alike in those olden days; true-hearted old Chaucer tells us, in his quaint rhymes, that as soon as the month of May came, with singing of birds and springing of flowers, he could not help laying aside book and business to see the daisies blow at sunrise. There is no day, he said,

“That I n’am up, and walking in the mede,
To see this flower against the sunne sprede
When it upriseth erly by the morowe:
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorowe;
So glad am I, when that I have presence
Of it, to doin it all reverence.

Chaucer was a wise man, he looked for the flowers; and why may not we look for flowers too? If we do not, we shall perhaps find, on close examination, that our good opinion of the past arises out of an uneasy feeling that we are not making the best of the present. It is so much easier to find fault than to rectify; and so, instead of looking for flowers, we say there is nothing but weeds, and we creep about bewailing the evil days on which we have fallen. Shame on us! Look for the flowers. There they are, growing in thousands on thousands, of manifold form, and hue, and beauty, along every pathway, with something to cheer every eye that looks upon them. We think we have a right to be discontented or wretched, and to say “It was better in the former days;” when, if we would only shake the cobwebs out of our mind, we should see that we lose years of happiness by not looking for flowers.

Argue as we will, there is no denying the fact that there are flowers for everybody. We may pervert our will, and darken our judgment, but the fact is still true. We are not bound to see nothing but weeds, nor have we any warrant for wasting the present in useless wishes for the impossible. The past is gone; the future is not yet; but the present is ours to work in withal. Look for the flowers.

“We oft destroy the present joy,
For future hopes, and praise them;
While flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we ’d but stoop to raise them.”

There are flowers for everybody. Truly, then, this is the time of all others which should be turned to account. Let us look at them. Up, with cheerful spirit; open the shutters, and let in the daylight. Sweep out the cobwebs of indolence, of vanity, of deceit, of dissipation, of envy, of strife, of avarice, and how radiant will

be the chambers of the mind, how joyous the pulses of the heart! Weeds will be uprooted from the garden as if by magic, and flowers will bloom and blow of brightest hue and sweetest fragrance.

“Here we, earth’s wanderers, timid and brave,
Hasten with onward steps nearer the grave;
And in our pilgrimage should we not see
All that is beautiful, lovesome, and free?
Should we with mourning hearts sit all forlorn?
Should we with sullen hand gather the thorn?
Should we in rambling on over the meads
Look but for pestilent, poisonous weeds?
Should we not manfully, hand locked in hand,
Press on unweariedly, Hope’s bravest band,
Looking for flowers?”

FEMALE COURAGE.

THERE is a branch of general education which is not thought at all necessary for women; as regards which, indeed, it is well if they are not brought up to cultivate the opposite. Women are not taught to be courageous. Indeed, to some persons, courage may seem as unnecessary for women as Latin or Greek. Yet there are few things that would tend to make women happier in themselves, and more acceptable to those with whom they live, than courage. There are many women of the present day, sensible women in other things, whose panic-terrors are a frequent source of discomfort to themselves and those around them. Now, it is a great mistake to imagine that hardness must go with courage; and that the bloom of gentleness and sympathy must all be rubbed off by that vigor of mind which gives presence of mind, enables a person to be useful in peril, and makes the desire to assist overcome that sickliness of sensibility which can only contemplate distress and difficulty. So far from courage being unfeminine, there is a peculiar grace and dignity in those beings who have little active power of attack or defence, passing through danger with a moral courage which is equal to that of the strongest. We see this in great things. We perfectly appreciate the sweet and noble dignity of an Anne Bullen, a Mary Queen of Scots, or a Marie Antoinette. We see that it is grand for these delicately-bred, high-nurtured, helpless personages to meet death with a silence and a confidence like his own. But there would be a similar dignity in women’s bearing small terrors with fortitude. There is no beauty in fear. It is a mean, ugly, dishevelled creature. No statue can be made of it that a woman would wish to see herself like.—*Friends in Council.*

PRETTY NAMES FOR GIRLS.

(Continued from page 347.)

- FRANCES, Fanny, Francisca.—From the French *franc*, free, frank, open-hearted.
- Florence.—Latin; *florens*, the flourishing, blooming as a flower.
- Flora.—From the Latin *flos*, a flower.
- Fidelia.—The faithful; from *fides*, faith, trustworthiness. Latin.
- Floribel.—Beautiful flower, or beautiful Flora.
- Flavia.—The golden. From the Latin *flavus*.
- Felicia.—From *felix*, happy. Latin.
- Gertrude.—The well-beloved.
- Gabrielle.—Feminine form of Gabriel, which is said to mean “the man of God.”
- Geraldine.—One full of courage.
- Ginevra.—From the Welsh *gwinne*, fair or bright, and *vren*, of high birth; “well-born and beautiful.”
- Grace.—From the Latin *gratia*; a favor, something to be thankful for.
- Georgia.—Feminine form of George. From *georgos*, a husbandman or farmer. Greek.
- Georgiana.—Georgia Anna; “the charming husbandman.”
- Hannah.—See Anna.
- Helen, Helena.—From the Greek; full of light, radiantly beautiful.
- Henrietta, Harriet.—Feminine forms of Henry; one fond of the woods, heroine of the groves.
- Hermelinda.—Exalted by gentleness.
- Hildegarde.—The fair archeress.
- Hulda.—The graceful, fair, charming.
- Hebe.—Greek; blooming youthfulness.
- Heloise.—See Eloise.
- Hortense, Hortensia.—From the Latin *hortus*; a garden, “a female gardener.”
- Irene.—Greek; the peaceful.
- Ida.—Greek; fair, exquisitely lovely.
- Ione.—From *ion*, Greek; a violet.
- Iola.—Probably from *io*, a Greek interjection, sometimes signifying joy, sometimes grief.
- Isabella.—Beautiful Elizabeth.
- Imogen.—Equal born.
- Ianthe.—From the Greek; a flower; probably the Iris flower.
- Julia.—Feminine form of Julius. From the Greek *oulos*, downy; downy-cheeked; a youthful virgin; “becoming a virgin.”
- Julie.—French form of Julia.
- Juliet.—Little Julia.
- Julianna.—Julia Anna; charming Julia.
- Jane, Joan, Jeannette, Juana, Jeanne.—Various feminine forms of John; “the child of grace,” “the amiable;” or, as some say, “the beloved of God.”
- Josephine.—Feminine form of Joseph; literally, “God will yet give us a child.”
- Justine.—From the Latin; the just, the upright, impartial.
- Jacobeas.—Feminine form of Jacob; “a supplanter,” “a wrestler.”
- Kate.—An abbreviation of Catharine.
- Katharine.—See Catharine.
- Letitia, Lettice.—Latin; *letitia*, joy.
- Laura.—From the Latin *laurea*, the laurel-plant, so called from *laus*, praise, because used to form wreaths for crowning distinguished persons.
- Lily, Lilian, Lilla, Leila.—From the Greek *leukos*, white. The flower—lily—is so called on account of its whiteness.
- Lucy, Lucette, Lucia, Lucille.—All from the Latin *lux*, light; “the brilliant,” “one born at sunrise.”
- Lisette.—The light-footed, the noiseless.
- Leonora.—Elinor.
- Lucretia.—Latin; “one who wins, or gains.”
- Louisa.—Glorious heroine.
- Louise.—French form of Louisa.
- Meliora.—From the Latin *melior*, better, happier.
- Mignon.—Little darling.
- Melicent.—From the Greek *meli*, honey; “sweet as honey.”
- Melissa.—Greek; a bee.
- Mabel.—From the Latin *amabilis*; worthy of being loved, amiable.
- Mira.—The wonder. Latin.
- Miranda.—Latin; one to be admired.
- Minna, Minnie.—One rich in love.
- Matilda, Mathilde.—“Fair maiden.”
- Marcia.—Latin; “the warlike,” “the valiant.”
- Margaret.—A pearl. In Greek *margarites*.
- Marina.—From the Latin *marinus*; pertaining to the sea, “one fond of the sea.”
- Maude.—Same as Matilda.
- Magdalena, Magdalen, Madelaine, Madelene.—One exalted.

(To be concluded.)

THE THRUSH.

BY NORMAN W. BRIDGE.

Respectfully inscribed to Miss E. A. West.

FROM forest glen, where wild flowers blush,
 And warbling winds the moss-bound rill,
 Thy glorious anthems, flute-voiced Thrush,
 My soul with deep vibrations thrill.
 Those heavenly strains, at distance heard,
 In sunless days and dewy hours,
 Remind me of some high-souled bard
 Who sweetly sings when Fortune lowers.

Thy notes, so plaintive, rich, and wild,
 Thy fancy's high and varied flights,
 Bespeak thee Nature's poet-child,
 The muse no earthly sorrow blights.
 And is it genius, fanned by grief,
 That now thy touching ode inspires?
 And canst thou find in song relief
 For yearning thoughts and high desires?

Or doth it rather fire than cool
 The thirst for what none here possess?
 The good, the true, the beautiful,
 In their primeval loveliness?
 Ah! when ye touch the sweetest strings
 Within poetic earth-bound lyres,
 Feel ye the want of seraph wings,
 To soar and sing with heavenly choirs?

Is this what gives thy pensive tone?
 Or miss ye radiant leaflets green,
 That less than one short year ago
 Gave to thy bowers an Eden sheen?
 Or is the tender ode ye sing
 Inscribed to flow'rets passed from sight,
 Sweet charmers of a bygone spring,
 Pale victims of autumnal blight

Or is there something dearer far
 Departed from thy rural home?
 The mate that was thy guiding star,
 And gave to life its light and bloom?
 And this sweet plaint a requiem
 For her whose soul to thine was wed—
 That rainbow-giving spirit-gem,
 Now from its lovely casket fled?

Or mourn ye for dear absent ones,
 Lost friends, and friendships, hopes, and dreams,
 Voices that touched harmonic tones
 To all thy purest notes and themes
 And are thy joys now flown above?
 And doth thy spirit never pine
 For sympathy of thought and love,
 Or, melting, lay attuned to thine?

Ah! not like many a lonely bard,
 Canst thou for genial echoes yearn;
 Thy joys of song are never marred
 By meeting with no sweet return:
 Warm hearts responsive beat to thine;
 Thy lofty strain seems understood,
 For I now hear its notes divine
 Retouched in each adjacent wood.

As sweetly blend the swelling strains,
 And die away as softly clear
 As silvery chimes from distant fanes,
 That waft to Heaven the voice of prayer.

And yearning souls will skyward soar,
 While listening to those glorious lays,
 Wherein angelic voices pour
 The melody of heavenly praise.

In life's elysium spirit-shade,
 Such pure-toned choirs my fancy hears,
 Blending with harps by seraphs played,
 And kindred bands from circling spheres—
 While sacred streams in concert sing,
 With hallowed zephyrs, leaves, and showers,
 And birds join sweetest carolling
 Among immortal boughs and flowers.

NOTE.—It is a peculiarity of this species of the thrush to seemingly sing the sweetest in dark, lowery weather, when other songsters of the wood are comparatively silent. Their voice is seldom heard in a cloudless day, save at "early dawn," or "dewy eve." And 'tis another pleasing trait, that one of them rarely pours forth his soul in melody without awakening harmonious responses in the neighboring groves. These may sometimes be heard in woodlands half a mile apart, and for purity and sweetness of tones, I have never listened to their equal, either in vocal or instrumental melody; and what gives an additional charm to the concert, they modulate their songs to a most beautiful variety of keys.

N. W. B.

THE MOTHERLESS DAUGHTER.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

(See Plate.)

SAD thoughts and tender are with thee now,
 They have cast their gloom on thy fair young brow,
 They have dimmed in thy radiant eyes the light,
 As stars shine faint in the clouded night.

Thou art thinking of one whose love for thee
 Was strong and deep as the boundless sea;
 Whose heart kept time to thy childish play;
 Whose care, like a blessing, was round thee alway

Kindly ones watch over thee still,
 Shielding thee well from every ill,
 Tenderly robe thee, and twine thy soft hair,
 But not like hers are their love and care.

And wearying soon of thy lonely play,
 Tossing the gathered fruit away,
 Thou, in thy childhood's sunny prime,
 Giv'st to sad dreaming the fleeting time.

Is thy mind busy, O pensive child,
 With painting thy future, drear and wild?
 That path through which thou must tread alone,
 With no tender heart to uphold thine own.

That, whether thy way is through shade or sun,
 Thou wilt pine in vain for the loving one,
 Who linked so closely with thine her heart,
 That she almost seemed of thy life a part.

But think, as thou walkest thy lonely road,
 With one less love 'twixt thee and God,
 As human props from thee are riven,
 The fewer on earth, the more in Heaven.

WILLOW-BOUGHS.

BY ELIZABETH W. LONG.

YE green, green wavy willow-boughs! fair spring-time's
vanguard banner,
Breeze-borne in airy ample sweep and proud triumphal
manner!
Why shows your tender greenery less hopeful than me-
morial?
Regreening so the dead and gone, and to the March
winds boreal,
Whispering only what has been
Since the willows last were green?

One balmy night, one dewy morn, one breath of spring-
tide's sweetness,
And willows' sympathetic boughs respond in green
completeness,
As some sweet tones, some child's light word, bring our
past's apparition,
So willow-boughs wave magic wands, compelling to
our vision
Images of what has been
Since the willows last were green.

Ah "Since the willows last were green!" pathetic
tones ethereal,
Struck by soft fingers of the wind as on a harp aerial—
A harp whose strings seem now unstrung, and pendu-
lously shivering
With all the music that has lived in their melodious
quivering,
Sighing, sighing, what has been
Since the willows last were green!

Still, "Since the willows last were green!" hark the
refrain repeating!
Wherefore, O wavy willow-boughs, your sadly tender
greeting?
Over what graves of love and hope roameth your sweet
unresting?
What lost ones seem more doubly lost by your light
nods suggesting
All that is not, yet hath been,
Since the willows last were green?

Yes, "Since the willows last were green," all life hath
lost some greenness,
And frosty days have pinched some souls into perpetual
leanness;
Some hearts have lost their cheerful faith in their best
loved illusions—
Some minds have grown more warped and gnarled,
blown on by time's confusions.
Such and such things must have been
Since the willows last were green.

But when "the willows last were green" some dear
life-flowers were blooming
Beneath their shade, that looked too fair for greedy
death's consuming;
The willows now move to and fro, as consciously un-
blessed,
Missing the lilies white and fair, their tender gloom
caressed,
Buried now with what has been
Since the willows last were green.

And when "the willows last were green," one gazed
with eyes full loving,
And felt through his own soul the glow of spring's im-
pulsive moving;
Love-lightened hearts must leap to hear the willow's
first green greeting—
But love itself hath died since then, and tears that come
unweeting
Make a blindness intervene
Since the willows last were green!

"Since the willows last were green!" Oh! willows
named of weeping!
Your greenness in perennial green our griefs are gently
keeping!
With your slow motions through our soul without one
intermission,
Long trains of thought sweep sudden past, demanding
recognition
Of the things that might have been
Since the willows last were green!

Oh! willow-boughs! what mystic spell is in your
rhythmic swaying,
That such emotions come and go, your airy bid obeying!
As in the poet's cunning line, long drawn in tender
sighing,
Our own life's veriest mystery seems in your liteness
lying;
Veils are rent, and all is seen
Since the willows last were green!

LINES ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

JUST as the sunlight through the trees
Falls on the grass, and shadow flees,
So heavenly light our pathway cheers,
And paints a rainbow on our tears.
Our Saviour's words, full, clear, and strong,
Sink in our minds, and swell the song.

But seasons change. Though sunlight gleams,
Sweet flowers no longer fringe the streams;
Soft balmy airs no longer come,
When birds have sought a southern home.

To each loved heart (though still unchanged,
Far from the distance long estranged)
Our hearts will turn, in yearning moods,
To scan these hills and search these woods.

Remembrances, now laid aside,
Of lessons learned for guard and guide,
And pleasant walks through forest leas,
As evening settled round the trees,
Will throng, when future cares have come,
Though now each heart to friends flies home;
For Bethlehem valleys, green and dim,
Are blended with sweet thoughts of Him
Who once in far Judea trod
A painful path, as man and God!

And these will light our failing eyes
When clouds from death's deep caverns rise—
And then, our fevered brain to cool,
Will come the lessons learned at school.

THE FOREST CEMETERY.

BY O. EVERTS, M. D.

If I were now to choose my resting-place,
The spot of earth whereto I would return
When life's gray twilight darkens into death,
'Twould be beneath the lofty, leafy arch
Of "God's first temples," with their mossy aisles
And wondrous domes, far from the haunts of man!
For therewithin is a calm holiness,
A deep-toned worship, not of human form,
From out the very hearts of Nature's best
And purest children, uncommuned with creeds!
Where voice of birds, and whispering leaves, and
boughs

Of reverential trees, with perfumed flowers,
Mingle their incense with the organed wind,
Filled with brave anthems and melodious songs!

There let me lie—there let me rest and sleep!
Not that my bed were softer, or my rest
More calmly beautiful! It matters not
To *me* whether this body, frail and mortal
(Short habitude of the undying self
That seeks a lovelier mansion in the realms
Of that all-wondrous world toward which we fly),
Becomes the food of mossy-toothed Decay,
Or feeds the fishes of the briny deep—
Smoulders beneath the overclosing sod,
Or mingles with the vapors of the winds!
That is material, and must serve again
The purposes of God in his great work;
But for the living would I choose my tomb!
That if, perchance, a lingering wanderer,
This side eternity, should seek the spot,
Led by the links of memory to my grave,
'Twould be a place congenial with the thought,
In harmony with feelings prompted there,
And suitable for musings such as man
Should yield his soul to when he contemplates
The universe of God, himself, his being,
Life, changes, and his final destiny!

Not underneath monastic aisles—nor yet
Within the bosom of a pyramid—
Nor in a columned sepulchre of stone—
Nor in the art-encumbered cemetery—
Nor in the churchyard's gloom, with palings round,
Where voice of sectary might echo o'er—
But in the lonely wood!

No, not the lone!

For there is life in every lovely tree,
And beauteous warblers in each bending bough,
All innocent, and full of cheerful praise,
Thanksgiving hymns, and worship nature taught!
Where he who comes to weep (I wish it not)
Might lend his ear to the Almighty's voice,
Pouring in the spirit of creative love
Through every channel of his feeling sense,
Stillling the passions born of earth and Eve,
And mingling in his heart a cup of joy
From which his soul might drink, and feel, indeed,
This hath no touch of bitterness!

If it might be, I would a strolling rill
Should flow along beneath the shady elms,
With silvery tongues tinkling the pebble bells—
Where laughing childhood, sportive on its banks,
Might dip its dimpled limbs in the pure waves,
Playful and innocent! and elder girls
Weave for its joyous brow chaplet of flowers,

Fresh sprung from out the warm and nutrient mould,
Through the long night of winter blanketed
With leaves spread by November winds around,
Dropped from the shoulders of the bounteous wood!

Firstlings of spring!

How beautiful they seem! Ere yet a bud
Has tipped the fingers of the bare-armed trees,
Peeping from underneath some smouldering limb,
Returning slowly back—not into dust—
But life and beauty in its comrades o'er—
Or from the sheltered nook, or sunny side
Of walnut brown, or silvery maple-tree;
Speaking with eyes so spiritually pure
The praise of Him who "doeth all things well,"
But in the sanctuary of the grove
Breathes first his resurrecting breath, and says
Unto his meek-eyed children of the wood
Sleeping in death, "Come forth in purity!"

THE TRESS OF HAIR.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

How much this wavy tress I prize,
So richly soft its golden splendor;
As beautiful as her fair eyes
Of heaven's own blue, and sweetly tender;
Recalling many pleasant hours
We passed 'mid brightly blooming flowers.

The gentle girl who gave it me
Has long since mouldered in the grave;
Her heart, so full of joy and glee,
Too frail this chilling world to brave,
Soon faded as the violet fades,
When cool winds pierce its sylvan glades.

One eve, when all was mild above,
The moon's soft light around us shone,
We pledged our hearts, we pledged our love,
As 'mong the flowers we strayed alone—
At that bright hour she gave me there
This treasured lock of golden hair.

Long years have flown since that fair eve—
The last she knew of earthly love;
Yet round her, gentle memories weave,
Whose spirit found sweet rest above.
Oh! may I meet her presence there,
Who gave to me this tress of hair!

SONNET TO A CHILD.

BY MYRRA.

A ROSEBUD opening, pearled with morning dew,
Through the young foliage glancing light and free—
A gentle fountain gushing joyously
O'er the greensward—a bright star in the blue
Of the still heavens, or beam on the sea;
These have I thought thee, light of fanciful hours!
Fair promise of Time's yet unmeasured space:
But be thy bloom more durable than the flowers;
Thine, all that fountain's purity and grace,
And may no blight fall on their hopes who trace
Their features, fortunes, happiness in thine!
Be thou the starlight of their day's decline,
Waking unearthly dreams! Oh! mayst thou be
All I would fondly dream—all they would picture thee!

"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

'Twas in my early girlhood, Kate, that first I gave my heart
To one whom I then fancied seemed of my own life a part;
'Twas like a meteoric fire, that first wild fervent flame,
That made my youthful spirit leap at mention of his name.
To me he seemed as beautiful as a bright dream of bliss;
Too like a seraph long to dwell in such a world as this;
And when he asked so timidly, in his soft boyish tone,
If I would take his warm full heart in payment for my own,
I let my sunny tresses fall to hide my burning cheek,
And bade my trembling hand confess what voice refused to speak.
A thrill of rapture, strangely wild, sealed that unspoken vow,
As joyfully he pressed a kiss upon my throbbing brow;
And when he left me all alone in that sweet wildering spell,
I knelt, and murmured, as I prayed, "He doeth all things well."

'Twas on a summer's evening, Kate, just as the moon arose
And watched the sun 'mong golden clouds his weary eyelid close,
That, bending o'er a bed of death, I caught each word of love
He uttered, ere by unseen forms his soul was borne above.
Long, long he held my hand in his, and softly spoke of Heaven,
Before "the golden bowl was broke, the silver cord was riven."
That would have been our bridal eve, had not the angels come
And lured my idol, by their songs, up to their shining home.
And when the light forsook his eye, the hand that clasped my own
Became so cold, and quickly fell inanimate as stone;
When from the cheek and parted lips the varying color flew,
And but a pulseless, lifeless form remained unto my view,
The wild deep anguish none save Him, the Mighty One, could tell;
I vainly tried, but could not say, "He doeth all things well."

Long years flew by—I half forgot my girlhood's hopes and fears,
For Time had healed those bleeding wounds, and dried those bitter tears;
And when again I gave my heart, I felt the flame of yore,
Not quick and bright, but deeper, Kate, more earnest than before.
'Twas not the same impulsive fire that filled me with unrest,
But a sweet calm that made me feel supremely, truly blest.
His was a mind all richly stored with sparkling gems of thought—
A heart where goodness, truth, and love their perfect work had wrought;

And not till I had known him long, and time his worth had proved,
Did friendship ripen to esteem, and that to real love.
A happiness too pure to tell was that which thrilled my frame,
As he gave utterance to his hopes, and asked of me the same;
Yet when he waited a reply, e'en then, in riper years,
The words that I would fain have breathed dissolved themselves in tears;
And when he claimed a holy kiss, and gently spoke "Farewell,"
My lips prolonged my heart's glad cry, "He doeth all things well."

A score of happy years have fled since we were joined in one,
And yet to me love's steadfast course seems only just begun:
The heart-stream that from Feeling's fount gushed forth so long ago,
Grows deeper as it glides along, and widens in its flow.
True, I have had some trials, Kate, as I have journeyed on,
For perfect happiness below is meted out for none:
My yearning heart was wrung with grief when blue-eyed Charlie died,
And faith was weak when prattling May was buried by his side;
But though of these, my darling babes, my home has been bereft,
The dearest, strongest earthly tie has graciously been left.
And whether joy my being thrills, or grief calls forth a tear,
With him to share my every thought, each passing hope and fear,
From out the fulness of a soul where Faith has learned to dwell,
I cry, with spirit, heart, and voice, "He doeth all things well."

LOVE.

BY ROBERT MILLER.

It lives in burning thoughts that rise
Spontaneous in the youthful breast;
The acorn planted there by heaven
Will burst its bonds, with life oppressed.

We find it in the plant that grows;
We hear it in the whispering rill,
And in the song of bird that flows
On every wild and solemn hill:

And in the plain where flowers bloom,
There love his genial home hath found;
And ocean breathes his love at noon
When withering wasting heats surround.

We find love in the glen below,
And on the granite mountain top;
It forms the good where'er we go,
In grain and blade, in dust and drop.

The fountain head, the mystery,
The living heart of the great whole,
Jehovah, willed that love should be
The moving measure of the soul.

LINES, SUGGESTED ON VIEWING AN ENGRAVING OF "RETSCH'S POESIE."

BY S. S. B.

Ah! whither dost speed, gentle spirit and fair,
 While the breeze lightly plays with the curls of thy hair,
 And thine eye of deep thought upward turns to the sky,
 As 'twould read the sweet mysteries beyond it that lie?

With the snowy white wing of the swan for thy sail,
 Sure thou needest no canvas to spread to the gale;
 With its eye for thy guide, and its song for thy cheer,
 With its back for thy seat, and its foot for thy oar,
 And its lily-white breast for the prow of thy boat,
 O'er the foam of the wave thou dost peacefully float.

With a pen in thy hand, and a star on thy wing,
 While thy harp o'er thy shoulder is flung, sweetly sing,
 While thine eye, that so steadfastly gazes above,
 Doth reveal to the spirit its wealth of pure love.

Thy deep gaze is not fixed on the temple of Fame,
 Far higher's thy mark, and far nobler thine aim;
 And the steep that to others so rugged doth seem,
 So high thou dost gaze, ne'er disturbs thy sweet dream.

While afar thou dost soar, thy soft pinion to try,
 Unawares to her fane thou wilt peacefully fly;
 Through her halls, then, how sweetly, though humbly,
 thou 'lt sing,
 While full high in her dome thou wilt fold thy bright
 wing.

But not long in the temple of Fame wilt thou stay,
 For thy birth-place is Heaven, and thy home is on high;
 And soon quitting her dome, at the close of the day,
 As a bird on swift wing, to thy home thou wilt fly!

LINES.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

HE met her—loved her—she loved him;
 But cruel Fate the charm did sever;
 That perfect form, that angel smile,
 He 'll meet no more, ah! never—never!

Echo says *never!* but ah! yes,
 There is a place where spirits broken
 Will meet, despite Fate's angry smart,
 And prove in truth the vow once spoken.

There no deceptive mount can rise
 To shade the eye, or cloud with sorrow
 Hearts that on earth did fondly germ
 With that which we from angels borrow!

There truth will guide the mind, that once
 With doubt did view its cherished flower
 But will Remorse, with cruel sting,
 Upbraid it in that Eden bower?

Ah, no! the blessed know not pain,
 Nor Fennel can with Nectar twine;
 Passed the dark labyrinth of the tomb,
 They reign in heavenly bliss sublime!

Then meet her in that blessed land,
 And there renew the protest plighted,
 Where jealousy can never mar
 The bliss of spirits reunited.

Enigmas

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN APRIL NUMBER.

10. A pair of compasses. 11. A lamp.
 12. A knocker. 13. A spider.

CHARADES.

14.

My *first* and *second* 's very little—
 Indeed, it is a very tittle,
 And scarce would make a poor man glad,
 If it were all he ever had.

My *third* and *fourth* is very great,
 And kingly in its regal state,
 And monarchs fain would have it said
 Of them, while living, and when dead.

My *whole*, a well-known plant, is seen
 In woodlands and in pastures green;
 And when you press it 'neath your feet,
 An odor rises strong and sweet.

15.

WHEN wintry winds begin to blow,
 And earth's cold bosom 's veiled with snow,
 Then, ere the morning's rising sun,
 With eager step, with dog and gun,
 The huntsman leaves his bed, to seek
 My *first* o'er hill and valley bleak,
 Till, crouching 'neath some evergreen,
 Its timid, trembling form is seen.

At the midnight hour, when danger 's nigh,
 A warning voice on the gale sweeps by;
 The sleeping city hears the sound,
 It breaks the chain by Morpheus bound:
 Again 'tis heard—how changed its tone!
 'Tis the Sabbath morn—and, one by one,
 The people are gathering, old and young,
 At the call of my *second*'s tireless tongue.

In Flora's train my *whole* is seen,
 With an azure wreath, and robes of green.

16.

THE eldest daughter sits beside
 Her mother's chair, with conscious pride,
 With thimble, needle, and her thread,
 And wise thoughts in her little head,
 And soon my *first*, with stitches neat,
 Her skilful fingers do complete.

My useful *second* binds your door,
 Your goods and chattels to secure
 From lawless thieves, who come to take,
 But seldom will my *second* break.

My *whole*, a poisonous herb, is found
 Shedding its noxious vapors round:
 Such plants *seem* cumberers of the ground,
 And yet we see they do abound.

17.

My *first*, our human heritage,
 Invests each mortal head;
 My *second*, in the Pharaoh's age,
 Enveloped them when dead:
 My *whole* is what, both then and now,
 Should qualify each heart, I trow.

NOVELTIES FOR THE MONTH.

Fig. 1.

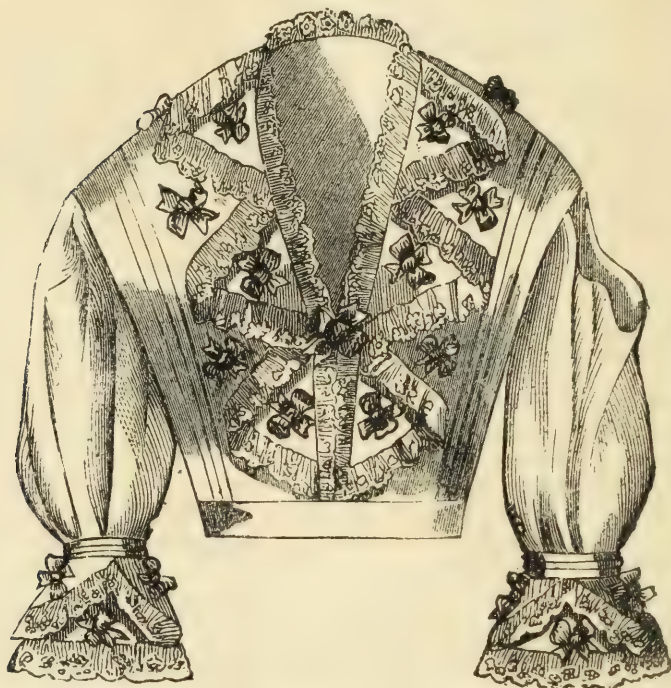


Fig. 1.—Chemisette and sleeves; or what is called “a set,” whether in lace, cambric, or muslin. This is in lace—the foundation plain net, with an edging a little more than an inch wide, of Valenciennes, Mecklin, or any plain thread. The same is applique in points, slightly full, from the shoulder to the waist; the edge is closed by a rosette of some light-colored ribbon, and bows of the same are placed in the centre of each point. These are of course only tacked

on lightly, and are to be removed when the set is sent to be renewed. Sleeves to correspond.

Fig. 2.—Basque, cape, and sleeves of lace united, to form one article of dress, intended to be worn for dinner or evening party, over a low corsage; bows of violet-colored satin ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Plain chemisette for morning, or home afternoon dress; it can be easily copied by any clever needle-woman. The material is cambric and very fine linen tape trimming, in alternate

Fig. 2.

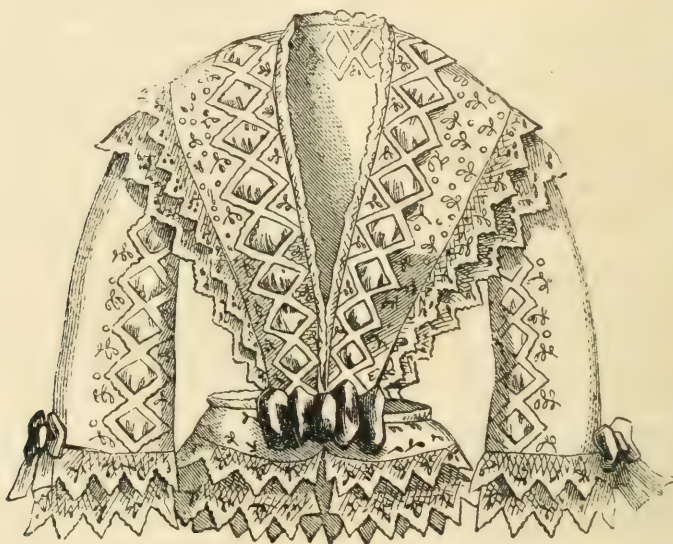


Fig. 3.

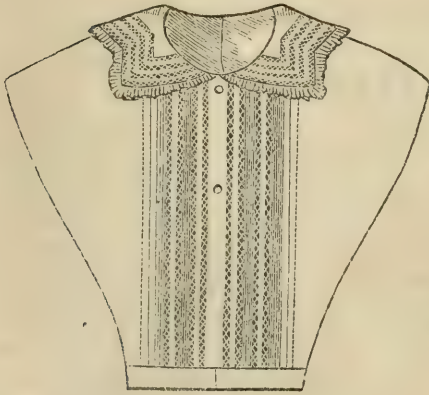
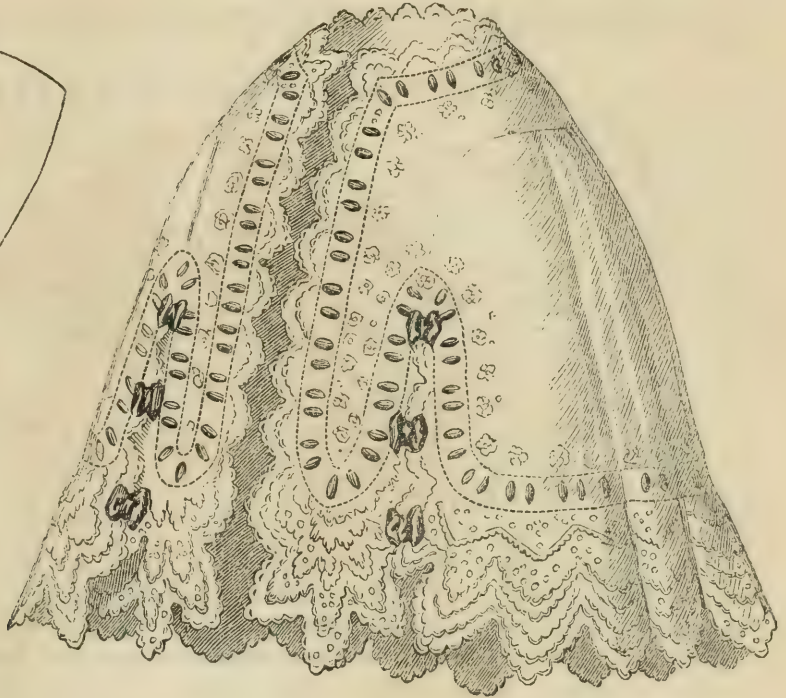


Fig. 4.



rows. It will wash and wear well. The collar should be made over a paper pattern of the exact shape and size.

Fig. 4.—Mantle of cambric embroidery, suitable to be thrown over a morning dress at watering places, or a hotel; instead of a sacque or shawl; the back or skirt is gathered into a yoke with a slight fulness. The ribbon bows do not close the opening for the arm, but are placed on the back part of the flounce, which falls over the arm. This is a truly novel and elegant garment, and may be made at a comparatively trifling cost, though the design is from an imported mantle.

Fig. 5.—Cambric waist, intended to be worn,

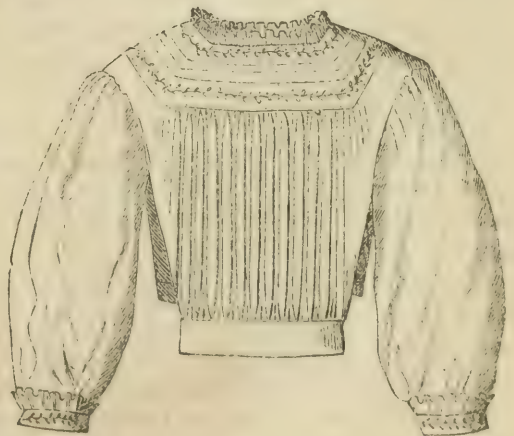
Fig. 5.



with colored skirt, by a little girl; a convenient fashion, and economical, where the waist and sleeves of a dress are worn or defined. The collar, waist, and sleeve flounces are of a worked band, the fulness of the sleeve is made by puffing the cambric lengthwise between rows of insertion; as this is a great deal of trouble to seamstress and laundress, without being particularly graceful, it can be dispensed with at will.

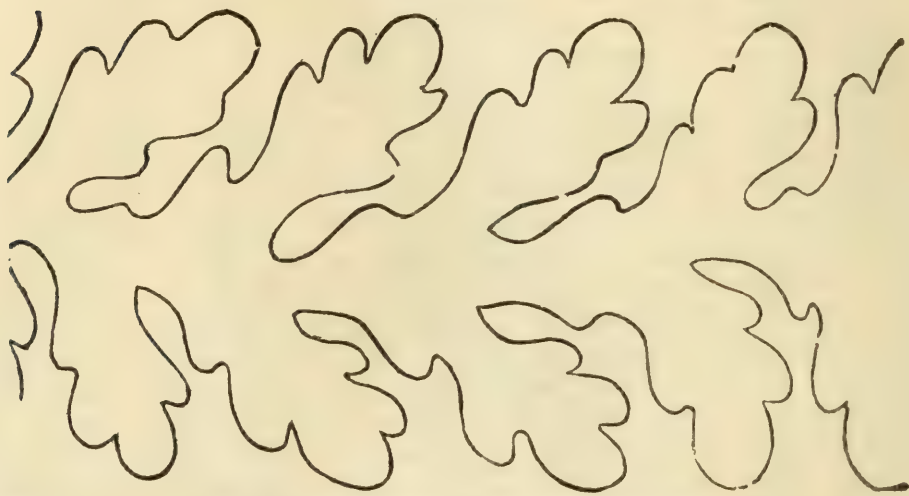
Fig. 6.—Chemisette and sleeves, present style (see Children's Dress, March No.) for a young lady of twelve or fourteen. It is at once simple and elegant, and may be made of Lyons muslin or cambric.

Fig. 6.

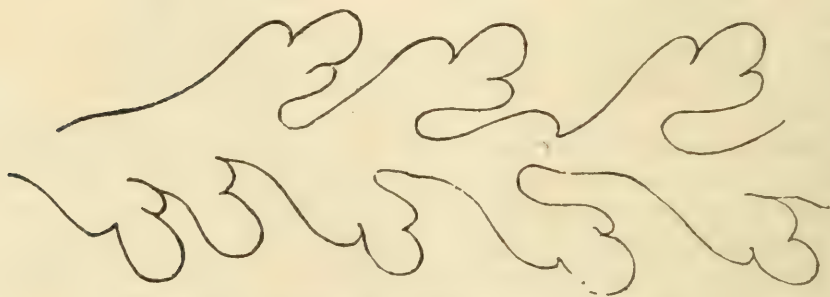


PARISIAN NOVELTIES AND FASHIONS.

PAINTED MUSLIN DRESSES.



CORAL PATTERN FOR PAINTED MUSLIN DRESS.



CORAL PATTERN FOR PAINTED MUSLIN SLEEVES.

PAINTED dresses have become fashionable in Paris; and as nothing can be more *recherché* than their appearance, it is worth taking the little trouble necessary to produce them, always provided, my fair young friends, that when undertaking some fascinating piece of fancy-work, that which is less elegant, though more useful, is not neglected; or worse still, home duties, or intellectual culture, set aside for comparative trifles.

Our flounces hemmed, we must proceed to business. Procure a sheet of very thick card-board, from which cut two strips about twice as broad as each of the accompanying designs; let both be some quarter of a yard long. Trace out these designs on the centre of each strip, adding on at the end similar branches to those here given, but remarking that the centre stem meets exactly at both ends, as this is absolutely necessary to enable you to carry on the pattern without interruption all around the skirt, or flounces. When the design is drawn, cut out the centre part entirely, following exactly every little twist

and turning of the pattern, as jagged edges would entirely mar the effect. This done, stretch your flounces upon the table before you (with paper or cambric smoothly laid under), and fixing it down by leaden or other weights, so placed that it may not possibly move about. Then place the cut-out card-board design above the hem; take a paint-brush (of the scrub kind, those used in *poonah tinting* we believe to be the best), soak it well in Chinese vermilion water-color, a good quantity of which should be prepared beforehand, and ought to be very thick. Then rub the brush well over the whole space left in the centre of the card-board, pressing down the pattern tightly as you follow the edges of the design with the brush. Next lift your pattern with the greatest possible care, wiping it well before carrying it further along the flounce, lest any particle of color might remain, so as to soil the edges of the work. Great nicety in these matters is, I need scarcely add, a most important part of the operation. The design is thus nearly completed at once; but to render it more perfect,

it were better to shade it slightly on one side with brown. (Bistre is the best color for this.)

Nothing can be more simple or easy than this style of painting; care and promptitude alone are needed, as allowing the work to drag about for days would entirely spoil it. The second-sized pattern, of course, is intended for whatever muslin frills or trimmings may be required to ornament the corsage or sleeves.

Should it be requisite to add a sash, *bretelles* (braces), or other ribbons to the dress, plain watered silk or taffetas ribbon of the width required can be painted, of the same color and pattern as used for the dress, in the manner already described. It will be necessary to try a small piece of the material first, to see whether the color will take upon it without running; if not, gum or isinglass must be added; and, of course, the color had better be laid on as dry as possible. But practice will point out all these little niceties (so requisite to perfection in any art) to the fair worker, and for which it is impossible to write down detailed directions.

The same pattern as we have given would be very *distingué* painted in lamp or ivory black, on a rose or cherry-colored muslin; while black velvet, intermixed with roses of the same shade, without leaves or ribbons to match, should be worn as a *cache-peigne* to fasten the *bandeaux* at the back of the head. Black velvet wristlets, or jet bracelets, and black satin shoes, with rosettes edged with rose color, might complete a dress fit for the most elegant *soirée*, and yet one that will cost but a very moderate sum, if made entirely at home.

I need scarcely hint how pretty and varied dresses in this style may be made, by exercising a little ingenuity and taste. For instance, two or three white muslin skirts (each shorter and less full than the lower ones), painted just above the hems in this way, with a wreath of roses and buds, or rose-buds alone, with trimmings and ribbons to match, as already described.

Or one of bluets and red field poppies, with headdress as above to match.

Another of convolvulus would be elegant in the extreme.

Or one purely of wreaths of foliage, with a branch or garland of the same, entwined round the back of the head.

Take nature for your guide; any wreath of ivy may serve you as a model for that purpose. The roses, of course, must be painted like the coral wreath, with a pattern of card-board for the ground tint; then add darker shades of the color (pink saucer) used to paint the flowers; and dark green (Prussian blue and gamboge

mixed together form the most brilliant tints for foliage) can be added, in the same way as the brown on the coral pattern, to finish off each wreath or sprig.

As the last described toilettes would be fitting for full dress, white kid gloves and white satin shoes, in that case, would be required to render the toilette complete. But avoid all extra jewels or ornaments, as in positive bad taste, and altogether unnecessary to the young, to whom alone the above toilettes are adapted; as white muslin must not be thought of if freshness and bloom have fled from the cheek, or the frame become attenuated by time or care.

White silk, satin, or gauze dresses, might be painted after the manner already described; but the first two would be suitable to married women only, and all three too expensive for general use.

Of course, this style of painting may be used in many ways; for instance, beautiful table-covers, painted on a large square of white cotton velvet (silk velvet will not take the colors); a garland in that case must be drawn as described before, painted carefully round, in any pattern the fair artist may choose; but the design should be as simple as possible; for instance, a wreath of single poppies, and a large group in the centre to match; the hearts shaded in black with a pen; the seeds put on in white-lead and powdered color, mixed with gum, and dotted on in little nobs with a large pin; mix any color required, yellow or what not, with this lead, and it will have a beautiful effect in giving life to, and finishing off, the drawing. Thorns, stems, &c., shade in brown, or (pink saucer-color) shade as before directed. The broader the leaves, the more simple your design is, the better it will look. But painting on velvet is an art that may attain a high degree of perfection, and is much more beautiful when oil is used to mix the greens and some of the colors with, than when water only is used. This, however, will require longer directions than can be given here; but later we may devote some articles to that purpose. To complete the table-cover, line it throughout with white twilled cotton or silk; a deep fringe of the colors employed in the painting, or of pure white, will add to its elegance; but a plain binding will do, if expense is to be avoided.

Sofa-covers, called *sofa-shawls*, or sofa-blankets, can be done in the same way to match; but, in that case, the ends alone must be trimmed with fringe.

A variety of other materials can be painted on in this manner; but we have not space to describe them further.

LOUNGING-CAP PURSE.

Materials.—Two skeins of groseille silk, two of apricot ditto.



With the groseille silk, make a chain of 4, and close it into a round, in which do one round with the same color, leaving two stitches in every stitch.

2d round.—Groseille, increasing to 16 stitches.

3d.—Both colors, * 1 groseille, 1 apricot, * 8 times in the round.

4th.—* 2 groseille on 1, 1 apricot on apricot, * 8 times.

5th.—* 3 groseille on 2, 1 apricot on apricot, * 8 times.

6th.—* 4 groseille on 3, 1 apricot on apricot, * 8 times.

7th.—* 5 groseille on 4, 1 apricot on apricot, * 8 times.

8th.—* 5 groseille on 5, 2 apricot on 1, * 8 times.

9th.—* 5 groseille on 5, 3 apricot on 2, * 8 times.

10th.—* 5 groseille on 5, 4 apricot on 3, * 8 times. Do 5 more groseille.

11th.—6 apricot over 4 apricot, and 1 groseille, * 3 groseille on the 3 centre of 5 groseille, 7 apricot coming over 4 apricot, and 1 groseille at each side, * 7 times, 3 groseille, 9 apricot, coming over all the 6 apricots, and 1 groseille on each side.

12th.—* 1 groseille on the centre one of 3 groseille, 10 apricot between, * 7 times, 1 groseille.

13th.—All apricot.

14th.—* 3 apricot, 1 groseille, * all round, 1 groseille.

15th.—* 1 apricot on the centre of 3, 3 groseille, * all round.

16th to 20th.—All groseille.

21st.—Like 15th.

22d.—* 3 apricot on 1 apricot, and a groseille on each side of it, 1 groseille on the centre of 3, * all round.

23d and 24th.—All groseille, taking care that there are 100 stitches in the round.

25th.—* 3 groseille, 6 apricot, 4 groseille, 3 apricot, 4 groseille, * 5 times.

26th.—* 2 groseille, 1 apricot, 3 groseille on the first 3 of 6 apricot, 5 apricot, 1 groseille, 2 apricot, 6 groseille, * 5 times.

27th.—* 1 groseille, 1 apricot, 5 groseille, 5 apricot, 3 groseille, 3 apricot, 2 groseille, * 5 times.

28th.—* 1 groseille, 1 apricot, 1 groseille, 3 apricot, 2 groseille, 5 apricot, 1 groseille, 3 apricot, 3 groseille, * 5 times.

29th.—* 1 groseille, 1 apricot, 1 groseille, 4 apricot, 1 groseille, 6 apricot, 3 groseille, 3 apricot, * 5 times.

30th.—* 1 groseille, 1 apricot, 2 groseille, 3 apricot, 1 groseille, 7 apricot, 1 groseille, 3 apricot, 1 groseille, * 5 times. End with one groseille.

31st.—* 1 groseille, 1 apricot, 3 groseille, 1 apricot, 2 groseille, 2 apricot, 1 groseille, 4 apricot, 3 groseille, 2 apricot, * 5 times.

32d.—* 2 groseille, 4 apricot, 3 groseille, 1 apricot, 1 groseille, 2 apricot, 1 groseille, 5 apricot, 1 groseille, * 5 times.

33d.—* 4 groseille, 1 apricot (which should come on the second of 4 groseille), 7 groseille, 1 apricot, 1 groseille, 4 apricot, 2 groseille, * 5 times; 3 groseille, 1 apricot, 11 groseille, 9 apricot.

34th.—* 11 groseille, 9 apricot, * 3 times, 11 groseille, 8 apricot.

35th.—* 14 groseille, 6 apricot, * (which six should come over the third to eighth of 9 apricot), 5 times.

Do two rounds of groseille only, then one of apricot, then repeat the 14th and 15th rounds; 5 rounds of groseille follow; repeat 15th, then 14th round. Last round all apricot.

For the upper part of the purse, with apricot silk, begin in the *inside* of the part just finished, working on the last round but one. Do ten rounds of open square crochet, always taking the dc stitch *under the chain*, and not over the dc of last round.

Edging.—With groseille, * 4 ch under a chain, 2 ch, miss 2 dc, and the 2 chain between, * all round.

Make a pretty tassel, for the end of the purse, of a combination of the two silks, and run in strings of crimson cord at the top, sewing the ends neatly.

TOILET-CUSHION.

(See Plate in front of Book.)

Materials.—White or black satin; three shades of crimson, three shades of yellow, three shades of green, and two shades of olive green embroidery silk; one yard of crimson and one yard of green chenille will also be required.

DRAW the pattern on the material, and work in embroidery-stitch one rose with the shades of crimson, and the second with the shades of

yellow; the leaves with the shades of green, and the stems with olive; work a few stitches with the shades of the roses in the centre of the rose-buds, and work the corner designs with green and olive. In the arrangement of the colors, the taste and judgment of the worker must be exercised, as much depends upon the harmonious blending of the various shades.

PEN-WIPER.—EMBROIDERY IN BRAID.

(See Blue Plate in front of Book.)

Materials.—Blue cashmere and gold-colored braid.

DRAW the pattern and sew on the braid; edge with button-hole stitch.

ALLUMETTE VASES.

Materials.—A pair of wire frames; two skeins of chenille, No. 2, of one color, and two of another color in the same size. Any two colors which will contrast well may be used; also a little card-board, and satin of one of the colors.

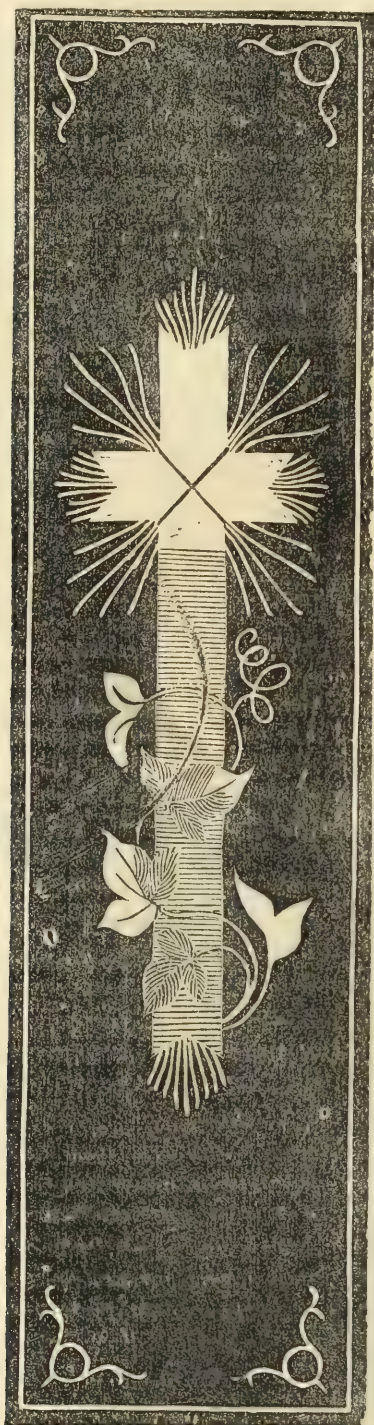
In the engraving it will be perceived that the sides of the vase are formed of a series of diamonds. The wires, of course, are bent into that form, and the chenille is passed backwards and forwards, from one side to the other, to make them solid. All the diamonds are in one color, and the half-diamonds in the other. They also are made by winding the chenille from one wire to the other, across the space to be filled up. The stands or legs have the two colors wound alternately round them, and the upper part is done in the same way, only the round knobs are alternately wholly of one color and of the other.

A small piece of card-board, covered with satin, and slightly wadded, is fitted in to the bottom.



BOOK-MARKER.

Materials.—A small piece of stone-colored kid; a little green embroidery silk of two or three shades, yellow ditto, gold bullion thread, and gold fringe.



In this design, the cross is worked in gold-colored silk, the centre being gold bullion. The wreath of leaves is green, of various shades. It is then made up by being lined with stiff cardboard, covered on the other side with crimson silk. A ribbon may be added, if desired, and the fringe sewed at the end. When kid is to be embroidered, it must be lined with fine linen,

with which it is to be stretched on the frame, as the needle would be apt to tear holes in it if some less flexible material were not beneath it.

POINT LACE CROCHET COLLARS.

No. 2.—VENETIAN LACE.

Materials.—No. 24 Evans's boar's head cotton; steel crochet hook; gauging in stem, No. 20.

MAKE a chain of 168 stitches.

1st row.—Work 2 long stitches into 1 loop of the foundation, 1 chain, miss 1 loop, and repeat. There should be in this row 84 double stitches.

2d.—5 long, 3 chain, miss 3 loops, and repeat.

3d.—7 long, 3 chain, miss 3 loops, dc into the 4th, 7 chain, dc into the same loop as the last (this forms a small at the side), repeat.

Crochet each end of the band in dc, working in the ends.

4th.—Commence from the foundation chain at the right-hand side, 6 long, 7 chain *, 5 long, the 1st to come on the 3d long in the last row, 8 chain, repeat from *.

5th.—1 long, 7 chain, dc into the 5th loop, 7 chain, dc into the same loop as the last, 8 long, making 2 long into 1 loop at the corners *, 7 chain, dc into the 6th loop, 7 chain, dc into the same loop, 6 long into the 6 chain of last row, repeat from *.

6th.—4 long, 7 chain, 9 long, the 1st to come on the 1st long of last row *, 7 chain, 7 long, the 1st to come on the 1st long in last row, repeat from *.

7th.—1 long, 7 chain, dc into the 3d loop, 7 chain, dc into the same loop, 7 long into the 7 chain in last row, 9 chain, dc into the 9th loop, 7 chain, dc into the same loop *, 7 long, 7 chain, dc into the 7th loop, 7 chain, dc into the same loop, repeat from *.

8th.—1 long, 7 chain, 9 long, the 1st to come on the 1st long in last row, 9 chain *, 8 long the 1st to come on the 1st long in last row, 7 chain, repeat from *.

9th.—9 long, 9 chain, dc into the 8th loop, 7 chain, dc into the same loop, 9 long *, 8 chain, dc into the 7th loop, 7 chain, dc into the same loop, 8 long, repeat from *.

10th.—11 long, 11 chain, 11 long, the 1st to come on the 1st long in last row *, 8 chain, 9 long the 1st to come on the 1st long in last row, repeat from *.

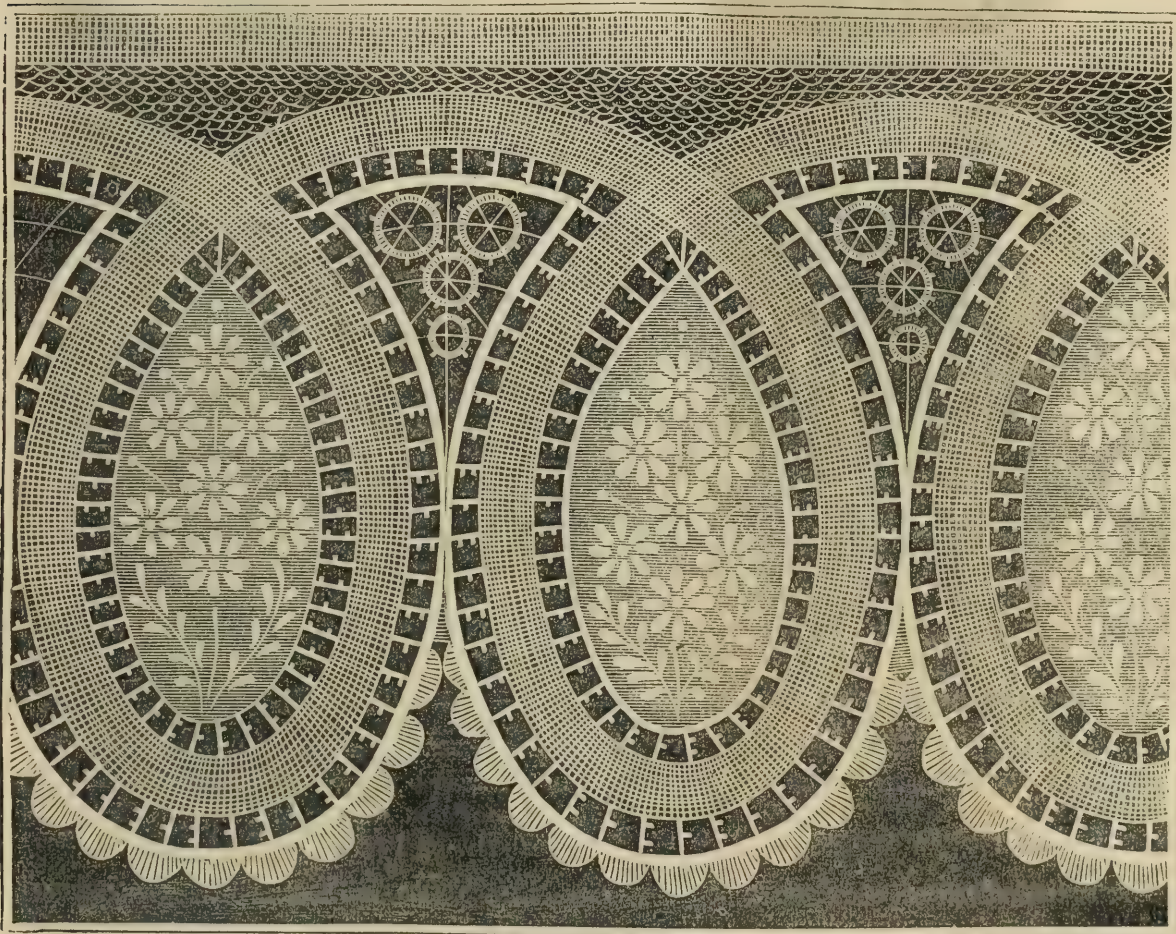
11th.—* 7 chain, 5 dc stitches, the 1st into the 5th loop, repeat from *.

12th.—(In this row the long stitches must be made thus: Twist the cotton twice over the hook, pull the cotton through 2 loops, through

2 again, and again through 2 until you have only 1 loop on the hook), * 5 long (working them all under the chain stitches in last row), 3 chain, dc into the centre of the 5 dc stitches in last row, 3 chain, repeat from *.

13th.—9 chain *, dc on the 5th of the long stitches in last row, 5 chain, dc on the 1st of the 5 long stitches in last row, 7 chain, repeat from * until round the corner, then make 3 chain instead of 5.

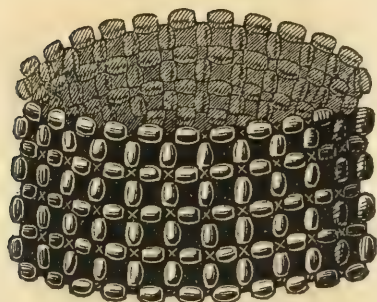
DEEP TRIMMING FOR SLEEVES.



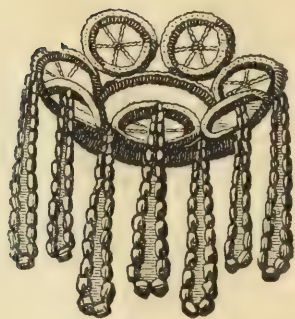
Materials.—Fine jaconet muslin, French tape, narrow white cotton braid, the royal embroidery cottons (No. 40) and the point lace cottons.

THIS design, which is adapted to many different articles, is in a style very recently brought out in Paris. It consists of an intermixture of tape or braid with muslin-work. Frequently, very narrow lace insertion is substituted for the broad tape, when sleeves or collars are intended to be trimmed. The entire design is to be traced on the muslin, and this being tacked on *toile ciré*, the broad tape or insertion is very smoothly laid on. Then, with No. 80 thread, take a stitch or two on the edge of the tape, through the muslin, and from it slip the needle over to the

medallion; button-hole stitch back on this bar, making the dot on it; then take another stitch or two on the tape, and make another bar. Repeat in this way all round the medallion. Trace this twice round, with the royal embroidery cotton, and closely button-hole stitch the edge, as well as that of the tape or lace. Now lay on the narrow braid, and work from it to the tape in the same manner. The outer edge of the braid must be worked in small scallops over the muslin also. The flower in the medallion may be either in satin-stitch or *broderie Anglaise*; the upper part in Brussels lace, and the Mechlin wheels complete the work.



BEAD BRACELET



BOBECHE.

BEAD BRACELET.

THIS bracelet is formed of jet beads strung on India rubber, which then does not need a clasp, but is passed over the hand on to the arm. As the pattern is given, it needs no description.

BOBECHE, OR ORNAMENT FOR THE SOCKET OF A CANDLESTICK.

TAKE eight curtain rings, the largest one being in the centre for the candle. Work all these rings in button-hole stitch with zephyr of different colors, and cover the rings well; then form a network with silk in the interior of these rings; join these rings together, placing the seven smaller ones round the centre ring, as the model indicates. Then trim this bobèche with long pendants of gold, jet or white beads; the



CACHE-PEIGNE.

latter has a charming effect. You can also trim the rings with the beads.

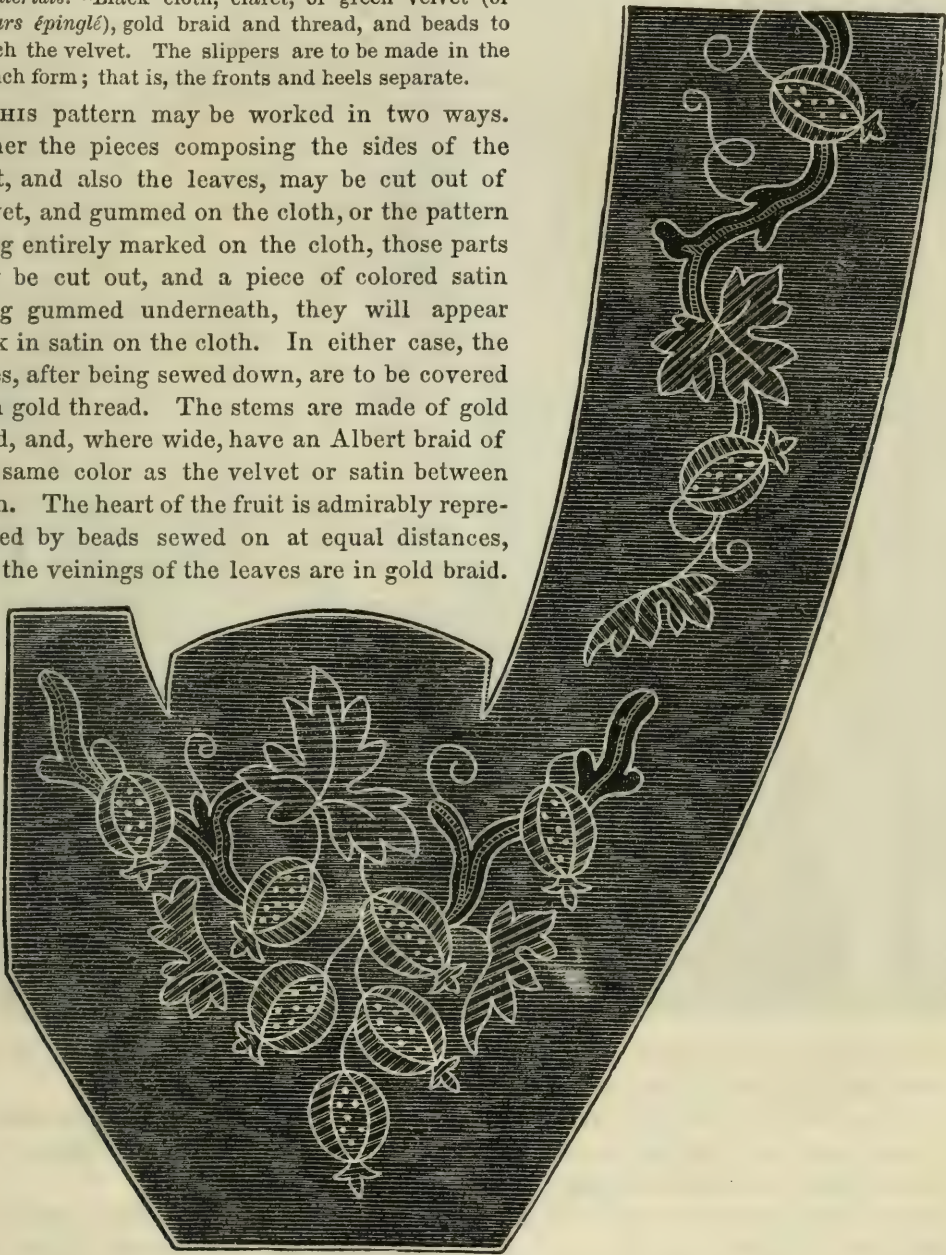
CACHE-PEIGNE.

THIS headdress is composed of bows of ribbon, in the centre of which is placed a star made of chenille, composed of leaves of two different colors, black and cherry for instance; take the wired chenille, and string five jet beads of an oval shape; fasten the end well so that they will not get off; then turn the chenille four times round this, forming a flat leaf. It requires eight leaves of one color and seven of the other, to form the star. Sew these leaves on stiff bobinet, and fasten them in the centre with jet beads. Then take a handsome wide ribbon, loop it on each side, and have two long ends hanging down

MELON PATTERN SLIPPERS, IN APPLICATION.

Materials.—Black cloth, claret, or green velvet (or *velours épinglé*), gold braid and thread, and beads to match the velvet. The slippers are to be made in the French form; that is, the fronts and heels separate.

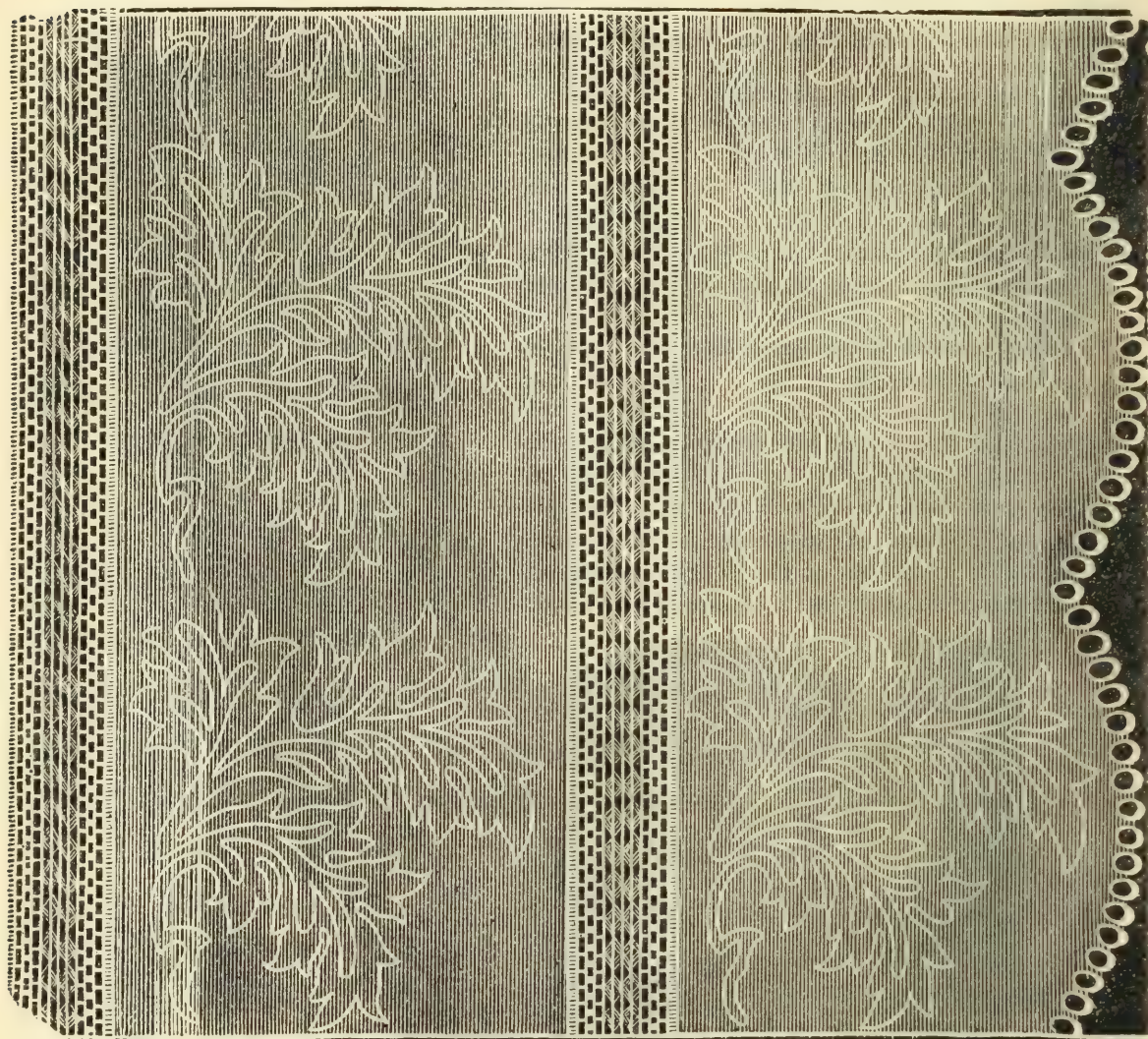
THIS pattern may be worked in two ways. Either the pieces composing the sides of the fruit, and also the leaves, may be cut out of velvet, and gummed on the cloth, or the pattern being entirely marked on the cloth, those parts may be cut out, and a piece of colored satin being gummed underneath, they will appear sunk in satin on the cloth. In either case, the edges, after being sewed down, are to be covered with gold thread. The stems are made of gold braid, and, where wide, have an Albert braid of the same color as the velvet or satin between them. The heart of the fruit is admirably represented by beads sewed on at equal distances, and the veinings of the leaves are in gold braid.



HONITON EDGE



BRAIDING AND CROCHET DESIGN FOR LONG CURTAINS



For this design, which is purely original and entirely new, cut a band of muslin large enough for your design, work the whole of the design in rather small braid, and one line on each side in button-hole stitch to make a self-edge; then work a length of insertion thus: make a chain the length of the curtain.

1st row.—Five tr in one loop, miss five loops below; repeat.

2d.—One tr in every tr below, not finishing them separately, but all in one, three ch; repeat.

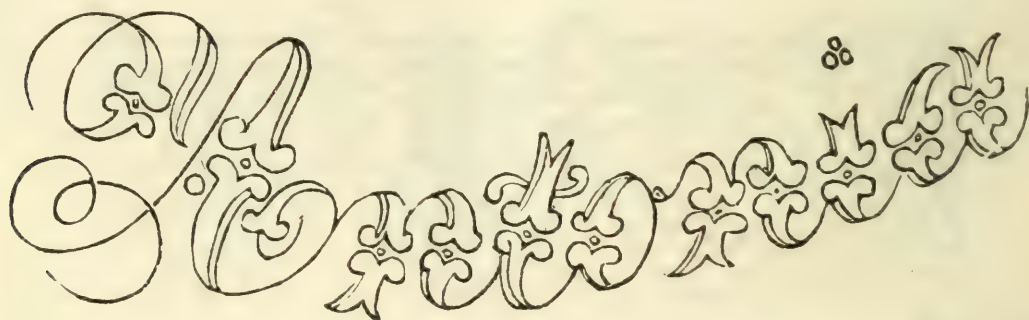
3d.—One tr, two ch, miss two loops below; repeat.

4th.—Three tr in every space below.

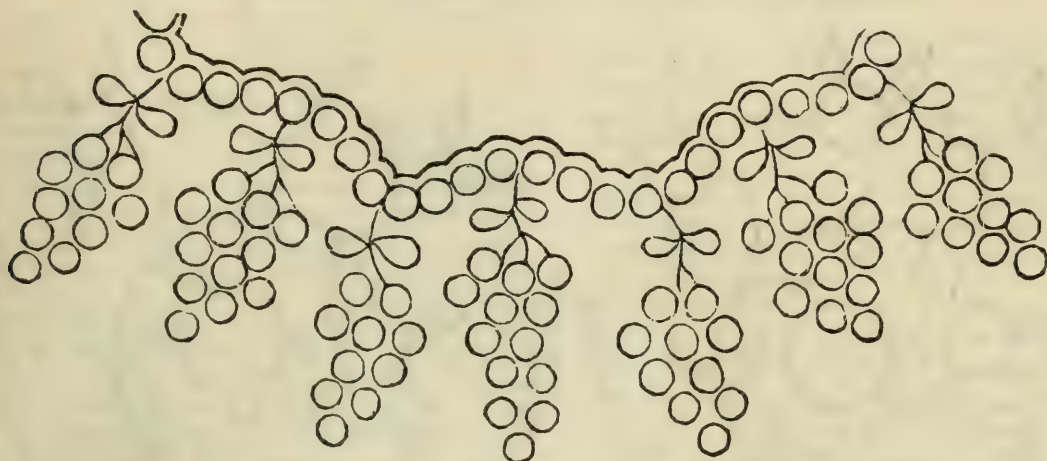
5th.—One tr between two groups of three tr below, two ch; repeat.

6th.—All double crochet; repeat from the beginning on the other side of the foundation chain.

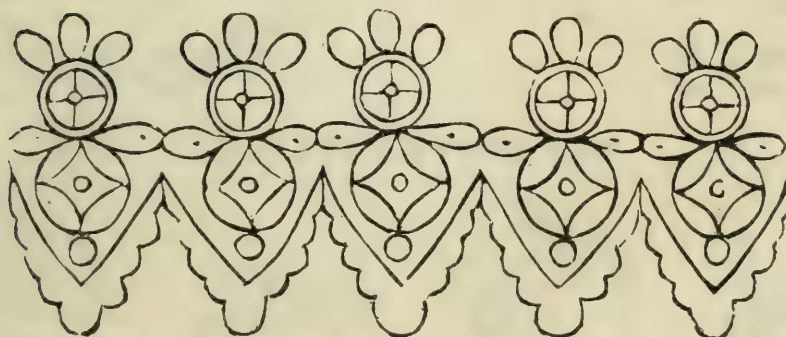
When the curtain is finished, tack the edge on the design, and work the border on one side, and the bottom in button-hole stitch.



EMBROIDERY FOR SLEEVE OF AN INFANT'S DRESS.



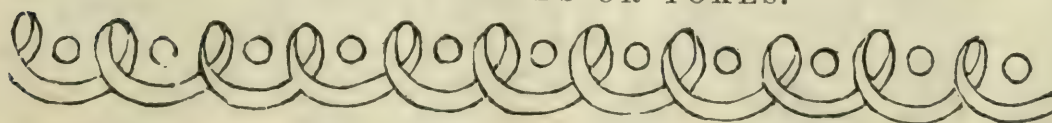
EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S APRON.



INITIALS.



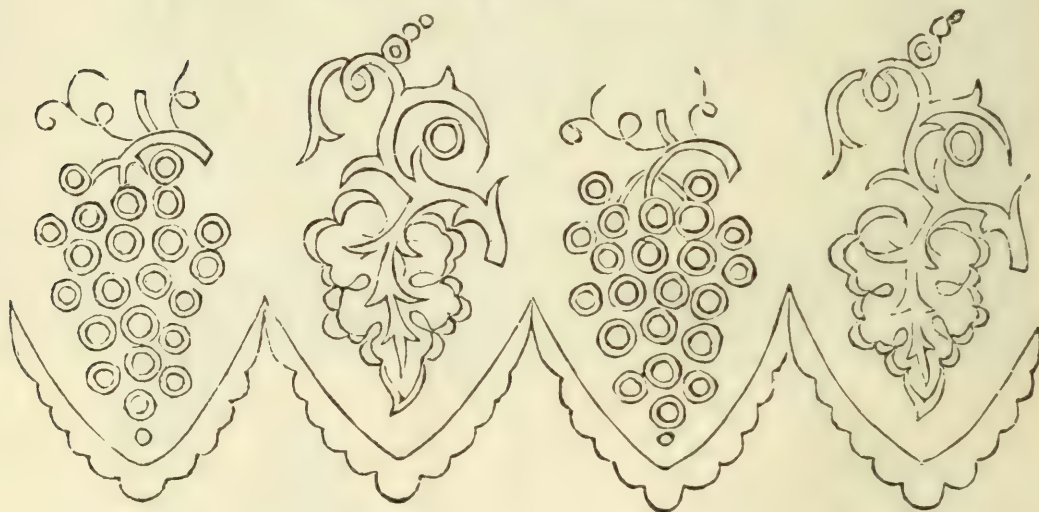
CHEMISE BANDS OR YOKES.



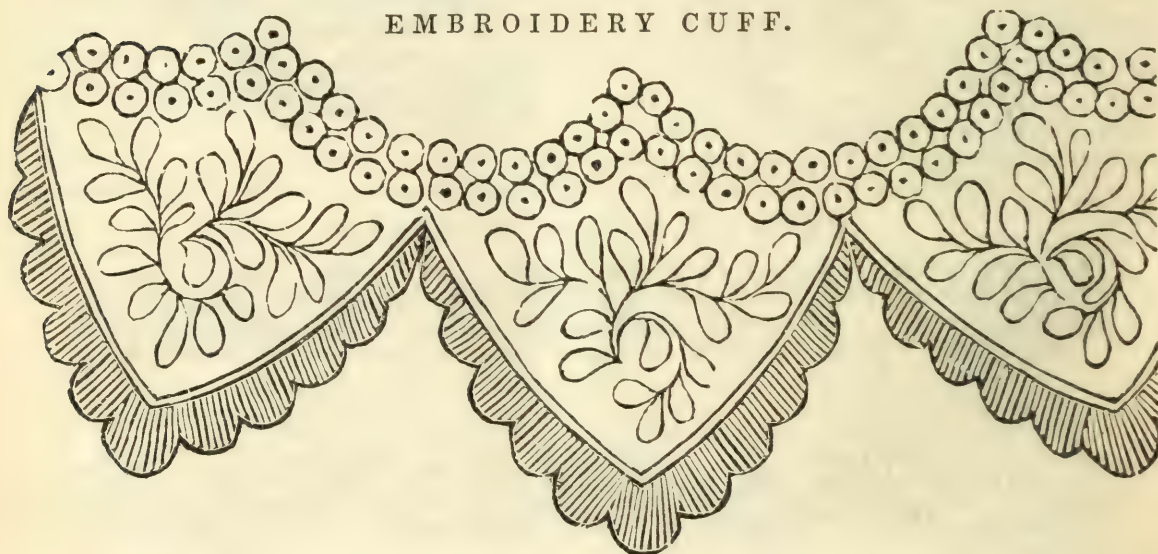
EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S DRAWERS.



THE GRAPE PATTERN.



EMBROIDERY CUFF.



Receipts, &c.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS.

(First Article.)

KETTLES FOR MAKING PRESERVES.—These should be broad, and not very deep, with a handle at each side; there should be a closely-fitting cover. To preserve in very small quantities, a small kettle is requisite. Jelly bags of fine cambric are as good as any; these may be made like a lady's reticule, with a string by which to close the top, and suspend it whilst dripping. Strawberries, raspberries, cherries, currants, or any other red fruit, should have double-refined sugar, since with brown sugar the color of the fruit and that of the sugar combined make a dingy reddish-brown, which is not pleasing to the eye; neither will it answer for green fruit. Summer fruits require more care to keep than those done later. A cool dark closet is the best place to keep preserves. Small glass jars, or wide-mouthed bottles, are best for liquid preserves. The best white earthenware, or stone-china small jars, are good. Pint tumblers of common glass, or earthenware pots, are proper for jellies, marmalade, or jam. Glass jars may first be covered with tissue-paper, and fastened against the jar with a little sugar boiled in water, and then tin tight-fitting covers put on. Glass bottles should first be corked tight, then dipped into coarse sealing-wax melted. Jellies, jam, &c., may be secured by first pressing a piece of tissue-paper, fitting the top of the glass closely upon it; then wet another piece with sugar boiled to candy; paste it over the top of the tumbler, and over that put a third piece; this will perfectly secure them. Large jars may be secured in the same manner, putting several pieces of tissue-paper, and securing them each separately with the melted sugar or candy; and over this a close-fitting cover may be put, or a bladder tied over; this last precaution is not necessary. Glass is best for keeping preserves, as it may then be examined without opening the jars. Should a thick mould appear on the top of preserves, it must not be disturbed, as it is no evidence of spoiling, but will rather serve to keep them. Foam or frothiness is the sign of fermentation; and as soon as it is perceived, turn the preserves from the jar or pot into a preserving kettle, and set it over a gentle fire; take off the skim or foam as it rises; when no more rises, take out the fruit with a skimmer, and, having washed the jar with cold water, and perfectly dried it at the fire, put in the fruit; give the syrup one more boil; skim it, and put it in a pitcher to settle; when nearly cold, pour it carefully over the fruit, leaving whatever sediment there may be at the bottom. When perfectly cold, cover them as at first.

TO CLARIFY SUGAR FOR PRESERVING.—Put into a preserving-pan as many pounds of sugar as you wish; to each pound of sugar put half a pint of water, and the white of an egg to every four pounds; stir it together until the sugar is dissolved; then set it over a gentle fire; stir it occasionally, and take off the scum as it rises. After a few boilings-up, the sugar will rise so high as to run over the side of the pan; to prevent which, take it from the fire for a few minutes, when it will subside, and leave time for skimming. Repeat the skimming until a slight scum or foam only will rise; then take off the pan, lay a slightly wetted napkin over the basin, and then strain the sugar through it. Put the skimmings into a basin; when the sugar is clarified,

rinse the skimmer and basin with a glass of cold water, and put it to the scum, and set it by for common purposes.

TO BOTTLE FRUIT.—Cherries, strawberries, sliced pine-apple, plums, apricots, gooseberries, &c., may be preserved in the following manner, to be used the same as fresh fruit: Gather the fruit before it is very ripe; put it in wide-mouthed bottles made for the purpose; fill them as full as they will hold, and cork them tight; seal the corks; put some hay in a large saucepan; set in the bottles, with hay between them, to prevent their touching; then fill the saucepan with water to the necks of the bottles, and set it over the fire until the water is nearly boiling; then take it off; let it stand until the bottles are cold; then keep them in a cool place until wanted, when the fruit will be found equal to fresh.

PINE-APPLE PRESERVE.—Twist off the top and bottom, and pare off the rough outside of pine-apples; then weigh them, and cut them in slices, chips, or quarters, or cut them in four or six, and shape each piece like a whole pine-apple; to each pound of fruit, put a teacup of water; put it in a preserving kettle; cover it, and set it over the fire, and let them boil gently until they are tender and clear; then take them from the water, by sticking a fork in the centre of each slice, or with a skimmer, into a dish. Put to the water white sugar, a pound for each pound of fruit; stir it until it is all dissolved; then put in the pine-apple; cover the kettle, and let them boil gently until transparent throughout; when it is so, take it out, let it cool, and put it in glass jars; as soon as the syrup is a little cooled, pour it over them; let them remain in a cool place until the next day, then secure the jars as directed previously. Pine-apple done in this way is a delicious preserve. The usual manner of preserving it, by putting it into the syrup without first boiling it, makes it little better than sweetened leather.

CURRANT JAM.—Pick the currants free from stems; weigh three-quarters of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit; strain the juice from half of them; then crush the remainder and the sugar together, and put them with the juice into a bright brass or porcelain kettle, and boil until it is a smooth jellied mass; have a moderate fire, that it may not burn the preserve.

STRAWBERRIES PRESERVED.—Strawberries for bottling or preserving, except for jam, should be ripe, but not in the least soft. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit. The sugar should be double-refined, although refined sugar does very well; the only difference is in the color of the preserve, which is not so brilliant as when done with other than crushed or loaf-sugar. To each pound of sugar put a teacup of water; set it over a gentle fire, and stir it until it is all dissolved; when boiling hot, put in the fruit, having picked off every hull and imperfect berry; let them boil very gently in a covered kettle until, by cutting one open, you find it cooked through. That will be known by its having the same color throughout. Take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes, and let them remain until cold; boil the syrup until quite thick; then let it cool and settle; put the fruit into jars or pots, and strain or pour the syrup carefully over, leaving the sediment, which will be at the bottom of the pitcher. The next day, cover with several papers wet with sugar boiled to candy; set them in a cool, airy place. Strawberries keep perfectly well made with seven pounds of sugar to ten of fruit; they should be

done as directed above, and the syrup cooked quite thick. A pint of red currant-juice, and a pound of sugar for it, to three pounds of strawberries, make the syrup very beautiful.

STRAWBERRY JAM, OR MARMALADE.—Pick ripe strawberries free from every hull; put three-quarters of a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit; crush them together to a smooth mass; then put it in a preserving kettle over a gentle fire; stir it with a wooden or silver spoon until it is jelly-like and thick; let it do slowly for some time, then try some on a plate; if, when cold, it is like jelly, it is enough. Put it in small jars or tumblers, and secure as directed. Currant-juice, with a pound of sugar to a pint, to four or five pounds of strawberries, and the required quantity of sugar, makes the jam very nice. Half a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit will make very fine jam, or marmalade, which is the same, cooked until it is very thick, and reduced; take care that it does not burn.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES WHOLE.—Another excellent way is to make the syrup boiling hot; and having picked fine large strawberries free from hulls (or, if preferred, leave them and half an inch of the stem on), pour it over them; let it remain until the next day, then drain it off, and boil again; return it hot to the fruit; let them remain for another night; then put them into the kettle, and boil gently for half an hour; cut one in two; if it is done through, take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes to cool; boil the syrup until thick and rich; then put the fruit into glass jars; let the syrup cool and settle; then pour it carefully off from the sediment over the fruit.

STRAWBERRIES STEWED FOR TARTS.—Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a teacup of water; add a little white of eggs; let it boil, and skim it until only a foam rises; then put in a quart of berries, free from stems and hulls; let them boil till they look clear, and the syrup is quite thick. Finish as directed for tarts, with fine puff paste.

S A L A D S.

SALAD.—The herbs and vegetables for a salad cannot be too freshly gathered. They should be carefully cleared from insects, and washed with scrupulous nicety; they are better when not prepared until near the time of sending them to table, and should not be sauced until the instant before they are served. Tender lettuces, of which the outer leaves should be stripped away, mustard, and cress, and young radishes, and occasionally small green onions (when the taste of the party is in favor of these last), are the usual ingredients of summer salads. Half-grown cucumbers sliced thin, and mixed with them, are a favorite addition with many persons. In England, it is customary to cut the lettuces extremely fine; the French, who object to the *flavor of the knife*, which they fancy this mode imparts, break them small instead. Young celery alone, sliced and dressed with a rich salad mixture, is excellent; it is still in some families served thus always with roast fowls. Beet-root, baked or boiled, blanched endive, small salad-herbs, which are easily raised at any time of the year, celery, and hardy lettuces, with any ready-dressed vegetable, will supply salads through the winter. In *summer salads*, the mixture must not be poured upon the lettuce or vegetables used in salad, but be left at the bottom, to be stirred up when wanted, as thus preserving the crispness of the

lettuce. In *winter salads*, however, the reverse of this proceeding must be adopted, as thus: the salad of endive, celery, beet, and other roots, being cut ready for dressing; then pour the mixture upon the ingredients, and stir them well up, so that every portion may receive its benefit. In doing this, it should likewise be recollected that the spoon and fork should always be of wood, and of sufficient size to stir up the vegetables in large quantities.

SALAD-DRESSING.—For a salad of moderate size, pound very smoothly the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs with a small teaspoonful of unmade mustard, half as much sugar in fine powder, and a saltspoonful of salt. Mix gradually with these a small cup of cream, or the same quantity of very pure oil, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. More salt and acid may be added at pleasure; but the latter usually predominates too much in English salads. A few drops of Cayenne vinegar will improve this receipt. Hard yolks of egg, two; unmade mustard, one small teaspoonful; sugar, half as much; salt, one saltspoonful; cream or oil, small cupful; vinegar, two tablespoonfuls. To some tastes, a teaspoonful or more of eschalot vinegar would be an acceptable addition to this sauce, which may be otherwise varied in numberless ways. Cucumber-vinegar may be substituted for other; and small quantities of soy, caviare, essence of anchovies, or catsup may in turn be used to flavor the compound. The salad-bowl, too, may be rubbed with a cut clove or garlic, to give the whole composition a very slight flavor of it. The eggs should be boiled for fifteen minutes, and allowed to become quite cold always before they are pounded, or the mixture will not be smooth; if it should curdle, which it will sometimes do, if not carefully made, add to it the yolk of a very fresh unboiled egg. As we have before had occasion to remark, garlic, when very sparingly and judiciously used, imparts a remarkably fine savor to a sauce or gravy, and neither a strong nor a coarse one, as it does when used in larger quantities. The veriest morsel (or, as the French call it, a mere *soupçon*) of the root is sufficient to give this agreeable piquancy; but unless the proportion be extremely small, the effect will be quite different. The Italians dress their salads upon a round of delicately toasted bread, which is rubbed with garlic, saturated with oil, and sprinkled with cayenne, before it is laid into the bowl; they also eat the bread thus prepared, but with less of oil, and untoasted, often before their meals, as a digester.

FRENCH SALAD-DRESSING.—Stir a saltspoonful of salt, and half as much pepper, into a large spoonful of oil, and when the salt is dissolved, mix with them four additional spoonfuls of oil, and pour the whole over the salad; let it be *well* turned, and then add a couple of spoonfuls of vinegar; mix the whole thoroughly, and serve it without delay. The salad should not be dressed in this way until the instant before it is wanted for table; the proportions of salt and pepper can be increased at pleasure, and common or cucumber-vinegar may be substituted for the tarragon, which, however, is more frequently used in France than any other.

ANOTHER SALAD-DRESSING.—Boil two eggs ten minutes, and put them into cold water, to harden and cool; then take out the yolks, and rub them through a coarse sieve into a basin; add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, a teaspoonful of salt, the same quantity of mustard, half the quantity of ground black pepper, a teaspoonful of soy or essence of anchovies, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; incorporate the whole, and

pour this sauce down the side of the salad-bowl. The whites of the egg will serve to garnish the salad.

SUMMER SALAD.—Wash very clean one or two heads of fine lettuce; divide it; let it lie some time in cold water; drain and dry it in a napkin, and cut it small before serving. Mustard and cresses, sorrel and young onions, may be added.

WINTER SALAD.—Wash very clean one or two heads of endive, some heads of celery, some mustard and cresses; cut them all small; add a little shredded red cabbage, some slices of boiled beet-root, an onion, if the flavor is not disliked; mix them together with salad-sauce. In spring, add radishes, and also garnish the dish with them.

VEGETABLE SALADS, made of roots which have been boiled, also make good winter salads, amongst which, *potato* and *beet-root salads* are perhaps the best. Cut the roots into thin slices; season them with pepper and salt, and pour over them the salad mixture, to which may be added, if the flavor be not disapproved, a few slices of raw onion.

FRENCH SALAD.—Chop three anchovies, a shalot, and some parsley small; put them into a bowl, with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of oil, a little mustard, and salt. When well mixed, add by degrees some cold roast or boiled meat in very thin slices; put in a few at a time, not exceeding two or three inches long. Shake them in the seasoning, and then put more; cover the bowl close, and let the salad be prepared three hours before it is to be eaten.

THE TOILET.

CURLING FLUID FOR THE HAIR.—Melt a piece of white beeswax, about the size of a large pea, in one ounce of olive oil; to this add one or two drops of otto of roses, or any other perfume.

TO IMPROVE THE HAIR.—Powdered hartshorn, mixed with oil, being rubbed upon the head of persons who have lost their hair, will cause it to grow again. A very good oil for the hair is made by mixing one part of the liquid hartshorn with nine parts of pure castor oil.

TO SOFTEN AND CLEANSE THE HAIR.—Beat up an egg, rub it well into the hair, and then wash the head well. If the hair is very oily, add the juice of half a lemon. This receipt also answers much better than soap for washing pet dogs.

AN EXCELLENT COSMETIC.—An infusion of horse-radish in cold milk.

A NATURAL DENTIFRICE.—The common strawberry is a natural dentifrice, and its juice, without any preparation, dissolves the calcareous incrustations of the teeth, and renders the breath sweet and agreeable.

SPIRIT OR ESSENCE OF ROSEMARY.—1. Soak for fourteen days two pounds of the dried herb in one gallon of proof spirit.

2. Dissolve one ounce of the oil of rosemary in one gallon of proof spirit.

3. Oil of rosemary, six ounces; foreign oil of lavender, one ounce; cassia berries, six ounces; allspice, four ounces; spirits of wine, two gallons; water, two gallons. Distil off three gallons.

4. Oil of rosemary, one ounce and a half; English oil of lavender, two drachms; oil of cinnamon, one drop; proof spirit, ten pints.

5. Oil of rosemary, four drachms; foreign oil of lavender, one ounce; spirits of wine, three pints.

SICK-ROOM AND NURSERY.

HOW TO GET SLEEP.—Difficulty in going to sleep is a common affliction, and a worse one than might be supposed; but in half the cases it is a self-inflicted misery. Idleness is not the least frequent cause; and we are afraid, therefore, that the following remedies for sleepless nights will not be tried by all who deplore their misery. Finding yourself restless, rise, and rub your limbs with a good coarse towel, or a flesh-brush, or even with your hands. Or, before retiring, take a cold bath, and rub yourself well down before you get out of it: or, if you don't like cold baths, have a warm one: or have a good brisk walk in the open air: or, if this is too much for you, run up and down stairs a half dozen times, and then to bed directly. By doing this a few times, and then continuing the means occasionally, you will regain the old habit of going to sleep at once. Healthy people always sleep well; people cannot be healthy who do not bathe often and take good exercise. A pillow stuffed with hops acts as a narcotic.

BATHS.—A little more about bathing, a subject we shall never have done enforcing on our readers' attention. There are all sorts of baths—hot, tepid, vapor, shower, plunge, hip, &c. &c. Hot and vapor baths are for the sick, and are *extremely* useful. A vapor bath, for those who suffer from rheumatism or gout, may be made thus: Place a bucket of boiling water under the chair on which you are seated, causing yourself, bucket, chair, and all, to be surrounded with blankets. When the vapor decreases, the bottom of the blanket may be lifted, and a hot brick dropped into the pail. The plunge bath is not so accessible. It is cold, or cool; and one or two plunges and out again will produce more benefit than to remain in it; we speak especially of weak or sick people. The shower bath we do not recommend at all. It may do for men or women in the prime of life and health, but not for children and old people. The best bath, on the whole, for sick or hale, is the hip bath. Fill your bath with water, cold if you can possibly bear it (and if you are well); at any rate, merely tepid. Move your limbs well in the water for a quarter of an hour, get out, and rub yourself with a couple of rough towels till your skin begins to resent the usage. If you have no regular bath, fill a big pan or washing-tub, get into it, and sponge and sluice yourself well. It is as good a bath as any.

COD-LIVER OIL.—There can be no doubt of the extraordinary efficacy of cod-liver oil in several diseases besides that in which it is oftenest recommended. Cod-liver oil, however, is extremely liable to adulteration, and the rather high price at which the good article must necessarily be sold is found to tempt to this most dishonest practice. We advise our friends not to buy it *anywhere*; a physician will be glad to name some tradesman in whom he has confidence. The pale, or *very* refined oil, is useless.

CURE FOR A COUGH.—Marshmallow root and liquorice root, half an ounce each, boiled in a pint of water till it (the water) is reduced one-third, is good for a cough. Half a teacupful should be taken three times a day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PREPARATION FOR CLEANING TIN COVERS.—Boil rotten-stone and a small quantity of prepared whitening in sweet oil for two hours, until it acquires the consistency of cream.

TO PREVENT METALS FROM RUSTING.—Melt together three parts of lard and one part of rosin in powder. A very thin coating, applied with a brush, will preserve Russia-iron stoves and grates from rusting during summer, even in damp situations. For this purpose, a portion of black lead may be mixed with the lard. The effect is equally good on brass, copper, steel, &c. The same compound forms an excellent water-proof paste for leather. Boots, when treated with it, will soon after take the usual polish when blacked, and the soles may be saturated with it without danger of soiling the floor, as it does not rub off.

HOW TO WHITEN LINEN OR CALICO.—When linen or calico is discolored by washing, by age, or lying out of use, the best method of restoring the whiteness is by bleaching it in the open air, and exposure on the grass to the dews and winds. There may occur cases, however, where this may be difficult to accomplish, and where a quicker process may be desirable. Here the art of chemistry may assist, and the following directions have been given by an eminent practical chemist: The linen must first be laid for twelve hours in a ley formed of one pound of soda to a gallon of boiling-hot soft water; it must then be boiled for half an hour in the same liquid. A mixture must now be made of chloride of lime with eight times its quantity of water, which must be well shaken in a stone jar for three days, then allowed to settle, and being drawn off clear, the linen must be steeped in it six and thirty hours, and then washed out in the ordinary way. This will remove all discoloration.

HOW TO DESTROY RATS.—Sir Humphrey Davy recommends the following recipe as being tasteless, odorless, and impalpable: Carbonate of barytes, two ounces, mixed with one pound of grease. It produces great thirst, and death immediately after drinking, thus preventing the animals going back to their holes. To prevent accident to dogs, cats, and poultry, it should be spread on the inside of an iron or tin vessel hung with wire, bottom upwards, over a beam, just high enough for a rat to pass under easily.

HOW TO REMOVE STAINS FROM FLOORS.—For removing spots of grease from boards, take equal parts of fullers' earth and pearlash, a quarter of a pound of each, and boil in a quart of soft water; and, while hot, lay it on the greased parts, allowing it to remain on them for ten or twelve hours; after which, it may be scoured off with sand and water. A floor much spotted with grease should be completely washed over with this mixture the day before it is scoured. Fullers' earth and ox-galls, boiled together, form a very powerful cleansing mixture for floors or carpets. Stains of ink are removed by strong vinegar; or salts of lemon will remove them.

ARTIFICIAL COLD.—A very intense degree of cold, sufficient for the turning of liquids into ice, even in the hottest day, may be produced by mixing together equal parts of muriate of ammonia and saltpetre, both finely powdered, in about six parts of water.

Parlor Amusements.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES FOR CHILDREN.

FLY AWAY, PIGEON.—The players are ranged in a circle, with one in the middle, who places the forefinger of the right hand upon the knee, and the others put their

forefingers round it. If the one in the centre—who may be called the prompter—raises her finger, saying at the same time, "Fly away, pigeon," or, "Fly away, lark," the others must all raise their fingers in exactly the same manner; but if, for fun and mischief, she say, "Fly away, sheep," or, "Fly away, elephant," the others must carefully avoid moving their fingers, or pay a forfeit. If the creature mentioned by the prompter really can fly, the fingers must be lifted; but if it cannot fly, they must be kept still. The prompter should require all to be done rapidly. But in some cases there will be hesitation and debate. If, for instance, the prompter says, "Fly away, platypus," or, "Fly away, ornithorhynchus," all may not know what kind of creatures these are, and there will be mistakes and forfeits in consequence. Or if something which flies by accident only be named—such as a leaf, thistle-down, or a soap-bubble, or birds which do not fly, such as the ostrich—there will be debates and mistakes and forfeits again. The prompter settles all disputed questions.

THE COMICAL CONCERT.—This is an amusing game, depending, of course, upon the spirit with which it is played. The performers—girls or boys, both or either—must first stand in a circle, and each agree to imitate some musical instrument. One plays the flute upon a stick, or nothing; another imitates pandean pipes upon the fingers; others, the violin upon the arm, or play the violoncello, turn the barrel-organ, or beat an imaginary drum; while another will play the piano upon a table, or the harp upon the back of a chair. Each performer must imitate with the voice as nearly as possible the sounds of his or her instrument.

One must mount a chair or stool, and, with mock dignity and show, pretend to *lead the orchestra*, beat time, and correct the bad players. If she (or he) cease beating time, all must instantly leave off, or forfeit. If she say to any particular performer, "Why don't you play better?" the one spoken to must be ready with a suitable answer: "I have lost my fiddle-stick;" "Worn my drum-sticks out," and so on. There must be no hesitation, and the same excuses are not allowed twice over, otherwise forfeits. The strange jumble of voices and motion is very droll, and the game is altogether exceedingly diverting.

THE FLYING FEATHER.—Formed in a circle, the players try to keep up a feather, or light piece of silk, or cotton-down, in the air. Each is anxious to keep it from falling upon her clothes, or near to her on the floor, for in such case there would be a forfeit. Sometimes the feather is blown too far or too high, and great is the stretching and pulling to get a puff at it. This, though so simple, is by no means a poor game. So much struggling and pulling to keep up a poor little feather! It is contrary to law to break the circle.

WORD COMBINATIONS.—Boys and girls will find it an amusing exercise of their ingenuity, and not a bad lesson in spelling, to discover all the words which can be made out of the letters of some other word. It will be found that some words are much more productive in this way than others; for instance, from the little word *Breath* may be made not less than thirty-three smaller words, as—at, are, bear, bar, bare, bat, bate, be, bet, beat, bath, brat, eat, ear, earth, hat, hate, heat, he, her, hear, hare, heart, herb, hater, rat, rate, the, tea, tar, tear, tare, tab.

From the word *Parliament* as many as two hundred words may be made.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore."

Byron.

WHILE the Eastern World is convulsed with war, and adding to its dark catalogue of woes the most appalling pictures of human misery, it is cheering to turn to our own beloved country, and watch the progress of true greatness in the noble deeds of charity, which have been called forth in aid of the suffering poor among us, during the past severe winter. The greater portion of these needy people are foreigners, who have never, in their native countries, had the opportunity of acquiring property; ignorant and unthrifty, they need aid of every kind. The charity that supplies soup and bread merely to sustain life is only the beginning of the system of doing good to the poor, which must be carried out till they can honestly provide for their own wants, or no real advance in improving the condition of society will be gained.

Philadelphia has taken the initiative step to the great charity of giving employment instead of alms; as the following reported by the committee of the United Benevolent Societies of the City will show:—

"*Regulation 3d.*—That employment, either in full or in part, be constituted a principal means of relief, that by directing the unemployed to such channels of industry as they are fitted to occupy, the public may be relieved from their maintenance."

Our aim is here to call attention to remunerative employments for women; we have heretofore alluded to this subject, suggesting the establishment of

Sewed muslin and embroidery, on the plan found so profitable in Ireland and Scotland. In Great Britain, over two hundred and fifty thousand females are employed and supported by this art of embroidery.

The London "Morning Chronicle" bears the following testimony to the native skill and industry of Irishwomen in this most delicate and elaborate work of the female hands: "Among those minor branches of industry which afford the means of remunerative employment, none occupy a more deserved pre-eminence than that of the sewed muslin and embroidery trades. While the results of the late census show that the cotton manufacture, in all its branches, including printing and dyeing, affords employment to 501,000 persons of both sexes and all ages, the woollen manufacture to 137,000, worsted to 104,000, silk to 114,000, and linen to 98,000, a calculation, founded upon the best data, shows that in the United Kingdom not less than 250,000 females find employment in the muslin embroidery work. So far, therefore, as the actual number of persons employed is concerned, this branch of textile industry ranks next in importance to the great staple manufacture of the country.

* * * * *

"At the present moment the embroidered muslins of Ireland and Scotland are eagerly sought after in almost all markets of the world; the United States are customers to the value of over a quarter of a million sterling, annually; in France, notwithstanding the excessive rates of duty upon importation, they successfully com-

pete with the home-produced lace; and even in Italy and the Southern States of Europe, the greater cheapness and superiority of the work ensure it a ready and extensive market."

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YOUTH AND GENIUS ON THE SIDE OF TRUTH.

MUCH is written now-a-days about woman, her "mission," her "rights," her "wrongs," etc., yet to little purpose. The pure gems of wisdom, scattered through these essays and novels, are so tarnished by the smoke of transcendentalism, or defaced by the slime of infidelity, that good sense and Christian principle reject the whole as unworthy of attention. It is gratifying, therefore, to meet with a pure page, from a young and lovely lady—Miss Anna Mary Howitt (daughter of the gifted couple so long known as The Howitts)—which we can heartily approve and commend to our young lady readers.

"The longer I live the less grows my sympathy with women who are always wishing themselves men. I cannot but believe that all in life that is truly noble, truly good, truly desirable, God bestows upon us women in as unsparing measure as upon men. He only desires us, in his great benevolence, to stretch forth our hands and to gather for ourselves the rich joys of intellect, of nature, of study, of action, of love, and of usefulness, which he has poured forth around us. Let us only cast aside the false, silly veils of prejudice and fashion, which ignorance has bound about our eyes; let us lay bare our souls to God's sunshine of truth and love; let us exercise the intelligence which he has bestowed on us, upon worthy and noble objects, and this intelligence may become keen as that of men; and the paltry high heels and whalebone supports of mere drawing-room conventionality, and young lady-hood withering up, we shall stand in humility before God, but proudly and rejoicingly at the side of man! Different always, but not less noble, less richly endowed. And all this we may do, without losing one jot or one tittle of our womanly spirit, but rather attain solely to these good, these blessed gifts, through a prayerful and earnest development of those germs of peculiar purity, of tenderest delicacy and refinement, with which our Heavenly Father has so especially endowed the woman. Let beauty and grace, spiritual and external, be the garments of our souls. Let love be the very essence of our being—love of God, of man, and of the meanest created thing; love that is strong to endure, strong to renounce, strong to achieve! Alone through the strength of Love, the noblest, the most refined of all strength—our blessed Lord himself having lived and died teaching it to us—have great and good women hitherto wrought their noble deeds in the world; and alone through the strength of an all-embracing love, will the noble women who have yet to arise work noble works or enact noble deeds. Let us emulate, if you will, the strength of determination which we admire in men, their earnestness and freedness of purpose, their unwearying energy, their largeness of vision; but let us never sigh

after their lower so-called *privileges*, which, when they are sifted with a thoughtful mind, are found to be the mere husks and chaff of the rich grain belonging to *humanity*, and not alone to men. The assumption of masculine airs or of masculine attire, or of the absence of tenderness and womanhood in a mistaken struggle after strength, can never sit more gracefully upon us than do the men's old hats, and great coats, and boots, upon the poor old gardeners of the English garden. Let such of us as have devoted ourselves to the study of an art—the interpreter to mankind at large of God's beauty—especially remember this, that the highest ideal in life, as well as in art, has ever been the blending of the beautiful and the tender with the strong and the intellectual."

JENNY DEANS, OR HELEN WALKER.

It is no longer doubted or denied that Helen Walker, of the parish of Irongray, in the neighborhood of Dumfries, was the prototype of the heroine who, under the fictitious name of Jeannie Deans, figures so conspicuously in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." Her history, however humble, was in some respects eventful; and when stripped of all adventitious ornament, may be given very briefly, though few readers require to be informed now how it has been expanded by the fertile genius of Sir Walter Scott.

Her father appears to have been a laboring man; and at his death, his widow, who was then well-stricken in years, became dependent for support on the industry of her daughters, Nelly and Tibby Walker.

I regret that I am unable to fix the exact date of the principal incident in Helen Walker's life. I believe, however, that it occurred a few years previous to the more lenient law for child murder, which was passed in 1736. At this time, her sister Tibby, who was considerably younger, and a comely girl, resided in the same cottage; and it is not improbable that their father, a worthy man, was also alive. Isabella was courted by a youth of the name of Waugh, who had the character of being rather wild; fell a victim to his snares, and became enceinte, though she obstinately denied the fact to the last. The neighbors, however, suspected that a child had been born, and repeatedly urged her to confess her fault. But she was deaf to their entreaties, and denied all knowledge of a dead infant, which was found shortly after in the cairn or clouden. The circumstance was soon known, and by the directions of the Rev. Mr. Guthrie, of Irongray, the suspected person was carried before the authorities for examination. The unnatural mother was committed to prison, and confined in what was called the "thief's hole," in the old jail of Dumfries, a grated room on the ground-floor, whither her seducer sometimes repaired, and conversed with her through the grating. When the day of trial arrived, Helen was told that "a single word of her mouth would save her sister, and that she would have time to repent afterwards;" but trying as was the ordeal, harassing the alternative, nothing could shake her noble fortitude, her enduring and virtuous resolution. Sleep for nights fled from her pillow; most fervently she prayed for help and succor in the time of need; often she wept till the tears refused to flow, and her heart seemed too large for her body; but still no arguments, however subtle, no entreaties, however agonizing, could induce her to offend her Maker by swerving from the truth.

Her sister was tried, condemned, and sentenced to be

executed at the termination of the usual period of six weeks. The result is well known, and is truly, as well as powerfully, set forth in the novel. Immediately after the conviction, Helen Walker borrowed a sum of money, procured one or more letters of recommendation, and, without any other guide than the public road, began to wend her way to the city of London, a journey which was then considered more formidable than a voyage to America is in our day. Over her best attire she threw a plaid and hood, walked barefooted the whole way, and completed the distance in fourteen days. Though her feet were "sorely blistered," her whole frame exhausted, and her spirits sadly jaded, she found it impossible to rest until she had inquired her way to the residence of John, Duke of Argyle. As she arrived at the door, his grace was just about to step into his carriage; and as the moment was too critical to be lost, the heroic pilgrim presented her petition, fell upon her knees, and urged its prayer with a degree of earnestness and natural eloquence that more than realized the well-known saying of "snatching a grace beyond the reach of art." Here again the result is well known; a pardon was procured and dispatched to Scotland, and the pilgrim, after her purse had been replenished, returned home, gladdened and supported by the consoling thought, that she had done her duty without violating her conscience.

Tibby Walker, from the stain cast on her good name, retired to England, and afterwards became united to the man who had wronged her, and with whom, as is believed, she lived happily for the greater part of half a century. Her sister resumed her quiet rural employments, and after a life of unsullied integrity, died in November or December, 1791, at the age of nearly fourscore. She was interred in Irongray churchyard, a romantic cemetery on the banks of the Cairn.

PEARLS FROM JEAN PAUL.

Progress of Light.—In former times, if one or two windows were closed, the whole world was darkened; but now it has more windows than can be darkened; and, even if they could, books would still remain to us as light-giving magnets.

False Reasoning.—We are apt to ascribe our good or bad fortune only to our last action, and not to the many preceding; and we hear, when we inquire of ourselves, as when we ask Echo, only the last words repeated.

Freedom and Tyranny.—A horse moves as quick as an ostrich; but the first is spurred on by its rider, while the latter has sharp points to its wings, with which it spurs itself; and of the two, I had rather be the ostrich.

Civilization.—The first advances in civilization, like the earlier Jewish dispensation, require bloody offerings; but a higher development, like the Christian religion, demands more than mere material sacrifices.

Good and Ill Fortune.—Too great prosperity and extreme adversity are alike unfavorable to national morality; as fishes in ponds bury themselves in the mud at the bottom, only when the weather is too hot or too cold.

Silence.—The reason a prudent silence is so hard to practise, is, that it must be perpetual. What man is capable of a good action, that must last fifty years without interruption?

Reformers.—Reformers are apt to forget that to set a watch, all that is required is, to move the minute-hand—not to take the works to pieces.

Posthumous Reputation.—The women in Hindostan

are forbidden to utter their husband's true name before his death; and we observe the same law as to making known men's true characters.

Concealed Designs.—Men never betray their designs more clearly and easily than when they miss them.

Loose Promises.—No promises are so often broken as those for which no particular time is fixed.

Affectation of Taste.—Art, like the sun, heats only hay, not living flowers.

Life.—Life begins, as did the drama in Greece, with farces. Afterward comes tragedy.

Another.—We climb the green mountain-side of life, to die on its icy top.

Desire.—Our desires, like the polypus, devour, along with their booty, the arms with which they laid hold of it.

Past and Present.—Memory is to reality, as smelling to tasting.

THE BRIDE OF THE SUN.

Dedicated to Mrs. E. C. KINNEY,* as a tribute to that "joy forever" which springs from the sweet harmonies of a pure heart and lofty intellect.

BY HON. ELLIS LEWIS, CHIEF JUSTICE OF PENN'A.

I'm the child of the Sun, and I love to gaze
On the light of his smile, and float in his blaze.
In contentment I soar, an aeronaut gay,
My wings richly gilt with his glittering ray;
Nor, like Phaeton, desire to take from my sire
The reins that he holds o'er his coursers of fire;
Unhallowed ambition's the perilous sin
That has ruin'd bright angels and maidens and men.

My mother was virtuous, and humble in mien,
And modestly dwelt in her bower of green;
She was pure as the new driven snow in the field,
And armed with sharp weapons her virtue to shield;
Each suitor admired her green dress with its frills,
But each stood aloof from her porcupine quills;
No lover desired to embrace such a bride,
To get, with her kisses, a thorn in the side;
A virtuous wife, it is true, is a crown,
But a crown made of thorns is a valueless boon.
Her power to repel and her purity's charm
Gained friends by the score and protected from harm;
A nation, to mark her the pride of the age,
Emblazon'd her form on the herald's bright page:
The emblem of Scotland, she waves in the air
Her signals of caution, that all may beware.

But the Sun, as he went on his morning walk,
Was pleased with the maiden, and lingered to talk;
She was flattered to see that a sovereign so great
Humble rustics should note, in his regal estate;
He came to her bower in rich blazes of gold,
As Jupiter came to the maiden of old;
He kissed her, in raptures, and e'en kissed the ground
Where she stood, as he moved in his daily round;
She used every art to display her plain charms,
Till her waist was encircled at last in his arms!

* Mrs. Kinney is the lady so favorably known in literary circles as Mrs. E. C. Stedman. She is distinguished as the author of many beautiful and valuable productions in prose and poetry. She is now the wife of Mr. W. B. Kinney, the able editor of the "Newark Daily Advertiser," and late American Chargé at Saradinia.

She yielded consent, and the twain were soon one!
THE RUSTIC OF EARTH BECAME BRIDE OF THE SUN!

The fruits of the union were soon to be seen
In buddings of promise, encircled with green;
In time they put forth their magnificent rays,
That rivall'd in beauty their father's bright blaze.
She was proud of his love, and looked with disdain
On the neighboring blossoms that grew on the plain;
But an envious Violet, that stood by her side
(Determined to punish her scorn and her pride),
Had observed that the Sun, ever absent all night,
Left the *Thistle* to weep till the morning's light,
And make her complaints to her truant lord,
Each morn, when he came, with a kiss and a word
To dry up her tears and to cheer her fond heart;
Unfaithful, each evening again to depart:
"Proud thing," said the Violet, "you make a vain show,
Like motes in a sunbeam you flutter and glow
And forget that, like them, you would never be seen
But for tinsel you wear from the Sun's rich sheen;
For me, I regard not his smile or his glare;
Though humble I may be, I'm valued and rare,
Because, like the *Crocus*, I wait not his glow,
But laugh amid diamonds and pearl-drops of snow.
But why do we see you so often alone?
You're deserted again—your husband has gone
On his nightly round, fairer maidens to woo;
His heart is with others far more than with you.
Every night when he leaves you, he goes to delight
The daughters of far distant climes with his light
Every bud, every flower that blooms upon earth
Attracts his regard as he promenades forth
Amid richest perfumes of Araby's gales,
Or with the gay beauties of India's vales;
And lo! every morning, that brings his return,
Brings joy to a myriad of others that mourn,
Like yourself, his desertion, each vainly supposing
Her bosom alone was his place of reposing;
The early *Convolvulus*, over your head,
Is robbed of her charms ere his smile is displayed
To the eye of his wife, as she waits the hour
For his daily embrace, in her shady bower.
The *Primrose*, that hides through the day from his sight,
Is a prude—I have watched and have seen it each night.
She waits till the shades of the twilight shall blind,
Then, catching his glances that linger behind,
She comes forth, in fragrance and beautiful dress,
To win from your husband his parting caress.
The *Sunflower* and *Lily* receive his fond kiss,—
The sweet blushing *Lilac* enjoys the same bliss
Before he thinks proper to give you a call;
THE FAVORS YOU BOAST OF ARE COMMON TO ALL."

The *Thistle* was grieved. As she heard the sad tale
Her lot in deep anguish was heard to bewail;
The dream of ambition had blinded her eyes
To the sin of seeking a mate in the skies;
She hung down her head as she mournfully said—
"Rustic maidens should never with royalty wed;
The pride which impels them beyond their own class
Brings ruin and shame to each light-headed lass."

The plumes that she flaunted so high in the air,
Hung down and turned gray as she sank in despair.
As Minerva sprang up from the head of great Jove,
With wisdom, to prove her descent from above,
A progeny came from the capsules that died
On the stalk of the vain and deserted bride,

With wings ready fitted to soar to the sky,
And bathe in the stream of the sunlight on high.
I am one of that brood—a zephyr I love
Now wafts me along to his mansions above;
My form and my wings have established *my* birth,
Above the fair daughters that dwell upon earth;
But the tale I've told is a lesson to show
That others should seek proper husbands below;
Each one should remember the fitness of things,
That maidens and men cannot fly without wings.

MISS NIGHTINGALE AND HER COMPANIONS.—The reported horrible sufferings of the English soldiers from neglect, as well as wounds and disease, induced a number of English ladies to volunteer their services as hospital nurses. About fifty of these noble women went out to Scutari, and are now devoting themselves to their sad and most severe duties. The following description of the *uniform* of this fair band of ministering women we met with in a sketch designed to make the benevolent enterprise better known:—

"Mary Vaughn was dressed in a loosely-fitting gown of gray tweed; on her arms, she wore white cuffs, which were fastened above the elbow; a checked apron, and a plain thick linen cap, completed her attire. When she first entered the room, her right hand was pressed against her bosom; but she had no sooner removed it, than she discovered to view a brown Holland band fastened on one shoulder, passing across her chest, and again fastened at the waist, bound with red, and having the words 'Scutari Hospital.'"

Some kind people affect to think the practice of medicine is too arduous for woman's strength; but is it likely any female physicians in our land will undergo the hardships, or be exposed to scenes and labors so unfeminine as those which the English ladies will have to encounter in their hospital duties?

WOMEN IN THE CHURCH.—Bishop Meade says, with regard to the disproportion of numbers among professors of religion: "I have administered the rite of confirmation to thirty persons, only one of whom was a male. The number of females on these occasions is often double, treble, yea, quadruple that of the males."

And yet the ordinance of the churches established by the apostles, which gave women an office similar to that of deacon, such as Phebe enjoyed, has been abrogated by all our American churches. What would be done in a church where the members are all females? Who will be deacons then? As women form far the largest portion of professing Christians now, does it not seem wrong to refuse to appoint from among them "succorers" for the poor and sorrowing of their own sex? Phebe was a "succorer of many," even of the great apostle himself.

HOME FOR FEMALE SERVANTS IN NEW YORK.—A donation of four lots of ground, valued in the aggregate at \$10,000, as a site whereon to erect a building for this institution, has been made by Dr. Townsend. The present locality of the "Home" is at No. 614, Sixth Avenue, corner of Thirty-Sixth Street. The gift is a noble deed of charity and kindness to the large class of unprotected females for whose benefit it is especially designed.

FREE ACADEMY FOR GIRLS.—The liberal men of New York are about establishing another institution similar to the "Free Academy for Boys" for the benefit of the

daughters of their city. When is the "High School for Girls" to be established in Philadelphia?

MYSTIC HALL, a School for Young Ladies, has lately been opened at West Medford, near Boston, which promises to be among the best in the country. Mrs. Thomas P. Smith, the principal, is known to our readers by her contributions to the "Lady's Book." Her admirable sketch—"The wonderful Gift that all may give"—received high praise from the press. The recent decease of her husband has made her own exertions necessary for the education of her children. We advise parents who wish to have their daughters thoroughly educated to examine the character of this school.

NEWLY-PAINTED ROOMS.—The danger of sleeping in newly-painted apartments, as it has been repeatedly proved, shows that the atmosphere may be the medium of conveying the poison. Dr. Good gives a very instructive case in the person of a distinguished surgeon of the metropolis, who had sent his family into the country whilst his house underwent a thorough painting. He himself sleeping in it during the process. About a month afterwards, he was attacked with painters' colic, which was not at first recognized, but proved fatal to him in another two months.

CHLOROFORM COUNTERACTED.—Dr. Robert de Lambelle, a distinguished physician of Paris, announces that a shock of electricity, given to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, immediately counteracts its influence, and returns the sufferer to life.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "For my Daughter's Album"—"First Born"—"Lines on the Picture of a Child," &c.—"The Scene is in the Seer's Eye"—"Leon"—"April Hours"—"One Hundred Years," &c.—"Sabbath Thoughts," &c.—"Lines to an Absent One"—"Taste and Care"—"The Wanderer"—"To Addie"—"A Plea"—"To-Night"—"My Angel"—"The Christian Woman"—"The Record of a Moment"—"Miriam Jenkinson"—"Passages in the Life of the Professor's Daughter"—and "Transient Thoughts, Nos. 1 and 2."

The following articles are declined, some for want of room, others for lack of merit: "Now the Sun shines brightly"—"Birth-day Lines"—"To Miss"—"The falling Rain"—"Let us go to Nebraska" (the writer seems in earnest; we hope he will "go to Nebraska;" but we fear his dreams of "breezes bland," &c., as set forth in the only stanza we have room for, will be blown away by the wild winds of the western prairie when he gets there):—

"Let us go to Nebraska, that Eden-like land,
Where the flowers spring in beauty, and the breezes are bland;

Let us plant there a garden, and dress it with flowers,
And spend our few days amid its green bowers!"—

"Christ Stilling the Tempest"—"The Circassian Slave"—"Ballad of the Princess Torakanoff" (the poetry is well written, but the subject is not well chosen; and the ballad is too long; the author can have it returned)—"April" (out of season)—"Thought of the Past"—"Song"—"Bettie Bell"—"The Crusaders"—"Elegy"—"Childhood's Home"—"To a Lady" (these private epistles are seldom interesting to the public)—"Familiar Faces"—"A Lay of the Spring Time"—"Ellen Lea," &c.—and "The Lost Opportunity."

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

From **PARRY & McMILLAN** (successors to A. Hart, late Carey & Hart), corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia:—

LECTURES ON ENGLISH LITERATURE FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON. By Henry Reed. We have experienced a melancholy pleasure in the perusal of this interesting volume. Aside from its charms as a work of literary research and enlightened criticism, the quiet and unobtrusive life, and the resigned and peaceful death of the author, even under the most distressing and appalling circumstances, are continually brought to mind by the pure sentiments of religion and philosophy which adorn its pages. It will be recollected that Professor Reed perished on board the ill-fated steamer *Arctic*, in September, 1854, being on his return to his home and native land, in company with a beloved sister. For many years previous to his visit to Europe, Mr. Reed was Assistant Professor of English literature in the University of Pennsylvania, during which period the twelve lectures comprised in this volume were delivered before the students in that institution. They are honorable to the scholarship of the University, and valuable as memorials of the authorship of Philadelphia. They are remarkable for their plain English diction and elegant style, as well as for the patient research and just comparison by means of which the author evidently arrived at his honestly expressed conclusions. And for this reason, although we may occasionally feel disposed to differ from his decisions in regard to the merits or demerits, the beauties or the deformities of certain prose and poetical writers named in his lectures, yet those decisions are always in language and disposition so amiable, so free from bitterness and intolerance, that we cannot hesitate to give our respect to the heart and mind of him by whom they were uttered. The volume is, indeed, a record of the free opinions of a good and virtuous man, who evidently placed a higher value on the peaceful pursuits of literature than upon the turbulent contentions of politics, or the wayward intricacies of the legal profession, for which he had been originally educated. We want more such men as we believe Professor Reed to have been, judging from the work before us, and especially do we want those who can appreciate their worth and value in the Republic of Literature. We are happy to hear that the present volume will most probably be succeeded by others, embracing valuable selections from the literary labors of the lamented HENRY REED.

MORNINGS WITH JESUS. *A Series of Devotional Readings for the Closet and the Family.* Carefully prepared from Notes of Sermons preached by the late Rev. William Jay, of Bath. This is a work of true Christian piety, one which will bring its contemplations and admonitions home to the heart of every believer in the truths of the Gospel. Its practical lessons are prepared from Scripture texts for every day in the year. They are brief and to the point, every one of them referring directly to the performance of some moral and Christian duty, which can never be dispensed with on the plea of

worldly engagements. To begin the day with right dispositions, even though we may not be secured thereby from disappointments, still we may be the better prepared to meet them. To teach this wholesome lesson has been the labor of the author and compiler of this pious work.

CORSICA: Picturesque, Historical, and Social. With a sketch of the early life of Napoleon, and an account of the Bonaparte, Paoli, Pozzo di Borgo, and other principal families. Suggested by a tour in the island in 1852. Translated from the German of Ferdinand Gregorovius, by Edward Joy Morris. We feel thankful to Mr. Morris for his able translation of this most interesting work. It is a valuable contribution to historic and descriptive literature. The life, character, and republican sentiments of Paoli, whose name is intimately connected with the struggles of our forefathers for liberty, cannot but command the attention and veneration of American readers. In his noble plans for sustaining the popular liberty of Corsica, we observe much that seems to have influenced the framers of our own national constitution. Some additional and interesting incidents in the early life and character of Napoleon Bonaparte, notwithstanding it might seem that biography had exhausted itself in searching for something new in his career, also render the work peculiarly fascinating.

We must particularly allude to the handsome manner in which this firm gets up their works; the finest of paper, the best of printing, and the most endurable binding.

From **HARPER & BROTHERS**, New York, through **PARRY & McMILLAN**, Philadelphia:—

MARCO PAUL AT THE SPRINGFIELD ARMORY.

HARPER'S STORY BOOK. No. 4. Little Louvre.

Both works are handsomely illustrated and beautifully printed. Every parent should subscribe for "Harper's Story Book."

NORTH AND SOUTH. By the author of "Mary Barton," etc. This volume is No. 196 of "Harper's Library of Select Novels." Price 37½ cents.

Lest the reader should suppose that this book has some relationship to the North and South of Mason's and Dixon's line, we will state that the incidents, which are graphically detailed, refer to the North and South of England.

From **LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & Co.**, No. 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

INGENUE; or, the First Days of Blood. By Alexander Dumas. Translated from the original MSS. This is a romance founded on the historical events and characters of the early French Revolution.

AMERICAN RAILWAY GUIDE TO THE UNITED STATES FOR 1855. Dinsmore & Co., New York, have sent us this very useful work.

From **D. APPLETON & Co.**, New York, through **C. G. HENDERSON**, Philadelphia:—

QUESTIONS OF THE SOUL. By J. T. Hecker. Whatever may be the general reputation, or the received opinion in regard to the peculiarities of the faith professed by Mr. Hecker, we think that the literary, philosophical, and religious character of his work will secure for it a greater amount of attention than is usually bestowed on similar works of controversy.

From J. S. REDFIELD, 110 and 112 Nassau Street, New York, through W. B. ZIEBER, Philadelphia:—

SATIRE AND SATIRISTS. By James Hannay, author of "Singleton Fontenoy," etc. This volume contains six lectures on the satirical portions of the works of Horace, Juvenal, and others, including those of Byron and Moore, and on the present aspect of satirical literature. Scholars and critical readers will find much to interest them in these lectures.

COSAS DE ESPANA; or, *Going to Madrid via Barcelona.* We find many amusing sketches in this book of travels. The character and domestic habits of the Spaniards are drawn to the life in this volume, notwithstanding that its author pretends to nothing extraordinary, "and has generally avoided anything having the appearance of learned lore or statistical knowledge."

THE NEW JERSEY MEDICAL REPORTER. *A Monthly Journal of Medical and Surgical Science.* We have received the March number of this valuable medical work from the editor and publisher, S. W. Butler, M. D., of Burlington, N. J. It contains a number of highly interesting papers relating to medical science, from foreign as well as American correspondents. This work is creditable to the industry and scientific attainments of the editor, and to the Medical Society of the State of New Jersey.

From GARRETT & Co., New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

THE VIRGIN QUEEN; or, *the Romance of Royalty.* By J. Frederick Smith, author of "Woman and her Master," "Romantic Incidents in the Lives of the Queens of England," etc. Price 50 cents. This is a very interesting volume.

From W. P. FETRIDGE & Co., Boston, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

CHANDLER'S PLAN OF SEVASTOPOL FROM PUBLIC DOCUMENTS. Price 25 cents. This work will be interesting and serviceable to those who are anxious about the events of the war in the Crimea.

From BUNCE & BROTHER, 134 Nassau Street, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. *A Novel.* By Miss Austen, author of "Sense and Sensibility," "Mansfield Park," etc. etc. With a biographical notice of the author. This is a new and handsome edition of a favorite English novel. As a work of fiction, it has few modern competitors. In purity of sentiment and soundness of morals, it is perhaps unexceptionable. As a literary production, it is admirably calculated to win and retain the approbation of readers of taste and discernment. At a time when the complaints of the reading public are loud and incessant against the worse than trashy publications issued day after day, we hope that all those who have the courage and the virtue to reproduce such rational works as "Pride and Prejudice" will receive their reward in substantial testimonials of approbation.

THE BANKING HOUSE. *A Tale.* From "Blackwood's Magazine." By Samuel Phillips, author of "Caleb Stukely," etc. In the present times, this tale may have its application, and its admonitions for banking houses in other locations than that of London. Price 25 cents.

From H. LONG & BROTHERS, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

THE LIFE AND BEAUTIES OF FANNY FERN. All who have read the "Life of Fanny Fern," by herself, will, of course, read this volume, which purports to give the other side of the question; at least, the book will not disappoint those who are admirers of this lady's writings, as it gives a large number of her early effusions, now first collected.

From JAMES FRENCH & Co., Boston, J. C. DERBY, 119 Nassau Street, New York, and T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

THE HISTORY OF THE HEN FEVER. *A Humorous Record.* By George P. Burnham. In one volume. Illustrated. This volume purports to give the particulars of an infamous fraud and speculation practised upon the public by a set of designing and unscrupulous traders, in which its author confesses that he was the first to engage and to profit by. The work has some pretensions to humor, but it is humor of the lowest order—that sort of humor which turns round and laughs at a man whom you have successfully cheated. In its shameless developments, it has the audacity to compliment the advantages which duplicity and cunning may obtain over honesty and fair dealing, by false and dishonorable pretences. Such books are discreditable to American literature.

From W. P. FETRIDGE & Co., Boston, J. C. DERBY, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

HARVESTINGS: *Sketches in Prose and Verse.* By Sybil Hastings. The author of these sketches is evidently a person of warm imagination, and of excellent powers as a delineator of character. The stories are, therefore, written in an impassioned, but fascinating style, and will doubtless prove highly attractive.

From J. C. DERBY, New York, PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co., Boston, and H. W. DERBY, Cincinnati, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

A LONG LOOK AHEAD; or, *the First Stroke and the Last.* By A. S. Roe, author of "James Montjoy; or, I've been Thinking," etc. We have not finished the perusal of this excellent story, but we have read enough to convince us of its merits and to permit us confidently to recommend it to the perusal of others. No young man, we think, with the right disposition, will put it aside without feeling the better and stronger for its instructions. The sentiments inculcated, and the examples presented, are manly, independent, and purely American.

From CARLTON & PHILLIPS, New York:—

MRS. ELIZABETH FRY. This is a little work in size, but important as embodying the substance of Mrs. Fry's example in good works proposed for the young. It is a valuable contribution to the Methodist Tract Society's treasury of good books.

From JAMES MUNROE & Co., Boston and Cambridge:—

THE TRIFOLIUM. By Henry W. Carstens. This is partly a translation from the German, partly original, and altogether a very interesting little book. As a May-day gift, it would be very appropriate.

Back numbers of the "Lady's Book" can be furnished, as the work is stereotyped.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

OUR MAY NUMBER.—We do not think there is any falling off yet. The plate in this number is a speaking one—"The Motherless Daughter." Read the beautiful verses of Pauline Forsyth. Young ladies, there is a wedding-dress for you; and children, see the "May Queen." As for our literary matter, there we confessedly stand in advance of all others.

PREPAYMENT OF POSTAGE.—On the first of April this new regulation went into operation. Those who write us making inquiries on any subjects which only interest themselves, must inclose a stamp to pay return postage. Remember, that a letter placed in the post-office, on which the postage is not paid, will not be sent.

PARTICULAR CAUTION TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS ABOUT POSTAGE.—Having received several complaints from our subscribers that they are not allowed the benefit of prepayment quarterly, we give the following extract from the last "Post-Office Book," page 6: "*Quarterly payments in advance may be made, either at the mailing office or the office of delivery.*" Signed James Campbell, P. M. G.

We have reweighed our "Book," and find that it does not weigh five ounces; we therefore make another extract, with the same signature of James Campbell, P. M. G., attached to it: "Over four ounces and not over five ounces 4½ cents for three months." Subscribers will therefore please resist any attempt made to extort more postage than the above extract from the post-office laws calls for. An appeal to the Postmaster-General will be answered by that gentleman.

CAUTION TO THOSE REMITTING MONEY.—Don't depend upon the adhesive matter on the envelopes; always use a wafer in addition.

MRS. HALE is not the Fashion Editor of the "Lady's Book." We may also state that, when an order is received for the fashion department, it is handed to the editor of that department, who does not know, nor do we, whether the sender is a subscriber or not to the "Book;" and, moreover, she will not send an article until she receives the cash. She can't keep books even by single entry. We state this fact, inasmuch as some of our old subscribers have been offended because goods were not sent on credit.

We do not seek advertising, but will insert one or two pages monthly, at \$100 per page. We will deal with principals only, and not through the intervention of any advertising agencies.

PATTERNS of the cloaks in this number, from Brodie's celebrated establishment, our Fashion Editor will furnish at \$1 10 each. Patterns may be selected from anything we publish, colored fashion plate, &c., and they will be furnished at the prices mentioned in each number.

"I do not know, dear sir, what I should do without your 'Book.' It is a treasure. The young ladies of my academy work many beautiful articles of dress from the patterns you give us. We are often told we ought to send some of our work to the fair."

V.A., March 4, 1855.

INDECENT BOOKS.—We found, upon opening some numbers returned to us by a dealer in a neighboring State, in every copy there was a printed circular of books that we would by no means recommend to our readers. We beg all those who receive circulars in their "Books," to remember that we do not put them in, and it is a shabby trick of any person to be guilty of such a mean action.

A LETTER from Harper & Brothers informs us that the new edition of Mrs. Hale's "Woman's Record" is being printed; we shall, therefore, soon be able to supply the numerous demands for this great work.

A SINGULAR MISUNDERSTANDING.—We received a letter a few days since, of which the following is a copy:—

"DEAR SIR: As I saw in your 'Lady's Book' that you will send books to any person who will inclose letter-stamps to pay the return postage, you will find two stamps in this letter for two books; please send me the 'Poems of William Cullen Bryant,' and 'Affection's Gift,' and by so doing you will much oblige your friend."

And we have no doubt we should have obliged him very much. In the first place, the two stamps would not pay one-twentieth part of the postage on the books. This reminds us of a circumstance that occurred some years since with one of our large weekly papers. It was usual at that time to affix the following to the advertisements addressed to exchanges: "Those who copy this advertisement, and send a copy marked to the editors, will be entitled to an exchange." In due course of time, the publishers received several sheets of foolscap paper well written over—and in a letter accompanying the MS. the writer informed them that he had *copied the advertisement*, but did not know what they meant by "marking" it; and he would thank them for a copy of the paper as promised. We believe that they considered that the copyist had earned the paper, and so sent it.

A LOCK OF HAIR.—Hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us, like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."—*Leigh Hunt.*

HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

Breast-pins, from \$4 to \$12.

Ear-rings, from \$4 50 to \$10.

Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.

Rings, from \$1 to \$2.

Necklaces, from \$4 50 to \$7.

Fob-chains, from \$4 to \$8.

OUR PATTERNS.—Ladies do not seem to be aware that these patterns are *fac-similes* of the originals in color, trimming, &c. At a distance, they would be taken for the garment itself. They could be worn in a *tableau* without being detected.

A GOOD OFFER.—The editor of the Gallatin "Argus" says: "No periodical sustains itself with more uniformity in the excellence of its contents, or the splendor of its inimitable engravings, than Godey's, and we take great pleasure in recommending it to our readers as a literary treasure which no family should be without. Send three dollars to Louis A. Godey, 113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and if, at the end of next year, you don't say you have had your money's worth, why we will agree that you may stop your subscription to Godey, on condition that you are never again to borrow *our* number, which, by the way, we expect to file next year; and, while we think of it, we will take occasion to say to our dear friends, that if they want 'Godey,' we will cheerfully *lend* them *three dollars* to pay for it, but must be excused for keeping *our own* 'Godey' in the office."

FROM among hundreds of testimonials to the merits of the literary matter in the "Lady's Book," we select the following, from that excellent paper, "The Gem and Advertiser," of Middletown, Pa.:—

"Godey is the only one of the magazine publishers of the present age who has not fallen into the error of patronizing the overwrought style and flash literature of the present day; and that the merits of the 'Lady's Book' are appreciated is evident from the unusual favor which it receives at the hands of the public."

GODEY'S GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS FROM PAINTINGS BY THE FIRST MASTERS.—No. 4 of this work is now ready, price 50 cents. The whole four numbers will be sent on receipt of \$2. They contain about 125 engravings. This is the cheapest set of engravings in the world.

THE handsomest store in the United States is now to be seen in Philadelphia—that of T. W. Evans & Co., Chestnut Street between Eighth and Ninth—the largest and most varied stock of dry goods, accommodating and gentlemanly proprietors, pretty, engaging young ladies to wait upon you. Read the account of Aladdin's palace, and it will save us the trouble of giving a description.

As an excellent advertising medium, and in a good paper, we recommend the "Citizen and Gazette," of Pulaski, Tenn.

PRECISELY THE POSITION WE HAVE BEEN AIMING FOR.—The McConnellsburg "Democrat" says: "In many families the 'Lady's Book' is indispensable, and fills a place which otherwise would be void. It is indeed a pleasant fireside companion, and the publisher, among the fair sex at least, is the most popular man in the United States."

A PROPOSAL to a young lady should be written with the ink here described:—

REAL GOLDEN INK.—Procure a book of leaf-gold, take out the leaves gently, and grind them in a mortar, with a piece of honey about the size of a hazelnut, until it is thoroughly intermixed with the gold, then add a little water and re-work it; put the whole into a phial, shake it well. Let it remain an hour or two, and the gold will deposit at the bottom of the phial. Pour off the liquor, and add weak prepared gum in its stead, sufficient to make it flow freely from the pen or camel's-hair pencil. When required for use, shake it occasionally.

FOR the information of our lady readers, we give a description of the dress worn by Her Majesty of France at a late ball: A gown of white embroidered tulle, with a number of narrow flounces; in the hair a white aigrette, the bandeaux turned up at each side with a rose and foliage in diamonds; ornaments of emeralds and brilliants.

It will be seen by an advertisement on our cover that we have introduced a new club—"Godey's Lady's Book" and "Harper's Magazine," for \$4 50.

MISS WILBUR'S "CROCHET-BOOK."—We have received a fresh supply of this work, and will furnish it to our subscribers for 25 cents.

WHILE reading the following, we held our handkerchief ready to catch the falling tear, until we came to the last verse:—

He stood upon the wave-washed shore,
That man of giant form;
He seemed some Titan, at whose beck
Would quail the angry storm.

Beside him stood a maiden fair,
So full of quiet grace,
It seemed the glory of the skies
Was mirrored in her face.

Then gravely turned that stately man,
With aspect full of woe,
To where the maid, with graceful air,
Was leaning on the hoe—

And, while the tears rained down her cheeks,
Remarked unto his daughter,
"It ain't much use, my Sairy Ann,
A clamming at high water!"

PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE.—We are now as proud of our post-office as we always have been of our postmaster, John Miller, Esq. Everything worked well with him even in his abominable old quarters; and, now we have got the office in Dr. Jayne's new building, we may hope, with the honest old Dutchman, that it will be "better as well." The apartments are admirably arranged, excellent accommodations for every branch of the business, plenty of delivery boxes and windows; and now, instead of having our immense bags of "Lady's Books" standing in the street exposed to all kinds of weather, they are sent down an inclined plane into the basement, where they are immediately assorted. Mr. Miller, like a gallant man as he is, has also taken good care of the ladies; a neat little apartment is provided for them while waiting for their letters. We think we can trace throughout the whole arrangement that the indefatigable post-office agent, Col. Hughes, has had a word to say in the matter. Whether so or not, the editorial paternity owe their thanks for the accommodations that have been afforded them.

ACTING CHARADES.—It will be seen that in this number we have varied this source of amusement. The charade in this number is a speaking one. We shall alternate them.

"ALONE."—This celebrated novel, by our contributor, Marion Harland, has been translated into French, and published in Paris.

WE ask attention to Oakford's Fashions in this number. There is no man more indefatigable in catering for the fair sex—always excepting himself—than Charles Oakford. There is only one fault that we have to find with him, and that is his vanity. He thinks that he is as good-looking as we are; but we pardon him, as he is a co-laborer with ourselves to please the ladies, and he receives so many compliments from them that it makes him vain. He came very near being burnt out a few weeks since, as the house next door to his splendid store was completely destroyed by fire; but his stock escaped with very little damage. A day after, and no one would have supposed that a fire had been in his neighborhood. Our lady subscribers, when visiting this city, should give Oakford a call.

THERE is an excellent little publication in this city called the "Bizarre," which we have before commended for its admirable editorials and selections. It is also very judicious in its praise, and we therefore feel the more highly complimented by the following notice from it. We have often said that our "Book" contains that to obtain which you would have to take at least three other magazines; but the "Bizarre" goes further. It says: "The household and personal matters in the closing pages are worth the price of the number, for they are such as you might hunt through an entire library without lighting upon. The various banquet, then, served up in the body of the number, may fairly be considered as 'thrown into the bargain.' If the 'ladies,' to whom it is especially addressed, do not each and all find in the present number somewhat suited to their taste, something equally *pleasing* and *instructive*, we know not where they will go to find it."

JUST hear the scandalous fellow: "Ladies with good ancles (real or supposed) are fond of wearing short petticoats. If you see a woman whose petticoats are invariably long—fashion or no fashion—you may depend upon it that her ancles are thick."

WE take this from the Bellefontaine "Whig": "To appreciate Godey's 'Lady's Book,' it must be seen and read. It is just the work that a matron of refined taste would desire to read herself, and to place in the hands of the young ladies of her household." No higher praise can be given.

THE Boston "Star Spangled Banner," in speaking of our fashion plates, does us but justice. We have always endeavored to avoid the stiffness that usually accompanies the fashions in other magazines. We have endeavored to make them look as if they were in action, not merely standing upright as a clothes-horse—a mere article to hang clothes on. It says:—

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—We notice that the fashion plates are executed in the highest style of art, and, contrary to established usage, the figures are models of beauty and elegance. They look like sensible women, whose features are human, whose expression is natural and lovely; thus rendering the 'latest fashion' tenfold more attractive than when fastened upon a mincing, smirking, disgusting caricature. This is decidedly an improvement; and we congratulate the ladies in that they may now gaze upon a 'fashion plate,' in which the fashionable lady is not satirized. The 'Book' contains its usual variety of useful and entertaining matter."

PAULINE FORSYTH.—We find our exchanges in every direction copying the stories written by this lady, and they are very enthusiastic in their praises of her. The Hamilton "Courier" says: "We think the stories by this authoress are the most graphic descriptions of Southern life we have ever read. Is she a Southern lady, Godey?" The Madison "Express" says: "In humor, she surpasses any female writer in this country."

WE are now publishing our tenth edition of the January, February, and March numbers, and we are truly grateful to the public, particularly the ladies, for their earnest support of their own publication—the only authority in this country upon all matters intended for their particular benefit. A lady writes us from Virginia: "I have embroidered by some of your patterns, and find them very beautiful—much prettier worked than in the pattern. The imitation of Dresden china is very pretty, and I intend making a number for myself and friends. I like your hints to borrowers, and only wish they could be taken; but, as I am the only subscriber in this neighborhood, my book has been loaned out all the time."

WE were wrong in stating that Mr. Rapp was the patentee for the Railroad Drawbridge and Switch Safety Telegraph. Wm. C. McRea is the name of the inventor. While upon the subject of Rapp, of gold-pen notoriety, we give the following extract of a letter addressed to him from Augusta, Geo.: "This pen I have used for nearly three years, and would not part with it for any consideration.—J. C. R." The pen that we are now writing with has been in use quite as long as that.

THE following are our sentiments, believing that we can distribute \$500 among several of our lady acquaintances, to be disposed of by them, as they always do everything judiciously, to more advantage than \$5000 can be distributed by one of the giant charity companies, or by so called city missionaries. One of these latter called and pressed some tickets upon us, and requested, if we found a case that wanted relief, to endorse our name upon the ticket. We soon found one, and did as we were desired; and, although the family were starving for want of provisions, and freezing for want of fuel, no notice was taken. We then wrote a personal note, which had no better effect; and this street missionary never called on the family, nor gave them any relief. In the mean time, we contributed and took up a subscription, got the man work, and he is now doing well. But to the extract:—

"The public err greatly when they allow other than themselves to handle their charity money. There is not a man or woman in this city who has a cent to give but who knows somebody who greatly needs it, and it is the height of folly to pass it over to third hands to distribute. The greatest evil of this city is misdirected charity. It is the chief cause of all our murders, robberies, poverty, and their kindred evils."

WE have received a circular from W. B. Hodges & Co., Prairie Mount, Miss., wanting us to furnish them with the "Lady's Book" at a less price than we are "willing to offer it to the public." We shall do no such thing. The public is our best customer, and it would be very ungrateful in us to do it. We now state that we repudiate any such agency.

A LETTER FROM NEBRASKA.—A lady friend, who sends us a club from this place, writes as follows:—

"MR. GODEY—DEAR SIR: This, no doubt, will be an agreeable surprise to you—a club coming from the far-famed Nebraska, which place, a few months ago, was the abode of the red man. This club comes from a newly laid out city, named Kearney City. It has been occupied by Colonel Kearney for a number of years as a government fort. It is one of the most beautiful sites for a city on the Missouri River, being 700 miles above St. Louis, and has natural advantages that cannot be surpassed by any other city in the Western States—timber, limestone, coal, and numerous running springs, with one of the most mild and healthy climates, our winters resembling your April and May. I shall not stop at this, but, in a few weeks, will endeavor to send you another club. I have been a subscriber to the 'Book' for 20 years. M. McM."

We were, indeed, almost as much surprised as when we received a club from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. Gratified, of course, we were, and return our thanks to the lady who sent us the subscribers.

Since writing the above, we have received a club from Fort Scott, Kansas Territory, and a subscriber from Liberia.

JEREMY TAYLOR says: "No man can tell, but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society; but he that loves not his wife and children, feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows; and blessing itself cannot make him happy."

And what long letters one parent can write to the other, who is absent, about their little sayings and doings! It would be trash, and in bad taste, if written to any other person.

"BROTHER TOM."—The history of this story is somewhat singular. We purchased and published it originally. It was then copied into an English magazine, being first altered to suit the English market. A celebrated magazine in a neighboring city, thinking it a first-rate English story, copied it; and now another English magazine has inserted it again as a first-rate American story. We do not think that any story has ever crossed the Atlantic so often. No doubt it will be again copied here, and credited to the London magazine.

WHAT BORROWERS ARE MADE OF.—The following is from a lady in a neighboring town:—

"Inclosed please find ten dollars for a club of six subscribers. Immediately on receipt of the January number I sallied out, 'Book' in hand, and calling on my most inveterate borrowers first, presented the 'Book,' and urged their subscribing. I regret to say, I met with little success among them, or else I could have sent you double the number of names. I raised the club in self-defence, and deserve no thanks at your hands.

"F. H., Pa."

THE New York "Dutchman," a witty and widely circulated paper, says: "Unlike the custom of some magazines at this season, we perceive no diminution in the quality of this general favorite."

THE following, which we clipped from one of our exchanges, we presume was written by an old acquaintance of ours, now enjoying his first baby. His wife writes us that he makes a most exemplary husband, and never makes Rye faces when he has to get up at night to get the baby a drink. In the political language of the day, "he has seen Sam:"—

"People love babies as they do flowers. Gentlemen, especially, who are fond of flowers, like babies, the sweetest of them all to carry in their hands, just as they would put a carnation in their button-holes.

"How babies and butterflies do swarm in summer, to be sure! It is then they are on the wing. Pray, don't try to keep them from flying about and alighting here and there when something strikes their fancy, opening and shutting their hands and wings a while, then flitting away again. Ye that have babies, don't go anywhere without them. Better leave your purse behind, it will be less missed. The light of your eyes will be quenched, and your tongue will miss its inspiration. What a literally everlasting topic is the baby! She does this, she did that. Baby laughed in her sleep. Her mother does believe it was because she saw something, which one so lately from the skies could only behold. Baby can say this word, and hides away sometimes from her mamma, though all but her nose and eyes are in plain sight.

"Ye, who have no baby! get the lawful ownership of one as soon as possible. You don't know what a fountain of pure felicity it is. The baby is the light and joy of the whole house. The sweet little creature is the brightest jewel in your cabinet, and ornamental to your drawing-room; the choicest garland in your garden; most inexhaustible of entertaining company. There is no solitude where a baby is. Care and trouble disappear at the approach of the laughing little cherub. She is chloroform to your anxieties, and exhilarating gas to your pleasures. A graceful vine she will be to you in youth, which will support you in the infirmities of age."

AN EXPERIMENT WORTH TRYING.—A French chemist asserts that, if tea be ground like coffee before hot water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilarating qualities. Another writer says: "If you put a piece of lump sugar the size of a walnut into the teapot, you will make the tea infuse in one-half the time." This last we have tried successfully.

LETTER FROM A LADY.—"I intend getting you one subscriber at least, even if I have to pay for the 'Book' and present it to some one; and, if I have to do that, I shall try to find some one that can appreciate it, so that they will be sure to subscribe for it themselves ever after. As for myself, I somewhat resemble the man that never had an overcoat until quite old, and then wondered how any man could get along without one; so, although I have been a subscriber but one year, I cannot help wondering how any lady can do without the 'Lady's Book.' Whenever I get the 'Book,' I always commence at the 'Arm-Chair,' as it seems like reading a real letter from a friend. A. G., O."

HERE is our poetic friend again, the editor of the Norristown "Olive Branch:—

"We never were permitted to look
On a prettier thing than the 'Lady's Book';
Except 'twas a lady—her name we won't tell—
We know nothing else that can 'Godey' excel."

ARTHUR'S PATENT SELF-SEALING AIR-TIGHT PRESERVING CANS AND JARS.—The time is now at hand when housekeepers will have an opportunity of trying these vessels, so admirably adapted for the easy preservation of fresh fruits and vegetables by hermetically sealing. In the April number of the "Lady's Book," we gave drawings and a full description of them. We now state, for the information of our readers, that a manufactory has been commenced in this city by Messrs. Arthur, Burnham, & Co., and a store opened by them at No. 60 South Tenth Street (Assembly Building), for the sale of these cans and jars, where the various sizes may be obtained, all prepared for sealing.

The process of sealing, as has been stated, is very simple, only requiring the lid to be heated and pressed into a tenacious cement. The removal of the lid, when the vessels are to be opened, is accomplished with as little trouble as the sealing. Directions for sealing and unsealing accompany the vessels.

By aid of these cans and jars, housekeepers may not only keep ripe fruits in a fresh condition for winter use, but they may preserve them, if desired, with half the quantity of sugar usually employed for sweetmeats. Pound for pound of sugar, it is well known, not only destroys the flavor of fruit in preserving, but renders it so sweet as to pall upon the taste. A sure method of preserving with half, or less than half the quantity of sugar, is therefore a most desirable thing.

We advise our lady friends, as soon as the first ripe fruits appear, to procure some of these vessels and try them. As the hermetical sealing is perfect, and easily accomplished, the result will depend on the degree and manner of applying the heat. Every housekeeper should make herself familiar with the mode of doing this. *Heat is the agent by which all fresh fruits and vegetables are preserved.* Some require a higher, and some a lower degree of heat. The usual manner of applying the heat is to fill the can or jar with fruit, place it in a vessel of water, and heat the water up to the degree required by the particular kind of fruit.

Where the fruit is merely stewed with a small quantity of sugar, the jars or cans may be filled while the fruit is hot, and at once sealed. The contents will remain unchanged in flavor for any length of time. By this last process, the tea-table may be supplied through the fall, winter, and early spring with a variety of fresh stewed fruits, such as cherries, plums, gages, peaches, pears, &c. Peaches and tomatoes are among the easiest things preserved, and housekeepers, at the season when these are over-abundant in the market, and cheap, may, at a small cost, lay in a liberal supply for table use during the winter.

We cannot but regard this as one of the most useful inventions that has for a long time appeared, as it meets so directly the wants of all classes in the community. We shall take pleasure in receiving the orders of any of our friends in the country, and forwarding these vessels. We have examined them, and are satisfied that they will accomplish all that has been claimed. Indeed, as we stated in a previous number of the "Lady's Book," they were fully tested last year.

DRESSMAKERS—A NEW IDEA.—The editor of the Fulton "Gazette" says: "We have heretofore lent our copy to milliners and dressmakers, who wished to avail themselves of the fashions; but we commence with the January number to say that Godey forbids it—the request is but reasonable—and we comply. It is not un-

frequently the case that dressmakers give more than the cost of a year's subscription for a single pattern; but that is because they cannot borrow a magazine that contains it. If their work is worth the money they charge for it, so is ours, and so is Godey's, and we shall not help defraud him of it."

We hope, after this, that the milliners and dressmakers of Fulton will have the decency to subscribe, and not borrow.

We suspect that there are but few ladies who would not take the alternative. The following is from the Oregon "Spectator," Oregon Territory. We send a pretty large lot of "Books" to this Pacific region:—

"The lady who neither takes nor admires 'Godey's Lady's Book,' deserves to live and die in the dull rounds and stale pleasures of single blessedness, or be the wife of an old fogey who would compel her to adopt the antiquated fashions of her grandmother. That's a fact."

THE Planter's Bank, at Nashville, Tenn., has done us the honor to adopt, for the vignette of one series of its notes, the sketch on the left of the first page of the cover of the "Lady's Book."

THE following remarks by Mrs. Jameson upon Daguerreotypes will readily be recognized as the opinions of many persons when looking at their own or the Daguerreotype of a friend:—

"One reason why the Daguerreotype portraits are in general so unsatisfactory, may perhaps be traced to a natural law, though I have not heard it suggested. It is this: Every object that we behold we see not with the eye only, but with the soul; and this is especially true of the human countenance, which, in so far as it is the expression of mind, we see through the medium of our own individual mind. Thus a portrait is satisfactory in so far as the painter has sympathy with his subject, and delightful to us in proportion as the resemblance reflected through *his* sympathies is in accordance with *our own*. Now, in the Daguerreotype there is no such medium, and the face comes before us without passing through the human mind and brain to our apprehension. This may be the reason why a Daguerreotype, however beautiful and accurate, is seldom satisfactory or agreeable, and that, while we acknowledge its truth as to fact, it always leaves something for the sympathies to desire."

THE following is recommended as a most economical water-filter: "An earthenware funnel (over the tube of which let a sponge be fixed, and over that spread bird sand) will produce a constant supply of crystal nectar fit for the gods."

"THE BOOK OF THE TOILET."—We are now on our tenth thousand of this very useful work for the ladies. The sale of this ladies' indispensable has been very large. It contains receipts for almost everything that can interest a lady. Price 25 cents.

OUR Fashion Editor has on hand some most beautiful patterns for netted anti-macassars, also collar patterns and crochet mats, which are too large for the "Book." Twenty-five cents each.

"HOW TO MAKE A DRESS."—We can now send this work to all who have ordered it, our new edition being ready. Price 25 cents.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp.

"C. N.," Ancram Lead Mines, N. Y.—Will give your letter in our June number.

"Mary and Bertha."—Your request will be attended to, but perhaps not this year.

"Miss A. L. D."—Would oblige you, but we can't devote more than two pages to music.

"Miss Carrie."—That is a very delicate question. Dr. Abernethy was once asked by a patient if he might eat of some particular dish. "Do you like it?" "Yes." "Does it agree with you?" "Yes." "Then eat it." The same, we suppose, will apply to kissing.

"Meta."—There would be no indelicacy in writing to him; but the better plan would be to get some friend, male or female, to ask an explanation of him.

"Miss M. S."—Sent patterns Feb. 15th.

"Mrs. O. V."—Sent "Bible Reading-Book" 16th.

"Mrs. G. D. M."—Sent silk by mail 17th.

"Mrs. M. C. B."—Sent patterns and Toilet Book 17th.

"Miss M. D. O."—Sent Rapp's pen 18th.

"Mrs. V. R."—Sent hair ear-rings 19th.

"Miss A. R. T."—Sent music 19th.

"Mrs. T. S."—Sent "Bible Reading Book" 20th.

"M. D."—Sent Rapp's pen 21st.

"Miss B. A."—Sent "Book of Toilet," and "How to Make a Dress," 22d.

"Mrs. H. V. A."—Sent silk 22d.

"Miss J. L. P."—Sent sewing-machine by Kinsley's express 23d.

"Mrs. M. O. H."—Sent collars 24th.

"Mrs. R. H. T."—Sent patterns 24th.

"Mrs. M. O. M."—Sent "Nursery Basket" 26th.

"Miss T. S."—Sent "Nursery Basket" 26th.

"G. V. K."—Sent hair ornaments 26th.

"W. H. C."—Sent hair ornaments 26th.

"Mrs. S. A. E."—Sent chart 27th.

"Mrs. A. R."—Sent patterns 27th.

"Mrs. M. C. A."—Sent bonnet and cloak by Harn-den's express 28th.

"Miss A. P. R."—Sent patterns March 1st.

"Mrs. E. F."—Sent patterns, and "How to Make a Dress," 1st.

"Miss H. A. Q."—Sent hair ear-rings 1st.

"Miss S. A. S."—Sent your box by mail 1st.

"E. H. N. P."—Sent patterns 3d.

"Mrs. R."—Sent hair bracelet 3d.

"A. D. M."—Sent hair-rings and book 5th.

"Miss E. F."—Sent bonnet by Kinsley's express 5th.

"Mrs. H. R. P."—Sent patterns 6th.

"Mrs. H. W."—Sent patterns 6th.

"Mrs. V. L."—Sent hair pin 6th.

"Mrs. E."—Sent patterns 6th.

"Miss M. E. T."—Sent toil ciré 6th.

"Subscriber, Fond du Lac."—We are always anxious to oblige, but the information you ask would fill about twenty pages of the "Book."

The manufacture of Honiton lace is done in the factories in England, and is worked by hand, we believe.

"D. J. N."—"Mischief" was correct. The original explanation about Charades, published in the December number, will be republished in our next number.

"Mrs. R. H."—Sent pattern for emb'd night-cap 6th.

"Mrs. S. M. K. A."—Sent patterns and "Nursery Book" 7th.

"Mrs. M. A. H."—Sent cottons 8th.

"Mrs. E. A. W."—Where is Ashton Depot? There is no such place in the post-office book. We can't send the pin until we find out where to send it. We have often requested our correspondents always to give us the name of the State as well as the town. It is better always to give town, county, and State.

"Miss M. L. S."—We get fashions before others, because we have an especial arrangement.

"Mrs. L. A. V. W."—Sent patterns 8th.

"Miss R. P."—Sent gloves 8th.

"Miss H. S."—Sent patterns 9th.

"Mrs. V. S. O."—Sent patterns for embroidered break-fast-cap 9th.

"Miss M. A. W."—Sent stockings 9th.

"G. A. H."—Sent note-paper by mail 9th.

"Mrs. S. C. E."—Sent silks 10th.

"Alice."—Sent silks 12th.

"Miss M. A. N."—Sent embroidery patterns for front of skirt 12th.

"Miss E. E. F."—Sent patterns for worsted work 12th.

"Mrs. L. G. M."—Sent embroidery pattern for infant's dress 12th.

"Miss J. B. M."—An engagement-ring is worn on the wedding-finger.

"Miss F. J. C."—Sent gloves 13th.

"Mrs. M. E. M. A."—Sent patterns 15th.

"Mrs. R. J."—Sent hair ear-rings 15th.

"Miss H. J. A."—Sent pattern for emb'd collar 15th.

"N. L. C."—Sent patterns 15th.

"Mrs. R. A. O."—Sent box by Adams's express 15th.

"Carrie."—Rings can be made of a gentleman's hair.

"A. R. B."—There is no necessity of wearing a white cravat or white kid gloves.

"A. F. J."—Ground glass can be imitated on window panes by putting on a very thin coating of paint, or rubbing them with putty.

"Miss R."—Spirits of wine is one of the best materials for cleaning gold embroidery.

"A. B. C."—Can get it for \$12 or \$15, and either price will cover all commission.

Centre-Table Gossip.

MUSICAL PRACTICE.—No. 5.

STYLE.—The folly of those who attempt to sing operatic music without long vocal practice is evident from the simple fact of its being written expressly for those whose voices have reached the highest pitch of cultivation, by years of patient and laborious industry, often commenced in childhood. Few amateurs, even with the best instruction, are ever capable of rendering operatic music properly; and our advice on this point to the self-taught vocalist would be to avoid almost entirely any such selections.

We know that "everybody sings Italian," and "nobody sings English," nowadays; and yet a fine ballad style is rarer and more generally pleasing, even in the best society.

The pupil can tell, with the vocal practice we have presupposed, from the key and general style of an aria, whether she can do justice to it or to herself, after a careful study. The exercise of common sense is the foundation of all good styles, whether of dress, writing, or music, an avoidance of the *impossible*, and thorough finish in what is attempted.

There is as much sense as sarcasm, particularly as regards the affectation of the auditor, in Bayley's *jeu d'esprit* on the point in question:—

"The English words seem so phlegmatic,
Italian is aristocratic ;
 I know that *the sound is ecstatic,*
Whatever the meaning may be.
 I don't mean to say that I know it,
 As for learning I'd not undergo it;
 If ignorant, why should one show it?
 Don't sing English ballads to me.

"I've now got the music-book ready;
 Do sit up, and sing, like a lady,
 A recitative from Tancredi!
 And something about "Palpiti."
 Sing forte when first you begin it,
 Piano the very next minute,
 And they'll cry, "What expression there's in it!"
 Don't sing English ballads to me!"

There is not the same inducement to sing English ballads now, we acknowledge, as when Bayley wrote his charming lyrics, and Moore, Mrs. Norton, and other real poets were adding almost weekly to the portfolio of the music publishers. Yet their songs are just as sweet now, when they are made fashionable by a favorite prima donna. Was Madame Bishop ever more rapturously encored than for "The Last Rose of Summer"? And, though Catharine Hayes rendered the favorite Italian arias even more purely and delicately than this old favorite of the public, who has forgotten the hush of silence, the unbidden tears that followed "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," or the still more plaintive "Savourneen Delish?"

It was feeling, in the last instance, sympathy with the words and music, that gave Miss Hayes the power over her audience, the true expression of the sentiment in both; and this makes the charm of a pure ballad style. If she had executed the music perfectly, and "mouthed" or slurred over the song; or, on the contrary, though giving every word with feeling and distinctness, had been unable to render the music, the charm would have been destroyed. We instance this well-known example to convey, by illustration, the principal points of notice in a properly executed song or ballad.

For plain hints, then: Choose standard and approved songs, recommended both by words and music; avoid trashy and ephemeral, though popular ballads.

Do not be afraid of the beautiful, because it is called "old-fashioned."

Practise thoroughly, even though you may be able to read at sight, both the melody and the accompaniment; particularly remember not to neglect the last as of no consequence. A slovenly instrumentation mars the best vocalization.

There is one great fault of untaught singers, more properly belonging to "tone," commonly called "catching the breath." Never take breath audibly; the end of a musical phrase is the proper place to recover it. Many masters commence their lessons by teaching the pupil to inhale to the full extent of the lungs, and emit the air as slowly as possible. This is a prelude to the right practice of the scale.

Open the mouth wide, but avoid grimaces; a pleasant, smiling expression is to be cultivated.

Pronounce the words distinctly, as if speaking them. Only Italian can be slurred.

Simplicity, force, and expression are the three most needful elements in the style usually considered as belonging to English songs, vivacity to Irish, and tenderness to Scotch melodies.

GARDEN BORDERS.

OUR lady readers in rural districts are now enjoying a greater pleasure than all the "spring shopping" in the world can give.

Their "openings" are of sweet-scented violets and lilies of the valley; hyacinths, with their purple bells; brown-leaf buds, and velvet lawns, flashing into life and beauty. Gardening-gloves and harvest walking-shoes are in demand; the trowel and the pruning-knife are daily companions. There are new walks to be laid out; new hedges planted; standard roses to be renewed; shrubbery injured by the frosts of the last bitter December to be replaced; and all these require at least supervision from "the lady of the mansion."

Nor is the honest face of the kitchen-garden to be despised, with its fresh earthy smell, and those brown smooth beds, so trimly cut, so evenly spaded. We are writing in the country—this present article—and in a neighborhood where kitchen-gardens are by no means as unpicturesque as in the remote district in which our school vacations were passed. There, as we recollect, a few straggling currant and lilac bushes near the gate; two or three plum-trees by the fence, with white-washed trunks and warped, neglected branches; a bed of beets, of beans, turnips, and carrots; a patch of corn; and one row of peas (successions were unheard of), and the garden was catalogued.

Here we have gravelled paths and box-bordered beds, a grape arbor, a forcing frame, grafted fruit-trees, and carefully trimmed clumps of raspberries, blackberries, currants, and gooseberries; the strawberry vines giving promise of their white blossoms and scarlet fruit, and such a catalogue of vegetables as would bewilder our then worthy entertainers, to whom celery was mythical, and tomatoes and Lima beans scarcely afforded luxuries.

There is no reason, not the least in the world, why a kitchen-garden should be left as nearly as possible in "a state of nature," as is often done by those who can really afford the comparatively slight additional expense of making it ornamental as well as useful. Hereabouts, for example, a feature particularly neat and striking is the thrifty old-fashioned box borders of the vegetable beds, trimmed from year to year; a deep green setting to the tender emerald hues of the early vegetables. And hearing, by way of an objection, the tediousness of the planting process urged, we note with special interest the following item in a reliable agricultural journal:—

PLANTING BOX.—As the planting of box is always a troublesome and tedious operation, I submit the following plan as being much preferable to the one generally followed: The box may be taken up whenever the weather permits, and the roots laid in sand under a dry shed, and, whenever convenient, may be trimmed ready for planting. Some laths, about a yard in length, such as are used in building purposes, should be prepared, and, having laid one down on the level earth, place a row of box on it evenly, and then place another lath on top, and tie them together at both ends. The box being thus between the laths, the roots may be placed in sand until required to be planted. If the ground is already prepared in the spring, the earth may be pressed closely to the edge, and as evenly as possible, and then firmly about the roots, and the laths taken away. In this manner, a man may plant more yards in a day than feet in the ordinary method, with the advantage of preparing the box in bad weather, when other work cannot be as well performed.

WE need make no comment on the simple and touching pathos of this little poem we have taken from a friend's portfolio :—

"AT REST."

BY MRS. BRADLEY.

"I knew he was dead, but I could not bear to give up my darling; and I held him closely to my bosom, until my husband came to me and said that he seemed to rest more easily."—*From a Letter.*

Through the long night of bitter pain,
My little one upon my breast,
In weary suffering, had lain,
Tossing with feverish unrest.
I could not give him any ease,
For all my mother love and grief;
I could not soothe his agonies,
Or bring a moment's small relief.

I could but press soft kisses on
The little quivering upturned face;
I could but rain my wild tears down,
Holding him in my close embrace:
Knowing my yearning love all vain,
Knowing my darling by and by,
Freed from this spasm of wild pain,
Folded in Jesus' arms would lie.

So, by and by, the child grew still;
His agony had passed away,
And in my arms, all white and chill,
A silent, moveless weight he lay.
I held him mutely to my breast,
And one who loved me gently said:
"He seems more easily to rest."
Ah me, I knew that he was dead!

At rest, indeed, from mortal wo,
At ease from human agony;
Oh, baby, it is better so,
That I should bear all these for thee!
I will press down my mother grief,
I will thank God, and give him praise
That thy probation was so brief,
So few and sinless were thy days.

And nights of weary sleeplessness,
When I lie, sick with yearnings vain,
Longing my little one to press
Close to my aching heart again:
I will be still in patient prayer,
Knowing how bright a lot is thine,
Blessing my God thou hast no share
In any pain reserved for mine!

CLIPPINGS WITH OUR OWN SCISSORS.

CHLOROFORM AND THE SENSITIVE PLANT.—A botanist at Orleans has been trying the effect of chloroform upon plants and flowers. His best experiment seems to have been made upon a Sensitive Plant. As you know, this flower contracts immediately upon contact with it, or even at the approach of any foreign substance. Strange to say, it made no objections to the vicinity of a sponge containing chloroform, and, after having experienced its full effect, remained constantly open, allowing itself to be handled and smelled of without the least shrinking or cowering. It even con-

sented to be probed with a lancet or some other instrument of the naturalist, who, thinking he might never have such an opportunity again, dissected the ovary and its most vital organs, meeting with nothing but the most bland resignation during the whole autopsy. As the effect of the narcotic passed off, the petals seemed to curl convulsively up; but, beyond that, there was no further evidence of life or sensibility. The profanation to which it had been subjected during its sleep, combined with the ruthlessness of the lancet, had killed it. It never stirred again. On the same stem, another flower, to which chloroform was not applied, preserved throughout its unwillingness to be approached, and, during the process of dissection, remained inscrutably within doors, the blinds closed, the curtains drawn, and daylight, impertinence, and science hopelessly shut out.

SEA-BATHING.—To have the greatest benefit from sea-bathing, it is proper to remain but a very short time in the water—not exceeding two or three minutes. If longer, the body should be kept immersed under the surface the whole time, and in constant motion, in order to promote the circulation of the blood from the centre to the extremities. It is much better to remain completely immersed in deep, than to take repeated plunges in shallow, water. On coming out, the body should be wiped dry with a rough cloth, and the ordinary dress resumed as quickly as possible. It is more necessary to resume the usual vestments quickly than to be extremely anxious that the surface of the skin is perfectly dry, as any wetness from salt water is not likely to be prejudicial. After bathing, use moderate exercise to promote the return of the heat of the body, taking care that it shall neither be violent nor too long continued. If chilliness occasionally ensues, breakfast soon after bathing in the morning; or, in the forenoon, some warm soup or broth may be taken: and remember that, if immersion, instead of being succeeded by a glow on the surface of the skin, is followed by chilliness, languor, or headache, bathing in the sea should by no means be persisted in.

TRUE AND FALSE SINCERITY.—True sincerity is an openness of the heart which is rarely to be found; that which commonly personates it is a refined dissimulation, whose end is to procure confidence. A desire to talk of ourselves, and to set our faults in whatever light we choose, makes the main of our sincerity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A NOVICE IN SHOPPING."—There is a great deal of economy to be used in shopping for a family. A piece of unbleached crash makes the best dish-cloths and common kitchen towels; as it is narrow, a square is the best for a cloth. They should be hemmed, and have a loop of tape to hang up by. This is the cook's duty; see that they are properly washed, and counted now and then, as you do your napkins. We will give the information she desires more at length in our next gossip.

"ANNETTE R."—Straws will be worn as much as ever; there is no symptom of their going out. A well shaped, plainly trimmed straw bonnet is always lady-like, no matter how coarse it may be.

"MRS. S. G."—The following is the simplest receipt for procuring essential oils: "Procure the petals of any flowers that have an agreeable fragrance, card thin layers of cotton-wool, which dip into the finest Florence or Lucca oil; sprinkle a small quantity of fine salt on

the flowers, and lay them on a layer of cotton, and a layer of flowers, until an earthen jar or wide-mouthed glass bottle is full; tie the top close with bladder; then lay the vessel in a south aspect to the heat of the sun, and in fifteen days, when you uncover it, a fragrant oil may be squeezed out of the cotton mass altogether, which will be found little inferior to the celebrated otto of roses, if those flowers have been used."

"MRS. ANNE R." will find the children's aprons described in March number. Madame Suplee, of Philadelphia, will furnish any of the patterns by mail.

"NURSERY PRACTICE."—You cannot be too careful in watching an infant's food, particularly in the summer months, when they are reared "by hand," as it is called. Not only the milk itself, which should be prepared freshly at least twice a day, but all the utensils in which it is boiled or kept, scalding china and tin, every morning, and placing the latter in the sun for an hour, if possible. No one but a mother or experienced nurse will properly attend to this. The best substitute for natural nourishment is a preparation of equal quantities of rich sweet milk and water, boiled together, with a very little white sugar, and farina sifted in slowly in the proportion of a dessertspoonful to a quart, for a child under nine months old. We speak from actual and watchful experience.

"A LOVER OF PETS."—The King Charles spaniel is the daintiest of all. Its "marks," so often spoken of, are a short muzzle, a round, bullet-like shaped head, prominent eyes, long ears, and the color black and tan. The pure breed is very seldom met with in this country. The Duke of Norfolk, England, has the rarest. A true King Charles of Blenheim spaniel has been known to bring from 150 to 200 guineas in London. We have seen them no larger than kittens. A greyhound is the most graceful. We prefer anything to a poodle.

"LITTLE PITCHERS."—We do not wonder at the rapid increase of the deplored fault, under the circumstances. If you wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure, when they come home from church, a visit, or any other place where you do not accompany them, to ply them with questions concerning what everybody wore, how everybody looked, and what everybody said and did; and if you find anything in this to censure, always do it in their hearing. You may rest assured, if you pursue a course of this kind, they will not return to you unladen with intelligence; and, rather than it should be uninteresting, they will by degrees learn to embellish in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you. You will, by this course, render the spirit of curiosity—which is so early visible in children, and which, if rightfully directed, may be made the instrument of enriching and enlarging their minds—a vehicle of mischief, which shall serve only to narrow them.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, mate-

rials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, Rapp's gold pens, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Evans & Co.; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—Bridal-dress. Robe of white *poult de soie*, the front breadth *en tablier*, with rows of Brussels or any other suitable lace, the cross ruches being fastened by bows of white satin ribbon, which are continued up the centre of the corsage to the throat. Heart-shaped *berthé* of lace to correspond. Veil of plain *thulle*, bordered by twelve rows of very narrow satin ribbon, scarcely wider than bobbin, arranged over full puffs of hair, with knots of flowers above each temple.

Fig. 2d.—Walking-dress of very rich Paris foulard, the skirt trimmed by one deep horizontal flounce. The mantle is entirely new—a close-fitting *visite* or basque, flounced to the knee with light French lace; flounces of the same fall from the elbow to the wrist. Close drawn bonnet, white and straw color.

NEW CAPS AND BONNETS.

(See Cuts in Front.)

Fig. 1st.—Elaborate cap for full dress, composed of Maltese or Honiton lace. The front has loops of narrow ribbon, lace, and fine flowers. The broad ribbon forming the central trimming and lappels is more properly a taffeta band, edged with black lace. This is intended only for the style of *coiffure* seen in the cut.

Fig. 2d.—Dress cap for an invalid. Fauchon of rose-colored silk, bordered with three rows of black velvet ribbon, and edged by a row of medium black guipure. This has the effect of a half handkerchief of silk thrown lightly over a cap composed of three quillings of plain blonde. Bows and strings of pale rose-colored ribbon.

Fig. 3d.—Bonnet of fine English split straw, with ruches of quillings alternate lace and ribbon.

Fig. 4th.—Bonnet of rich straw gimp, mixed with lace and silk; cap of blonde and apple-blossoms, tied by a narrow ribbon under the chin. Broad *barbe* of blonde, with narrow edging in place of strings, a decided feature of the season.

MOURNING.

MOURNING ATTIRE FOR A NIECE.—Steel color silk, trimmed with black velvet; black velvet bonnet, with lilac inside trimming; steel color gloves; black silk mantle.

EVENING-DRESS.—Pearl color silk, flounced *berthé* of handsome lace, white flowers in hair, and bouquet de corsage. White kid gloves, white fan, and pearl color boots to match the dress.

ATTIRE FOR A COUSIN.—Walking-dress of lead color and black silk; black silk mantle, or fancy shawl; white bonnet, with white and lilac trimming inside; lead color gloves and parasol.

EVENING-DRESS.—White Swiss muslin, tucked with white or black sash; jet ornaments and black velvets in the hair; white kid gloves and white fan.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR MAY.

LIGHT, or *glacé* silks, straw bonnets, and new mantillas, make Broadway and Chestnut Street like a garden-bed flushed with daisies and all spring flowers, on the first sunny days our late season has brought to us. In Richmond, Charleston, and still more southern latitudes, the first freshness of spring costumes is already dimmed, and packing-boxes are on their way to replace them with still lighter fabrics. The materials made up this month are principally summer tissues, and lawns, organdies, etc.

For morning and home dress, printed jaconets are made still with jacket or basque corsages, trimmed with two or more frills of the same. Some have the skirts made up in entirely plain petticoats, or trimmed with one deep flounce; but the usual addition is a frill on each side of the front breadth, wider as it goes towards the hem.

Two new styles of dressing-gowns might here be mentioned. They are intended for early morning wear, when the watering-place season commences, or are suitable for the sick-room, to be worn with a pretty petticoat of cambric, either tucked or embroidered, and a light cap, such as we give frequently in our "Novelties for the Month." The first, intended for an elegant bridal wardrobe, is of white cashmere, lined with rose-colored silk, and trimmed with watered ribbon of the same shade. Its peculiarity of style is the addition of a large pelisse or cape, round at the back, with long pointed ends crossing each other in front, and drawn under the sash or girdle of ribbon, which is tied with a bow and flowing ends; this is trimmed to correspond with the robe, as are the sleeves, which are demi-long, moderately wide, with a cuff, turning back to the elbow. The under skirt, sleeves, and collar are of cambric embroidery, always most suitable for morning.

The second, *Peignoir*, as these loose morning robes are now called, is of blue cashmere with a broad white check. The front breadths are allowed to fall open, and are trimmed with two rows of white and blue ribbon an inch and a half in width, set on plain, at a little distance from each other. The sleeves, broad and flowing, are trimmed in the same way, with full undersleeves of plain cambric, gathered into a needle-work band at the wrist. The cape of this dress is round, falling to the waist, where the robe is confined with a broad sash of blue, with flowing ends. *Peignoirs* are also made of white cambric, cross-barred muslin, or any thin material. English and Swiss needle-work edging and flouncing are used in trimming them. In our late French correspondence, a very costly morning-dress of this description is mentioned, the material India muslin, with a dotted embroidery; the sides and

hem edged with a row of Valenciennes two inches in width. A pointed *berthé* of the muslin came from the shoulder to the girdle, also edged with the lace, as were the sleeves of the style called *la religieuse*, in three rows. A single row marked the waist in the fashion of a basque, while a bow and long ends, made by sewing two widths of the Valenciennes together, fastens the fulness in front. The whole robe is lined with a delicate shade of lilac mercelline. A morning-dress similar to this was one article of a bridal outfit for a young Southern beauty, furnished by Miss Wharton.

Batiste, as we have said, is once more in favor. A very handsome style of making up is tucking the skirt; say eighteen narrow tucks at regular intervals. They may have a narrow chain of embroidery, if in a solid color, or be edged by Valenciennes. This is the most suitable lace for any summer material, and is very much in use. The jacket is finished by three tucks, edged with needle-work or lace to correspond; sleeves in the same style. Bows of ribbon on each side the front breadth of the skirt, at the throat and waist-button of the basque, and on the sleeves, are also used for all the silk, or silk and woollen tissues, mentioned in our last. Ribbon, whether of gauze, crepe-satin, or Mantua, forms a great part of all trimming the present season. Knots of ribbon are used for white dresses, lawns, and organdies, caught on lightly, so as to be easily removed when the dress is to be done over. Organdies in robe patterns are very delicate and lady-like; as, for instance, a white ground, with small stars in blue or pink, the skirt having three deep flounces, bordered by a row of much larger stars than those in the body and skirt itself.

In making up *barèges*, flounces are also considered suitable, a very pretty trimming for them being a *moire* ribbon of some deeper shade or contrasting color, set on plain, in three rows, the centre one being rather wider than the edges; as a deep-blue *barège*, trimmed with narrow black *moire*, the corsage and sleeves to correspond. A gray *barège*, trimmed with ruches of pink ribbon set on in waves, and a fawn color, with silk ruches of the same shade, are also among the pattern dresses.

A dress suited for slight mourning consists of pearl-gray *barège*, and is trimmed with five flounces, on each of which is printed in black a pattern consisting of an imitation of guipure. The same pattern is repeated for the trimmings of the corsage. On the street there will be worn with this dress a shawl of black lace, boots of gray cashmere, and a bonnet of gray silk, trimmed on the outside with black lace, and in the inside with white blonde, intermingled with the flowers of the periwinkle, without foliage. A dress of dust-color *barège* is trimmed with flounces, covered with a pattern of the same kind which ornaments the gray dress just mentioned, except that it consists of an imitation of Chantilly instead of guipure lace. One of these new *barège* dresses is of a beautiful violet color, and is trimmed with flounces figured with a pattern in imitation of white lace.

Bonnets of straw lace are very lightly trimmed; wheat ears are among the favorite outside bouquets. Blonde and fine flowers inside the brim. We are obliged to defer our items in this department, as also of Brodie's mantillas, and several other novelties, having given so much room to the mantuamaking department.

FASHION.

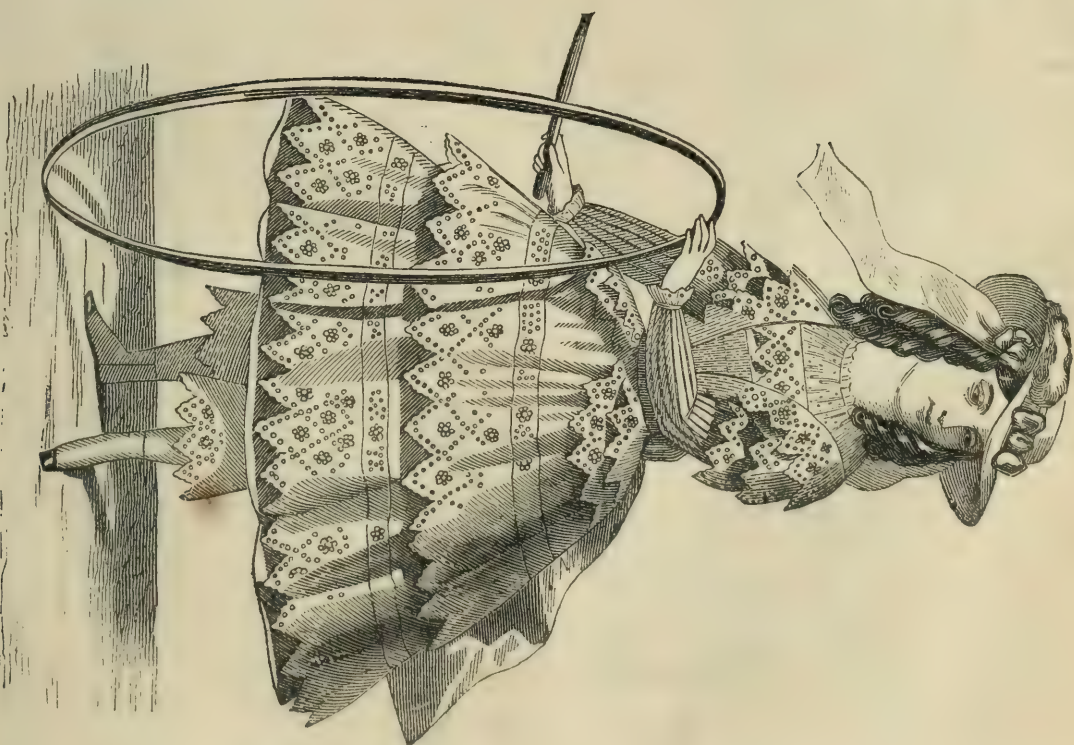








CASE FOR PRAYER-BOOK OR BIBLE.—TAMBOUR OR EMBROIDERY.



CHILDREN'S DRESSES. (See description.)

THE BRINKERHOFF WALTZ.

BY EDWARD MACK.

TO MRS. CLARA M. BRINKERHOFF, OF NEW YORK.

Philadelphia, T. C. ANDREWS, No. 66 Spring Garden Street.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1854, by T. C. ANDREWS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PIANO.

f

1st

2a

p

p

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major (two flats). The music features a series of chords and melodic lines. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is present in the lower staff. A repeat sign with first and second endings is located in the middle of the system.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves with various musical notations, including chords and melodic lines. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in the upper staff. A repeat sign with first and second endings is located in the middle of the system. Pedal markings are present: "PED" above the first staff and "PED" below the second staff, with asterisks indicating specific points.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features two staves with various musical notations, including chords and melodic lines. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is present in the lower staff. A repeat sign with first and second endings is located in the middle of the system. The word "FINE" is written above the first staff at the end of the system.



THE ALBONI.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]

THE graceful style of this scarf-mantilla will commend it immediately to that large class of ladies who seek the most unpretending dress, yet whose exquisite taste may be at once appreciated in the chaste character of the modes they adopt.

The construction of this garment is simplicity itself. A long, straight piece of taffeta is cut in the shape of an antique unstrung bow; that is, with but a little hollowing at the neck, and slightly curving outwards (thus reversing the somewhat crescent form) at the bottom of the tabs. The greatest width at the back of the silk is about seven inches, rounding thence till the ends of the tabs terminate in a point. A border of black tulle is sewed upon this all round, the skirt being about twice the width of the solid silk, and set on with a graceful fulness, but avoiding plaits. The upper portion is narrower, not being over four inches wide. The trimming consists of alternate ranges of very ornamental gimp and braid, sewed upon the tulle.



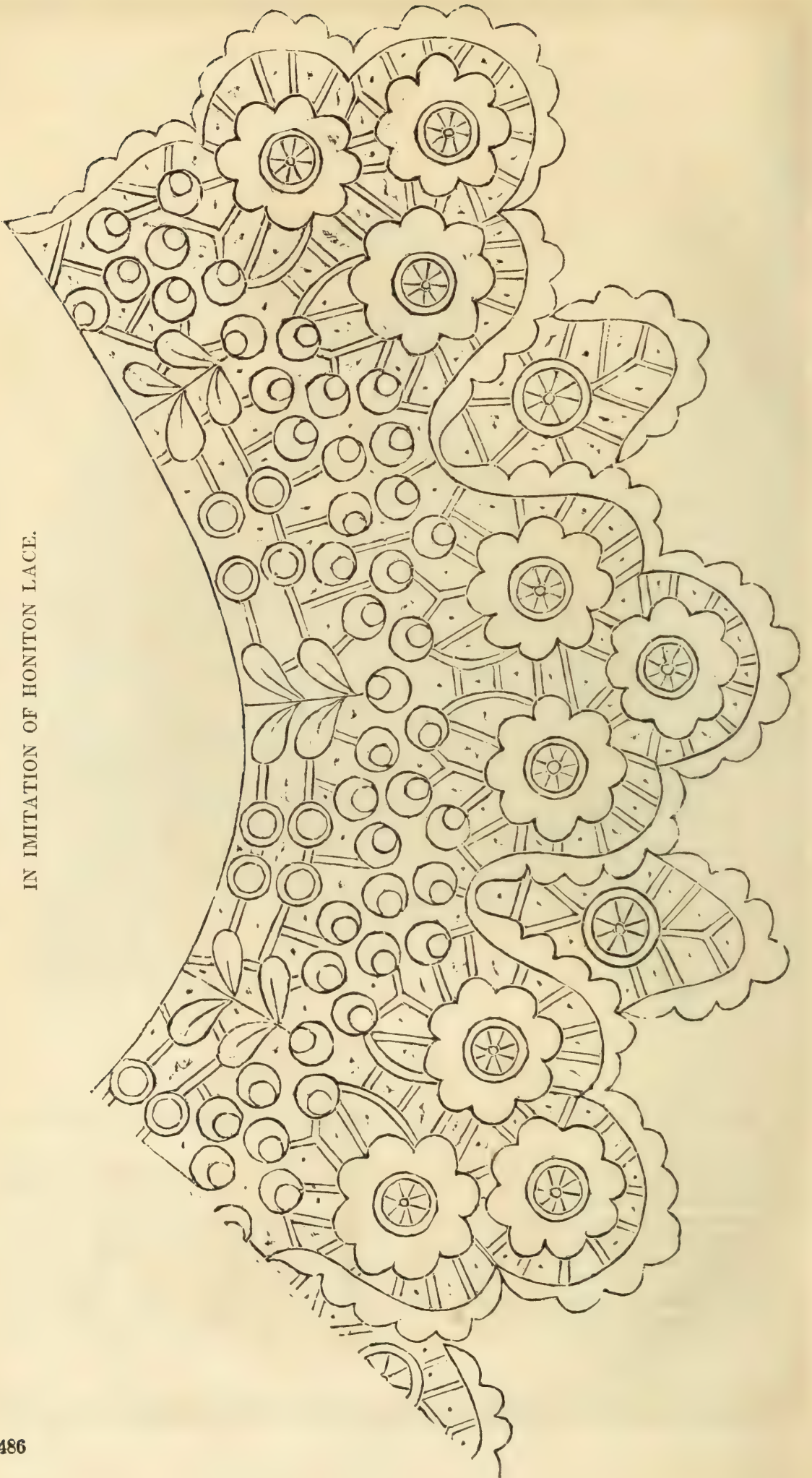
THE TALMA ZULEIKA.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]

WE have for this season a most elegant article of dress. We incline to the opinion that its popularity will be equal to its beauty.

This garment, like the first, is made of a variety of colors—our drawing being taken from a light shade of green taffeta. A glance at the picture will explain its fashion: it consists of two flounces of lace, set full upon the body of the garment, and ornamented with a novel character of trimming—satin ribbon, gathered in reversed plaits, so as to form a succession of fan-like folds, alternating with each other. This effective ornament is festooned upon the taffeta, and borders the black tulle which constitutes the skirt of the mantilla. It will be observed that this talma is about half the usual height at the neck; in front, it is worn surplice style.

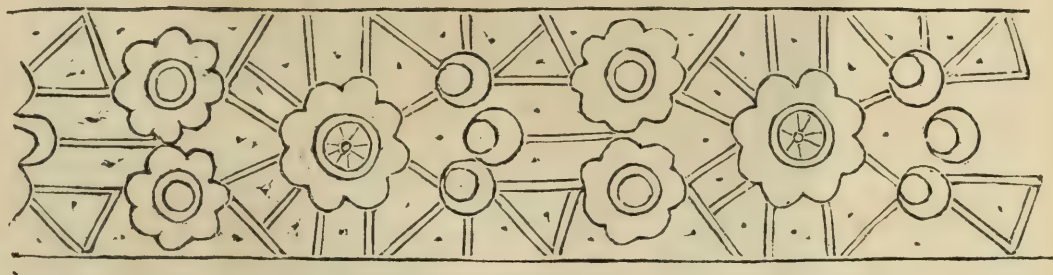
PORTION OF A COLLAR,
IN IMITATION OF HONITON LACE.



FLOUNCING FOR SLEEVES.

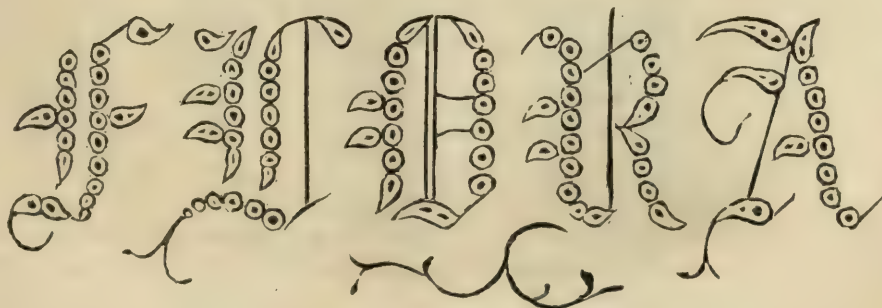


INSERTING.



Flouncing and inserting for sleeves, to match the collar. All the bars crossing are worked like a loop, in buttonhole-stitch.

INITIALS.





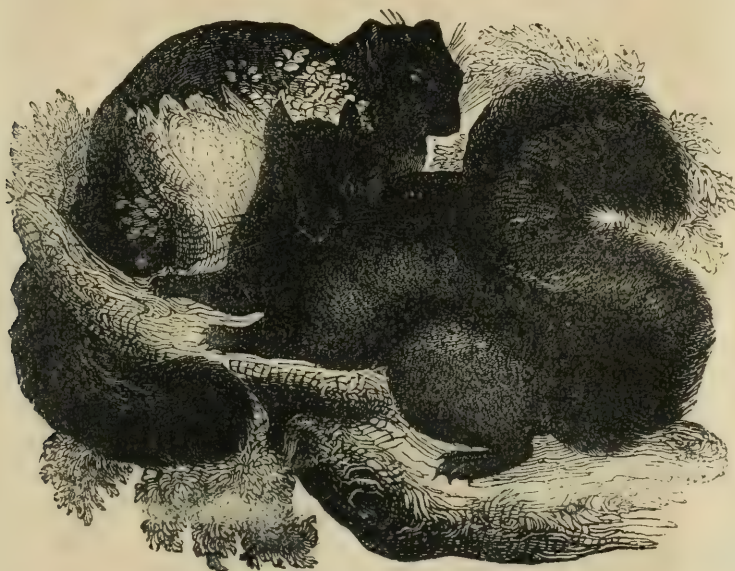
VASE IN POTICHIMANIE.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1855.

FURS FOR THE LADIES, AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.



THE BLACK SQUIRREL.

THE furs of the rodent animals are not so highly prized as those of the martens, the animals being generally smaller, and the fur less remarkable for fineness and brilliancy. Some of the squirrel tribe, however, as the Siberian, for example, furnish very superior fur. The fur of different species of hares and rabbits, and of the marmots, lemmings, chinchillas, and agoutis is less valued.

Of the American varieties of the squirrel, the gray, black, red, and striped are best known. The fur of the two former species is very generally used, but their abundance prevents their being very highly valued. The black squirrel is a variety of the Carolina or gray squirrel, found in all parts of the United States. The shape and habits of the two are precisely the same. An English naturalist, speaking of the Carolina squirrel, says: "Sometimes it is whitish gray; at other times it is much clouded with yellow, and at other times again the flanks are

almost wholly of a yellow color." We have seen specimens in which the yellow is intermixed with black, and still others wholly black.

The same variations of color, as well as in the thickness of its fur, occur in the common European squirrel.

In France and the south of Germany, it has various shades of reddish on the upper part, and white on the under; but the pile of the fur above is red at the points only, and annulated with alternate white and brown in the remaining part. Even there there is a considerable difference in the color at different seasons; but when we go farther to the north the difference increases; and in the most northerly forests of Europe, and in those of Siberia, the winter color is slate-gray with small points of black, the coat being very close and thick, and forming no contemptible fur. The pile of fur is then annulated with a mouse gray and light gray alternately. In this state it is more abundant in Siberia than in the north

of Europe; and the fur is thicker and of superior quality. It is chiefly obtained in the wild woods on the banks of the Obi and Jenessi; and it is called gray squirrel, or Siberian squirrel in Britain, and *petit-gris* (little gray) in France: the *grison*, of which it is the diminutive, being one of the gluttons (*Gulo*), a carnivorous animal, and of course quite different from the nimble and gentle squirrel. There is another change which takes place in the north part of Siberia; in Europe the squirrel is very nearly of the same size, in all its range, and all its variations of color, but in Siberia it becomes considerably larger. This, however, is no proof whatever of

a different species, or of anything more than a mere climatical variety; and that it is only this, is proved by the example of the foxes, and other animals there, which are uniformly of larger size, though the same identical species as those of the north of Europe. According to Pallas, there are squirrels nearly of a black color in the mountain forests of Daouria, and other places near the lake of Baikal, in the south of Siberia eastward; but it is not very clearly ascertained that they are the same species. In Britain the squirrels are not so bright in the red color as they are in France, and the south of Germany.

The Malabar squirrel is the largest animal of



THE MALABAR SQUIRREL.

the whole genus, being as long as an ordinary sized domestic cat. The top of the head, a band along the cheek, the middle of the back and the flanks, are very bright reddish brown; the shoulders, the rump, and the thighs, are pure black; and the muzzle, the lower part of the neck, the breast, and belly, the under sides of the hind legs, and nearly the whole of his fore-legs, are bright yellow. It is one of the brightest in its colors of all the squirrels, though, like most of the rest, it is subject to considerable variations; it occurs in several of the wooded districts of India, but it is said to be most plentiful on the west or Malabar coast, to reside chiefly among the palm trees, and to be particularly fond of the milk of the cocoa-nut.

In western Africa, near the banks of the Senegal and Gambia, and in the Cape Verd Islands, a small but beautiful species of squirrel is found, called the Palm squirrel.

Its markings consist of three whitish stripes, the middle one of which occupies the central line of the back, extending from the back of the head to the base of the tail, while the two lateral ones advance forward above the ears and terminate near the eyes. The ground-color is blackish-brown above, and white below. The tail is covered with long hairs, diverging on each side like those of a squirrel, and nearly to the same extent, and is occasionally elevated in a vertical position, but seldom brought forward over the back. In the full-grown animal it is



THE PALM SQUIRREL.

about six inches in length, and rather longer than the body.

These creatures appear to be common in India, and to be particularly plentiful in the towns and villages, taking up their abode on the roofs of houses and in old walls, in the cavities of which the female deposits her young. They commit great devastations in the orchards, destroying and devouring all kinds of fruit; and are so familiar as even to enter the houses and pick up the crumbs that fall from the table. Their name is derived from their being often seen on palm-trees, which in the east are always found in the neighborhood of the habitations of men.

So social an animal, even in its wild state, may naturally be expected to become very good-tempered and familiar in captivity; and accordingly we find it celebrated for these qualities, from the time of its earliest describers. Clusius, to whom we are indebted for the first recognizable description of the species, particularly remarks the tameness of the individuals seen by him, which were so completely domesticated as to be suffered to ramble about at perfect liberty whithersoever they pleased, and so familiar as to take refuge in the bosoms of the sailors of the vessel in which they were brought to Europe.

One of the varieties figured in our cut is perfectly black, and exhibits no trace of the stripes so characteristic of the species in its usual livery. The other is nearly a perfect albino, of a dull reddish-white, marked with three very faint stripes of a still lighter hue.

If one were to inquire of a furrier for skins of lemmings, he would probably be told that the animal was unknown to the trade; and yet it is undoubtedly used and highly valued as a supposed variety of the squirrel. On many accounts, this animal is singular and interesting.

The lemming is about five or six inches long; the fur is beautifully variegated with black and yellow on the back; the under part of the body and the sides are white. It inhabits the Norwegian mountains.

This pretty little animal lives in a burrow, at the bottom of which it digs a chamber in which it raises its family; but it makes no store-room, and amasses no provisions. During the winter its food consists of lichens, in the warm months of herbs, and during the time it remains in the ground, probably of roots. By an inexplicable instinct, this animal foresees a rigorous winter, when it cannot find its food on the frozen ground, and it then prepares to emigrate from its native climate to warmer countries. This astonishing presentiment has been often observed, and particularly in 1742. In that year the winter was very severe in the limits of Umea, but mild in those of Lula, although the latter is further to the north; these creatures emigrated from the former, but not from the latter. The conclusion from this is that their migrations are neither annual nor periodical, and sometimes they will not occur at all in ten years; at others there will be two or three in that space of time. When preparing to depart, the population of a country assemble by a marvellous concord, and their



THE LEMMING.

countless numbers form into a column like a file of soldiers, and no obstacle can make them turn to the right or left. Do they encounter a mountain? They pass over it by climbing. A river or a branch of the sea? They swim across it, and if the wind rises during this passage, they are drowned. Their bodies, thrown up by the flood, will so poison the air as to produce epidemic diseases in the neighboring villages. They march in the night, and halt during the day, and woe to the place where they stop; for, in a few hours, gardens, harvest, crops, and verdure of all kinds are destroyed, and the ground remains barren, as if a fire had passed over it. Fortunately, they respect habitations, and will not enter houses, or even cabins. As courageous as destructive, they defend themselves gallantly against all molestation, either on the part of man or beast. They try to spring upon the faces of those who attack them, bite the stick which strikes them, the hand which threatens them, and what they once seize with their teeth they will not relinquish except in death. In their rage, Scheffer says, they go in front of those who attack them, yelping and barking like little dogs.

The lemmings do not leave their home to colonize in other countries, but merely to find food during the winter, and in the spring they return again to their native country. These immense bands, which, when leaving, cover the earth with their columns of little animals, are so diminished when they return that their passage is not perceived. Foxes, and a crowd of other small mammiferous animals, follow them in their migrations, and subsist entirely upon them. The

birds of prey destroy a great number, and floods and famine sweep away those which are left, so that scarce a hundredth part regain their homes. Their passage is regarded by the inhabitants of the countries they go through as a terrible scourge, which it is impossible to avoid. As their appearance is sudden, and the people know not whence they come, they imagine that they fall from heaven in the rain.

The hare is a genus of rodent or gnawing animals, regarded as the most remarkable, the most numerous, and most interesting of the whole class. The animals of this genus are distributed, in one species or other, over most countries on the face of the earth; and, though New Holland forms a total, and South America a partial, exception, hares are found almost everywhere; in the warm countries on the margins of deserts, on the sandy downs by the sea shore, in the cornfield, in the upland wilds, and on the tops of mountains, to the very verge of the never-thawing snow. In longitude, they extend round the whole circle of the earth, and their range in latitude is at least from the Cape of Good Hope to the border of the Polar ice.

Under the genus *hare* are included not only the rabbit, but many other species known under different names in their respective countries. What we call the wild rabbit in this country is truly and properly a hare. In England, the hare is now almost the only four-footed animal the chase of which is anything else than mere sport; and of those species which live more in society than the common hare, and approach more nearly to a state of domestication, the numbers are so great that large profits are made

by the sale of the flesh and the skins. In those countries of Europe which are less populous and cultivated than England, the number of wild hares which are taken in the course of the year is immense, and their skins form an extensive branch of commerce, being exported for the hat manufacturer, and also used locally as very warm articles of clothing. The small kingdom of Bohemia furnishes half a million of skins every year, and Austria proper a million, while the supply from Russia and Siberia is still larger. The name coney is often applied to hare and rabbit skins by fur dealers.

The hare, like many other of the fur animals, changes color with the season of the year. The people of New England and Canada are familiar with the fact, that the hare, or rabbit, as they are called, turns from gray to white in winter. A British writer, in describing the Alpine hare, gives so interesting an account of this process that we quote his description entire.

"The Alpine hare," he says, "is the only species of hare, except the common one, which is found in the British islands; it is far from common there, though by no means rare in some other parts of the world. It is found, however, but we believe only in the Scottish mountains, the wildest and most remote of these, and never lower down than two thousand or fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is not so long-legged as the common hare, probably because the places which it inhabits contain fewer enemies which can pursue it on the ground. It inhabits higher up than the locality of every predatory quadruped, and running would be a vain defence against the rush of the mountain eagle, which is the chief, if not the only animal which the hare has to dread in its fastness of the mountains. The difference of length in the legs is about an inch in the fore ones, and nearly two inches in the hind; so that it is an animal of more uniform course, and less disposed to leaping than the common hare. In the body, its dimensions are nearly the same; and, from the specimens examined in their native localities, it is considered altogether thicker and weightier than the common hares of the lowlands in the same parts of the country. One of the most remarkable peculiarities of this animal, and one in which it agrees with the ermine among mammalia, and the ptarmigan among birds, is the seasonal change of its color, excepting one part, which remains constant during the whole year, and is its permanent characteristic color as a hare; this is, the tips of its ears are black at all seasons. In summer, the color on the upper part is dusky, more or less inclining to

fawn color, and sometimes dappled, at least in the intermediate seasons. In winter, it is altogether white, with the exception of the tips of the ears, as aforesaid.

"The following account of the changes of its fur is from the second volume of the 'Edinburgh Philosophical Journal,' and we believe it is correct: 'The varying hare becomes white in winter. This remarkable change takes place in the following manner: About the middle of September, the gray feet begin to be white, and before the month ends all the fore feet are white, and the ears and muzzle are of a brighter color. The white color gradually ascends the legs and thighs, and we observe under the gray hair whitish spots, which continue to increase till the end of October; but still the back continues of a gray color, while the eyebrows and ears are nearly white. From this period the change of color advances very rapidly, and, by the middle of November, the whole fur, with the exception of the tips of the ears, which remain black, is of a shining white. The back becomes white within eight days. During the whole of this remarkable change in the fur, no hair falls from the animal; hence it appears that the hair actually changes its color, and that there is no renewal of it. The fur retains its white color until the month of March, or even later, depending on the temperature of the atmosphere, and by the middle of May it has again a gray color. But the spring change is different from the winter, as the hair is completely shed.' This species, even during the most intense cold which occurs in those elevated and northern regions of which it is a native, keeps up the character of the race in the rapidity of its circulation and the high degree of its temperature. Even there it is as warm as one hundred and five degrees of the thermometer, which is nearly ten degrees higher than in the human body. True to this activity of its system, the Alpine hare never shows the least disposition to hibernate, or pass into a state of torpidity, even in the severest winters.

"It is altogether a very interesting animal, on account of the peculiarity of its haunts, and the determination, or rather the adaptation, with which it braves the utmost severity and duration of the winter storms. In the winter months, even when the storms are most severe, and the snow lies longest upon the ground, these hares do not descend to the low grounds, but reside in burrows under the snow. These burrows are usually made near the root of some tuft or upland bush, by means of which a sort of chimney is kept open for the breathing of the

animal, and it feeds upon the substance of the tuft. As it preserves its high temperature during the rigor of the weather, it also, of course, keeps up its rapid circulation, and requires a corresponding quantity of breathing and of food. All those circumstances go together in every animal; for in those species which sink into a dormant state during the winter, the temperature sinks at least nearly to the freezing point during some of these periods, though we are not aware of any warm-blooded animal that recovers if its internal temperature has been for some time below freezing. Under the snow, with their thick white fur, these animals have no uncomfortable place of residence. Snow, till it melts, is a bad conductor of heat; and, therefore, the shelter of unmelted snow is really warmer than that of a hole in the earth. The white fur of the animal prevents the escape of heat from its body to the snow around it, and the warm air which it gives out in breathing speedily mounts up in the colder atmosphere,

producing comparatively little effect on the breathing chimney. In a sunny day, when the air is still and clear over the snow, the retreats of these animals can be discovered by the little column of steam which ascends from the breathing chimney, and which forms a sort of miniature picture of the smoke from the snow-house of an Esquimaux.

"There are some particulars which we omitted to mention, in which the Alpine hare differs from the common one. Among others, the ears are shorter in proportion, and the silky or long fur is of rather a finer staple. The fur altogether is, however, the fur of a hare, and not of a rabbit."

Our lady readers will not fail to draw from the above description the important inference, that articles of dress made of white fur are warmer than those of other colors.

The rabbit, in a state of nature, is considerably less than the hare; the ears are shorter than the head; the tail is not so long as the thigh;



THE RABBIT.

and the whole action and motion of the animal less vigorous and fleet than those of the hare. The general color is yellowish gray, with reddish on the neck, and brown on the tail, with the throat and breast whitish. The ears are gray, and without any black on the tips. The rabbit is a native of a warmer climate than the

hare, and it is altogether an animal of different habits. The hare inhabits only where there is a cover, at least to some extent, while the rabbit is met with in the open and sandy wastes. The hares never burrow in the ground, but the rabbits always do; and they live in solitude, while the rabbits are generally gregarious.

Rabbits have been known from the earliest periods of history, and the first, or earliest accounts which we have of them, represent them as inhabiting the warm and sandy places of southern climates, especially those near the sea. We are informed by Pliny that Spain and Greece were those countries in Europe in which rabbits were first found; and it is related both by him and Varro that an entire town in Spain was overturned by the incredible number of rabbits which lodged under its foundations; and Strabo tells us that the people of the Balearic Islands, apprehensive that their country would be rendered desolate by the vast multiplication of these creatures, sent deputies to Rome for military aid against this novel description of enemies. The Spaniards, in subsequent periods,

thinned their numbers by means of ferrets, which they had imported from Africa. It is asserted by Spallanzani that, when the crops were wasted in Basiluzzo, one of the Lipari Islands, by an extraordinary increase of rabbits, the inhabitants had recourse to a large importation of cats, which, in a very short period of time, entirely destroyed them. It is supposed that the species was originally confined to Africa, and was afterwards diffused over the warmer and milder parts of Europe and Asia. It has found, in its introduction to America, a climate more congenial to its constitution, and in consequence has very rapidly multiplied, especially in the more southern countries of this continent.

Nearly akin to the hares are the agoutis of



THE AGOUTI.

South America. In their general appearance and habits, but more in their habits than in their appearance, they bear a considerable resemblance to hares, their flesh being as delicately white and exquisite in flavor, and they have accordingly been called hares and rabbits by the English visitants or residents in the places where they are found. Still, they are so essentially different, that neither of the names is at all applicable. They do not burrow in the earth like rabbits, neither do they squat upon forms, in exposed places, where they can watch, as is the habit of hares. Their lodging-places are intermediate, under fallen trees, in the holes of decayed ones, or under stones and rocks.

Though, like the hares, and many other animals of the order, they can gnaw bark when other provisions fail them, and though their *incisor* teeth are well adapted for cutting, and their *molar* teeth for bruising and grinding

vegetable substances which have a considerable degree both of hardness and of toughness, yet both their food and their manner of feeding are different from those of hares and rabbits, which are the only European animals resembling them in general character and in size.

They are all inhabitants of the American continent or its tropical islands, and they may be said to inhabit only those places which have a tropical character; for, though some of the species are found as far southward as the Straits of Magellan, yet the country there is much more tropical in its climate, its seasons, its vegetables, and some other of its animals, than the corresponding latitudes of Europe or of North America; and the agoutis are just as well adapted to the more fertile of the comparatively dry places of Central and Southern America, as hares are to the fields of Europe, or squirrels to the Canadian forests.

When first taken possession of by the Europeans, the West India Islands, and all the more fertile parts of South America, were literally overrun with these animals; they are still very numerous in all places which are not settled and cultivated; and in some which are cultivated their numbers are so great as to give no little annoyance to the planters. They are thus very characteristic of the country; much more so than some other animals which are individually more striking; and, therefore, they are well worthy the attention of every one who wishes to have a knowledge of that extensive and highly interesting portion of the globe.

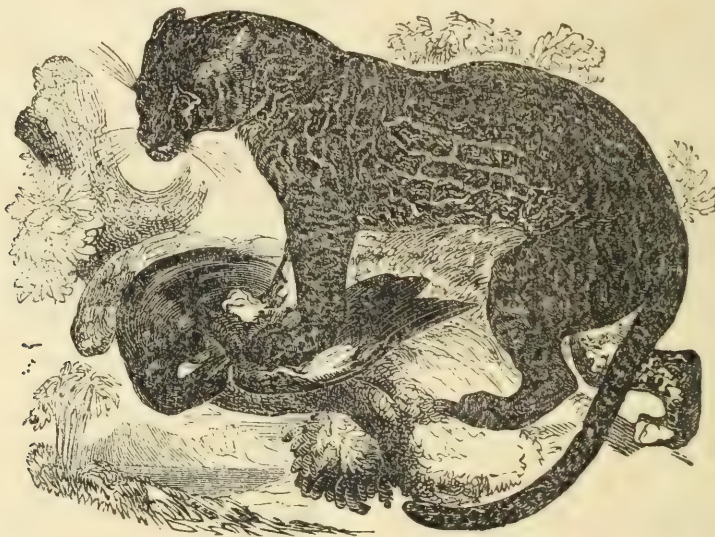
So readily do the agoutis become habituated to a state of domestication, that we cannot but join with Mr. Sonnini in regretting that no attempts have hitherto been made to place them as completely under the control of man as the rabbits. It is, indeed, surprising that the inhabitants of a country in which they abound, who derive from them so large a portion of their subsistence, should never have been induced by these considerations to breed them for their tables, and thus insure a constant supply, instead of trusting to the uncertain produce of the chase. They are said to be no less useful in another point of view, their skins being converted into very strong leather, when not required for use with the fur upon them.

The numerous species of the cat kind furnish an immense supply of furs. Of these, the skins of lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, pumas, and the other large species of cats are used chiefly for housings to saddles, and for robes, as they are technically called by the fur dealers, meaning a whole skin, or even a number of skins, made into a sort of blanket, edged with cloth, or with the furs of various animals, and used to cover the limbs and feet when riding in a sleigh. The smaller varieties of wild cats, besides the lynxes, already noticed, furnish furs for muffs, tippets, boas, mantles, and other common articles of dress for winter wear. Many of these are sold under names which serve to conceal rather than disclose their true origin; and, in many cases, they are dyed to render the disguise the more complete.

Of the larger species of cats, such as the tiger and leopard, the natural markings are so beautiful that there is not the slightest danger of their ever being tampered with in this way; and the *ensemble* of the skin, in its entire and natural state, is so fine that, in all ages of the world, they have been worn without mutilation.

We notice one American species of cat, the ocelot, on account of its rareness and beauty.

"Of all the animals with tigrine skins," says Buffon, "the male ocelot has unquestionably the most beautiful, and, at the same time, the



THE OCELOT.

most elegantly variegated robe; that of the leopard himself does not approach it in liveliness of color or regularity of design." That this estimate is by no means exaggerated, will readily be allowed by all who have had the opportunity of seeing this truly beautiful creature, which may unquestionably be regarded as the *beau*

ideal of a cat. Nearly equal in size to the lynx of Europe, but shorter in its proportions, and more graceful in its form, it holds, as it were, a middle station between the leopard and the domestic cat. Its body, when full grown, is nearly three feet in length, and its tail rather more than one, while its medium height may be

reckoned at about eighteen inches. The ground color of its fur is gray, mingled with a slight tinge of fawn; and on this it is elegantly marked with numerous longitudinal bands, the dorsal one being continuous and entirely black, and the lateral, to the number of six or seven on each side, consisting for the most part of a series of elongated spots, with black margins, sometimes completely distinct, sometimes running together. The centre of each of these spots offers a deeper tinge of fawn than the ground color external to them; and this deeper tinge is also conspicuous on the upper part of the head and neck, and on the outside of the limbs, all of which parts are irregularly marked with full black lines and spots of various sizes.

The species is very widely spread, being found in Mexico and various parts of South America. Its habits are similar to those of the other cats, keeping itself close in the depths of the forests during the day, and prowling about at night in search of victims, which it finds in the smaller quadrupeds and birds. In the chase of the latter it is particularly successful, pursuing them even in their nests amid the trees, which it climbs with the greatest agility. It is easily tamed, but seldom loses all trace of its natural ferocity. D'Azara, however, speaks of one which was so completely domiciliated as to be left at perfect liberty; it was strongly attached to its master, and never attempted to make its escape.

LAURA GRAHAME; OR, THE RESULT OF A REVERIE.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

(See Plate.)

LAURA stood where they had left her; Walter's grave and her cousin's gay farewell still rang upon her ears, and Grace's warm kisses still burned upon her lips; she returned their farewell with her usual smiling dignity, and stood motionless, watching their retreating forms until the trees hid them from her eyes. Gradually the smile faded from her lips, and a look of deep, settled sorrow clouded her young face; the easy, dignified attitude was lost in the drooping figure and dejected expression. We will leave her thus, lost in painful reverie, and sketch for our readers her previous history.

Laura Grahame was left an orphan when only three years of age; her father died of consumption, and her mother soon followed him to the grave. Mr. Danvers, her mother's brother, adopted the orphan, and no parents' care could be more tender than her uncle and aunt lavished upon the little Laura. Her father owned large estates in Matanzas, which now became the property of the orphan. When she was about ten years old, her uncle and aunt removed there, with Laura and their only child, Grace, then just seven years of age.

They had been but one year in their new home, when Mrs. Danvers was taken dangerously ill, and the physicians soon pronounced her case hopeless.

It was a darkened room, in which no sound, save the low breathings of the invalid, and the

stealthy movements of Moma, the old nurse, could be heard. Laura sat by her aunt's side, holding her fevered hand in one of her own cool ones, while the other was pressed upon the invalid's burning brow. A strange feeling of awe, a vague presentiment of evil, kept her silent.

"Laura," said Mrs. Danvers, in a low feeble tone.

"I am here, dear Aunt Emily. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, darling. My poor child, you have lost your own mother, and now I, who have tried to fill her place, am about to leave you too."

"Oh, auntie, how can I do without you!" sobbed the child, all her long-restrained grief bursting forth.

"You have been a good, dutiful child, Laura darling, and a great blessing to me; now, you must be a double daughter to your uncle George, and a dear, older sister to my Grace."

"Oh, if I were but older, I would be her mother, as you have been mine!"

"You are old enough, Laura, to exert a great influence over her. She loves you fondly, and you can, by example and affection, lead her to good or evil. You are serious and thoughtful beyond your years, while Grace is light-hearted and gay, but affectionate and frank. Gently guide her, Laura, by love, as I would wish her to go were I here."

"I will, I will, dear auntie! My own gratification and interests shall always give way before her good."

"Poor Laura! you are young enough to still need a mother's care yourself; but I trust her to you. Remember, she has only you and her father!"

Faithfully did Laura keep the promise made to the dying. Young as she was, she understood the obligations it imposed upon her; and, as she had said, her own interests always gave way before her cousin's. Laura's tasks were learned with double diligence that, when Grace needed assistance in hers, it should be ready for her. There was a warm love between these two motherless ones that naught but death could destroy.

When Laura was about nineteen years old, there came to Matanzas, for his health, a young man, in whom Mr. Danvers was much interested. His father had been for many years Mr. Danvers's partner in business, and Walter Elliot, on the death of his own father, sought and found a firm friend in his former partner. He was a handsome, intelligent young man, a student in a medical college in Philadelphia; but, by too close application to his books, he had injured his health severely, and the physicians ordered a winter in the South. An invitation from Mr. Danvers to pass it with him was gratefully accepted, and Walter was expected every day.

It was a bright clear day in the early part of November, when Walter, pale, sick, and weary with his long sea voyage, arrived at his friend's house. Grace was spending a few weeks in Havana with Mrs. Ellis, an American friend, Mr. Danvers was taking his daily ride, and Laura was alone to receive him. The ride and the exertion of getting from the carriage were too much for the invalid, and he fainted at the door. Laura, terrified at his death-like appearance, stood watching, while Moma had him carried into the parlor, and hastened away to find restoratives. She bent over him, parted the hair from his high white forehead, and assisted Moma in bathing his face, while her whole frame trembled with terror.

When Walter recovered consciousness, the first object that met his gaze was the pale face of his hostess, whose eyes were fixed with deep pity upon him. He tried to thank her, but she placed her tiny hand on his lips, whispering—

"Lie still, and don't try to talk; Moma will stay by you, while I give orders about your room." And, with a smile and graceful courtesy, Laura left him.

Walter's fainting fit was but the beginning of a long illness; he was taken to his room, and for seven weeks did not leave it. Laura insisted upon sharing the fatigue of nursing him with Moma; she it was who prepared his medicines and cooling drinks, and, in his delirium, placed the cloths wet with cold water upon his head; while Moma, who liked to reign supreme in the sick-room, sat watching, with a mixture of admiration and jealousy, the fair usurper of her offices.

Walter had been delirious for several days; but he lay one afternoon in a quiet sleep, from which the doctor thought he would awaken in his senses. Laura took a book and sat by the side of the bed, to be near when he wished for anything, while Moma sat sewing by the window. Walter at length slowly opened his eyes, and fixed them upon the fair reader, who, absorbed in her book, did not see him. He noted all the maiden's beauties; the rich black hair, banded smoothly off her high white forehead; the regular features, clear dark complexion, long jetty eyelashes, that now drooped over the large black eyes; the tall, noble figure, tiny hand, and beautifully rounded arm—all were perfect. He lay watching her for some moments; but Moma, finding he was awake, bustled up to the bed, and Laura withdrew. From that day he grew rapidly better, and many happy hours were spent in that sick-room. Laura read to him, sang to him, and long conversations there were between these two—conversations, during which the young girl's heart was gradually passing into the possession of another.

What wonder that Walter fancied himself in love with the fair girl, who thus devoted her time and talents to his comfort and entertainment? He found her presence would convert that sick-room from a prison into a paradise. (I don't say it did so, but he thought it did.)

At last, one afternoon, when Moma was preparing his evening repast, he won from the happy blushing girl a promise to accompany him to his home in the spring as his bride.

When Laura sought her room that night, her cheek was flushed, her eyes sparkled, and her heart throbbed quickly with excess of happiness. Fastening her door, she knelt and thanked the Giver of all good for the new joy bestowed upon her. Laura's was an earnest, thoughtful nature, and all emotions left an indelible impression upon her heart; she was not one to part with her love lightly, but, once given, it could not be recalled.

Walter was now well enough to be out, and Grace was expected home daily.

Laura was seated in her own room sewing, when her cousin burst in upon her. Let me pause a moment to describe Grace Danvers. She was a most charming combination of blonde and brunette beauty. Her eyes were dark hazel, shaded by black brows and lashes, while her hair was a light yellowish brown, falling in a profusion of shining curls on her shoulders; her features were regular, and her complexion pure red and white; her figure was *petite*, but most exquisitely rounded, while her hands and feet were tiny as a fairy's.

"Dear Laura!" she cried, as she sprang into her cousin's arms, "I am so glad to be at home again! So, I hear you have been having a sick knight here while I was gone; long letters from a certain cousin of mine not a mile off, full of a handsome squire most dolefully sick, reached me. I saw him at the gate, and, instead of a pale, interesting youth, he struck me as being in a most stupid state of health. Lost your heart, Laura, eh?"

"Nonsense, Grace! You are wild with spirits. How did you leave Mrs. Ellis and Fanny?"

"Well—everybody well! But here comes Mr. Elliot up the avenue; you must introduce me." And, bounding across the room, the gay beauty smoothed her curls, arranged her collar more to her satisfaction, and announced her readiness to be presented to Walter.

The young man gave a start of delighted surprise when his eyes fell upon Grace. Her pale-blue dress, which was cut so as to leave her falling shoulders and round white arms bare, set off to the utmost advantage her exquisite complexion and golden curls; her drive, and the excitement of coming home, gave an additional tinge of color to her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with animation. Walter bowed gracefully, and they were soon engaged in a lively conversation. Laura left them together, and went to read the papers to her uncle, her regular evening task.

So it began, and so evening after evening it continued. Laura was obliged to devote two or three hours to her uncle, while Grace and Walter took long moonlight walks, or conversed together in the piazza; or her cousin's clear, sweet voice rose and fell on the night air in songs, while a manly tone mingled with the strain, and Grace's guitar accompanied the delicious music.

Day by day, Laura's face grew paler and sadder, and Walter felt that there was no bliss to him like Grace's presence; yet neither dared speak of the change. Laura saw that the love

between these two was stronger than Walter's love for her had ever been; but she sickened when she tried to speak of it, and he dared not approach the subject.

It was late one evening, when the cousins had retired to their own room, that Laura noticed how very sad Grace looked. She was pained; for Grace, like Shakspeare's Beatrice, had "little of the melancholy element in her," and Laura knew it was some deep grief that could so cloud her young, joyous face.

"Grace, what troubles you?" she said, drawing the young girl to her side.

"Oh, Laura," sobbed her cousin, "I'm so miserable!"

"Why, darling, what can make you unhappy?"

"I—I—well, I may as well tell you all; perhaps you can comfort me. This evening, while I was walking with Walter, he told me that he loved me"—

"You, Grace?"

"Yes; but he is engaged to somebody else! And oh, I love him so much!"

"He should not have told you if he is bound to another."

"He did not mean to tell me; but he loves me so much that he had to let me know it."

"How can he love you and her too?" Laura was astonished at her own calmness.

"He don't *love* her. But he says he was once far away from home, very sick, and she nursed and took care of him, just as you did, Laura, and he fancied he was in love, because he felt so grateful to her, and so he asked her to be his wife. She said she would, and he thinks he is bound by honor to fulfil his engagement. She cannot love him as I do."

"What is her name?"

"He would not tell me; and he asked me never to tell any one what he had told me. But he could not have meant you, Laura, for I tell you everything."

Laura caressed and kissed her cousin, and whispered, "All will be well yet, Grace. Hope and trust!" and then left her.

The next morning she excused herself, on the plea of headache, from accompanying them on their usual ride. She smilingly bid them good-by, and stood on the piazza watching them off. Carlo, her spaniel, bounded after the horses, turning his head as if to bid his mistress farewell. They were gone! Pietro carried her habit to her room again, and she was alone; still, she moved not. There was a fearful struggle in her mind. "Must I give him up?" she murmured. "She is so light-hearted, that she

would get over this. He is mine, mine! But he loves me not!" Time flew by unheeded by her; she was so absorbed in her reverie that the hours were as minutes. At length she turned and re-entered the house; with tottering steps she regained her room; once there, she gathered all her calmness, wrote and folded a note, carried it herself to Walter's room, and then, again in her own chamber, her task over, she fell, without motion or consciousness, on the floor.

When Walter Elliot returned from his ride, he found upon his table the following note:—

"Grace has told me all; you are free!"

"LAURA."

When she rejoined them the next morning, she was again calm, dignified, and even cheer-

ful. Walter and Grace never knew the struggle and anguish this had cost our heroine, and Walter said to himself, "She is too cold to love."

Grace went with Walter to his Philadelphia home; Laura stayed with her uncle; when he died, she still kept the house, though part of every year was spent with Grace. Grace's youngest boy was, after much solicitation, permitted to go home to Matanzas with Laura, some few winters since, and Laura—still Laura Grahame—lives still in the old house with him. If you ask her why she was never married, she smiles, shakes her head, and says she was intended for an "old maid," and had to work out her destiny.

A SERIES OF PAPERS ON THE HAIR.

CHAPTER VI.

TRADE AND COMMERCE IN HAIR, ETC.

AMONG the many curious occupations of the metropolis of London, is that of the human hair merchant. Of these there are several, and they import between them more than fifty tons of hair annually.

Both England and the United States draw a large portion of their supply of human hair, and of articles made of hair, from France and Prussia. A singular feature on the Continent is this "*hair harvest*," as it has been termed.

Young women in England, who have beautiful tresses, are occasionally, we know, urged by poverty to part with them for money to the hair-workers; but in France and Germany it is a regular system. There are, we are told, hair merchants in Paris, who send agents in the spring of each year into the country districts to purchase the tresses of young women; who seek to obtain an annual crop with the same care as a farmer would a field-crop. The agents frequent festivals, fairs, and markets; and have with them a stock of handkerchiefs, muslins, ribbons, &c., which they give in exchange for the far more graceful and natural adornment—the hair. So sensitive a barometer is commerce of slight changes in the value of exchangeable goods, that the agents know the hair of a particular district to be worth a few sous more per pound than that of a district thirty or forty miles away—a fact which naturalists would have

been long in finding out. The price paid is about five francs (4s. 2d.) per pound. The agents send the hair to their employers, by whom it is dressed and sorted, and sold to the hair workers in the chief towns of the empire at about ten francs per pound. That which is to be made into perukes is purchased by a particular class of persons by whom it is cleaned, curled, prepared to a certain stage, and sold to the peruke-maker at from twenty to eighty francs per pound. The peruke-maker gives it the desired form, when, as is well known, it commands a very high price; a peruke is often sold for double its weight in silver.

Light hair all comes from Germany, where it is collected by a company of *Dutch farmers*, who come over for orders once a year. It would appear that either the fashion or the necessity of England has, within a recent period, completely altered the relative demands from the two countries. Forty years ago, according to one of the first dealers in the trade, the light German hair alone was called for, and he almost raved about a peculiar golden tint which was supremely prized, and which his father used to keep very close, only producing it to favorite customers, in the same manner that our august sherry-lord or hockherr spares to particular friends—or now and then, it is said, to influential literary characters—a few magnums of some rare and renowned vintage. This treasured article he sold at 8s. an ounce—nearly double the price of silver. Now all this has passed away—and the dark

shades of brown from France are chiefly called for.

So constant and regular is this traffic that the hair-cutters in France know exactly where to go for their year's crop.

Keeping an account of the villages from which they gathered their supply for a certain year, they know that they will not be able to cut in the same places till the arrival of another given year. And not only can they calculate as to quantity, but the value of each local harvest is also well known, and almost fixed; for, within a space of from ten to fifteen leagues, the quality varies, as we are told, so much as to make a difference of from ten to twenty sous per pound weight.

The original price of the hair, as purchased from the village maidens, is, as we have seen, about five shillings per pound. The tradesmen engaged in the preparations of sorting, curling, and dressing it purchase it at a price of ten shillings per pound; and after it has gone through their hands, it acquires a value of from twenty to eighty shillings per pound weight; and this is at the rate it is purchased by the hair-dresser.

The quantity of hair produced by the annual harvest is calculated at two hundred thousand pounds weight. The sales of one house alone, in Paris, which supplies four hair-cutting establishments in the Western country, amount to four hundred thousand francs annually.

Black hair comes mainly from Brittany and the south of France, where it is collected principally by an adventurous virtuoso, who travels from fair to fair, and buys up and shears the crops of the neighboring damsels. Mr. Francis Trollope, in his "Summer in Brittany," gives a lively description of the manner in which the young girls of the country bring this singular commodity to market.

Staring his full at a fair in Collenée, he says: "What surprised me more than all, by the singularity and novelty of the thing, were the operations of the dealers in hair. In various parts of the motley crowd, there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs, and buying the tresses of the peasant girls. They have particularly fine hair, and frequently in the greatest abundance. I should have thought that female vanity would have effectually prevented such a traffic as this being carried to any extent; but there seemed to be no difficulty in finding beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. We saw several girls sheared, one after the other, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their

hands, and their long hair combed out, and hanging down to their waists. Some of the operators were men and some women. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which, every successive crop of hair, tied up into a wisp by itself, was thrown. No doubt, the reason of the indifference to their tresses, on the part of the fair Bretonnes, is to be found in the invariable mode which covers every head from childhood upwards, with close caps, which entirely prevents any part of the hair from being seen, and, of course, as totally conceals the want of it. The money given for the hair is about twenty sous, or else a gaudy cotton handkerchief; they net immense profits by their trips through the country." This hair is the finest and most silken black hair that can be procured.

Sometimes a head of hair of the extreme length of nearly four feet, with a strong and continuous curl throughout, is met with, which is exceedingly valuable to the hair-dresser. But such instances are extremely rare. A good deal of hair was formerly obtained from the females in the lower ranks of life in Scotland and Ireland; but of late years they have learned to prize this adornment of the person so highly, that no temptation will induce them to part with their flowing tresses.

A considerable trade is carried on in hair for the manufacture of ladies' ornaments, such as bracelets, earrings, rings, and brooches, as well as artificial ringlets, false plaits, beards, moustaches, and perukes. The forensic and theatrical wigs, &c., are made of horse-hair; but are fast getting into disuse.

"According to Erasmus Wilson, the hair of women is coarser than that of men; this is rather contradictory to the commonly received opinion, that keeping the hair cut short tends to render it coarser and stronger.

"The constituents of different colored hair are by no means the same. All hair contains a certain portion of oily animal matter, some common salt, some phosphate of lime, a considerable portion of sulphur, various gases, and some manganese and iron. Fair hair contains least carbon and hydrogen, brown hair the most carbon and the smallest quantity of oxygen; red hair has the largest proportion of sulphur; gray hair the most phosphate of lime. All contain a nearly equal amount of nitrogen. The imperishable nature of hair arises from the combination of salt and metals in its composition; in old tombs, and on mummies, hair has been found in a perfect state, which must have grown some two thousand years ago.

"In all cases of disease, the hair sympathizes,

more or less, losing its glossy hue, becoming lank and damp, or dry and faded, or even falling off in considerable quantities. It may also be said, occasionally, to sympathize with the emotions as well as the diseases of the human frame, if we are to give any credence to the various accounts of those who, suffering from some sudden shock or grief, have had the hair turn white in a single night, as is recorded of Sir Thomas More, or within a very short period, as was the case with Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, and others. In the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' a case is recorded of a banker whose hair became perfectly gray in the course of three days, in consequence of his anxiety of mind during the panic of 1825.

"No author has yet attempted to account for this, or indeed satisfactorily, for the gradual substitution of white hair for colored, as age creeps on; various theories have been put forth, but while we continue to remain ignorant even of the use and influence of the hair on the animal economy, and its connection with it, we cannot hope to arrive at any certainty. Meckel, a celebrated German writer, considers that the hair begins to turn gray about thirty, but Elbe gives forty as the period of life at which this change first makes its appearance; much, however, depends on the habits and constitutions of individuals. It has been said that dark hair becomes gray much earlier than light hair; but has not this supposition arisen from the silver lines being always more marked and perceptible on dark than on light hair? The writer has two relatives, one turned fifty and the other turned sixty, whose black hair is only threaded here and there by a silver line; while, on the other hand, three of her acquaintances, with different shades of light brown hair, are, at scarce six-and-thirty, becoming quite gray.

"Doubtless the coloring matter of the hair arises from a pigment secreted by tiny glands in the scalp or skin of the head; and when from disease or any other violent cause, or from the decay of nature, this pigment becomes altered in character, or ceases to be secreted, the hair changes its hue. Various lotions and pomatums have been recommended for the purpose of restoring the tone of these glands or ducts secreting this coloring matter; but we have small faith in any of them."

"There are few real novelties in hair-dressing; the plaits of five, seven, ten, and even more strands, woven more or less openly, and arranged differently on the head, the 'Grecian' plait, and the 'basket' or 'chain plait,' and the 'cable plait' are repeated again and again in various forms

and convolutions. Ringlets, curls, bands, braids, and folds, alternate with each other in front.

"Grecian Plait is woven as follows: Take a tolerably thick lock of hair, divide it into two equal parts, take from the outside of the left hand portion a very small piece of hair—about a sixth part—pass it over into the centre, and unite it with the right hand portion; do the same from the right hand portion, and pass it over into the centre, and unite it with the left hand portion; proceed thus, taking the small and even-sized lock alternately from the left and the right portions until all is plaited; be careful to keep this plait very smooth.

"The Basket or Chain Plait. Take four rather small strands of hair, plait with only three of these, weaving them over and under the fourth, which serves to draw the chain up, as in the way in which a plait of three is usually worked, taking first the left hand outside strand and working it under one and over the next until it takes the place of the right outside strand, which in its turn is then worked to the left side, and so on alternately, always retaining one unmoved in the middle.

"The Cable Plait. Take three pretty thick strands of hair of equal size, place one in the centre, take the left hand strand and lift it under the centre one, and over it, and back to its own place; take the right hand strand and lift that under the centre one, and over it, and back to its place; work on thus alternately to the end. The best way of weaving this is to divide the back hair into two equal portions, and then make two 'cables,' and having twisted them round each other, to wind this double cable round the head.

"Much has been said relative to the treatment of the hair; and oils, balms, pomatums, creams, and greases without number have been recommended for its nourishment. Cleanliness, however, and friction are its best stimulants and improvers. We do not advocate the use of sharp-pointed scratching combs, neither do we approve of those very hard brushes with which some persons delight to torture themselves; but a moderately stiff brush, with bristles about three-quarters of an inch in length, will cleanse the hair well and also produce a warm glow on the skin, and this should be well used morning and evening every day, and then the hair polished with a softer brush. Cold water is the best wash for the hair; soaps, generally speaking, contain too much alkali and pungent matter to act beneficially on the skin of the head; but boiling water poured on bran, left to stand until cool, and then well strained off, washes long hair very

nicely. If the hair has a tendency to fall off, the skin of the head may be brushed with a small hardish brush dipped in honey-water, or

rosemary-water, or distilled vinegar, morning and night for a few days, and then brushed with the hair-brush until it glows."

COLDS AND COLD WATER.

FOUR or five years ago, a writer in "Tait's Magazine" made some remarks on this subject, which cannot be too much pressed upon the attention of the public. He pertinently inquires: Who has not had a cold? or, rather, who has not had many colds? Who does not know that malady which commences with slight chilliness, an uneasy feeling of being unwell, which does not justify abstinence from the ordinary business and occupations of the day, but deprives one of all satisfaction and enjoyment in them, and takes away all the salt and savor of life, even as it deprives the natural palate of its proper office, making all things that should be good to eat and drink, vapid and tasteless? Few people take much notice of colds; and yet, let any one who is even moderately liable to their attacks keep an account of the number of days in each year when he has been shut out by a cold from a full perception of the pleasures and advantages of life, and he will find that he has lost no inconsiderable portion of the sum total of happy existence through their malign influence.

Of places in which colds are caught it is not necessary to be particular. A cold may be caught anywhere; on the moor or on the loch; travelling by land or by water; by rail or by stage; or in a private carriage, or walking in the streets; or sitting, at home or elsewhere, in a draught or out of a draught, but more especially in it. Upon a statistical return of the places in which colds have been caught, by persons of both sexes, and under twenty-one years of age, founded upon the answers of the patients themselves, it appears that more colds are caught upon the journey in going to school and at church than at the theatre and in ball-rooms. Upon the returns, however, from ladies with grown-up daughters and nieces, it appears, from their own statements, that more colds are caught at evening parties than anywhere else; which is in remarkable discrepancy with the statements of the young ladies themselves, as before mentioned. The same curious want of agreement is found to prevail as to the number of colds caught on water-parties, picnics, archery-meetings, and the like, which,

according to one set of answers, never give rise to colds, but which would certainly be avoided by all prudent persons if they gave implicit belief to the other.

Of the remedy for colds something must be said. As with other evils, the remedy may exist either in the shape of prevention or of cure, and of course should be most sought after, by prudent people, in the former. Much ancestral wisdom has descended to us in maxims and apothegms on the prevention and management of colds. Our grandmothers are right when they inculcate an active avoidance of draughts of air, when they enjoy warm clothing, and especially woollen stockings and dry feet. Their recommendation of bed and slops is generally good, and their "sentence of water-gruel" in most cases is very just, and better than any other for which it could be commuted; but when they lay down the well-known and authoritative dogma, stuff a cold and starve a fever, they are no longer to be trusted. This is a pernicious saying, and has caused much misery and illness. Certain lovers of antiquity, in their anxiety to justify this precept, would have us to take it in an ironical sense. They say, stuff a cold and starve a fever; that is, if you commit the absurdity of employing too generous a diet in the earlier stages of a cold, you will infallibly bring on a fever, which you will be compelled to reduce by the opposite treatment of starvation. This, however, may be rejected as mere casuistry. For every cold is accompanied with some fever, the symptoms of which are more or less obvious, and it indicates the presence in the system of something which ought not to be there, and which is seeking its escape. Every facility should be given to this escape which is consistent with the general safety of the system. All the remedies of hot water for the feet, warming the bed, exciting gentle perspiration, are directed to this object. Occasionally, the excitement of an evening passed in society, especially if there is dancing, and in a room of somewhat elevated temperature, is sufficient to carry off an incipient cold. So a cold may be stopped, *in limine*, by

the use of a few drops of laudanum; and so, perhaps, the stimulus of some slight excess in eating or drinking may operate to eject the advancing cold before it has completely lodged itself in the system. But this is a dangerous practice, and the same object may be effected far more safely and surely by the common nursing and stay-at-home remedies.

Of all prophylactic or precautionary measures (in addition, of course, to prudent attention to dress and diet), the best is the constant use of the cold bath.

The exact method of applying the cold element must depend on the constitution of the patient. For the very vigorous and robust, the actual plunge-bath may not be too much; but few are able to stand this, for the great abstraction of animal heat by the surrounding cold fluid taxes the calorific powers of the system severely; nor is a convenient swimming or plunge-bath generally attainable. A late lamented and eminent legal functionary, who lived near the banks of the Thames, bathed in the river regularly every morning, summer and winter, and, it is said, used to have the ice broken, when necessary in the latter season. He continued this practice to a good old age, and might have sat for the very picture of health. The shower-bath has the merit of being attainable by most persons, at any rate when at home, and is now made in various portable shapes. The shock communicated by it is not always safe; but it is powerful in its action, and the first disagreeable sensation after pulling the fatal string is succeeded by a delicious feeling of renewed health and vitality. The dose of water is generally made too large; and, by diminishing this, and wearing one of the high-peaked or extinguisher caps now in use, to break the fall of the descending torrent upon the head, the terrors of the shower-bath may be abated, while the beneficial effects are retained.

But for nearly all purposes the sponge is sufficient, used with one of the round flat baths which are now so common. Cold water, thus applied, gives sufficient stimulus to the skin; and the length of the bath, and the force with which the water is applied, are entirely under command. The sponge-bath, followed by friction with a rough towel, has cured thousands of that habitual tendency to catch cold, which is so prevalent in this climate, and made them useful and happy members of society. The large tin sponging-bath is itself not sufficiently portable to be carried as railway luggage, but there are many substitutes. India-rubber has been for some time pressed into this service, either in the shape of a mere sheet to be laid on the floor,

with a margin slightly raised to retain the water, or in a more expensive form, in which the bottom consists of a single sheet of the material, while the side is double, and can be inflated so as to become erect, in the same manner as the India-rubber air-cushions.

Armed with his sponge and his portable bath, a man may go through life, defying some of its worst evils. With his peptic faculties in that state of efficiency in which the daily cold affusion will maintain them, he will enjoy his own dinners; he will not grudge his richer neighbor his longer and more varied succession of dishes, and he will do his best to put his poorer one in the way to improve his humbler and less certain repast. With his head and eyes clear and free from colds, he will think and see for himself, and will discern and act upon the truth and the right, disregarding the contemptuous sneezes of those who would put him down, and the noisy coughs of those who would drown his voice when lifted up in the name of humanity and justice.

A HINT TO THE DISCONTENTED.

ALL human situations have their inconveniences. We feel those that we find in the present, and we neither feel nor see those that exist in another. Hence we often make troublesome changes without amendment, and frequently for the worse. In my youth I was a passenger in a little sloop descending the Delaware. There being no wind, we were obliged, when the tide was spent, to cast anchor and wait for the next. The heat of the sun on the vessel was excessive, the company strangers to me, and not very agreeable. Near the river side I saw what I took to be a pleasant green meadow, in the middle of which was a large shady tree, where, it struck my fancy, I could sit and read—having a book in my pocket—and pass the time agreeably until the tide turned. I, therefore, prevailed with the captain to put me ashore. Being landed, I found the greatest part of my meadow was really a marsh, in crossing which, to come at my tree, I was up to my knees in mire; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes before mosquitoes in swarms found me out, attacked my legs, hands, and face, and made my reading and my rest impossible; so that I returned to the beach and called for the boat to come and take me on board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had striven to quit, and also the laugh of the company. Similar cases in affairs of life have since fallen under my observation. — *Franklin.*

CHARADES IN ACTION.

Answer to Charade in last number—REST-ORATION.

FOR the benefit of those who were not subscribers when the "Acting Charades" were commenced to be published, we republish the

INTRODUCTION.

This game is, as its name expresses it, a charade, acted instead of spoken. The two most celebrated performers of the party choose "their sides," and, whilst the one group enacts the charade, the other plays the part of audience. A word is then fixed upon by the *corps dramatique*; and "my first, my second, and my whole" is gone through as puzzlingly as possible in dumb show, each division making a separate and entire act. At the conclusion of the drama, the guessing begins on the part of the audience. If they are successful, they in turn perform; if not, they still remain as audience.

The great rule to be observed in Acting Charades is—silence. Nothing more than an exclamation is allowed. All the rest must be done in the purest pantomime.

If, in the working out of the plot, there should be some sentence that it is impossible to express in dumb-show, and yet must be made clear to the audience, then placards may be used. As Hamlet says, they must "speak by the card."

This license may also be taken advantage of in the scenic department. For instance, it would be utterly impossible for the audience to know that the drawing-room wall before them is meant to represent a "magnificent view on the Rhine," or "the wood of Ardennes by moonlight," unless some slight hint to that effect is dropped beforehand. In this case, it is better to follow the plan so much in vogue about Queen Elizabeth's time, and which, for simplicity and cheapness, has never been surpassed. At the commencement of each act, hang against the wall a placard stating the scene that ought to be represented.

The audience nowadays are no doubt quite as accommodating as in the sixteenth century. Then, the same curtain that had served for "Ye pavelyon of Kinge Richarde," could, in the waving of a placard, be changed into "Ye feildes of Bosworthe;" and there is no doubt but that, in these days, a fashionable drawing-

room assembly would believe anything you could tell them.

By this simple method, the most expensive scenery can be commanded at any time. The palaces can be golden without any additional cost, and lakes can be fairy-like at a moment's notice. There is also this advantage: as each spectator will be his own scene-painter, the views are sure of giving general satisfaction.

Another very important point with Acting Charades is the proper delivery of the gestures in the pantomimic readings of the parts. Every actor ought to study the different expressions and suitable actions of the passions. So much depends upon this that, under these circumstances, perhaps it would be better to draw up a kind of code of expressions, or laws for the better regulation of frowns, smiles, and gestures.

LOVE, one would think, is too well known to require many directions. The pressing of the left side of the waistcoat or the book-muslin, the tender look at the ceiling, and the gentle and elegant swinging of the body have, since the days of Vestris, always accompanied the declaration of a true devotion in the upright and dumb individual. The flame may perhaps be made a little more devouring by the kissing of a miniature, or the embracing of a well-oiled ringlet or figure-of-six curl.

RAGE, like a mean husband, can only be managed by fits and starts. It may be pictured to an almost maddening amount by the frequent stamping of the foot and the shaking of the fist. Frowning and grinding of teeth should be accompanied by opening the eyes to their greatest possible size; and, if a great effect is desired to be produced, the room may be paced, provided the legs of the performer are of a sufficient length to enable him to take the entire length of the apartment in three or four strides.

IN DESPAIR, the action is slightly altered; there, the limbs must almost seem to have lost their power. The actor must sink into a chair, pass his hand through his hair, with his five fingers spread open, like a bunch of carrots; or else, letting his arms fall down by his side, remain perfectly still, like a little boy on a frosty day, either gazing at his boots or the

ceiling. Despair is made more tragic by a slight laugh; but this must only be attempted by the very best tragedians, on the principle that laughter, like the measles, is very catching.

HOPE, like a sovereign sent by post, is seldom properly delivered. Here there must be no violent gestures—everything must be soft and pleasant. The finger must be occasionally raised to the ear, and the performer's countenance wear a bright smile and a look of deep intensity, as if listening to the soft still voice within. The ceiling may be looked at frequently, and the bosom pressed; but, if great care is not taken, and the hands are not frequently clasped at arms' length, the audience will be imagining you are in love—and in a state of love, of course, one is quite hopeless.

DISDAIN is perhaps the easiest passion to be expressed. The dignified waving of the hand, and the scornful look, gradually descending from top to toe, are well known to all who have been mistaken for waiters at evening parties. The eyes should be partly closed, the nose, if possible, turned up, the lips curved, and the countenance gently raised to the ceiling.

If any embracing should be required in the course of the piece, it is, under the present arbitrary laws of society and mothers, better to leave this interesting process to husbands and wives.

The effect, from the sheer novelty of the situation, will be startling. If they should refuse, the old theatrical plan should be resorted to—press heads over each other's shoulders, and look down each other's backs.

Many pieces conclude with a blessing. This is simply done by raising both the hands over the heads of the kneeling couple, looking steadily at the ceiling till the eyes begin to water, and moving the lips slowly, as if muttering. At the conclusion, the tear can be dashed away, and always has a very pretty effect. Weeping is generally performed by burying the face in the

handkerchief, bending the head to the breast, and nodding it violently.

The great difficulty to be overcome in Acting Charades is the absence of a theatrical wardrobe.

Very often it is necessary to dress as a Roman, a Persian, or a Turk. Sometimes an ancient knight is wanted in full armor. We have known Louis XIV. called for in a full court dress, and only five minutes allowed for the toilet. In all these trials, the mind must be exerted with high-pressure ingenuity. The most prominent characteristic of the costumer must be seized and represented. In the Roman, a sheet will do for a toga; in the knight, the coal-scuttle for helmet, and the dish-cover for breast-plate, make capital armor; and in Louis XIV., the ermine victorine wig for well-powdered peruke, and the dressing-gown for embroidered coat, would express pretty well the desired costume.

Great-coats, veils, whips, walking-sticks, aprons, caps, and gowns must be seized upon and used in the dressing up of the characters. No expense should be spared, and every sacrifice be made, even though the incidents of the piece should include the upsetting of a tray of tea-things, or the blacking of all the young ladies' faces.

ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON. HIS CHARGER.
BRITISH ARMY. NAPOLEON.
FRENCH ARMY. SENTINEL.

SCENE 1—*The Plains of Waterloo. The British Camp.*

ALARUM of trumpets.

Enter the DUKE OF WELLINGTON at the head of the BRITISH ARMY. The Duke is mounted on his charger, and wears a blue cloak,



and a cocked hat made with the *Times*. The Army goes through its evolutions of presenting brooms, &c. The Duke addresses his men in a short pantomimic speech, and the troops, wav-

ing their hats in the air, swear to follow him to death.

Exit Duke of Wellington, his Charger, and the British Army.

SCENE 2—*The Plains of Waterloo. The French Camp.*

Alarum of drums.

Enter NAPOLEON, leading on the FRENCH ARMY. To show that he is Emperor, he either stands with his hands behind him, or else looks through a telescope of a sheet of music. He wears a cocked hat, and a cut-away coat, turned up with white paper facings. He has high

boots of japan table-cover rolled round his legs. He makes a short address to the Army, and they all kneel down to him and beg of him to believe in them. He is visibly affected, and takes snuff repeatedly. He blesses them, and they rise. Having placed a SENTINEL at the window curtain,

Exit Napoleon and the French Army.



SCENE 3—*Night-time.*

The Sentinel is on duty pacing the room with shouldered broom.

Enter NAPOLEON, in deep thought. He walks up and down the room with his hands behind him.

The Sentinel perceives him, and presenting his arms, he challenges Napoleon. The Empe-



ror hesitates, when Sentinel draws from his pocket a placard, on which is written "*On ne passe pas.*"

Napoleon is delighted, and declares himself. The Sentinel kneels, and the Emperor gives him a "*croix d'honneur*."

Enter FRENCH ARMY.

ACT II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SAILOR. HIS SWEETHEARTS. COMPANIONS.
JEWS. LANDLORD.

SCENE—*Portsmouth. Outside of an Inn, with a placard of "The Jolly Tar," being a sign over the door.*

ENTER SAILOR, with bundle on the end of the stick on his shoulder. He throws away his luggage and dances a hornpipe.

Enter his SWEETHEARTS (*music*), who take his arms, and dance round the room with him. At the end of the dance, Sweethearts declare their love for Sailor, who, untying his bundle, gives to one a shawl, to another a handkerchief, and to a third a necklace.

Enter LANDLORD, who bows respectfully to Sailor. He asks him what he would like to drink. The Sailor orders grog all round, which the Landlord immediately places on the table. The Sailor pulls from his pocket a heavy purse to



pay Landlord, and he is immediately surrounded by his Sweethearts, who begin coaxing him.

Enter JEWS, dressed in dressing-gowns, and long beards of tobacco gummed on their chins.



They gather round the Sailor, and commence flattering him. One offers him a watch, and another a coat, whilst the remainder exhibit bracelets and ear-rings for his Sweethearts.

The Sailor is captivated with the watch, and offers the Jew money for it, which is refused indignantly. The Sweethearts press him to purchase the ear-rings, and Sailor is overcome, and presents them with all the Jews have brought. He also takes the watch.

Exeunt Jews laughing and jingling their money.

Enter LANDLORD with his bill. The Sailor has no more money, and cannot pay him. The Landlord grows impatient, and demands the watch in payment. It is given to him.

Exit Sailor with his Sweethearts, and the Landlord laughing.



ACT III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ENGLISH GENTLEMAN. HIS WIFE.

HIS FAMILY. PASSENGERS.

GENDARMES. HOTEL TOUTERS.

SCENE—*The Pier at Boulogne. A bell is heard ringing to announce the arrival of the Steamer.*

ENTER GENDARMES, who stand in a file with drawn walking-sticks, waiting for the Passengers.

Enter PASSENGERS with carpet-bags in their hands. Each one presents his Passport, and is allowed to proceed.



Enter HOTEL TOUTERS, who gather round



TABLEAU.

A P L E A.

BY CLARENCE MORTON.

SAY not, because a heart seems cold,
That 'tis without one tinge of gladness;
There is a host of spells untold,
Which wake the tear of mirth or sadness.

Dark shades in each one's life appear,
Which add a charm e'en to the sainted;
For how can smiles, without a tear,
Make up life's picture happy painted?

Passengers, and offer them their hotel cards, beseeching their patronage.

Enter ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, HIS WIFE, and HIS FAMILY, who are stopped by the Gendarmes.

English Gentleman is disgusted at such behavior, and in strong action inveighs against such a want of hospitality. The Hotel Touters gather round his wife, and with compliments beseech her to patronize them. His Wife is



overcome by their praises, and delivers to them the carpet-bags, cloaks, and umbrellas.

Exeunt Hotel Touters dancing.

The English Gentleman is unable to speak the French language, though he understands it perfectly. The Gendarmes in vain endeavor to make him comprehend that they require his passport. They threaten to take him and his Wife and Children to prison, and he defies them to it. His Wife, in her alarm, delivers over to them several articles she had attempted to smuggle. The Gendarmes are not satisfied, and seize English Gentleman. His Wife and family weep.

Enter GENDARME with placard, on which is written "*passport.*" The English Gentleman clasps his hands, whilst his Wife, pointing after the Hotel Touters, declares that it is in her carpet-bag.

Exeunt English Gentleman, his Wife, and Family, in close custody of Gendarmes.

"Hope gilds the face with rosy smiles,"
But grief each sigh and tear will borrow;
With wrinkles, mirth the hours beguiles,
And lends a lustre e'en to sorrow.

And yet, why rail at Heaven's decree,
Because this world has some alloy?
Were it not so, 'tis plain to see,
We'd have no contrast—hence no joy.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"ANNA," screamed Mrs. Locke. We are sorry to accept so undignified a word for the tone of voice used by that most fascinating of belles; but Mrs. Locke was stationed behind the curtain of the second story front room window, and her sister was dressing her hair at the very back of the house.

"Well?" inquired Miss Paine, half turning from the mirror to listen.

"Another present for the bride; a large white box, from Glenn's, I should say; but I can't make it out exactly; Harry!"

Miss Paine, catching at the skirt of her dressing-gown, fled through the intervening room.

"I think that is one of Bailey's men; he's been there twice already. I noticed that green coat with the white buttons. Depend upon it—more silver."

"That's twenty-three parcels I've counted," said Mrs. Locke. "I expect she will have very handsome presents."

"Oh, some must have been her dresses and things; but she ought to have—all her relations are rich."

"They are lighting the gas in the back parlor already. I should not wonder if they were going to have a rehearsal to-night."

"I dare say; here comes the groom; if it was me, I shouldn't thank him to be so early every evening. So all that horseback riding turned out just as you always said it would."

Entirely unconscious of this neighborly observation, Harold Welsh hurried along in the early twilight, thinking only, as he turned the corner, that it was for the last time. To-morrow his probation ended, and when they returned to the city he should have a right to come and go just as he pleased; the right of a husband and son, in the house that held his promised bride. With all sweet dreams and fancies, far more unselfish and earnest than young men of four-and-twenty are apt to entertain, he sprang up the marble steps, and rang a quick summons to the servant who had received the "twenty-three parcels;" and who remarked to the cook, as he turned loungingly towards the door: "That bell seemed hung on wires, and that person could wait till his hurry was over."

The threat was not fulfilled, however; for the

bride herself, watching by the parlor window, had saved John the trouble for this occasion.

No wonder at this proof of her interest and eagerness for his coming. The happy Harold scarcely waited to place the door between them and Mrs. Locke still watching over the way, before he had given her such a kiss and embrace as you can imagine under the circumstances. though, when his lady-love's first half-smothered He could not help a feeling of disappointment ejaculation was—"Oh! it's you, is it, Harold?" while she resettled her discomposed collar and undersleeves.

"Who else did you suppose it was?" inquired the slightly piqued, but still devoted lover.

"Oh, don't get cross—there's a darling. But I thought it might be Cousin James; gravely, you know he hasn't been here for a week, and it's so strange! Not the first thing has come from him; not so much as a note or anything. Oh! Harold, I've had so many lovely things come to-day; all sorts of baskets and boxes, and ornaments, and silver; all my uncles and aunts have sent something in silver, and everything matches so beautifully. Isn't it queer about Cousin James? So rich, and my guardian, too, and always so fond of me! It must be something elegant when it does come. We've been talking it over, and every time the bell rang, you know, we thought it must be he, or his present. I told the girls I was sure it was, this time; I felt so somehow, so I ran to the door myself."

It was not particularly gratifying to know that his bride had been watching for a trinket instead of himself; but Harold was too happy to let that damp the delight he felt in being near his "little wife"—"almost," as he whispered in the hall, after a separation of so many hours. He was sorry to hear voices in the back parlor, so he kept her talking away while he made a great parade of unbuttoning his overcoat, and drawing off his gloves.

"You must not mind how I look, to-night," she ran on, giving her apron a little stroke; "people never do look like anything or pretend to dress, the week before they are married, Albertina says, and she has been bridesmaid ever so many times. She was astonished when she found I had made no difference all the while,

and advised me to keep on my morning-dress to-night at any rate. She thinks Cousin James intends to send a whole tea service, or a very elegant set of ornaments; she says she shouldn't be surprised if he gave diamonds. But I forgot you hadn't seen the things. They are all set out on the sofa-table in the back parlor, except your mother's; there wasn't room for that, so it's on the piano, and by and by we are going to arrange them in the dressing-room up stairs."

"I'm glad you told me what it all means," said Harold, as he bowed to Miss Albertina Willis, first bridesmaid, and Ellen Ward the third; the intervening damsel had not yet arrived. "I should say you were getting up a fancy fair, or something of that kind, if I did not know. Needle-books and cologne bottles! What a collection!"

"Oh, don't," called out the bride, rescuing an embroidered white satin *sachet* from his careless handling; "there isn't a needle-book in the whole, you provoking man. And that pair of colognes are real Bohemian, and came from Glenn's; they haven't been in the house ten minutes; they're Mrs. Jacob's present, and must have cost immensely, Albertina says; and she has priced these things so often."

"So they are to be ranged according to market value. The regard of the giver has nothing to do with the transaction, only the length of purse they imply. This is rather pretty."

It was a taper stand, one of those trifling affairs one sees on every *étagère*.

"Mrs. Grimes"—he read the card attached. "You ought to put the price down in dollars and cents, under each, or mark it on the bottom of the article, as they do in the china shops."

"Oh, you're joking now. I know you think just as I do, that it's very mean in Mrs. Grimes, when I made Agnes such a lovely present last year. I don't think she would like to see the price put down very well; I expected something elegant from her. Isn't this lace-set beautiful? That's from Aunt Jane."

"Rather."—It was plain to see he did not know one present from another, as he carelessly ruffled the *Alençon* chemisette the young ladies had been in ecstasies over.—"How many dollars' worth of affection, Jenny?"

"Oh, it must have been—but I've no idea—immense," said the future Mrs. Harold in all good faith.

"Here's the silver all by itself," said Ellen Ward. "See, what a lovely pair of sets!"

"And what are these? Muffin rings? One, two, three, four; why, there must be nine or ten Oh, napkin rings, are they? Well, how

many napkins are we to use at once? How tidy we shall have to be to display them all! And what is that trowel there?"

"A pie-knife," exclaimed the third bridesmaid, wondering if Mr. Welsh was really as ignorant as he pretended, but not knowing him well enough to ask.

"Why, there's two of them," said Harold. "Then I can always ask for two pieces of pie. How fortunate!"

"Oh, that's nothing," interposed Albertina. "Why, Alice Lawton had eight pairs of butter-knives, I recollect, all marked with her name in full, so it was impossible to exchange them. To be sure it would be nicer if one of these was a crumb-scraper."

"How long since silver crumb-brushes came in?" inquired Harold.

"Not brushes; a knife something like this, or this more;" and she held up a massive fish-knife, elaborately engraved with dolphins, while the fork was in the form of a trident. "See how heavy this is! Mrs. Frank Welsh has really been very kind."

"Oh, that's my relation. Why is everybody expected to shell out on these occasions?"

"Shell out! What an expression, Harold!" said the bride elect, poutingly. She thought he was not half as much pleased as he should have been. For her part, she had been in such a state of excitement all day over her new possessions that she could scarcely wait for evening to come, that he could share her raptures. The very wrapping-paper and twine, and packing-boxes, had a charm for her.

"Mrs. Egbert Welsh sent that pair of preserve-spoons," said the matter-of-fact Ellen Ward, on whom the business of this display would principally fall, and who was losing no time in getting the catalogue for her wares by heart—we believe it is a part of regular bridal etiquette for the third bridesmaid to undertake "the fancy-table"—"Mrs. Jones, the saltspoons lined with gold, you see, and gold mustardspoon. Miss Grant, the tea-strainer. Mrs. Pyne, the icecream-knife. Hannah Richards, the ladle—no, she sent the oyster-ladle—this is marked Mrs. Tom Barker, and belongs to the family-set here. A dozen teaspoons, desserts, and tablespoons in this case, Mr. and Mrs. John Barker. Two dozen forks, breakfast and tea, Mrs. Edward. Sugar, Mrs. Henry. Cream, Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins Barker."

"See, how heavy they are!" added the bride, who, running to the window, another ring having announced the arrival of a disappointment in the shape of the baker's boy with fresh buns

for tea, had returned in time to take pride in this display of liberality on the part of her own family.

"Very," said Harold gravely, balancing a fork which he had taken from the velvet-lined purple morocco case. "Your Uncle Edward loves you so many ounces, 'warranted genuine.' Your Uncle and Aunt John so many more. Well, I have heard of 'weighing affection,' but I always considered it a figure of speech till now."

"Oh, you may say what you please, Harold; it's *very kind* in them; and mamma says, every young couple ought to have their silver in readiness."

"Particularly, after her stipulation that you should always live with her; and she has everything in this line all ready."

"But how should I manage if Cousin James should send a whole tea-service," said the bride, "so as not to offend Uncle Henry and Uncle Tompkins? I wish they had chosen anything else, something entirely useful, silver egg-boilers, say."

"He will, you may depend upon it," said Albertina Willis. "The winter I was in Savannah, there was Georgia Berrian's uncle, just like your Cousin James, only he was a planter instead of a merchant, and a very old gentleman; her uncle instead of her father's cousin; but he was her guardian, I mean. He did not come to the wedding, but two weeks before, the most enormous packing-box arrived from Charleston by the steamer. Well, all *rushed* to see it opened; and what *do* you think it turned out to be? A dressing-bureau! Georgia was *too used to live*, and I didn't blame her at all, knowing how rich Le Roy Pickens was always considered. It was rosewood, to be sure, and elegantly carved; but only think of a *dressing-bureau* for a bridal-present!"

"Look out for a wash-stand from Cousin James," said Harold, highly amused at the story, with its marked emphasis; "a wash-stand, and towel-frame to match."

"Nonsense!" returned the bride, to whom the story was tolerably familiar, this being the fourth repetition. "Hear the rest of it. Be quiet, or I shall pinch your arm severely, Harold."

But Harold continued his bantering.

"I imagine her emotions when her guests took up the tickets so: 'Le Roy Pickens, one dressing-bureau, forty-five dollars!' Am I to make out the tickets for these things? You must have a catalogue, a catalogue by all means, Miss Ward. That will save quantities of trouble. I am to page the third. 'Lot No. 19, two dozen tea-

spoons, Mrs. Tom Barker, valued at how much, Jenny?'"

"Uncle and Aunt John sent the spoons. Listen now. Go on, Albertina."

"Well," said Albertina, "after a while, we thought we might as well have the bureau set up, as plenty of drawers were wanted, you may be sure, with ten bridesmaids, seven of us staying in the house! I remember, there wasn't a nail that would have held another thing! And what do you think? When we came to open the first drawer, there was a set of linen cambric handkerchiefs—it was a small side drawer—and half a dozen French collars; and a whole piece of Valenciennes lace; and dear knows what all! You should have seen us tearing out the things after that; the most elegant dresses; and a white watered mantilla—I recollect, it was the year they first came out—a crape shawl, and elegant fan, and even a sunshade; a whole wardrobe complete, that he had sent North for, it seems. You never saw such a looking room as it was when we got through. Every chair, and table, and the floor piled up with things!"

"Dear Jenny, I *hope* your Cousin James won't copy that remarkable fashion."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because the house certainly would not hold any more dresses, and bonnets, and things. Only recollect how many times I've escorted you to Miss Wharton's. And it must be three months, at least, that I've walked over that unfortunate seamstress in the bent bonnet, who is always going home just as I come!"

"Oh, one *can't* have too much," said Albertina, emphatically. "If I was going to be married, I should make it a point to have a different dress, and lace-set, for every party, and a bonnet for every walking-dress. I can't see the *least* use in being married without having plenty of new things!"

"I dare say," said the bridegroom. "Where's your mother, Jenny?"

"I've hardly had a glimpse of her all day; she's so busy about the collation. That puts me in mind; she wanted to see you, when you came in, about the wine. I guess you'll find her in the dining-room."

"Suppose you go with me, to show me the way."

"Why, if Cousin James *should* come, or send—for, you see, I am sure, being my guardian, it will be something superb—I shouldn't like to be out of the way."

"Yes," said Albertina, "after watching ever since one o'clock."

"But," suggested Ellen Ward, "we could bring it right up, you know."

"Pray, don't trouble yourself," said Harold. He was only mortal man, and could not help being a *little* vexed. "I can find your mother, I dare say."

"Oh, don't be disagreeable, Harold." And a lover's quarrel would certainly have ensued, if the bride had not thought better of it, and followed him into the hall. "You're not angry with me?"

"No, darling;" and he smoothed the half frown away from his face, as she nestled close in his arm going up the broad staircase. "But these pomps and vanities seem so unsuited to all I have been thinking and feeling to-day. I suppose I have not got over my disappointment in not finding you alone to-night."

"But you will have me all to yourself after to-morrow."

"True, my little bride;" and his heart gave a great bound at the thought.

"And, you see, if we did not have at least one rehearsal—most people have three or four—there might be some disagreeable mistake, and that would spoil all."

"All?"

"The wedding, I mean."

But it was a very irksome evening notwithstanding. The groomsmen would not understand the precise order of *entrée*—Harold persisted in calling it "learning the figure"—and the second bridesmaid had a cold, and was obliged to stay at home, and nurse herself for the next day. Her place was supplied for the time being by Mrs. Barker, the mother of the bride, who, being constitutionally nervous, and especially flurried when so many things still remained to be looked after, went wrong continually, and was called off as soon as she began to enter into the spirit of the thing.

Albertina, mistress of ceremonies, by virtue of her long experience, was "in despair" every five minutes; and it was wonderful how she managed to survive at all. The door-bell rang continually, and the bride as often broke away from "her partner," and flew to the hall, to receive the head waiter engaged for the next day, or some band-box, or parcel, or message from the milliner or dressmaker; but no parcel from the delinquent guardian, who was so strongly forgetful, considering that he had heartily approved of the engagement at the first, and was the wealthiest of all Miss Jenny Barker's well-to-do relatives.

"I wouldn't mind so much, at any rate, only every one will talk so," she said to Harold, who felt himself compelled to leave without having

seen her alone ten minutes; yet when he came, it had seemed as if he could not say half that was in his heart for a month at least. It was so full of bright hopes, and the new duties he was to take upon himself, and fears lest he should fail in making that dear girl as happy as she should be.

"What should *we* care for any one, Jenny, when we have each other. And really, I don't see what more a woman's heart could wish than such a shower of beautiful things. I was only teasing. I think your presents very handsome, dear, and it's very kind in our friends."

Just then, at the very latest possible hour, the messenger so watched for was heard ascending the steps.

"I sha'n't turn my head this time," said the bride, despondingly. "I know it's too late for Cousin James now."

Very likely it was, for he was a middle-aged gentleman of very regular habits, who had dispatched his office-boy with the parcel and note now delivered early in the evening. Why they had just arrived was best known to the messenger himself, who did not wait for explanations.

It seemed as if that string would never come untied. Harold took pity on the impatient, fluttering little fingers, and cut it with his knife finally. One, two, three wrappers!

"And it's so heavy. What can it be?" said the bride, eagerly.

Then a strong pasteboard packing-box edged with blue. Harold began to comprehend the mystery; but nothing was further from the young girl's excited imagination than the plain, substantially-bound "Oxford Family Bible," which presented itself when the cover was raised.

Tears of disappointment and mortification sprang to her eyes as she looked up to Harold.

He was sorry for her, though, to him, it seemed a very wise and proper gift from the judicious guardian, who had always had her best welfare at heart. He wondered that no one, not even his own good mother, in all their circle of relatives, had made the same choice.

"Read the note, Jenny," he said, soothingly, as he would have done to a grieved, disappointed child, putting it into her hand.

She gave it back to him open; but she could not make it out through her tears. They were alone now; so, he drew her head down on his shoulder, and read in his grave, manly voice—

"I send you an unusual gift, dear child, for you have always been as dear to me as my own could have been; yet I can think of no other

so suitable, coming from me, at this time. A family Bible is not what it used to be in my young days; not held in such loving reverence, or consulted with the faith and trust of the old time. Still, knowing Harold as I do, and how readily you are won to the right way when it is set before you, I hope that in your household it will never be neglected and unused, as it is in so many homes.

"I do not approve of bridal-presents in the light they have come to be considered. They are too often only vehicles of ostentatious display, oftentimes ill-afforded, and given grudgingly in secret; and the truest friends are wounded by seeing their modest offerings, placed in glittering contrast with what has cost far less thought and care, overlooked or slighted by the recipient for some useless bauble. Envy and heart-burning; every kind of ill-feeling seems, to me, to grow out of this much-abused custom. I had made up my mind to discontinue it in future, before I knew that I was so soon to be called on to give you away. Harold could not ask anything more precious at my hands; and tell him, from me,

that if at any time my counsel, credit, or more tangible proof of the entire confidence I have in him will be of any service, he must not hesitate to call on me, as if I was his own father."

The reader's eyes grew misty now, while a smile of sudden satisfaction and pleasure flushed his bride's upraised face. It was so kindly said, that, in spite of her expectations, she could not be vexed at her guardian; and the disappointment began to lose its keenest edge.

"For yourself, my dear child, accept all I can offer of heartfelt good wishes and earnest prayers for your future happiness. I doubt not other friends have lavished more costly gifts. None have thought of you as I have this day in selecting mine, save, indeed, your mother and your future husband.

"God's blessing be on you both."

"What more could we ask, darling?" said Harold, kissing her forehead softly; and at that moment, free from all external worldly influences, she was ready to answer, "Nothing."

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES.

THE "Society of Arts," in carrying out their inquiries into the subject of trades and occupations injurious to health, have collected numerous particulars concerning those employments which affect the sight; and these having been published in a report, we make it the text of a few observations for the benefit of our readers.

First, it appears that the occupations really hurtful to the eyes are much fewer than was thought; it is not *work*, but *overwork* that does mischief. Want of care in the use of the eye is the fatal cause of nearly all cases of defective vision. To quote the words of the report: "Many of the affections seem due rather to ignorance, or neglect of well-known hygienic laws, than to anything essentially connected with the occupation of the workman." Here then is matter for congratulation; for, if people can only be convinced that the preservation of their sight depends mainly on themselves, there is reason to hope that a good result will follow.

Mr. Dixon, surgeon to the "Ophthalmic Hospital," says that the cases of "weak sight" which come under his care arise more from "over use of the eyes" than any other cause. Tailors and dressmakers are especially liable to

this weakness; they too often work long hours in a bent position, in an overheated and ill-ventilated room, while the practice of sewing black or dark-colored materials by candle-light very much aggravates the evil. Foul air affects the eye as well as the lungs. How cloudy one's sight becomes after sitting a couple of hours in an overcrowded chapel or meeting-room, or worst, in a confined work-room; and what a relief the eye feels on going into the open air. The sense of fulness disappears; the cloudiness vanishes, and the vigor of sight is renewed. But workpeople who overwork their eyes should be cautious on going suddenly into the cold air, as the strain renders them liable to the affection known as "catarrhal ophthalmia."

Among trades and occupations positively injurious to the eye, are masons, machinists, working-engineers, smelters, glassblowers, &c., the first three from chips of stone or metal striking the eye or getting under the lids, and the last two from excess of light. But it is possible to avoid the injury by the use of shades, of which the simplest and cheapest form is "a cup of fine wire, made to completely surround the eye, connected to its fellow, and retained in place by

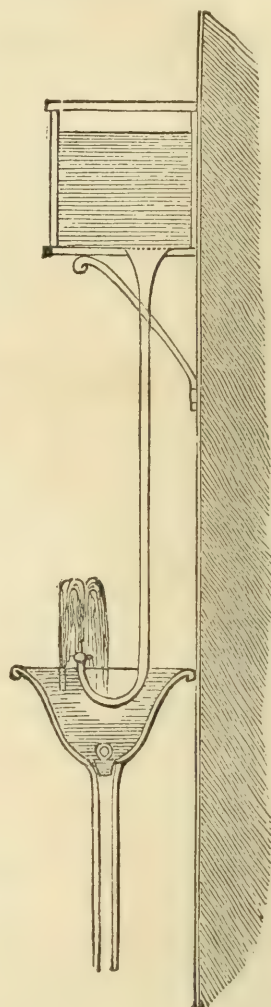
elastic bands." Another form is a cup of *papier maché*, with a front or eye-piece of common glass. What is wanted is a sufficient screen for the eye, without overheating it or depriving it of ventilation. In some cases, a spectacle-frame fitted with black or green crape, is a most useful contrivance; and there are few workmen who could not prepare it for themselves. Blacksmiths, stone-breakers, and all exposed to chance sparks or chips, should wear eye-screens.

The causes of injury may be briefly specified; and they ought to be remembered by those who value their sight. Overstraining; too little light; too much light; an unsteady or flickering light; having the light below the eyes; working in a too dry or overheated atmosphere; dust flue and grit; tobacco-smoke, and excess in the use of spirituous liquors; stooping or constrained postures; bad ventilation, and using the eye when the body is exhausted by want of rest, of food, or by mental distress. It is to low diet that paupers, when sent to break stones on the road, owe, in some cases, the loss of sight when the eye is struck by a chip of the stone.

Reading over the above list of causes suggests at once some of the practical remedies. For too much light, the remedy is a pale blue shade, or one made of a sheet of very dark-blue glass, and one of pale blue, slightly tinged with green, inserted between two sheets of pure plate-glass. This effectually intercepts the red rays, and these, as well as the yellow rays, are most injurious. Green and blue rays are those most fitted for the eye; but green and blue spectacles are not beneficial. A neutral tint, that is, no positive color, is best to wear as eye-preservers. People who work much in gas-light are apt to become short-sighted, probably from the irritation caused by the superabundance of yellow rays. The light should fall on the work, not on the eye. Tailors and needlewomen should, as much as possible, vary the color of the materials on which they sew, and work in a green light. In China, the females, who produce the delicate embroideries for which that country is famous, work in rooms where the light is tinted green as it enters by the windows.

In factories or workshops where dust and flue fly about, the eyes of the workpeople are always more or less exposed to irritation. In such cases, a means of washing the eye is beneficial. An apparatus called an "eye-douche" has been constructed for this purpose, of a very simple, yet effectual form, as will be seen by our engraving. The cistern, which should hold from three to four gallons of water, is to be fixed at a sufficient height against the wall, and fitted with a lid to

exclude dust. The tube leading from it is made funnel-shape at top, where a strainer is inserted

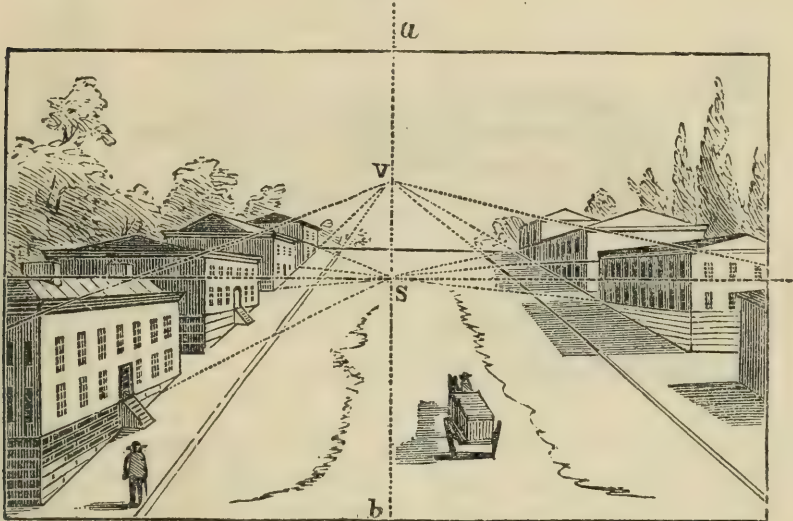


to insure that no impurities shall pass with the water. The other part of the tube need not be larger than a quarter-inch, turned up at the bottom, where it terminates in a rose, and is fitted with a tap. A workman wishing to wash his eye turns the tap; the water springs up through the rose; he bends his eye down to it, and washes and refreshes it at pleasure. The water, meantime, escapes through the bottom of the valved basin into a drain.

SHELL CAMEOS are said to be extensively manufactured as a substitute for the genuine, those being used which have three distinct layers of calcareous matter deposited one after the other in the formation of the shell. In manufacturing, the central layer forms the body of the bas-relief, the inner being the ground, while the third or external layer is made available to give a varied appearance to the surface of the design. They are wrought by sharp cutting tools held in the hand.

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

Fig. 17.



LESSON XVIII.

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (Continued.)

IN parallel perspective, the points of sight and of distance have been those chiefly made use of for determining outlines; but in oblique views they are of comparatively little use, and the sizes and forms of objects are chiefly regulated by *vanishing-points*, the rules for finding which will now be explained. In the street-view, fig. 2 (February number), and in all views in which lines and plane surfaces are in plan at right angles with the plane of the picture, the point of sight is the vanishing-point of such lines and planes; but in angular views, such as that in

fig. 4 (February number), the vanishing-points of the various sides of objects will lie to the right and left of the point opposite to the eye; and those of most objects will be found somewhere on the horizontal line.

But the statement just made respecting vanishing-points, that they will generally be found somewhere on the horizontal line, is only true as respects those of objects whose lines are parallel with the ground-plane. Many objects, and frequently the ground itself, are not parallel with the true ground-plane, but have various degrees and kinds of inclination. Thus, in the case of an *up-hill* view (fig. 17) in which the plane of the surface rises upwards from the spectator;

Fig. 18.

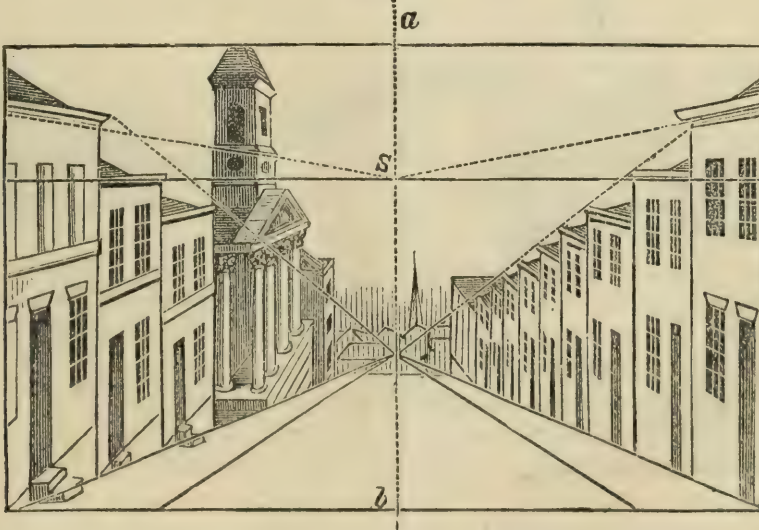
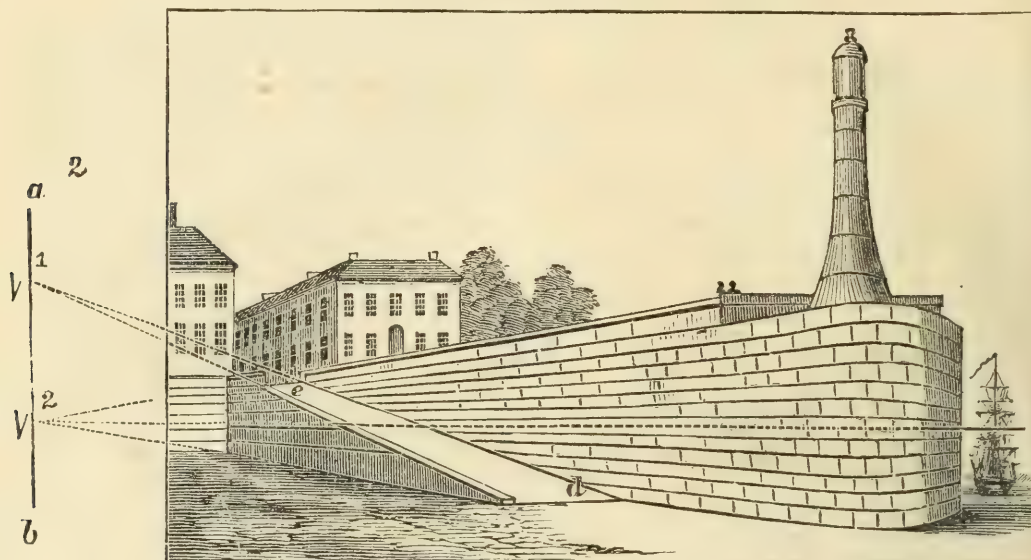


Fig. 19.

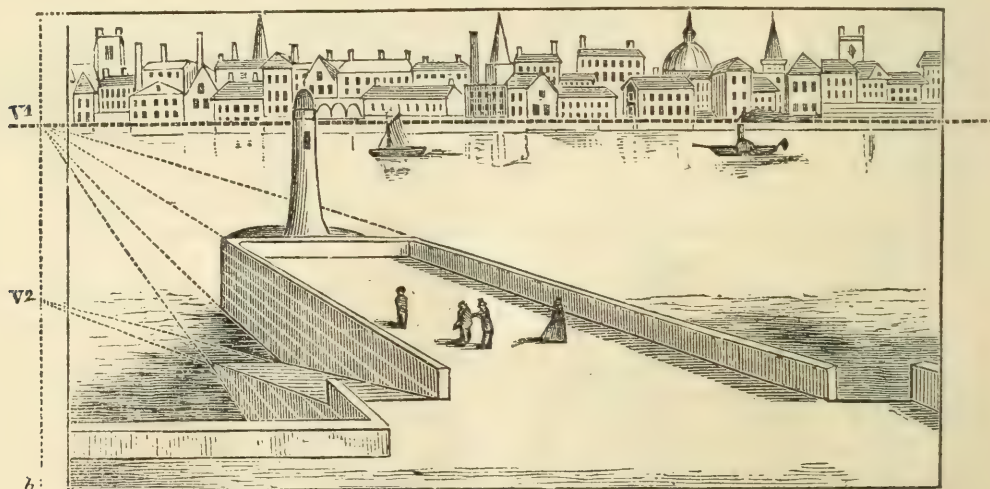


or of a *down-hill* (fig. 18) view in which the surface inclines downward from him; or of sloping objects, such as the roofs of many houses, which incline *side-ways* from him, the vanishing-points will obviously be either above or below the horizon, and the degree of their deviation from it will depend on the degree of the inclination. This brings us to the consideration of *inclined-planes*, the vanishing-points of which are always perpendicularly above or below those points on the horizontal line which would be their vanishing-points if the plane had no inclination.

The above figure (19), representing a jetty as seen from the river, with the inclined ascent up to it, demonstrates the mode of finding the vanishing-point of the inclined plane, the points *d* and *e* being first obtained by the perspective lines of the jetty. Produce *d e*, intersecting *a* at V^1 , which will be the vanishing-point of the incline; while V^2 on the horizontal line, intersecting the same line, will be the vanishing-point of the horizontal lines of the jetty. This is an up-hill view, at an angle with the spectator.

In the next figure (20), the spectator is supposed to be on the land, looking towards the

Fig. 20.

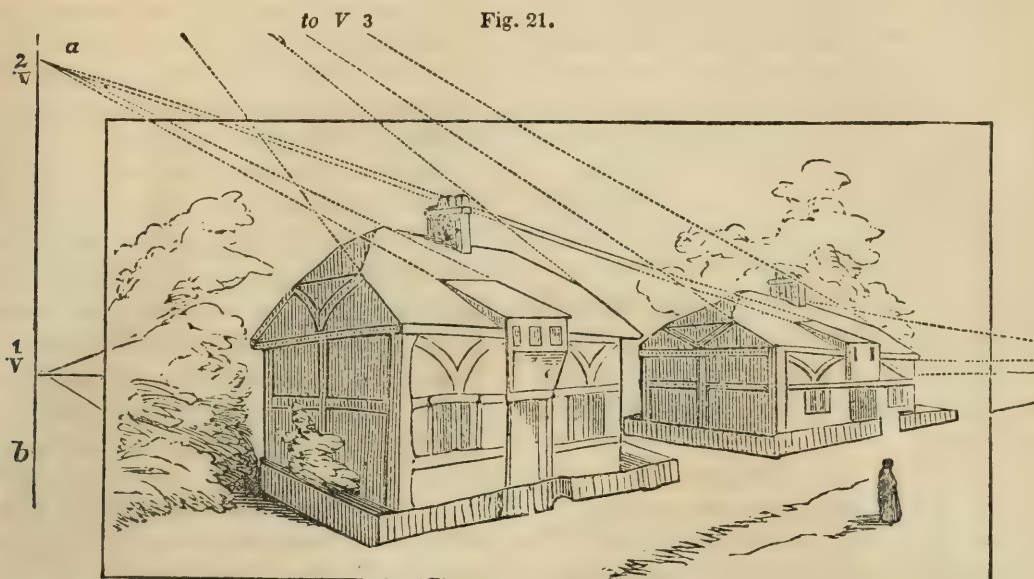


water; in this case the inclined plane becomes a down-hill view, at an angle with the spectator. Its vanishing-point V^2 is still found on the line *a b*, but in this case below instead of above V^1 , the vanishing-point, on the horizontal line, of the level part of the jetty.

Up hill and down-hill views opposite to the

spectator are regulated on the same principle; the point of sight being in these cases the vanishing-point of horizontal lines, while the inclined lines vanish at a point respectively above or below the point of sight, but on the same vertical line.

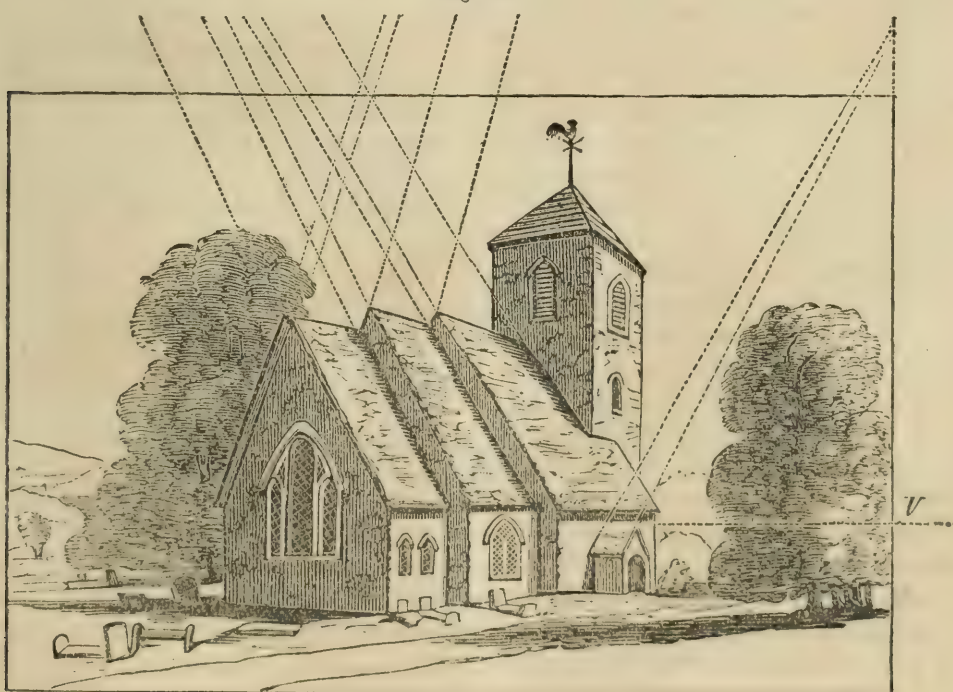
A slight consideration of these rules will



suffice to show that planes of various inclinations will have various vanishing-points, but that all these points will be found on a line perpendicular to the horizontal line, and passing through the vanishing-point of planes that are horizontal or parallel with the ground-plane. Thus, in fig. 21, which is a view of two cottages, the portions of the roofs over the upper windows are inclined planes, at a different degree of inclination from that of the other parts of the roofs, and therefore having a different vanishing-point V^2 on the line $a b$ (which passes through V^1 , the vanishing-point of the ends of the cottages on the ground-plane), V^3 being the vanishing-point of the roofs, on the same line $a b$.

Inclined planes, however, which, when drawn in elevation, are parallel with each other in all their sides, have in the perspective view the same vanishing-point, whatever be their position in the picture; if some only of the sides or lines be parallel, those sides or lines only will vanish at the same point; and if none of them be parallel, then each will have a separate vanishing-point of its own. An instance of this is seen in fig. 22, which is a view of a picturesque little church. In this view, to produce it in correct perspective, no less than five separate vanishing-points were necessary; which results from the planes of the side, end, porch, and roofs tending in five different directions.

Fig. 22.



BY-WAY SORROWS.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

CHAPTER I.

A SERPENT coiled around a heart. On that heart, the initials deep and bold, "A. W." What a grim seal it was! so black, so heavy; the serpent's tiny folds and forked tongue so clearly defined.

Hannah wiped her spectacles upon her check apron, and looked keenly over my shoulder.

"A very ugly, unnatural kind of a seal it is; don't, Miss Fanny, sit there any longer and look at it."

But I kept my seat. To be sure, it was a *very* small matter, that bit of black wax carelessly torn from a letter. I hardly knew why I had picked it up; yet, as it lay before me on the cherry-wood table, I gazed upon it with a strange, vague terror.

Aunt Esther came into the room a little while after. She had an open letter in her hand, and, as she sat down beside me, she bade me listen while she read—

"Your school-committee have engaged my services for the year. I shall be happy during that time to board with you. Your terms suit me, dear madam, and as you promised me a quiet home, I hope to remain with you all the while I am in Chipdale. ALICE WARREN."

"Why don't you speak, Fanny?" asked my aunt, as she folded the letter, and put it into her pocket. "I thought you were anxious Miss Warren should board with us; but now you do not seem satisfied."

"I don't think I will like her, Aunt Esther," I muttered, pushing, at the same time, the bit of wax towards her. "See there, what a strange seal she has put upon her letter; a *serpent*-seal!"

"You are a silly child," returned my aunt; and as she looked upon the device, she smiled, and said, as the old servant had done, "that it was certainly a very ugly, unnatural seal;" then she brushed it from the window, and falling among the long grass, I saw it no more.

But I was a dreamy, imaginative child; and the strange seal, which Alice Warren had perhaps unwittingly used, worked out its own mission with me.

"A splendid woman, that Miss Warren. May-be a little cold and proud; but, I take it, Mrs. Raynor, she has had her share of trouble."

"Is she pretty, Mr. Whyte?" I asked, timidly peeping up in the school-committee man's face.

"Well, *rather* so, Miss Fanny; but she knows a good deal, any how; and if she manages to keep you young ones to your books, that is all that is necessary. She stands very high in the city where she taught, and her testimonials are very good;" and Mr. Whyte walked away no little elated with his success.

The crimson days of October were fast fading away, and very soon now, in the early part of November, was Miss Warren to be with us. In the mean while, Chipdale was in a stir. The old school-house, under the superintendence of the committee-men, was repaired and neatly fitted up. The village children, who had been running wild, or, at the best, only occasionally going to the district school, were gathering up their books and well-thumbed primers, and waiting, with much anxiety, the arrival of the new teacher. And we were busy at home. Aunt Esther, it was true, had long been settled from her regular fall cleaning; but then she had many preparations to make, and the brightest and best room in the house must be put in complete readiness for Miss Warren.

In the mean while, I awaited the coming of my new teacher with a strange sort of dread. I could not forget the *serpent-seal*. Such a chill gray afternoon it was when Mr. Whyte set off in his carriage to meet Miss Warren at the neighboring railway station. The evening closed in yet more chilly and gloomy; and I sat by the window, harkening to the winds moaning amongst the tall pines, and looking out upon the dark and starless sky until I heard Mr. Whyte speaking to his horse close by our gate. Then I let the long crimson curtain fall slowly back over the window, and going to a dark corner of the room, sat down there quietly. My aunt snatched up a light, and hurried into the hall; but I did not follow her. And at last the packages were taken from the carriage. Mr. Whyte rapidly drove off, and then I heard the front door close, and footsteps crossing the hall.

"Come from your corner, Fanny. Here, Miss

Warren, is one of your pupils ; my niece, Fanny Raynor."

A faint, though very sweet smile was Miss Warren's only acknowledgment of my courtesy ; and then, complaining of weariness, she threw herself back in my aunt's great cushioned chair. As she sat there with her large black eyes languidly closed, the red fire-light shone full in her face. Surely, Mr. Whyte had spoken without knowledge. Miss Warren *was* beautiful, yet hers was a mournful beauty. Perhaps it was the rich folds of raven hair which shaded her high forehead, and the deep black dress she wore, which gave to her face its ghastly whiteness ; but around the exquisitely curved mouth hung an expression of great suffering, almost agony.

"Are you sick, Miss Warren?" I asked, noticing that, through the thin white fingers pressed over her eyes, the tears were fast falling.

"Not any worse than usual, for, indeed," she added, with a slight smile, "I *never* am *very* well ; but to-night I am so tired."

The supper-table, with its snowy cloth and tempting array of good things, looked very pleasant ; but Miss Warren took her seat at it half mechanically ; she sipped her coffee listlessly, and scarcely ate a morsel. Aunt Esther was disappointed ; she *always* was when any one failed to eat with zest at *her* table.

"But poor Miss Warren," she afterwards said, "looked more that night like dying than eating."

Miss Warren went back to her seat by the fire ; and as she sat there, I could do nothing but look at her, and always with tearful eyes. That black figure in the great chair, with its snowy face and mournfully gleaming eyes, seemed to my young heart the very emblem of woe—despair. Aunt Esther went up with Miss Warren to her chamber, and when she came down, she looked perplexed.

"Only think, Fanny," she said ; "I could not get Miss Warren past the 'dark room,' as you call it. She insisted upon taking it for her room, although I showed her the pleasant bright one over the parlor I had fixed just for her. She gave me one of her snowy-like smiles, and said, 'if it made no difference to me, she would prefer this one ; it accorded better with her feelings.' So, there she is now."

I knew the dark room well ; it was wide and long, with but one window ; and though that was broad, yet its panes were heavily draped with the creeping honeysuckle, and the tall pines without threw in their great black shadows, so the room in winter or summer was gloomy. The furniture, too, was grim and old. And I shud-

dered to think of Miss Warren's feelings being in accord with the dark room. That night the old pines creaked and moaned, for the wind swept wildly through them, and the rain fell with a mournful, sobbing sound.

And sometimes, when there came a little calm, I heard—for I could not sleep—faint murmurings, and a half hushed voice of weeping ; and I knew that these sounds came from the "dark room." Miss Warren had said she was weary ; but she kept sad vigils that night ; and thus, amidst tears and gloom, commenced her life in our village.

CHAPTER II.

MISS WARREN turned to her new duties with earnestness. She labored faithfully ; and it seemed, to me, that her toil became a sort of shield betwixt herself and the bitter memory of a great woe. Ere the snows fell, every one in Chipdale, from the little school child to the old woman in her cushioned chair, had learned to regard Miss Warren with a loving pity. That "the new teacher" had some blighting sorrow upon her young heart all knew ; what that sorrow was none might judge.

"Now, Fanny, knock very softly at Miss Warren's door ; and when you give her this tea, tell her I sent it to her, and that it will do her good ;" and Aunt Esther placed in my hands the little tray, and sat down to her sewing.

"Stay with me a while, Fanny. I am so lonely."

I was turning to go down stairs again, but when Miss Warren spoke, I shut the door.

"Oh, Miss Alice, you have been crying ! Are you very sick ? Can I do anything for you ? anything to make you happy ?" and I knelt down beside her.

"Can you do anything for me ? Poor child, you make me smile. Why, Fanny, can you lift a mountain from its place ? You cannot. Well, then, just as soon can you or any other being take this sorrow from my heart."

"God can, Miss Alice," I whispered, half frightened by the wildness of her manner.

"I know it," she replied ; "and it is this, *this* alone"—touching her little Bible—"which can ever give me the least ray of comfort."

Then my young teacher leaned her head upon my shoulder and cried ; and when at last her sobs were stilled, she raised her eyes to mine.

"Do you think you will *ever* love me, Fanny ?" she asked.

"Oh, if you will only let me "

I was going to tell her how much my heart was yearning over her; but I thought of the strange misty coldness which always hung round her. Something seemed to chill me, and stopping short, I hid my face upon the thin white hand I held.

"If I will let you, did you say? Fanny Raynor, I am like yourself, an orphan; but, unlike you, I have no dear home, no kind hearts to love me. My spirit is so lonely, child. Will you not come close to me, and let me love you?"

I answered Miss Warren with loving, earnest words; and she was satisfied, for she listened with a mournful smile, and said, gravely: "Be it so; and now, Fanny, love me always; love me forever."

I was very young, yet I was thoughtful for my years, and though Alice Warren was much older than myself, there sprang up between us a quick, tender friendship, full of love and sympathy.

* * * * *

They were all wild, sad pictures, each one telling its own tale; but one from all the others I gazed at with painful intensity. I laid it before me in the yellow sunlight. I could not lift my eyes from it. I seemed to be charmed. And this was the picture; a slight youthful figure in pilgrim dress hurrying along a rugged path strewn with sharp flinty stones; the tender feet of the pilgrim were cut and bleeding; her hands were pressed over her eyes, as though in sad despair. Before her, the way seemed even more drear and rugged, whilst behind her stretched a fair and lovely land, goodly to the eye. In this figure, there was much expressive of deep and bitter suffering, mingled with a stern determination to press onward. I looked at this picture in amazement. Alice Warren bent over me.

"You seem to like it, Fanny. I painted that not long before I came to you. I have named all my pictures. I call that 'Duty's Pilgrim.'"

Then Miss Warren crossed the room; and when she returned, she held in her hand a roll of paper. This, after a moment's hesitation, she spread upon the table before me, and stepped back a few paces.

What made me gaze for a few moments so stonily, and then spring suddenly from my chair? What made me shrink from Alice Warren, and hide my eyes in the long folds of the white counterpane? It was only a little crayon sketch which lay there in the evening sunlight; but to me it was terrible.

A young fair girl struggling in the coils of a great serpent. The countenance wore the im-

press of agony, and yet it seemed to me that the full dark eyes rested upon the hideous reptile with an expression of strange, reproachful tenderness. *Alice Warren* was written upon the edge of the sketch in clear, bold characters.

"Get up, Fanny," said Miss Warren, calmly. "Don't kneel there any longer by the bed. Get up, and tell me how you like my picture. Nay, child, won't you admire my handiwork?"

"I am afraid of you, Miss Alice," I cried out; "you are strange; you are terrible. What does that horrible picture mean? Why did you put the seal of a serpent even upon a letter?"

"An emblem, a mere type," returned Miss Warren, musingly.

"Of what, Miss Alice?" I asked.

"Of myself, of my own condition; for—oh, Fanny!" she exclaimed, falling on her knees beside me on the floor, "terrible coils are around me, around my heart even at this moment, fearful, yet beloved in their fearfulness. I am striving to break them. I am utterly wretched. Child, pity me."

"I do, dear Miss Alice. Can I help you?"

"No, no. God only can do that, Fanny Raynor. The pilgrim in the rugged way is *myself*; the heart, the figure within the serpent folds are *mine*, hideous emblems, wofully true."

I kissed Alice Warren's pale white brow, and then I got up gently from her side, and went to the table. The grim picture lay there. I snatched it up hastily, and, with trembling fingers, flung it upon the little fire which blazed on the hearth.

"You are dreaming, child. Did I not tell you that was only a type, a shadow? What use in burning it?"

And this was all Alice Warren said; for she laid her head down upon my shoulder, and cried again.

"It makes you more wretched, dear Miss Alice, to have such strange ugly things about you."

"But the *reality* is here," she replied, striking her hand upon her breast; "the burning reality is here, more fearful than the type. Oh, Fanny Raynor, if you knew all! If you knew the blackness of my woe, you would weep for me."

No revelations did Alice Warren make that evening, nothing further than dim, strange hints. Her words were wild, often broken with sobs; and I soothed her tenderly, whilst my own heart was more painfully perplexed than ever. The autumn moon shone in dimly through the shaded window, and the firelight threw a faint red glare upon us, as we crouched on the floor together.

The sound of Aunt Esther's cheerful voice,

as she stood at the gate talking to a neighbor, and the merry shouts of the village children at play, came up jarringly to my ears. I do not know what Alice Warren thought, but I marvelled. Joy and sorrow were walking side by side, but they saw not each other. To me, it seemed a mournful puzzle *how any* one could be happy that evening, whilst close to my side hung a stricken-hearted weeper. But then I knew nothing of life. I did not dream that *this* was but a *by-way* grief. I had yet to learn that many children of sorrow sit ever by the *way-side* weeping, whilst down the broad dusty road unheedingly hurry the sons and daughters of pleasure.

CHAPTER III.

At last, the long winter, with its snow-clouds and biting winds, passed away, and on the little village fell once more the warm golden light of summer.

* * * * *

"You see, Miss Warren, I took your advice, and put the crimson stars upon white ground; and very pretty it looks, too, I think;" and Aunt Esther held up her new quilt with a pleased air.

Miss Warren languidly pushed aside her book, and looked at the quilt.

"I am glad my suggestion pleased you, Mrs. Raynor, for it was done merely at random. I know scarcely anything about such matters."

But Aunt Esther would not believe this.

"I must call your taste into requisition again, Miss Warren. Now, what kind of a border would you advise, leaves or diamonds?"

I was sitting upon the broad old staircase, peeping through the balustrades into the hall; and just as Miss Alice and my aunt were talking, I saw Hannah coming up the porch-steps.

"No letters for you, Miss Fanny," she said, as I flew to meet her; "but here is one for the teacher."

But few letters ever came for Alice Warren, and those few she always tore open eagerly, tremblingly, even as one in dread of sad tidings. Yet this one she took calmly, and, breaking the seal, began to read as she stood there, with one hand carelessly grasping the quilt. But while Alice Warren read, an expression of the most bitter grief stole over her face, and, with a faint cry, she crumpled the letter in her hand, and rushed wildly from the hall. Aunt Esther picked up her quilt, and laid it on the settee; she looked puzzled.

"Really, Fanny, Miss Warren is a strange, startling sort of a creature. Poor thing, she has

a great deal of sorrow, I think; and, it may be, some new trouble has come upon her. I will see what is the matter."

But my aunt came back more perplexed than ever.

"Nothing ails Miss Warren; no friends sick or dead; no bad news of any kind, only she was a little nervous."

Aunt Esther wondered a little while over this matter, and then it dropped. I knocked at Alice Warren's room an hour or so later, to call her to tea. She opened the door slowly. Her eyes were swelled with weeping, and in her hand she yet held the letter.

"No, dear Fanny, no. I am sick to-night. I could not eat a mouthful; tell your aunt this;" and she turned away from me, and shut the door. So, I went down stairs with tearful eyes, and a heart full of pity for my young teacher. Some great grief hung over Alice Warren. What was it?

* * * * *

Miss Alice had just called up the last spelling class; the little ones had just come down from the primer bench, and were tying on their sun-bonnets. My books were gathered before me upon the desk, and I sat by the window, idly looking at the long evening shadows which were stretching upon the grass. But I heard a step upon the path, and a tall, graceful man passed the window. I saw his face but for a moment, yet I was struck with its marvellous beauty. I looked after the elegant stranger until I saw him cross the ford, and then the large trees hid him from my eyes.

"Oh, Fanny, come to Miss Warren!" And I sprang from my seat in terror. In the centre of the room, Miss Alice still stood; but the spelling-book had fallen from her hand; her face was deadly pale; her eyes widely opened; but she seemed not to see with them. I spoke to her; she gave me no answer. She gasped for breath, and we school children thought she was dying. I held Miss Warren's head upon my shoulder, and Jane Birch brought her cool water from the spring; and when we had bathed her face and hands, the color came back to her cheeks, and she smiled faintly.

"Don't look so frightened, children. I am better now. I was only a little sick. You can go home, all of you. Fanny, you may wait for me."

The school-children walked away, looking back upon Miss Alice half wonderingly, and whispering amongst themselves. In a few moments, we were alone.

"Get your bonnet quickly, Fanny," said Miss

Warren, drawing her veil down over her face ;
"we will go home."

We had a hurried walk down the narrow street, and a silent one, too, for my young teacher said not a word, and I was too busy with my own thoughts to speak. When I passed Miss Warren's room a few minutes after, she called me in.

"I want to know, Fanny," she said, in a quick, husky tone, "if you saw this evening a gentleman, a stranger, pass the school-room window ; you were sitting there."

"Yes, Miss Alice, I did."

"And did he look in? Did he seem to see any one?" she interrupted, eagerly.

"I don't think he did. His eyes had a sad, dreamy look ; he appeared to be thinking. No, Miss Alice, I am *sure* he did not see any one."

"Thank God! Now, Fanny, you need not stay. I want to be alone;" and the strange young creature waved me from her.

* * * * *

There they lay upon the table, a great crimson heap of bright roses ; and I was very busy cutting the stems, and placing them in the old-fashioned china jars which stood upon the mantel. So busy was I, that I never heeded a quick step upon the porch, nor a low, musical voice which bade Carlo cease his barking. But a form darkened the parlor-door, and I looked up ; before me stood the graceful young man I had a little while before seen passing the school-house ; the mysterious stranger, whose presence had so fearfully moved Alice Warren.

"I have frightened you, I see," he said, springing forward, with ready grace, to pick up the roses which had fallen from my hand. "Pardon me. My name is Gerald Ford. My visit is to Miss Warren ; she boards here, does she not?"

"Miss Alice is in her room, sir. I will tell her you wish to see her;" and I went from the parlor, leaving Mr. Ford seated in the large chair, his hand pressed over his dark, dreamy eyes.

Not in her room was Miss Alice, neither was she in the house ; no one had seen her. So, I put on my bonnet, and went down the meadow, across the little stream, even through the thick wood, seeking my teacher, and finding her not. But, as I passed the tangled hazel-bushes, I heard a low sob, and, parting the boughs, I saw, crouching upon the grass, Alice Warren.

"Will you not come home with me, Miss Alice?" I said, springing to her side.

"Go back, Fanny Raynor," she cried ; "go back. I choose to be alone."

"But a gentleman is at our house who wants so much to see you : a Mr. Gerald Ford."

My teacher shuddered, and then she threw her arms around me.

"I knew your errand, and I hid from you. I implore you, Fanny, go back, and tell him I cannot come."

I hesitated. I remembered Gerald Ford's sweet, low voice and mournful eyes.

"Dear Miss Alice, he looks so sad, and seems so anxious to see you."

Alice Warren looked at me searchingly.

"You pleading for Gerald Ford already! Why, Fanny, has the charmer cast his net around you also? Oh, save me from him ; save me!" And she wept bitterly.

Those gushing tears swept away all thoughts of Gerald Ford. I cared only for Miss Alice, and I sought to soothe her grief.

"He shall not see you, dear Miss Alice. He shall not harm you ; but—oh, tell me, is he very wicked that you so hate and fear him?"

"Hate and fear *him*! I hate and fear Gerald Ford! Oh, Fanny, if I only could—but the serpent's folds are tightened around me, and I love them;" and a bitter smile played around Miss Warren's mouth.

I looked at her in amazement as she flung herself down upon her knees ; and I listened to her wild prayer with a sort of terror—

"Father in Heaven, give me grace and strength for this struggle! I am calm now. I am going with you, Fanny. I *will* see Mr. Ford." And Alice Warren quietly picked up her bonnet.

So, I followed her through the long meadow, and over the stream even as I came, hurriedly and in silence. Miss Warren swept back her rich raven hair carelessly from her tear-stained face, and then she walked into the parlor.

As she entered, Gerald Ford sprang to his feet, and I heard him exclaim : "Oh, Alice, have I at last found you?"

"Gerald, *why* have you come?" was Miss Warren's only answer ; and then I heard no more, for the door closed heavily.

Aunt Esther took her work-basket, and went up-stairs. She wanted to be out of the way of the lovers, she said, and so did I ; so, I followed her to her room, and sat down beside the window. A great white flood of moonlight fell over the porch, and on the high evergreen bushes in the garden below ; the murmur of the stream which crossed the meadow, and ever and anon a melancholy hoot from an owl in the old cherry-tree, were the only sounds which broke the stillness. But as I sat there, Gerald Ford came from the hall, and crossed the porch. Alice Warren followed him to the step. I saw her black figure plainly in the moonlight.

"Gerald," she said, "tempt me no longer; be merciful, and leave me forever."

"Not forever, my Alice," was the sweet and mournful answer. "Your strange fanaticism shall not part us. Alice, I shall linger in the neighborhood for some days yet. Should you, in the mean while, return to reason, send for me; for—oh, surely your cruel resolution will be shivered; you *cannot* keep it."

"God give me grace to do so. Oh, Gerald, leave me, leave me."

I did not hear Gerald Ford's reply. He went out, closing the yard-gate quickly after him, and Alice Warren's sobs fell distinctly on my ear.

* * * * *

A weeper lay before the mercy-seat all that night, and the morning light heard her agonized prayer: "Oh, Saviour, help me to be strong."

CHAPTER IV.

FOR a day, Alice Warren would not leave her room; but when she came down stairs, she was calm and quiet as ever; no traces of a fearful struggle were upon her face; nothing but the same mournful smile which usually dwelt there.

That Miss Warren had some great trouble, Aunt Esther felt convinced. She pitied her deeply, and many a time wondered what *could* ail the young teacher; but this was all. Aunt Esther was no dreamer, and she never crowded her brain with idle fancies respecting Miss Warren. So, I lived alone in a world of doubts and perplexities, and Alice Warren was the mournful puzzle around which they all clustered. Gerald Ford left Chipdale immediately; but I knew, from the little I had heard from the window that moonlight evening, that he was yet in the neighborhood. But Alice Warren never spoke to me of him; she gave me her love, but not her confidence.

"She is in a terribly pining way, Miss Fanny. Why, she scarcely eats a mouthful, and her white face grows whiter every day, poor young creature. I am thinking she won't last long."

I turned from Hannah with an aching heart. I knew that Alice Warren was freshly nerving herself for some mighty struggle; that her little Bible was often wet with tears; that the cry of her heart was: "Father, give me strength;" but this was all I knew. I could only weep for my young teacher; and as I wept, I wondered.

One evening, I persuaded Miss Alice to leave her gloomy room, and sit with me for a while in the hall.

And the birds sung; the waters murmured;

from away down the green meadow came back pleasant sounds of children at play; and the little village looked joyous in the fair sunlight. But Miss Alice leaned back languidly in her chair, and her words were sad, and her smiles mournful. I laid my crimson brierberries in her lap, but I did not speak; and as I sat beside her, I wondered if there *could* live *any* person upon the earth sadder than Miss Alice.

The gate opened quickly, and upon the gravel-walk fell a manly step. Miss Warren sprang from her chair.

"I must go, Fanny," she gasped. "*He* has come, but I cannot see him;" and she turned to ascend the stairs.

"Stop, dear Miss Alice. I don't think it is any one you would not wish to see, only Mr. Whyte or"—

But whilst I spoke, and Alice Warren yet grasped the balustrade, a tall figure stood in the doorway. It was not Mr. Whyte; it was not Gerald Ford; it was no one whom I had ever seen, and I looked at the stranger in amazement. But Miss Warren, with a wild scream, half extended her arms towards him, tottered forward a few paces, and then would have fallen to the floor had not the young man caught her. I thought Miss Alice had fainted, but in a moment she spoke.

"So long looked for; so long prayed for. Oh, Herbert, have you come to me at last?" and she wept upon the stranger's shoulder.

"Dear Alice, sweet sister," he said, gently, "be calm. I am with you now; nothing shall ever again part us. Brush away those tears, love. Is this your welcome?"

But though the young man spoke playfully, I saw, as he sat down upon the settee with Miss Alice clinging to him, that he was deeply affected. I heard the stranger call Miss Alice sister. I saw, as they sat together side by side, that they were very like each other, yet I was startled when my teacher spoke.

"Fanny," she said, smiling through her tears, "this is my brother, my only brother, Herbert; we have been parted for years;" and with the same winning sweetness of his sister, Herbert Warren looked up and greeted me.

The evening waned, and the moonlight began to stream full into the hall; but the brother and sister yet sat there alone side by side upon the settee, talking to each other earnestly, and sometimes tearfully. When Herbert Warren went away that night, my Aunt Esther heartily pressed him to stay.

"Make my house your home, Mr. Warren," she said. "You have so long been parted from

your sister ; surely, you will not think of staying anywhere else whilst in Chipdale."

Young Warren thanked my aunt, but declined. He was going to the village inn.

"But, I assure you, Mrs. Raynor," he added, "Alice and I will never again be parted ; so, when I leave this place, you must make up your minds to give her up, for she goes with me."

Was my sweet, mournful Miss Alice then really going away? I was half sorry, after all, that Herbert Warren had come.

As my teacher passed me on the stairs, I stopped her.

"Oh, Miss Alice, I am so unhappy because"—and then the tears choked me.

Miss Alice set down her lamp, and kissed me.

"For shame, Fanny," said she, cheerfully ; "are you sorry because a little sunshine is stealing over my path? I did think, dear child, that I would have lived and died here with you, but a change has come;" and as she paused at her room-door, she smiled brightly.

"But are you perfectly happy, Miss Alice?" I asked. "Has all your trouble gone?"

I regretted this question the moment after, for an expression of keen anguish passed over Miss Warren's face.

"Oh, Fanny," she moaned, touching her breast, "the *serpent* lieth here yet. I cannot find perfect happiness elsewhere than in my Father's kingdom;" and, with a sad good-night, she closed the door.

* * * * *

I awoke in a tremor, for I felt a hand upon my arm. Aunt Esther stood by me, and, in the dim light of the lamp she held, her face looked pale and troubled.

"Get up, Fanny," she said. "Miss Warren is very sick, and I have just come from her room."

I sprang from my bed, and hurried on my clothes ; and very quickly I stood beside Alice Warren. She was raised upon pillows, and gasping for breath ; her face was deadly pale, and upon the white counterpane and her night-dress were great splotches of blood. Herbert Warren knelt at the foot of the bed ; his face was hidden in the clothes, and he seemed to be sobbing violently. The old doctor stood near Alice Warren, but his fingers were upon her slender wrist, so I spoke not to him, neither to Aunt Esther, for she was bending over the stricken-hearted brother ; but when Hannah came into the room, I went softly to her.

"Tell me, Hannah, all about it."

"We none of us know much ourselves, Miss Fanny ; but when my mistress got awake a few hours ago, she heard Miss Warren coughing

terribly for a good while, and then she heard her moan and kind of choke like. So, my mistress got up and came over ; and what should she see, Miss Fanny, but poor Miss Warren all over blood? She had broken a blood-vessel, and could not speak. So, I ran for Doctor Gray, and brought Mr. Warren up from the tavern ; and that is all. I don't know what the doctor thinks. I am afraid that he don't hope that the poor thing will see morning light;" and Hannah sat down to cry, for she loved the young teacher.

But "the silver cord was not yet to be loosed ; the shadow went backward ten degrees, and the spoiler sheathed his sword for a season." Alice Warren saw the morning light, and as day after day passed away, she grew stronger, better. Herbert Warren watched his sister tenderly and faithfully. He was cheerful, for he was flushed with hope ; but the old doctor shook his head.

"She will never be well, Fanny," he said, as I followed him out on the porch one evening to ask what he thought of Miss Warren. "She will never be well, and she can live but a year at the farthest."

* * * * *

And Gerald Ford came back to Chipdale. Apparently, Herbert Warren and he were old friends, for they often passed our house arm in arm, heads bowed down in earnest talk. Herbert Warren spent the greater portion of each day with his sister ; and once, when he had lingered unusually long, Gerald Ford followed him to our house. I met Mr. Ford upon the step ; he looked grave and anxious.

"Is Alice—Miss Warren worse this evening? Tell me, tell me," he asked, in a troubled tone.

"Oh, no, sir ; she grows better, we hope."

"Dear, dear Alice," he murmured ; and then, as though recollecting himself, stammered a hasty good-evening, and left the house.

CHAPTER V.

It was long before Miss Warren was strong enough to leave her bed, and sit up in her easy chair. At last, that time came. Herbert Warren, in the mean while, was anxious and impatient. He knew that Alice could not bear another winter in the north, and he was determined, ere the chill winds came, to take her to a warmer clime. So, he lingered in Chipdale, waiting only till his sister was able to leave it with him. And Gerald Ford came often to the village, and his walks with Herbert grew yet more earnest and protracted. The first wailing winds of autumn were beginning to sweep around the

house, and the crimson and yellow leaves glinted brightly upon the trees. It was a sad, beautiful evening. I sat with Miss Warren in her room. The fire-light flashed up from the little hearth, and as it shone upon her face so pale, so lovely, the old wonder came back to my mind. Was there ever *anybody sadder* than Miss Warren?

"Fanny," said Miss Alice, suddenly, "has Gerald Ford been here to-day?"

"Yes, Miss Alice, and he told Aunt Esther he hoped the next time he came you would see him."

"Poor Gerald! Yes, I will see him once again. Oh, Fanny, I have been so weak, so foolish! I have had such a struggle; but it is over now."

Miss Warren motioned me to come close to her.

"Dear Fanny Raynor," she said, gently, "you have often wondered, I know, why I was so sorrowful and wretched, but I never felt before as though I could tell you. I am going soon away from you now, and I shall never return. Don't cry, Fanny. You know, I will find in the 'better land' what I have so long sought for, perfect peace. But, before I have done with earth, you shall hear my story."

Then Alice Warren told me of her early home, so fair and beautiful; her kind, good parents, whose tender love ever shielded Herbert and herself from care and sorrow. But the "dark days" came; riches flew away; those parents died, and Herbert and Alice were orphans, poor and lonely. Herbert Warren went out to battle with the world. His home was in a foreign land, but Alice often heard from him, and his letters were cheering.

"Herbert did all he could for me, Fanny," said Miss Alice, "but I could not bear to be a helpless burden upon him. So, I became a teacher in ——— Seminary in the city. There, I found a quiet home and kind friends. But I was sad, so lonely I felt; Herbert so far from me; no father or mother to bless me with their love. Fanny, a light gleamed suddenly across my way. I met Gerald Ford; he was noble, generous; he loved me, and he laid his proud heart before the poor orphan. I was sorrowful and lonely no longer. I loved Gerald Ford with a yearning tenderness, and my love was returned fully, completely. I dreamed a lovely dream, and I was happy. But the dreamer awoke, and—oh, Fanny, what did I see! My sweet happiness shivered to pieces—my goodly fruit 'apples of Sodom.' Gerald Ford, my Gerald, was an unbeliever, a hardened scoffer at holy things. Long had he hidden this from me, but the veil

fell suddenly from my eyes. To Gerald, our blessed religion was something loathsome and contemptible; the precious Saviour I loved and worshipped, he rejected and scorned. When Gerald Ford found I knew all, he threw off his disguise, and boldly, boastingly avowed his sentiments. I reproached him for deceiving me, but he only laughed. Sweet were the ties which had bound Gerald and myself together, but I felt they must be broken. I loved him, but I could not marry him. I could not give my hand to the scoffing unbeliever; yet he was intensely dear to me, and my heart cried out with a mighty voice against the stern step. So, I had a great struggle; then, Fanny, I told Gerald all. He knelt to me; he upbraided; he implored; he wept, yet all the while he held tightly to his errors. Then we parted; but Gerald said to me: 'Alice, I will never give you up. Your foolish fanaticism shall not part us.' Oh, Fanny, those terrible days! I shudder to think of them. But my love was in no wise abated; it lived on, mocking and reproaching me all the while. I was strange and dreamy, and the spell which Gerald Ford had cast upon me seemed like that of a serpent. Fanny, you understand now my grim emblems—types. Dear child, they were not as fearful as the reality. I struggled against Gerald Ford's power. I strove to crush down my love for him. I fled from his presence. I left the city and came to this place, but he knew it not. If the blessed Deliverer had not upheld me with his strong arm, surely I would have fallen, but his 'grace was sufficient for me;' his strength was made 'perfect in weakness.' With what a torturing vividness came back the memory of Gerald's love, so wide and generous; his sweet, low voice; his mournful eyes. I could not forget him. I knew a great gulf lay between us, yet my heart pined for him. Duty was before me, and I dared not turn from it. Oh, Fanny, when a *woman* thus battles for the right, she may be strong, but it is always a terrible strength, perfected through suffering. A letter came suddenly from Gerald, reproachful, tender, telling me he had found out at last where I was, and would soon visit me; and then, he hoped, my foolish resolution would be shaken. Fanny, he came, and the same wild scenes were lived over again. Gerald left me, but he threatened to return. He knew I loved him, and he saw his power; yet I have been graciously upheld. Then came Herbert, my long parted brother, prosperous and happy, still loving me very tenderly, and—you know the rest. Herbert is careless about religious matters, yet he looks upon Gerald's sentiments with horror, and though his

friend, he never pleads with me for him. Now, Fanny, there is not so much mystery about me as, I know, you fancied, but I have had my own griefs heavy and dark."

Then Alice Warren wept, and I mingled my tears with hers.

* * * * *

Alice Warren's last evening with us; and a bright golden one it was. If it had not been for those fluttering crimson leaves, which ever and anon fell in the path, and the sighing winds which swept around the house, we could have dreamed it summer.

"Stay, Fanny, with me. No, no, you must not go;" and as Miss Alice tightly grasped my hand, the door opened, and Gerald Ford entered.

The young man's fine face was flushed and troubled, and when he looked upon Alice Warren, so pale, so fragile, leaning back upon the pillows in her chair, he seemed deeply affected.

"Oh, Alice!"—but the voice was husky, and the words died away; and Gerald Ford flung himself upon his knees before her.

"My poor Gerald," said Miss Alice, laying her little thin hand caressingly upon his bright hair, "do you know why I have sent for you this evening? I am going away, and we shall never meet again; but, before we part, I have many things to say to you."

Miss Alice was going on, but Gerald Ford, lifting up his head, poured forth words of the most exquisite tenderness and affection; and as he knelt there in the yellow sunlight, his face glowed with a touching, mournful beauty. Young as I was, I felt and acknowledged Gerald Ford's fascination, and I marvelled at Miss Alice's calmness.

"Dear Gerald, I have tenderly loved you. I do yet love you. I can safely confess it now; but it was not to speak of this that I have seen you this evening. When I lie down in my grave"—

"Don't tell me this, Alice," passionately interrupted young Ford. "You shall not die, you shall not."

"Peace, peace," said Miss Alice. "Gerald, I must soon die, but death has no terrors for me;" and then she went on to speak solemnly and beautifully of Heaven.

I well remember with what tearful earnestness she pleaded with the kneeler by her side to fling aside his wicked unbelief, and seek for mercy. But these words fell upon Gerald Ford's ears as an idle tale, and he answered them with careless indifference.

"Oh, Gerald, how can you speak so scoffingly? You grieve me deeply;" and Miss Alice sighed.

"Sweet fanatic, forgive me; but we will no longer talk of this. Alice, listen to me;" and Gerald spoke of love.

Very touching was his appeal, but Miss Alice heard him calmly. He told her how completely his hopes were centred on her; how she was, as it were, his own sweet life, and he implored her wildly not to fling him from her.

"You love me, I know; marry me then, and give me the right to be always with you, to watch over and guard you. Oh, Alice, I would lay down my life for you!"

"Gerald, I hoped this was all forever past; but I tell you now, and for the last time, that I can never marry you. I acknowledge my weakness. I love you even yet, but I may not trample upon duty; I cannot. I dare not give my hand to a scoffer, an unbeliever; and very soon I shall lie down and sleep in death. So farewell, Gerald, erring, yet beloved. Gerald, farewell forever."

But weeping, and uttering words of wild tenderness, Gerald Ford yet knelt by Miss Warren's side.

"My poor Gerald! Oh, Father in Heaven, have mercy on him!"

"Alice, Alice, don't mock me with your prayers. I scorn your fanaticism; 'tis it which is tearing you from me, and making us both miserable;" and Gerald Ford went on talking with fierce vehemence; and, frightened and trembling, I got up from my seat, and slipped from the room.

Gerald Ford left in a little while after. When he came down stairs, his face was swollen with weeping, and snatching up his hat, he pulled it over his eyes, and went out quickly; but I saw that in his hand he held Alice Warren's little Bible. That night Gerald Ford left Chipdale.

And when the gray, chill morning came, Alice Warren stood for the last time upon the porch. The carriage was at the door, and Herbert waited somewhat impatiently, but yet his sister lingered, and her farewells were tender, tearful. I loved Alice Warren, and when I looked upon her sweet pale face, I sorrowed most of all, inasmuch as I should see it no more on earth.

* * * * *

And it was a summer's day, and the green fields rejoiced in the pleasant light, but there I sat. Great tears fast, fast falling upon Herbert Warren's letter. Could I help it? My sweet Miss Alice was dead. But even as I wept, I was comforted, for I knew that, although her weary frame rested beneath the orange-trees of a foreign land, her spirit rejoiced in "the excellent glory" of her Father's kingdom. And the shining lock

of hair, and Alice Warren's miniature, which her brother sent me, so like her, with its dove-like eyes and mournful smile, lie by me, even now, precious relics of my beloved young teacher.

* * * * *

And years went by, and changes came; and when my Aunt Esther died, I left Chipdale, and went far from it. And then I heard of Gerald Ford. Long had he wandered in the dark fields of unbelief; but a hand of mercy led him from hence, and placed him in a better way, even the sure "path of peace."

And Gerald Ford sorrows not for Alice as one without hope. He knows that he is but "a pilgrim and a stranger" upon earth, and he awaits with patient faith the time when the Master shall come and call for him. Bitterly has Gerald Ford mourned his past life, but he wastes not his

time in idle regrets. He wages ever a vigorous war against the dark errors which had well nigh slain him. Alice Warren's death deeply touched her brother's careless heart; and when, not long after, he laid down and slept beside her in that foreign land, it was said, by those who watched Herbert Warren in his last hours, that he had gone "to a better country, even an heavenly."

Perchance, it was well that Alice Warren was so early called home, for she was sorely tempted, and her strength was weak; yet she sought help for her struggle wisely, even at the mercy-seat.

For the *lonely* woes of life, the *wayside* griefs, of which the world knoweth nothing, there is but one sweet balm, one sure comfort. Let the child of sorrow seek for this aright, and he will not be left comfortless. "Peace shall be ministered unto him abundantly."

MRS. DAFFODIL AT THE IRVING HOUSE.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

"ANNIE," said Mrs. S. to me, the morning after our visit to the opera, "I think Mrs. Daffodil a very original person."

"Indeed!" said I, affecting great astonishment.

"Truly, and a very entertaining one, too. I like her company so well, that I sent a note, inviting her to spend to-day with us. Here is her answer;" and she handed me a large awkwardly-folded note, which contained these words:—

"DERE MUM: As you was so kind as to ax me, and Ninny, and Pete to cum to see you, I axed the majur, and he sed he'd no degeeshuns, if I'd only act sinsible and nashunal; so me, and Ninny, and Pete except your invocashun. You sed spind the day, so we'll come at 10 o'clock. Your obligated servant,

"DOROTHY DAFFODIL."

"I did not expect them so very early," said Mrs. S., as I returned the note, "and I am puzzled about how to pass the time."

"Send for a carriage, and take them to see the lions," I suggested. "This is their first visit to New York, and they have probably seen very little."

"Mr. and Miss Daffodil," said the waiter, as I finished speaking.

"Show them up," said Mrs. S.

"Oh, here we are!" said the old lady's fami-

liar voice. "We come up arter the black man. I could never have found the way alone. How are you?"

"Quite well," said Mrs. S.; and leaving me to do the honors, she turned and ordered the carriage at twelve o'clock.

"Why, you ain't going to send us home again just at dinner time, are you?" said Mrs. Daffodil, laughing.

"Dinner time! Oh, no; but I thought, after luncheon, you might like to drive about the city, and see the lions!"

"Jolly!" cried Pete. "Are they alive? I never saw one in my life. Where are they?"

"Everywhere!"

"What, running about loose?" cried Mrs. Daffodil. "Ain't you afraid they'll come arter the carriage?"

"No, they are very peaceable," said I.

"Well, I declare! I always thought they were the savagest critters; but there's lots of queer things in New York. A young man axed Ninny to take a bus this morning; and says I, 'My daughter don't bus every feller she meets.'"

"Didn't he grin though?" said Pete.

"Yes," said the indignant matron, "and said I was green. I ain't got a green thing on, and I told him so."

"Good morning, Mrs. Daffodil," said George, entering at this moment. "Miss Euphrosyne, you honor our apartment infinitely by deigning

to illuminate it by the radiance of those resplendent orbs."

"Now don't talk nonsense to Ninny," pleaded her mother. "She's a sort o' cracked now, and won't talk English."

"Will you walk into my room, and take your things off?" said Mrs. S.

"Annie," said George, while they were gone, "did you bring Johnson's or Webster's Dictionary in your trunk, or must I trust to inspiration for my superfine English?"

"I'm afraid inspiration is your only hope," I replied, "for here come the ladies, and you have no time to study elocution."

"True. Miss Euphrosyne," he continued, offering her his arm, "shall we regale the organs of vision and hearing by stationing ourselves at the front window? I assure you there is much profit and pleasure in regarding the pedestrians and equestrians on Broadway."

"I hope you won't discourage Ninny to take the broad way that goes to construction," said Mrs. Daffodil.

"By no means, my dear madam. I am sorry you put such a construction on my words. Will you accompany us to the drawing-room?"

"Hadn't we better go into the parlor?" she suggested; and we went down.

George inquired for Major Clapperton.

"He came to the door with us; and he said he'd drop in this evening. I don't know where he'll drop from; but he said he was going up town."

"Probably he'll drop down again," said Pete, laughing.

"That is Miss M., Pete," said George. "She is one of the New York belles."

"Where?" said his mother.

"On the opposite side of the street. The young lady with a pink bonnet on."

"Young lady?" said Mrs. Daffodil. "I thought you said a bell! Do you call her bonnet *on*?"

"Not exactly," said George, laughing; "but it covers her back hair."

"Covers her hair! Why, it looks just like a spread eagle on both sides of her face. She's real pretty, though."

"Yes, she is considered quite a belle."

"Bell! She's a woman, and no more like a bell than I am."

"It's because her tongue's always clacking, I suppose," said Pete.

"There goes a dog with a puzzle on his nose," said Mrs. Daffodil, as a muzzled dog passed.

We sat at the window commenting on the passers-by until it was time to get ready for our drive.

"Where are we going?" asked Mrs. Daffodil, as we started.

"To the 'Dusseldorf Gallery' first," said Mrs. S. "I thought you would like to see 'The Burning of Michael Servetus.'"

"I don't want to see it; please don't go," pleaded the old lady. "I never could bear no kind of a prosecution; never would see a man hung; and I should feel awful. I can't think what you want to see it for."

"It is only a representation on canvas," said George.

"A what?"

"A picture," said Mrs. S. "Are you fond of the Fine Arts?"

"No, I can't bear any arts at all. Artful folks are my perversion."

"We've arriv!" cried Pete, opening the door.

"This large picture is the one I spoke of," said Mrs. S., as we stopped before the splendid painting.

"I don't see any one burning," said Mrs. Daffodil.

"The figure before you is Servetus," said George. "You can see the stake and executioners on the left hand."

"Is that his cap the man is putting on?"

"No, it is a blindfold."

"What did they burn him for?"

"Because he was an atheist, and would not renounce his belief."

"What's a Hatheist? I'm a Methody, and the major's a Piscopaly, and our cook's a Baptism, and Cousin Jane's a University, and Mrs. Smith's a Unity, and Joe Jones a Roman, but I don't know a Hatheist."

While Mrs. S. explained, George, with a quizzical look at me, began a conversation with Ninny (I beg her pardon, Miss Euphrosyne).

"Are you an admirer of paintings, Miss Daffodil?"

"All beautiful sights fill my soul with rapture!" was the answer.

"Will you favor us with your opinion of this one?"

"To my enthusiastic soul, this appears the perfection of the delineating art. The seraphic-rapt expression on the martyr's physiognomy; the excitement portrayed on the visages of the assembled multitude; the exultation visible in the attitude of his persecutors; the half-suppressed sympathy of the figures on the left side, all transport me with admiration."

"The subject is worthy of your enthusiasm," said George. "Deign to take my arm, and I will conduct you to another celebrated painting: 'Diana and her Nymphs bathing.'"

"We had a black cook named Dinah once," said Mrs. Daffodil.

"This is a different person," said George, gravely; "this was a heathen divinity."

"Heathen divinity! That's as bad as a Mahometan flounce! It's a pity she ain't got some of it on," she continued, as the picture was pointed out.

"Is there not a picture of Othello relating his hairbreadth 'scapes?" asked Ninny.

"Oh, yes! Where is the old fellow?" said her mother.

George pointed out the picture.

"Where is he?"

"There! The old gentleman is Brabantio, and the young girl beside him Desdemona; the Moor is Othello."

"What, the nigger man? Well, I declare to gracious!"

After passing some time in the gallery, we again entered the carriage, intending to drive to the "Croton Water-works;" but a gathering of black clouds warned us of an approaching thunder-shower, and we concluded to return to the Irving House.

"We can go to Stewart's," said George; "it is so very near the hotel."

Accordingly, we drove to Stewart's, where George happened to have a speaking acquaintance with Mr. Linton, one of the clerks, who politely offered to escort us through the building.

"We will go to the silk-room first," said he.

"What kind of silk is it made of?" asked Mrs. Daffodil.

"It is the room where silk is sold," said George. "The goods here are so divided that each kind has a separate apartment."

"Oh! Why, is that all?" she asked, as we came again into the lower store. "Ain't there nothing but silks, and calikers, and merinos, and sich like in this big house? I'd a thought there'd a ben all sorts o' things in such a great store. Why, down in our town, Mr. Jumper has a little shop that you couldn't swing a cat in; and he keeps soap, and lasses, and calikers, and buckets, and pans and kettles, and brooms, and candy and sugar, and tumblers, and ribbon and kerlogne, and medicine, and I don't know what all, and has the post-office besides; and here, in this powerful big shop, there's nothing but gown stuffs. Sakes alive!" And, overpowered by the magnitude of the idea, and completely breathless, Mrs. Daffodil kept silence until we were again in the hotel.

"I hope you enjoyed your drive," said George to Miss Euphrosyne.

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"I derived much gratification, I assure you. I delight in—"

"Sakes alive, what's that?" cried Mrs. Daffodil, starting from her seat, as the gong sounded. "The kitchen's all tumbling down! Hear the pans and copper boilers! What on airth is the matter?"

"Music of Pluto's infernal regions," murmured Ninny, turning pale.

"What a jolly racket! Whew, what a din!" cried Pete.

"It's the dinner-gong," said Mrs. S., "and here is Mr. S. to hand you down, Mrs. Daffodil."

"Thank you, I can walk. Why, the house looks just the same," she said, looking up and down the stairs. "I thought it had all been smashing up."

"Smashing up?" said Mr. S., inquiringly.

"Yes, didn't you hear the noise?" she asked, in accents of surprise.

"The dinner-gong," said George, in explanation.

"Mrs. Daffodil, will you look over the bill of fare, and allow me to order you something?" said Mr. S.

"Biled pike, with caper sass. Biled pike! What powerful sharp eating that must be; and caper sass. Don't give Ninny any; she's frisky enough now. What's this?" she asked, turning an opposite dish round.

"That is *Croquettes de Ris, à l'Orange*," said George, glancing at me.

"Croaking riz! I thought it was rice. I'd like some turkey and ister sass. I'm afraid to eat all these queer-reading things on the bill; they look like some furren talk."

"Shall I read it to you in English?" said George.

"Thank you; I wish you would."

"*Ris de Veau* is calf's laugh," said George, with great gravity.

"What? Calf's laugh! Well, of all the quare things! Go on."

"*Cotelettes de Mouton, pances aux capers*."

"Ponces and capers; that's funny, too!"

"*Foies de Volaille*, chicken livers. *Cotelettes de Veau*, veal cutlets."

"Well, I declare, what quare names to sich common things; it's making moonshine out of a mole-hill, I think. Here, stop; don't take my plate; it's gone," she said, with a longing look after her plate, as it vanished down the room in the hands of an officious waiter.

"Here, black man, I don't want none of the quare things on the paper, but I'd like some pork and beans, and perates."

"*Pommes de Terres au naturel*," said George.

"No, no, *perates*. I don't want pummelled tares."

The waiter brought them, and Mrs. Daffodil held the dish as if she feared it would run off.

"Oh, what a pretty house!" she said, as the waiter placed a candy temple in front of us. "Stop! Stop!" she cried, as he began to demolish it; "don't break it up! The man's cracked; he's spiled it intirely. What a shame!"

"Won't you take some of it?" said George, placing some on a plate for her.

"Why, 'taint good to eat? Well, I declare to gracious, if it ain't sugar!"

"It really distresses me to see these candy temples destroyed," said George.

"Exquisite fabrics of a confectioner's art," said Ninny, "but doomed, as are all earthly objects, to early destruction."

"Too true!" sighed George, looking very pathetic.

"It engenders sad reflections on the limited space allowed mortals for the enjoyment of happiness and woe!"

"Particularly woe," said George.

"I've done," said Mrs. Daffodil. "I can't eat another morsel."

Acting on this hint, we all adjourned to the parlor again, where we found Major Clapperton waiting for us.

"Uncle Clap," cried Pete, "we've had a jolly ride, and a cracking dinner!"

"Mrs. S., you are placing my sister under great obligations to you," began the major.

Leaving him to make a long speech to her, George, Euphrosyne, and I took our place again at the window.

"Broadway looks beautiful when the gas is lighted," said George.

"The illumination forcibly reminds me of the solar system at the nocturnal hours, when Heaven's lights throw radiant beams from the"—

"Sky!" cried Pete, who had crept behind her.

"Pete, you're a plague," said his sister, forgetting her sentiment in her annoyance.

Shortly after, our party broke up, as Mrs. Daffodil said—

"I ain't used to nights, and the uproar kept me up late yesterday night. Good-bye. I've had a rale nice time."

ILLUMINATION UNDER WATER.

THE subject of artificial illumination is one which, of late years, has occupied the attention of men of science. Aside from the pleasant interest to be derived from the experimental investigations in this branch of science, its practical utility, in its application to the diversified uses to which man applies light, renders the subject an important one. In the numerous applications recently made of the functions or qualities of electricity, one of the newest is the use of it as an agent for producing light at considerable depths under water. We learn from the November number of the "*American Journal of Science and Arts*" that there have been recently some experiments made in illuminating the bottom beneath water. At the Lake D'Enghien, M. Duboscq, the successor of Soleil, performed an experiment of this kind before many competent observers. The electrodes of carbon were placed in a glass globe, being connected with one of Duboscq's regulators, which communicated with the battery by a copper wire covered with gutta-percha. The globe, submerged to the depth of sixteen and a half feet, spread light over a circle of sixty-six feet dia-

meter, and it remained constant for two hours, after which the carbon required replacing.

The idea of this process was suggested by an agent of a company that had been engaged in exploring the bottom of the Mediterranean where the battle of Navarino took place. The diver usually remained beneath the water three-quarters of an hour, after which he came up to breathe and rest. His light was an oil-lamp placed on the head of the diver, and fed with air proceeding from his respiration, whence it was in a variable current, and was often extinguished, requiring him to go up and re-light. Duboscq's arrangement was devised to avoid these inconveniences. It is made light, so that the diver may carry it in his hand; and, at the same time, it is strong, and well-secured hermetically, to resist a pressure of one hundred and eighty feet of sea-water. It consists of a cylinder of strong glass secured to a brass foot, and surrounded with a gutta-percha sac. The light passes out through a large plano-convex lens, the convexity being inward, the focus being so arranged that the rays escape nearly parallel. As the lamp is movable, the diver walks about

with it, and places it where he wishes to make a search; and as it is only necessary to bring the electrodes near one another to light it, the diver need only to turn a small screw to continue the light for two hours, which is more than twice as long as he can remain at the bottom.

This beautiful invention supplies a want which has always been felt by persons engaged in operations with the diving-bell. A vast quantity of property now lying on the bottom of our large rivers, bays, and lakes may be recovered by the use of submarine armor and these electric lamps.

In seeking for nuggets of gold in the deep pools of streams in California, these lamps may also be advantageously employed. They will likewise materially aid the engineer in arranging the foundation of works that are to be erected in deep water. In recovering the body of a person who has been drowned, they will be eminently useful; in short, the introduction into use of this submarine lamp is another of the beautiful contributions that science is constantly offering to man for the promotion of his happiness and prosperity.

PRETTY NAMES FOR GIRLS

(Concluded from page 442.)

Marianna, Marian.—Lovely Mary.

Mary.—From the Hebrew *mara*; may mean "one exalted, a lady, a star, bitterness of the sea, or a tear."

Maria, Marie, Mara, Miriam.—Various forms of Mary.

Martha.—The sorrowful.

Monica.—From the Greek *monos*, solitary; "one who loves solitude, a nun."

Nora.—An abbreviation of Honoria; from the Latin *honor*, honor.

Natalie.—Probably from the Latin *natalis*, native.

Naomi.—Properly Naomi. From the Hebrew *noe*, consolation.

Neoma.—Chinese; a goddess.

Olympia.—Greek; "the celestial."

Octavia.—Latin; "the eighth."

Olive, Olivia.—Latin *oliva*; Greek *olea*, the olive-tree or fruit, so called from *oleum*, oil.

Ophelia.—The loving, beloved, friendly; from the Greek.

Pauline.—The little, the simple.

Parthenia.—From *parthenos*, a virgin; Greek.

Phebe.—Greek; from *phoibos*, bright, pure.

Philippa.—A friend of horses; from the Greek *philos*, a friend, and *hippos*, a horse.

Pandora.—"The all-gifted;" from the Greek *pan*, every, and *doron*, a gift.

Rosa.—Latin; a rose.

Rosabel.—Beautiful rose.

Rosalie.—Dear as roses.

Rosalind.—Gentle Rosa.

Rosamond.—Neat or delicate Rosa; from the Latin *rosa*, and *mundus*, neat, nice, delicate.

Rosina.—Blooming as the rose.

Ruth.—The fruitful.

Rachel.—A sheep (?).

Rhoda.—From the Greek *rhodon*, a rose.

Rebecca.—"One somewhat *en bon point*; the well-beloved."

Renee.—A queen.

Sabina.—One that fears God.

Selina.—The lustrous; from the Greek.

Sophia.—Greek; from *sophos*, wise.

Sophonra.—From the Greek *sophon*, "one sound of mind, modest, temperate, chaste, prudent."

Susan.—A lily, lily-white.

Sara, Sarah.—Hebrew; a lady, princess.

Sybil.—Greek; "a sharer of divine counsel."

Stella.—Latin; a star.

Theodora.—Gift of God.

Theresa, Therese.—The huntress; Greek.

Ulrica.—The very rich.

Ursula.—A little bear of the feminine gender; Latin.

Ulfrida.—The wholly joyful, or one who is all peace.

Viola, Violet, Violante.—From the Latin. Perhaps originally derived from the Greek *ion*, the violet-flower.

Victoria, Victorine.—The Victorious; from the Latin *victor*.

Virginia.—From *virgo*, a virgin; "one like a virgin;" Latin.

Veronica.—"One fond of being alone; a true nun."

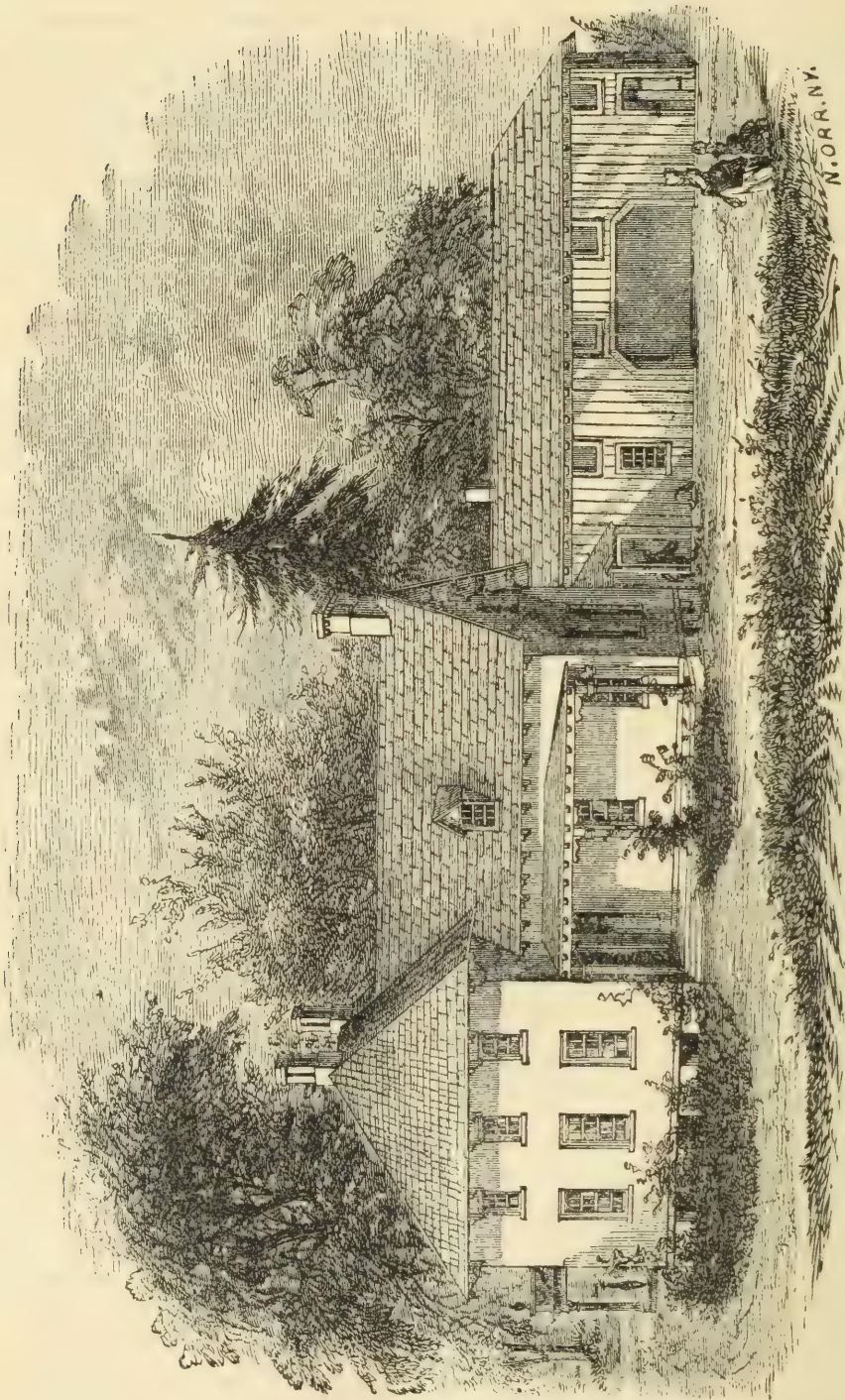
Vincenza.—From the Latin; the subduer, the vanquisher.

Wilhelmina.—Feminine form of William, a mighty bowman.

Zillah.—Humility.

Zara.—See Sarah.

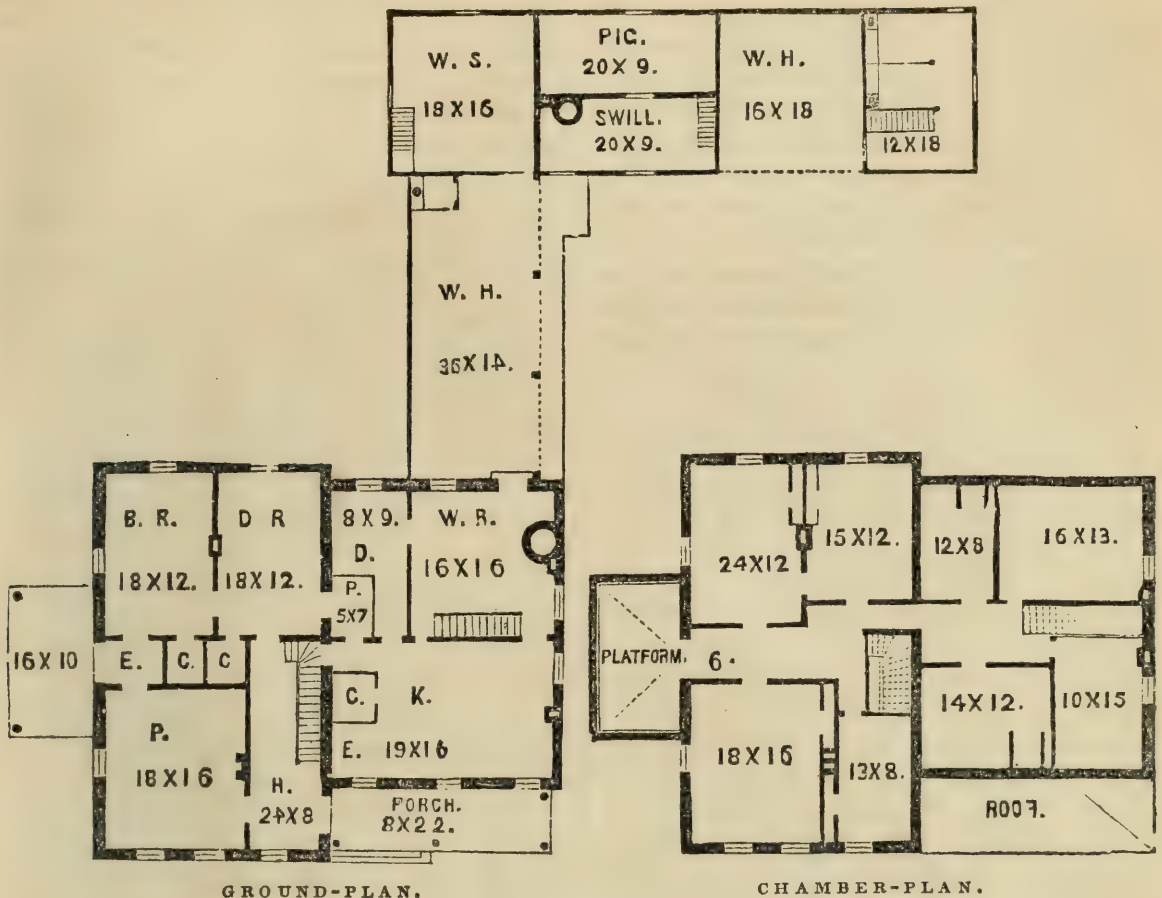
FARM-HOUSE



FARM-HOUSE.

WE here present the reader with a substantial, plain, yet highly respectable stone or brick farm-house, of the second class, with accommodation for a family of a dozen or more persons. The style is mixed rural Gothic, Italian, and bracketed; yet in keeping with the character of the farm, and the farmer's standing and occupation.

The main body of this house is 42 by 24 feet on the ground, and one and three quarter stories high—the chambers running two to three feet into the roof, as choice or convenience may direct. The roof has a pitch of thirty to forty degrees from a horizontal line, and broadly spread over the walls, say two and a half feet, showing the



ends of the rafters, bracket fashion. The chimneys pass out through the peak of the roof, where the hips of what would otherwise be the gables connect with the long sides of the roof covering the front and rear. On the long front is partly seen, in the perspective, a portico, 16 by 10 feet—not the *chief* entrance front, but rather a side front, practically, which leads into a lawn or garden, as may be most desirable, and from which the best view from the house is commanded. Over this porch is a small gable running into the roof, to break its monotony, in which is a door-window leading from the upper hall on to the deck of the porch. This gable has the same finish as the main roof, by brackets. The chamber windows are two-thirds of three-quarters the size of the lower ones; thus showing the upper story not full height below the plates, but running two to four feet into the garret. The rear wing, containing the entrance or business front, is 24 by 32 feet, one and a half stories high, with a pitch of roof not less than thirty-five degrees, and spread over the walls both at the eaves and gable, in the same

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proportion as the roof to the main body. In front of this is a porch or veranda eight feet wide, with a low, hipped roof. In the front and rear roofs of this wing is a dormer window, to light the chambers. The gable to this wing is bold, and gives it character by the breadth of its roof over the walls, and the strong brackets by which it is supported. The chimney is thrown up strong and boldly at the point of the roof, indicating the every-day uses of the fireplaces below, which, although distinct and wide apart in their location on the ground floors, are drawn together in the chambers, thus showing only one escape through the roof.

The wood-house in the rear of the wing has a roof of the same character, and connects with the long building in the rear, which has the same description of roof, but hipped at one end. That end over the workshop, and next the wood-house, shows a bold gable like the wing of the house, and affords room and light to the lumber-room over the shop, and also gives variety and relief to the otherwise too great sameness of roof-appearance on the farther side of the establishment.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND CORTES.

FOR GODEY'S YOUNG READERS.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

(Concluded from page 424.)

CHAPTER XVI.

Guatemotzin put to the torture—Failure of the attempt to supersede Cortes—Charles V. commissions him governor of New Spain—Rebuilding of Mexico—Voyages of discovery.

THE Spaniards did not long rejoice over their conquest; for they found little treasure where they had hoped for a great deal. On sharing the booty, many would not take what fell to them, because it was so much less than they had expected. Murmurs of discontent soon began to be heard amongst them; some angrily declaring that Cortes had cheated them; others, that Guatemotzin knew where the treasures of his empire were hidden, and should be made to tell.

Yielding, at length, to the importunities of his men, Cortes did an act which casts a shadow upon all his glory, ordering the wretched emperor and a noble kinsman to be put to the torture, to force them to tell where their riches were concealed. Guatemotzin bore his sufferings without a groan. His kinsman, dying on the rack, turned a last look towards him, as if entreating his leave to reveal some secret. "Think you," exclaimed the emperor, "that I am taking my pleasure in my bath?" Struck by the reproach of these words, the nobleman said not a word more, and died under his torments. The baseness of his conduct now showed itself to Cortes, and he sternly commanded Guatemotzin to be set free. As neither of the sufferers had disclosed anything, the fickle and disappointed soldiers began to pity them, and to blame their general for the very cruelty their murmurs had provoked.

From Cojohuacan, where he had fixed his quarters for the present, Cortes now sent messengers to the emperor of Spain, with an account of his late victory and the royal share of the treasure. In his letter, he requested that the conquered country might be called New Spain; that neither lawyers nor doctors should be allowed to come there; but that bishops and priests to convert the natives, and farmers to improve the lands, might be speedily sent over. His officers, both military and civil, also wrote

to the emperor, speaking highly of the exploits of Cortes, and praying that he might continue their commander and governor.

In the mean time, things had happened to show that, with the city of Mexico, almost the whole country had been subdued. Flying over the land, the tidings of the capital's fall brought envoys to Cortes from the most distant tribes, eager to behold the ruins of that famous city, and to secure the good-will of the terrible beings who had wrought its destruction.

Pleased as the conqueror was by such signs of the completeness of his triumph in the New World, in Spain affairs had gone heavily against him. For all that he had done, he could as yet show no authority from his sovereign, who, at this very moment, looked upon him as little better than an outlaw.

Through the influence of the notorious persecutor of Columbus—Fonseca, Bishop of Burgos, and President of the Council of the Indies—his conduct was declared to be a usurpation of the royal authority, and an officer was sent to seize his person, confiscate his property, and to rule over the country in his stead, until further orders from Spain.

Christopher de Tapia, the officer chosen to do so much, was, however, no match for Cortes, either as a soldier or as a politician. Landing at Villa Rica in December, 1521, he produced his orders, but was not allowed to go farther into the country. The magistrates of the port, and several of Cortes' captains, who happened to be there, meeting together, sent him word that he was not fit to be their ruler, and had best depart as soon as he could. Threats of this kind, and gold and "good words" from Cortes, speedily induced De Tapia to quit a country he was not competent to govern.

Thus left to employ his own energy and enterprise, Cortes planned new schemes of conquest and discovery. Parties of his troops, making their way to the shores of the Pacific, brought back with them gold and pearls, and tidings of the great ocean they had visited. The heart of Cortes swelled with exultation; for, in the

"South Sea," as he had learned from famous geographers, were "many rich isles, teeming with gold and spices, and precious stones." A good harbor was speedily sought for on the Pacific coast, and thither, "on the backs of Indian men and women," were sent the sails and rigging to fit out four small ships, to go in quest of the wonderful "Spice Islands of the great South Sea."

Shortly afterwards, the warlike people of Paucuco, living near the mouth of the river of that name, rose in arms against the Christians. With his usual promptness, Cortes set out to chastise them. The contest that followed was a troublesome one; but routing the foe in two bloody battles, the general at length forced them to beg for peace.

Meanwhile, the account of his capture of Mexico had reached Spain. In their astonishment and exultation, his countrymen forgot all that he had been charged with; or, at least, few thought of condemning the somewhat unlawful course of one who had so glorified his nation, and whose services were felt to be worthy of the highest honors. An earnest appeal, now made by his father and others to a council selected by the Spanish emperor, immediately won for Cortes the royal confirmation of all his acts, and his commission as Governor, Captain General, and Chief Justice, of the countries he had conquered. The various necessary documents, being signed on the 15th of October, 1522, were, a few months later, received in New Spain with the utmost joy.

Long before obtaining this authority, Cortes, as we have seen, had ventured to exercise it; not, however, as a usurper, but as one who felt that his deeds would finally justify him, and who, though ambitious, desired to increase his own glory only by adding to his country's. Selfish and hard-hearted as we may think him to have been, and wilfully as he seems to have acted, he was yet a loyal subject, ready to give up everything to the direct and unbiassed demands of his sovereign.

It was with such feelings, "and moved by its past renown, and the memory in which the nations held it," that he had already begun to lift up Mexico from its ruins. Pushed forward by the labor of thousands of natives, under the guidance of Spanish overseers, the work of rebuilding the ancient capital went on with magical rapidity. Though not so large as the old city, the new one, which grew up in less than four years after the conquest, was more splendidly and compactly built; its streets were wider and more numerous, and its houses better

suited to the necessities and tastes of civilized life. Two magnificent cathedrals, and thirty smaller churches, "attested," says Prescott, "the care of the Spaniards for the spiritual welfare of the natives." The largest of the cathedrals—that of St. Francis—rose, from a foundation of broken idols, on the very spot where once had stood the bloody temple of the Mexican war-god. Hard by, was the palace of Cortes, a vast structure of stone, in which were seven thousand beams of fragrant cedar. Numerous hospitals, in various parts of the city, provided for the wants of the sick and the poor.

In furnishing his new capital with inhabitants, the conqueror found little difficulty. His liberal offers to his own country-people, and his generally kind treatment of the natives, rendered the city so attractive to all, that, in a few years, the Spanish portion of it contained not less than eight thousand inhabitants, and the Indian quarter full a hundred thousand.

But the untiring energy of Cortes did not stop at the building up of a single city. Already renowned as a warrior, he now aspired to nobler fame as the founder of a Christian state. Under his direction, colonies were planted in various parts of New Spain, to which numerous settlers were drawn by the pleasing inducement of obtaining large farms for nothing. Few Spanish women having yet ventured into the country, every married colonist was required to bring over his wife within eighteen months, while all bachelors were to get themselves wives within the same period. If they did not do so, they were to give up their farms.

In the mean time, the ambitious spirit of the conqueror had been urging him to seek new fields for future triumphs. Though sadly disappointed by the burning of his ships on the Pacific, just as they were being finished, he did not lose heart, but hastened the building of another fleet, to take their place. A second fleet, of five vessels, was likewise fitted out on the eastern coast, to examine the shores of the Mexican Gulf in search of that undiscoverable strait which, it was then supposed, united the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific. Still another expedition, led by Christoval de Olid, one of the boldest captains of the conquest, was dispatched to form a settlement on the northern coast of Honduras, a country said to be so rich that the fishermen used lumps of gold to sink their nets.

The example of Olid shows us that one may be brave enough, and yet lack that steadfastness which is necessary to real greatness. An important trust had been confided to him, yet he had not the moral courage to remain faithful to

it. He began to think himself better than his commander, and on reaching Honduras set up an independent government.

Months passed before Cortes heard of this. When he did so, he immediately sent Francis de las Casas to arrest his traitorous officer. A fierce tempest cast the former, shipwrecked, into the power of Olid. But this seeming good fortune ended fatally for the rebel. Las Casas and his men, conspiring with many of Olid's soldiers, killed him with their daggers, and then beheaded his lifeless body in the public square of Naco, the chief town of the colony he had been sent to establish.

Of all this, Cortes had heard nothing since the shipwreck of Las Casas. Indignant at the treachery of Olid, he resolved to go himself and punish him. Leaving the government of Mexico in the hands of certain officers then lately appointed by the crown, he prepared to march by land for Honduras.

CHAPTER XVII.

March of Cortes to Honduras—Guatemotzin put to death—Disorders in Mexico—Cortes returns there—Resolves to visit Spain.

CORTES began his march to Honduras on the 12th of October, 1524, at the head of one hundred and fifty Spaniards, and three thousand Mexicans. Among the latter were the late emperor Guatemotzin, and several noblemen of the highest rank.

The country over which the little army first passed was low and marshy, being watered by almost countless creeks and rivers. To cross the largest of these, they built, in the space of about ninety miles, some fifty floating bridges, one of which was two thousand seven hundred feet long. Already weary and half-starved, after marching a few weeks, they hailed Iztapan, the first important town they arrived at, "with shouts of gladness that rung back from all the woods around."

Obtaining a scanty supply of provisions at Iztapan, Cortes once more began his toilsome march, passing through a region of seemingly endless forests, rendered so dark by the denseness of their foliage, that, says the general, the soldiers "could not see where to put down their feet." While yet struggling through these gloomy depths, their provisions failed them, and they had to quiet the pains of hunger with such berries, nuts, and roots as they could find. But the supply of these was not plentiful enough to

ward off starvation, numbers of Indians falling down by the road, and dying for the want of food.

At length, once more beholding the sunlight of an open country, the half-famished and way-worn troops were stopped by a river of great depth and proportionate width. "I was puzzled," says Cortes, "what to do. To return was certain death. Not a single ray of hope lighted up our path." No other way being left, he resolved to build a floating bridge. Almost ready to fall down with fatigue, the disheartened Spaniards, uttering loudly their complaints, refused to undertake a work of such magnitude. "I do not want your help," said the general bitterly, and turned towards the Indians; who, having listened to what he calls a "little oration," went to work with the most praiseworthy zeal. Thus put to shame, the Spaniards united their labors with those of the allies, and, after four days' incessant toil, the bridge was finished. It was a vast structure, so solidly built that, says Cortes, "it could not be destroyed but by fire." More than a thousand timbers were used in it, and every one of them was sixty feet long, and as thick as a man's body.

By means of this wonderful bridge, for years afterwards known as "the Bridge of Cortes," the whole army crossed the river without accident, and presently reached a large village, where it was determined to stop a few days for rest and refreshment.

During this halt, the general was informed by some Christian Indians that Guatemotzin and certain Mexican nobles had formed a plot to massacre the Spaniards, destroy the settlements at Honduras, and stir up all New Spain to such a revolt as would leave not one European alive in all its borders.

Guatemotzin and the accused nobles, being instantly seized, were, after a short examination, but no trial in form, ordered to instant execution. A huge tree overhanging the road was selected, and on its branches the unfortunate Aztecs were hung. When led out to die, Guatemotzin exhibited all that calm courage which had marked his defence of the capital, and befitted the last emperor of a once powerful and far-famed nation.

If the Mexican accounts be true, Cortes had scarcely a shadow of proof to justify so cruel an act. It is even said that the whole story of the conspiracy was made up by himself, so that he might have some excuse for destroying his royal captive, of whom he was perpetually in fear. Bernal Diaz, who was in the expedition, and certainly had no enmity towards Cortes, declares that Guatemotzin and his companions asserted

their innocence to the last, and that their execution was most unjust, and deemed wrong by all the soldiers.

Cortes, on the other hand, tells us that, when questioned about the conspiracy, Guatemotzin stubbornly refused to speak, while his companions confessed that such a plot had been arranged by him, but that they had declined having anything to do with it. Which of these accounts to believe, I acknowledge myself unable to determine. But, whether the Aztecs were guilty or not, their execution was a barbarous deed, for which no good excuse can be given.

I have not room, and it would be tiresome to relate all that happened to the Spaniards after their leaving the scene of Guatemotzin's death. At one time, a range of rugged mountains seemed to forbid their further advance, and the crossing of which, a distance of twenty-four miles, occupied nearly two weeks, and cost the lives of over sixty horses, dashed to pieces by falling from precipices. On another occasion, they were two days in crossing, by log-bridges laid from rock to rock, a wide and tempestuous river, which a fortnight's incessant rain had swollen to an extraordinary height. From these instances may be learned the hardships and dangers they had to encounter.

At length, after many more days of suffering, the wayworn company reached Naco, the settlement they had started for, finding, contrary to all their expectations, that Olid had been slain, and the authority of Cortes re-established.

Resting a few days only, the untiring general, regardless of unwholesome mists and the annoyance of millions of mosquitoes, spent more than a month in exploring the marshy region into which he had come. Then, with a portion of his troops, he sailed to Truxillo, the inhabitants of which town were "so overjoyed to see him, that they ran into the water, and carried him ashore in their arms."

Cortes, having here rested his followers, was preparing to overrun the rich lands of Nicaragua, when tidings reached him which, driving away his dreams of new conquests, made it necessary for him to return with all speed to Mexico.

The royal commissioners whom he had left in charge of the government had thrown everything into disorder. Spreading abroad the rumor that he had perished during his march, they sold his property to pay what they called his debt to the state, and put his steward to the torture, to force him to tell them where his master's treasures were concealed. They had, in like manner, confiscated the possessions of many of the general's companions, and had so cruelly treated

the poor natives that a fierce outbreak was momentarily looked for.

On hearing of these matters, Cortes, filled with apprehension, immediately set sail for Villa Rica. Twice driven back by storms, he began to fear that his sins had provoked the wrath of Heaven. He lost hope; his health failed him; and he prepared to die. But fresh letters, urging his return to Mexico, aroused his sleeping energies, and, in April, 1526, he bade a final farewell to the shores of Honduras. Heaven seemed still to frown on him, for it was not until the following June that, delayed by various accidents, he at last found himself once more in the capital.

Well nigh two years had passed by since Cortes had set out on his toilsome march. "What he suffered," says Robertson, in a note with regard to it, "from famine; from the hostility of the natives; from the climate, and from hardships of every species, has nothing in history parallel to it but what occurs in the adventures of the other discoverers and conquerors of the New World. Though it was not distinguished by any splendid event, he exhibited, during the course of it, greater personal courage, more fortitude of mind, more perseverance and patience than in any other period or scene of his life."

The welcome which greeted the return of Cortes was like a triumph. Out of every town on the road, from the coast to the capital, the people thronged to meet him, almost covering his way with flowers. His entrance into Mexico was magnificent, "Spaniards and Indians vying to express their affection, the whole city echoing with all sorts of music, the streets full of people dancing, and the night looking like day with bonfires and illuminations."

Meanwhile, the enemies of Cortes, headed by the royal commissioners, had been busily engaged in turning the mind of his sovereign against him. They pictured him as an unscrupulous usurper; an ambitious tyrant, ready, at any favorable moment, to shake off the authority of Spain, and set up a government of his own. Alarmed by these representations, the emperor was at length persuaded to order a solemn inquiry into the general's conduct.

The officer appointed for this purpose, dying soon after his arrival at Villa Rica, bequeathed his authority to one of the royal commissioners. Thus placed in power, as it were, the conqueror's enemies hastened to vent their spite against him. Proceeding from insult to insult, they at length went so far as to order him from the capital. "It is well," said he, as he quietly withdrew into the country, "that they who won this city

with their blood should not be allowed a footing in it."

Meanwhile, a number of persons, known collectively as the "Royal Audience of New Spain," had been appointed by the emperor to examine into the charges against Cortes, and, if it should be deemed necessary, send him back a prisoner to Castile. But, before this commission of inquiry could reach the New World, Cortes had taken a step which rendered it of no use, and threw his enemies into confusion. Conscious of his own fidelity to the crown, and keenly sensible to the ingratitude with which his public services had been repaid, he determined to proceed at once to Spain, and "commit himself and his cause to the justice and generosity of his sovereign."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Cortes reaches Spain—Death of Sandoval—Honors bestowed on Cortes—Returns to Mexico—New difficulties—Unfortunate voyages—Revisits Spain—Death of Cortes—Personal habits and manners—Fate of his remains.

ACCOMPANIED by Sandoval and other trusty officers, and having in his train many Mexican nobles of high rank, Cortes sailed from Villa Rica early in the spring of 1528. He bore with him most of the wealth, numerous jewels and ornaments of princely value, and a rich collection of the curiosities of the country. In short, he went back to his native land "like a mighty lord." How changed was he from the wild and almost penniless boy, who, but eighteen years previous, had set out for the New World in search of fame, fortune, and stirring adventure.

Fair winds speedily wafted Cortes and his companions to the shores of Spain. Palos, the little seaport which had witnessed the departure and return of the first fleet of the Great Discoverer, now gave harborage to the vessel that brought back the conqueror to the land of his birth; and, singularly enough, he sought repose from the fatigues of his voyage in the very convent where Columbus had obtained shelter, and won the fast friendship of the good friar, John Perez. But, less fortunate than Columbus, Cortes there lost a friend instead of gaining one. Suddenly falling sick, his "son," as he was wont affectionately to call him, "the brave and trusty" Sandoval, after a short illness, died in his arms, at the early age of thirty-one.

Having sorrowfully attended the remains of his beloved companion in arms to their last resting-place, Cortes proceeded slowly towards

Toledo, where the emperor then held his court. Every town and village he passed through poured out its throngs of people, all eager to see and honor a chieftain so famed for his deeds of valor. Fully convinced by his coming so promptly into Spain that Cortes was guiltless of entertaining the rebellious designs he had been charged with, the emperor welcomed him to court as one worthy of the highest distinction and respect. The order of St. James; the title of Marquis of the Valley of Oaxaca; and the present of a princely domain in the province of that name, were one after another bestowed upon him. Nor were these the only evidences which Charles gave of his desire to honor a subject so faithful and enterprising. It is related that he even "admitted him to the same familiar intercourse with himself that was enjoyed by noblemen of the first rank." In those days, and coming from a Spanish sovereign, this was deemed an extraordinary mark of respect and condescension.

But, after all this outward show of favor, it was in vain that Cortes importuned his royal master to reinstate him in the civil government of New Spain. Nevertheless, Charles restored to him his military command as captain-general, with authority to undertake new discoveries in the South Sea, and to rule over such colonies as he might establish.

His first wife being now dead several years, the marquis, some time in 1529, took to himself a second spouse, in the person of Juana de Zuñiga, a young lady of high rank and great beauty. Early in the following year, "accompanied by his youthful bride, his aged mother, and by a magnificent retinue of pages and attendants," he sailed once more for the New World, landing at Villa Rica on the 15th of July. The emperor having forbidden him to enter the capital, for fear that he might fall into quarrels with the "Royal Audience," now in charge of the civil authority, he made Tezcuco his head-quarters, there receiving, in almost kingly state, the multitudes who flocked to pay him their respects.

A new Audience, more favorably disposed towards Cortes, presently arrived at Mexico, and, for a short time, he enjoyed the sweets of a quiet life. But at length he and the civil authorities fell into disputes, when, disgusted by their un-called-for meddling with his military affairs, he quitted the capital, never to return, and took up his residence at Cuernavaca, where he had built himself a princely palace.

Here Cortes remained for a considerable period, busily attending to the improvement of his estates. But this was a life little suited to one who had grown accustomed to the stir and bustle of camps,

and to the excitements and adventures to be met with in the fields of discovery and conquest. He delighted in forming bold and splendid schemes, to further which, he was willing to risk fortune, the pleasures of home, and even life itself.

At length, following out the inclinations of his heart, Cortes resolved to make use of the authority that had been granted him, and begin a new career of discovery in the still mysterious depths of the great South Sea. Accordingly, during the years 1532 and 1533, he fitted out from ports on the Pacific coast two small fleets. But the voyages proved disastrous, or resulted in nothing important. At length, in 1536, Cortes took command of a new squadron in person. After overcoming a multitude of dangers and difficulties as terrible as any he had ever encountered, he discovered the country now known as Old or Lower California, and explored the greater part of the gulf, formerly called the Sea of Cortes, which separates it from the shores of New Spain.

Though the general results of these expeditions were such as would have distinguished almost any other man, they could add little to the fame of the conqueror of Mexico. In carrying them out, Cortes had spent all his ready money, involved himself in debt, and even pawned the jewels belonging to his wife. Yet he was preparing to make further explorations of the California peninsula when Mendoza, then lately appointed viceroy of New Spain, set up a claim to the sole right of discovery in that quarter. The dispute that followed gradually increased in bitterness, and brought up so many other causes of quarrel, that, in 1540, Cortes, weary of contending with enemies he despised for their envy of his fame, once more crossed over to Spain, there to seek satisfaction from his sovereign. His eldest son, then a boy some eight years of age, accompanied him.

Though received with an outward show of courtesy by the grandees of Spain, Cortes had to wait a full year before he found a chance to lay his grievances before the emperor. Even then his prayers for redress were received with cold civility. The glory of his former deeds had already, in some degree, been forgotten, or outshone by the exploits of later adventurers into the golden regions of Peru; nor could any more important enterprises be looked for from one now growing old, and beginning to meet with misfortune.

For three years, Cortes hung about the court, suffering at one time from its neglect, at another from its insolence. It is related that, on one

occasion, having presented himself before the emperor, Charles turned to a courtier with the question of "Who is this man?" "One," was the conqueror's quick reply, "who has given you more provinces than your ancestors left you towns!"

At length, in 1544, Cortes addressed a touching letter of appeal to his sovereign, beseeching him, in conclusion, to bring his suits to a speedy decision. "I am too old," said he, "to wander about like a vagrant, but ought, during the short remnant of my life, to stay at home, and occupy myself with the concerns of my soul rather than with those of my earthly substance."

This moving letter does not seem to have had any effect. Three more years elapsed, and still the old man lingered at court, in the vain hope of having his suit attended to. Finally, wholly disheartened at the fruitlessness of his last appeal, he made up his mind to embark again for the scene of his past glories. Travelling towards the seashore, he was taken sick at Seville, failing so rapidly, that, seeing his last day to be near at hand, he at once settled up his worldly affairs. Then, turning his thoughts wholly upon the world to come, he confessed his sins, received the sacraments of communion and extreme unction, and composedly gave up his soul to its Creator on the second day of December, 1547, being then in the sixty-third year of his age.

"His fate," says Robertson, "was the same with that of all who distinguished themselves in the discovery or conquest of the New World. Envied by his contemporaries, and ill-requited by the court which he served, he has been admired and celebrated by succeeding ages."

Of the public character of Cortes, I think enough has been said in this narrative, however imperfect it may be deemed, to enable a careful reader to form a judgment for himself. With regard to his conduct as a private man, I have said nothing beyond a few hints at the wildness of his younger days. From those hints, it may easily be inferred that, though most firm, I might say bigoted in his Christian faith, his Christian morals were somewhat loose.

Of the manners and personal habits of the conqueror, some interesting notes have been left us by his old companion in arms, Bernal Diaz, which I shall condense from a translated quotation in Prescott.

"In his whole appearance," says the old chronicler, "in his discourse, his table, his dress, in everything, he had the air of a great lord. His clothes were in the fashion of the time; but he dressed plainly and exceedingly neat. He wore no massy chains of gold; only a fine one

of exquisite workmanship. On his finger, he had a splendid diamond ring, and from his cap, which was of velvet, hung a medal, the device of which I do not remember. He was magnificently attended, as became a man of his rank; and the service of his table was splendid, with a quantity of both gold and silver plate. At noon, he dined heartily, drinking about a pint of wine mixed with water. He supped well, though he was, not dainty in regard to his food, caring little for the delicacies of the table.

"He was acquainted with Latin, and could converse in that language. He was also something of a poet; his conversation was agreeable, and he had a pleasant way of speaking. In his attendance on the services of the church, he was most punctual, devout in his manner, and charitable to the poor.

"When he swore, he used to say: 'On my conscience;' and when he was vexed with any one, 'Evil betide you.' With his men, he was very patient; and they were sometimes impertinent, and even insolent. When very angry, the veins in his throat and forehead would swell; but he uttered no reproaches against either officer or soldier.

"He was fond of cards and dice, and when he played was always in good humor. In his campaigns, he paid strict attention to discipline, frequently going the rounds himself during the night, and seeing that the sentinels did their duty. He entered the quarters of his soldiers without ceremony, and chided those whom he found without their arms and accoutrements, saying: 'It was a bad sheep that could not carry its own wool.' He was frank and exceedingly liberal in his disposition until the last few years of his life, when he was accused of parsimony. But we should consider that his funds were employed on great and costly enterprises, and that none of these, after the conquest, neither his expedition to Honduras, nor his voyage to California, were crowned with success. It was perhaps intended that he should receive his recompense in a better world; and I fully believe it, for he was a good cavalier; most true in his devotions to the Virgin, to the Apostle St. Peter, and to all the other saints."

The remains of Cortes, like those of Columbus, were not permitted to rest long in one place. They were first deposited, with solemn ceremony, in the chapel of the monastery of San Isidro, at Seville. Fifteen years afterwards, his son, Martin Cortes, had them removed from the Old World to the New, giving them temporary rest in the monastery of St. Francis, at Tezcuco. Still later, in 1629, the body of Cortes was again removed,

being laid, with the most solemn and imposing ceremonies, in the cathedral of St. Francis, almost on the very spot where, a hundred years previous, his soldiers had been sacrificed to the war-god of the Aztecs. For more than a century and a half, the mouldering relics of the conqueror were undisturbed; but, in 1794, they were once more removed, being deposited in the Hospital of Jesus of Nazareth, an excellent institution, which Cortes had laid the foundation of. Twenty-nine years elapsed, when, in 1823, the revolutionary party in Mexico threatened to mingle the dust of Cortes with that of the streets of the capital. But this foul deed, it is said, was prevented by the friends of the family secretly removing the cherished relics by night. Since that period, I believe, the little heap of ashes, which is all that now remains of the mighty conqueror, has been suffered to rest in peace.

KEEP NEARER TO THY YOUTH.

BY R. S. S.

KEEP nearer to thy youth, young heart,
With every trifle vex;
Thus spake an old divine, and well,
There's wisdom in the text;

For fairest flowers are everywhere
Around its pathway strewn,
And age will give to thee a rough
And rugged path alone.

Keep nearer to thy youth, brave heart,
With aspirations high,
For fame is nightshade in the soul
And tear-drops in the eye;
Ambition gives thee beckonings,
And promises that cheat;
But youth has golden glowing smiles
And fruitage far more sweet.

Keep nearer to thy youth, sad heart,
For sorrow has no share
Among the hours that smile around
The scenes of pleasure there;
Thy grief, 'tis but the gift of age,
Time sows in tears the truth;
And full too soon 'tis reaped, I ween;
Keep nearer to thy youth.

Keep nearer to thy youth, old heart,
For, though 'tis distant now,
Its golden memories will fling
A sunlight o'er thy brow,
And smooth the wrinkled forehead
Like a gentle hand forsooth;
The days, you say, were happier days
When nearer to thy youth.

Keep nearer to thy youth, ye hearts,
The young, the strong, the brave;
Too soon 'twill sleep a wreck beneath
Time's ever restless wave;
Look backward on the past, old hearts,
The scene hath influence more
To take the ruth from silvery hair
Than that which lies before.

THE SHUNAMITE'S SON.

BY MRS. S. H. L. CAMPBELL.

PART I.

THE morning wakes on Shunem's hills,
And over Shunem's plain
Forth troop the stalwart husbandmen,
To gather in the grain.

But 'mid the merry harvesters
The Reaper *Death* doth stand,
And sternly towards the master's son
He stretcheth forth his hand:

The cold, inexorable hand,
That stifles sense and breath;
The master's son doth bow himself
Beneath the touch of *Death*!

Ah! bear him to his mother now,
And lay him on her breast;
And bid her sing soft lullabies,
For, lo! her child would rest!

She sings his gentlest cradle hymns,
And babbles baby lore,
Till, soothed by the beloved voice,
He sinks to rest once more.

Faint, and more faint, the mother's voice
Falls on his heavy ear—
A fast receding melody,
Which soon he may not hear.

Loud, and more loud, the harmonies
Of angels round him swell;
Now welcome to the spirit-land,
And to the world farewell!

PART II.

They crown him with the immortal crown
Bought by the pang of parting breath,
And lead him to the Conqueror's throne,
Subject no more to Sin and Death:

While forth Hell's baffled monsters glide,
From ambush, on his earthward path,
And, lifting impious crests to heaven,
Envenomed, hiss their powerless wrath.

But hark! what voices rend the void,
And hush the harmonies of Heaven?
Ah! human prayers and human faith
The adamant walls have riven!

Bending compassionately low,
JEHOVAH harkens to the cry,
And human prayers and human faith
Are crowned by proudest victory.

The flow'ret plucked for Heaven to-day
Will bloom in earthly bowers again;
And from seraphic fellowship,
An *angel* turns to dwell with *men*!

He lays him down—his golden harp
He casts aside—his victor palms—
The glory of his seraph face
Half veileth with transparent hands—

While slowly o'er the starry courts
He trails his pinions, drooping low,

And from the shining Presence glides
Back to the darkened world below!

In subtle ambush, round his path
Hell's myriad tempters throng again;
While Pain, and Toil, and Time, and Death,
Rebind their captive's riven chain!

Ah, mourning mother! was it well
To follow thus his shining track,
And to the glooms that shroud thine own
Recall the child of glory back?

In grief and tears, I too have given
A star to gem yon shining dome;
Nor dare I call it down from Heaven,
To gild the darkness of my home!

ALL EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY LOUISA MUMFORD.

Oh! tell me not this earth is all
A scene of foul decay,
That o'er its joys a funeral pall
Is spread in dark array!

Oh! tell me not there is no love,
No beauty here below;
For God, who made the heavens above,
Hath made the earth below!

There's beauty in each earthly thing;
There's mirth and music free;
There's beauty in the birds that sing
On every branch and tree!

There's beauty in the tender blade
That covers hill and field—
In gayer scenes that hill and glade
In rich profusion yield!

There's beauty in each tiny flower
That blooms along the way,
Or decks each cool and shady bower
In rich and bright array!

There's beauty in each forest-tree
That shades the passer-by;
There's music in the tiny bee
That hums his busy lay!

There's beauty in the mountain rill
That flows along the glade;
There's beauty in the rugged hill,
And in the forest shade!

There's beauty in the summer day
There's beauty in the night,
That comes to us with gentle lay,
And happy visions bright!

There's beauty in the summer cloud,
And in the April shower—
For these are blessings pure from God,
To gladden leaf and bower!

Oh, yes! all earth is beautiful
With every varied scene;
For, wheresoe'er the eye may turn,
The hand of God is seen!

I HAVE LOVED THEE FONDLY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I HAVE loved thee fondly, truly,
 With all my trusting heart,
 And, like a dove in search of rest,
 Have wandered where thou art.
 I've lingered round thee day by day,
 Till, by thy hands caressed,
 I've laid my weary aching head
 Upon thy loving breast.

But now my dream of love is o'er,
 Its memories bright are past,
 And recollection but recalls
 The scenes that could not last;
 Like snow-flakes, which descend
 They melted one by one,
 And disappeared like drops of dew
 Before the morning sun.

I would not cast reproach upon
 That faithless heart of thine,
 For conscience must give pangs more keen
 Than burning words of mine;
 And, as the hand of Time engraves
 Its furrows on our brows,
 May mem'ry bring before thy view
 Thy false and perjured vows!

No, no—I would not have thee think
 That I a thought would cast
 Upon the happy scenes of yore,
 Now buried in the past;
 For, though I loved thee once, yet now
 I tear thee from my heart;
 And to their fountain backward send
 The burning tears that start.

A WELCOME TO THE "LADY'S BOOK."

BY MABEL CLIFFORD.

FRIEND of my youth! shall I tell the delight
 That rushed to my bosom, in childhood's fair day,
 Whenever thy form would but dawn on my sight,
 Seeming to win me from children and play?
 Then to some nook, to all others unknown,
 Swift would I bear thee, to read thee alone.

Gifts let them bring me, the hours to beguile—
 Binding the fawn of the forest for me—
 Culling sweet roses to gladden awhile,
 Or caging the blue jay that sang in the tree;
 Yet time touches all, and fading they prove,
 Whilst *thou* art unchanging, dear book that we love.

Star of our home! as thy leaves I unfold,
 Whatever the mood that my spirit may own—
 Be it thoughtful or gay, be it mournful or cold,
 I see in thy pages an answering tone!
 Whispers float from thee, and echoes will start
 Swift from the folds of the loving young heart.

Gladly we greet thee, O thrice welcome book!
 Sweet the companion thou ever hast proved;
 And for thy coming we eagerly look,
 As for the visits of one fondly loved.
 Gem of our hearthstone! thy presence will be
 Ever delightful and welcome to me.

OUR WIDE, WIDE WORLD! WHAT IS IT?

OUR wide, wide world! 'Tis a mystical thing,
 A mystery past our knowing;
 With its clouds that gather, their shadows to fling
 O'er our pathway here, as they rapidly wing
 Their flight to the land where mystery merges
 Itself in the ocean of light, whose surges
 Will dash o'er our way, and will scatter their spray,
 Its foam o'er our spirits throwing.

Our wide, wide world! 'Tis the trumpet that peals
 When souls are in battle contending;
 When the conquered heart on the stained earth kneels
 In prayer to its God, while its life-blood seals
 Its passport through death to the far-distant regions—
 To eternity's rest, undisturbed by the legions
 That here upon earth mingle sorrow and mirth,
 Evil and good ever blending.

Our wide, wide world! 'Tis a mournful tone
 To the spirit whom sorrow rendeth;
 When the drooping willow, the cypress moan
 Bends over, and speaks, to the soul that's alone.
 Of a form that has fled, of a heart forsaken,
 Of an eye that will never on earth awaken;
 Earth hath no sound of a life beyond—
 Of a night that surely endeth.

Our wide, wide world! 'Tis a joy-swelling strain,
 That deep in the soul is vibrating;
 In sweetness undying, it echoes again,
 Wherever a heart can be found that would fain
 Mingle with ours in a friendship unbroken,
 Speak in those tones that on earth are unspoken,
 The language of Heaven, to those only given,
 Where Love performs the translating.

Our wide, wide world! It is wide, my friend;
 Are they many the things that we cherish?
 The mystery, conflict, and sorrow shall end,
 When our wide world shall in eternity blend;
 But the love that has cheered us, our burdens lightening,
 Our sorrows here sharing, our pathway brightening,
 In glory will stand in that far-distant land,
 Where its harvest will never perish.—Δ. Σ.

T O - N I G H T.

BY JULIA AVERY

SITTING here to-night alone,
 Just before the light is gone,
 Memories come stealing o'er me,
 While the distance dims before me;
 Thrilling faint, they come and go,
 As the shadows deepen slow.

Now before me, hand in hand,
 Past and present seem to stand;
 Bright, though sad, one face the while—
 Hopeful beams the other's smile:
 Thus I sit within the door,
 Thinking much, and feeling more.

Oh! this hour is holy, sweet;
 Follows soft, with silver feet,
 The stately march of kingly day,
 As his red light fades away.
 Blessings on sweet Fanny's bower!
 Blessings on the evening hour!

TO ELLEN.

BY MARY NEAL.

THERE 's a stream that glides by an humble home,
That ne'er saw the glitter of lordly dome,
That glideth on in its simple worth,
Refreshing its own little strip of earth;
Murmuring along its appointed way,
With a sigh for the pensive, a smile for the gay;
And, as its sweet influence steals over me,
I deem, my friend, 'tis a type of *thee*.

There 's a tree that bends o'er this little stream,
That never hath shrunk from the sun's hot beam
'Tis a willow-tree, and the sturdy oak
Hath shielded it long from each rude stroke;
And it leaneth there with a gentle grace,
While the streamlet reflects her soft, sweet face;
And the modest mien of this waving tree
Speaks to my heart, my friend, of *thee*.

There 's a bird that sings in this willow-tree,
That fills the wood with its melody;
That every spring its nest-home weaves
Amid this bower of bright, green leaves;
That sings when its little heart is full,
Then sinks to rest with the streamlet's lull:
And I think, when I list its notes of glee,
That the little bird is like to *thee*.

And there is a lovely little flower
That maketh its home in this wild-wood bower;
That floateth its perfume down the stream;
That stealeth a tint from each stray sunbeam
Which peereth down through the waving leaves
Of the tree that a shelter above it weaves.
Like that violet dwelling beneath the tree
Is the heart that dwells, sweet friend, in *thee*.

Sweet Ellen! may ever that streamlet's flow
Be a type of thy life where'er thou dost go!
Mayst thou gather from sunshine, from tree, and
flower,

Beams and sweets for the sorrowful hour!
And still mayst thou sing thine own sweet song,
To cheer each heart as thou 'rt passing along.
If it thrill *those* hearts as it melteth me,
Thou wilt leave them filled with love for *thee*.

THE BURIAL.

BY HELEN HAMILTON.

FOLD soft thine em'erald mantle, Earth,
O'er this, our faded blossom,
That now, with mournful step and slow,
We bear unto thy bosom!
Unto thy kindly clasping arms
We yield her, without sorrow,
Because we know to Grief's dark night
Kind Death has brought a morrow.

Let tears of anguish rain o'er those
Who perished joyous-hearted—
Who from the sunshine and the flower
Of happiness departed!
But not for her, who slumbers now,
Is fitted woe or weeping;
We joy to know that never dream
May break her quiet sleeping.

We gazed upon her gentle brow,
And recked not of its aching;
We listened to her tender words,
Nor dreamed her heart was breaking
Only when she, all meekly pale,
On her last couch was lying,
We learned how dreary life had been,
And wept not at her dying.

We give her to thy clasp, O Earth!
As calmly, sweetly smiling
As erst she smiled, ere knowing aught
Of falsehood and beguiling;
Ere yet her trust had proved man's faith,
And withered in the proving—
Ere yet her heart had learned to love,
And broken in the loving.

And now we lay her down to rest
Beneath the cypress-shadow,
And wreath about her lowly grave
Bright blooms from wood and meadow;
Flowers for *her* grave, whose earthly path,
Thorn-strewn, stretched dark and lonely,
Who saw Life's roses wave afar,
And plucked the thorn-branch only.

BLUE-EYED LAURA, LITTLE ONE.

BY E. G. CLINGAN.

LONG before the summer ended,
Or the sunny days were run,
Had our brightest flower faded—
Blue-eyed Laura, little one.

She was taken, and it grieved me;
But they said that it was done,
Done for good—and so we parted,
Parted with the little one.

Bright and simple-hearted creature!
She was happy—so was I—
In her rocking, in her singing,
Ever humming lullaby.

But her little feet grew weary,
And He came that "spareth none;"
Then I missed her in the morning—
Blue-eyed Laura, little one!

Missed her when the rosy tinges
Ushered in the morning sun;
For it wakened not the slumber
Of our blue-eyed little one.

When the shadows of the even
Dark among the tree-tops fell,
Thought I, she is only sleeping—
Sleeping, sleeping—all is well:

I will wake her in the morning;
But they said that I was done,
Done with waking in the morning
Blue-eyed Laura, little one!

For the sands had all been numbered
Ere the nightly shadows fled;
And the light immortal slumbered,
For the little one was dead!

So, long before the summer ended,
Or the sunny days were done,
Had our brightest flower perished—
Blue-eyed Laura, little one.

LINES,

On seeing the Picture of a Child gathering Lilies from a Brook, entitled "The Water Lily," in Godey's "Lady's Book" for March, 1855.

BY FAITH FARLEY.

AY! play with the lilies, thou sweet baby-child,
Adown by the woods where the brooklet runs wild;
A truant, like thee, from its home in the hills,
It babbles and wanders wherever it wills.

Its depth is as clear as thine own truthful eye,
Reflecting the painting of God on the sky;
The dewy-lipped lilies its wavelets that rid
Are not fairer than thou, on life's busy tide.

Its voice babbles out like the ringing of bells—
Thine own is more sweet than the murmuring shells;
The brook dimples down where the pebbles lie low—
Thy shoulders are lily-white, dimpled with snow.

AY! gather the lily, the type of the pure,
And treasure it ever, while life shall endure;
God keep thy young heart as free from all stain,
Thy life, like the lily's, unmingled with pain!

Go white through the world, as an angel with wings,
And treasure the blessedness purity brings;
And up in the bright land, where sin never mars,
Thy crown shall be lily-buds, mingled with stars.

Enigmas.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES IN MAY NUMBER.

- | | |
|------------------|----------------|
| 14. Penny-royal. | 15. Hare-bell. |
| 16. Hem-lock. | 17. Sincere. |

CHARADES.

18.

My *first*, in kitchen, parlor, hall,
Is faithful aye to duty;
Yet ever in the view of all
Has far more use than beauty.

Yet judge not rashly, nor contemn
My name, my birth, or glory;
A noble peer of England's realm
I'm proudly known in story.

My *second*, in enforcing laws
For *little* rogues, is clever,
While *old* rogues cut their creditors,
And then cut *me* forever.

Poor hen-pecked husbands rue my *whole*,
When testy dames grow sour;
Not Xanthippe's tongue, nor Caudle's soul,
Has half my dreaded power.

19.

'MID the keen piercing frosts of the cold northern zone,
Where winter eternal maintains his stern throne,
My *first* springs to being—exists through all time,
But would perish transferred to a sunnier clime.

Though terror to brave hearts my *second* oft brings,
Where back to the wave the white foam-crest it flings;
Yet the wanderer, long tossed on the dark-heaving main,
Feels new joy in his heart as he views me again.

On the wild rolling ocean's broad billowy breast
My *whole* finds a home, where secure it will rest;
Alike, though the tempest in madness may rave,
Or the summer breathe soft o'er the bright sparkling wave.

20.

My *first* is in the flowers of spring,
In summer's varied hues;
My *second*, ever on the wing,
Rests with the evening dews.

My *third*, in crown and coronet,
With regal splendor shines;
My *fourth* is in the ruby set,
From India's burning mines.

My *fifth*, in danger ever bold,
Is constant by your side,
And only quits its faithful hold
With life's last ebbing tide.

My *whole* upon embattled fields
In fury holds its way,
While lion-hearted courage yields
Before its reeking sway.

A correspondent sends us the following answers to Charades Nos. 4 and 5, published in March number:—

ANSWER TO NO. 4.

THE *night*, with chill and dreary blast,
Hung dark upon my path,
And angry clouds were gathering fast
In fury and in wrath.

And from the *inn*, whose cheerful light
My weary feet beguiled,
I turned to meet the darkening night,
And dare the stormy wild.

When duty calls, delay no more,
Nor let the spirit quail,
Though fierce in vengeful anger pour
The fury of the *gale*.

* * * * *

'Twas past—the storm-clouds rolled away,
And, from on high, again
The night's bright orb her trembling ray
Threw far o'er hill and plain.

Now, hurrying on in joyous glee,
My footstep sped along,
While warbled forth, from shrub and tree,
The *nightingale's* sweet song.

ANSWER TO NO. 5.

Par is equal—at least thus the linguists would show—
Both in English and Latin, and elsewhere at pleasure:
If equal is not *par*, then, pray, let us know,
Is 't *above* *par*, *below* *par*, or *paronomasia*?

The *Don*, I admit, is in general *grave*—
Don Quixote, perchance, may be deemed an exception;
The windmills gave proof he was certainly brave,
Though his *gravity* stood not their solid reception.

We all wish forgiveness—we trust 'twill be granted:
I have answered your riddle as well as I can, sir;
And, this being all you apparently wanted,
Shall trust to your kindness to *pardon* the answer.

NOVELTIES FOR THE MONTH.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

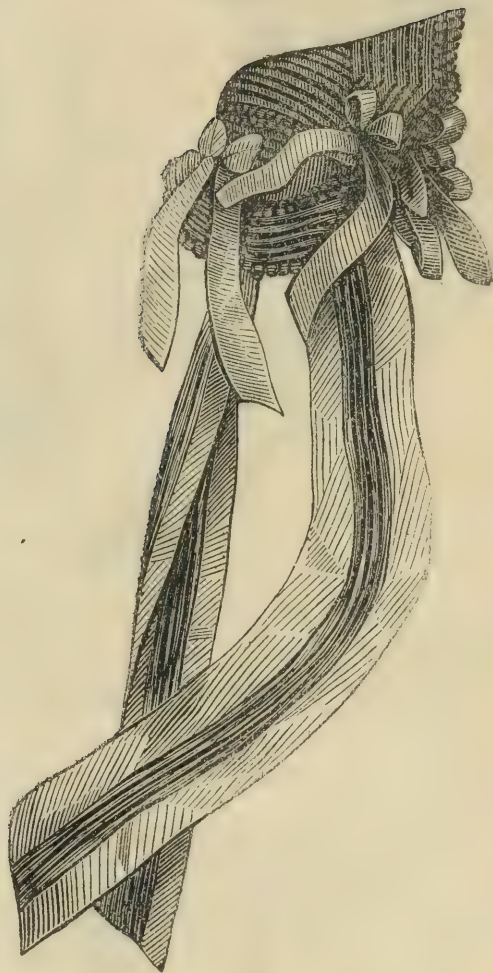


Fig. 1. RIBBON BRETelles, or BRACES.—In our “Chat” of last month we mentioned the great use of ribbon as dress-trimming the present season. *Bretelles* are especially suited to young ladies, and are intended to ornament evening-dresses. They are suited to white dresses more particularly, and should then be of blue, rose-color, pale green, or violet. Cherry-color is very striking for a young person. The ribbon is gathered to a point at the back and in front of the waist, and edged with narrow lace, either white or black. Quillings of the same form short sleeves or epaulettes; rosette at the point of the waist in front, with flowing ends, also edged with lace.

Fig. 2. DINNER OR EVENING-CAP FOR A MIDDLE-AGED LADY.—It is of the new style called *cap-bonnet*, the foundation of black net,

with rows of extremely narrow velvet ribbon, set on plain. Bows, and broad flowing strings, of satin—a brighter shade. It may also be made in white net and narrow satin ribbon of any shade which is more suitable to the present season.

Fig. 3.—Dress-cap of two falls, rich black Brussels or guipure, the under one slightly raised by a bow of ribbon. The second fall, or flounce, is set upon a band of the same rich ribbon that forms the knots and streamers in front.

Fig. 4. OMER MANTLE.—This mantle is formed of ruffles bordered with velvet satin ribbon or braid, and a rich heavy fringe. It is rounded behind, and the front is formed of quite long ends. This mantle can be made of silk or thin material, such as *barège*, tissue, &c.

Fig. 3.

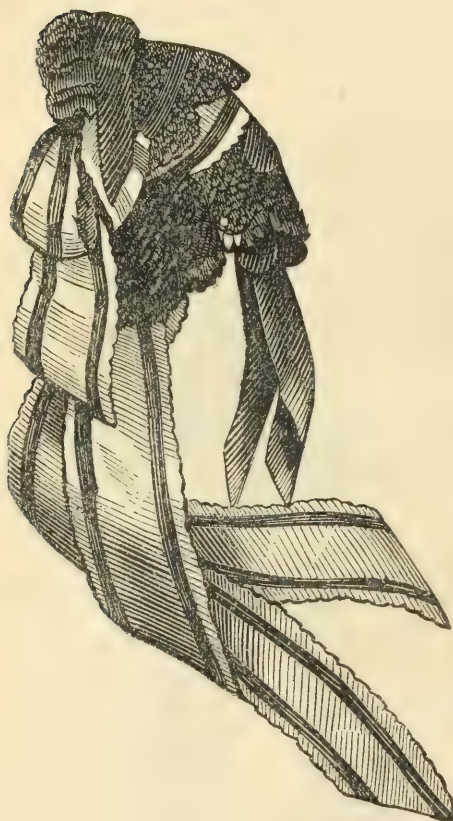


Fig. 4.



Fig. 5. SPRING UNDERSLEEVE.—This stylish sleeve is made of muslin, with a puff of the same then a row of lace about an inch in width,

then a row of bows of some color to suit the dress worn, and finished with a row of deep handsome lace.

Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 6. SUMMER UNDERSLEEVE.—This sleeve is made of illusion. The lower part is formed of puffs running up about six inches. These puffs are separated by bands of lace inserting, and confined at the wrist by a band of the same.

Fig. 7. SACQUÉ D'ETE.—This beautiful sacque we have introduced for the benefit of our young lady friends, who, we think, will find it very tasteful, and just the thing for a warm day. It is made of thin muslin, plain or figured; the

Fig. 7.



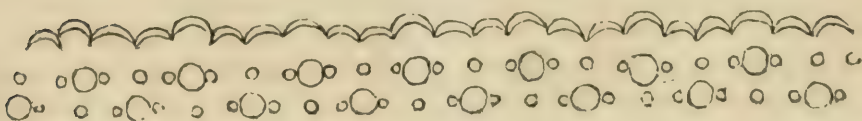
latter is much the prettier. It has a row of wide inserting down each side of the front, and finished with an edge. The neck is finished in the same way with inserting and edge, or a small collar. The skirt of the sacque is trimmed with

a very handsome flouncing. This is also round the sleeves. It may or may not be confined on the back with an inserting band. It is perfectly simple, and, at the same time, very pretty.

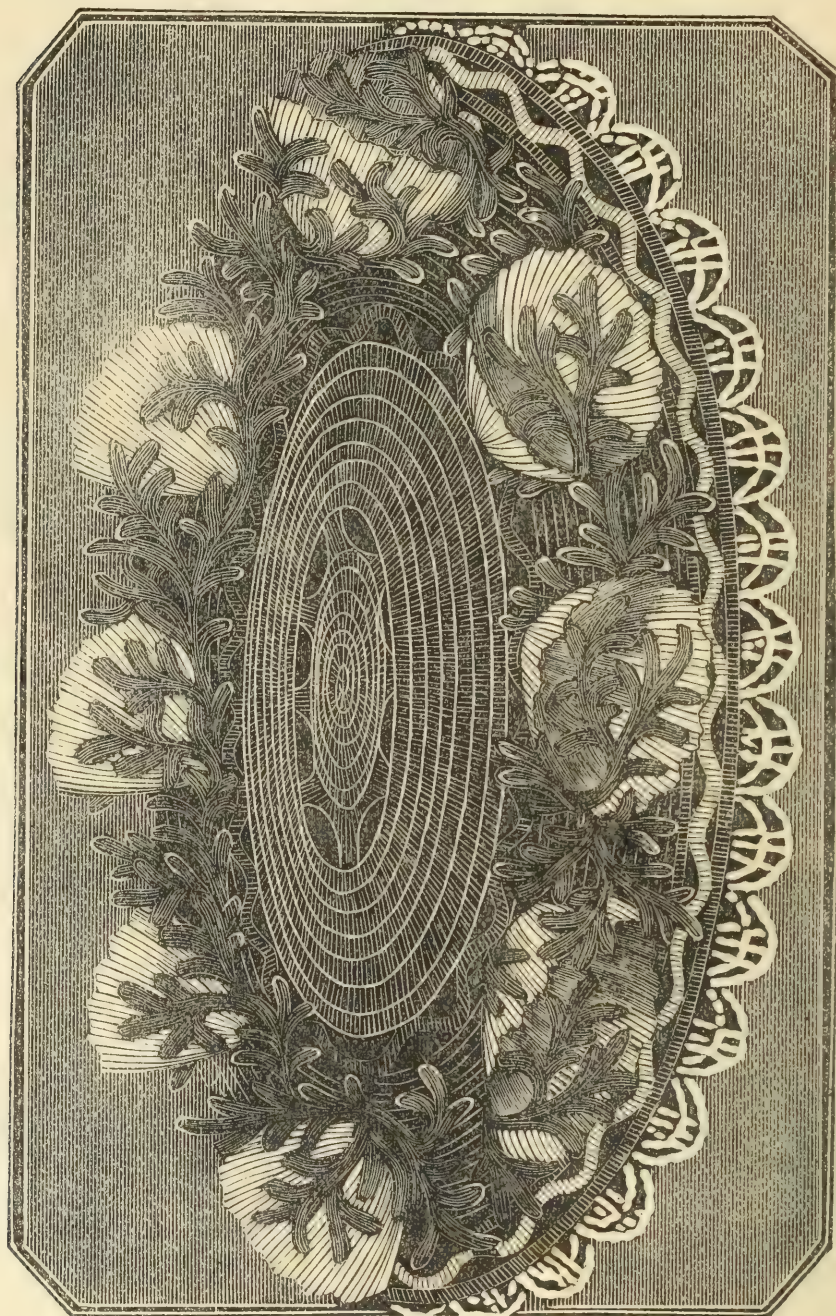
EMBROIDERY IN SILK.



EDGE IN EMBROIDERY ANGLAISE.



CROCHET LAMP-MAT.—CORALS AND SHELLS.



Material.—Twelve yards of blind cord; seven shades of green Berlin wool, namely, three skeins of the three darkest, four skeins of the three next shades, and eight skeins of the two lightest; two skeins of scarlet spangled wool; three balls of silver twine; and one skein of wire, No. 26; needle, No. 3, or 18, bell gauge.

THE MAT.

THIS direction will make a stand for a lamp 7 inches in diameter, but it can be made either larger or smaller.

Commence with the darkest shade of green, and work 4 chain, make it round. In the fol-

lowing rounds the cord is to be worked under the stitches, and held so that the rounds lie flat.

1st round, with the cord under the stitches. Work 3 stitches in one stitch of the foundation, 4 times.

2d.—2 stitches in one stitch, 12 times.

3d.—2 stitches in one stitch, 24 times.

4th.—6th shade of green; 2 stitches in one and 1 plain, 24 times.

5th.—4 plain, 2 treble, 3 long in one stitch, 2 treble. Repeat 7 times more, then 1 plain.

Cut off the cord and fasten it at the back, by

winding a piece of the wool round the end of the cord, and sew it between the ridges formed by the last rounds.

6th.—Same shade of green and the cord; commence in the second treble stitch of the last round, and leaving an end of the cord, work 3 plain on the 3 long, carrying the cord under; and to form the open space, work *, 10 plain stitches on the cord, using it as the foundation, then miss 9 stitches of the last round, and work 3 plain on the next 3 long. Repeat from *, 6 times more, then 10 plain on the cord, miss 9, 1 plain on the first stitch of the round.

7th.—5th shade of green; 5 plain and 2 plain in one. Repeat all round.

8th.—5 plain and 2 plain in one. Repeat all round.

9th.—2 plain in one and 7 plain. Repeat.

10th.—4th shade of green; 2 plain in one and 8 plain. Repeat.

11th.—11 plain on the cord as in the 6th round, then miss 6 stitches of the last round, work 5 plain on it, working the cord under. Repeat 15 times more. Cut off the cord and fasten it at the back.

12th.—Commence in the 4th stitch of the last round, work 4 plain on it, carrying the cord under *; then 10 plain on the cord, miss 12 stitches of the last round, work 4 plain on it. Repeat from * 14 times more; then 10 plain on the cord, miss 12, 1 plain on the 1st stitch of the round.

13th.—3d shade of green; 19 plain, 2 plain in one. Repeat.

14th.—14 plain, 2 plain in one. Repeat.

15th.—15 plain, 2 plain in one. Repeat.

16th.—2d shade of green; 8 plain, 2 plain in one. Repeat.

17th, 18th, and 19th.—1st shade; plain.

20th.—12 plain, 2 plain in one. Repeat.

21st.—10 plain on the cord as before, then miss 6 stitches of the last round, 4 plain on it. Repeat and cut off the cord.

22d.—Commence on the 3d stitch of the last round, work 4 plain on it, carrying the cord under; then * 9 plain on the cord, miss 10 stitches of the last round, work 4 plain on it. Repeat from * and end with 9 plain on the cord, miss 10, 1 plain on the 1st stitch. Fasten off. If the mat is required larger, a few rounds may be added by working 2 stitches in every 12th stitch.

23d.—With the silver twine; 1 chain, miss 2, 3 treble in one, 1 chain, miss 2. Repeat.

24th.—3 chain, miss 2, 3 treble in one, 3 chain, miss 2, 1 plain in the one plain of the last round. Repeat and fasten off.

1st BRANCH OF CORAL.

With the scarlet spangled wool, make 18 chain, then take the fine wire, and leaving an end of about 4 inches, place it between the wool and the loop on the needle, work 1 chain across the wire; then fold the wire back even with the other piece, and holding them along the foundation chain, miss the 1 chain that crosses the wire, work 5 plain and 1 single on the foundation chain, keeping the doubled wire under the stitches; leave the wire and work 14 chain. Place the long piece of the wire along the chain and pass it between the loop and the wool as before. Work 1 chain across the wire, fold it back again, taking care to leave the same length of the wire as the 14 chain; then miss the 1 chain which crosses the wire, work 3 plain and 1 single on the 14 chain, working the double wire under. Leave the wire, make 8 chain, then 1 chain across the wire, and fold it back as before; miss 1, 3 plain and 1 single on the 8 chain. Always leave the wire before working the chain; 6 chain, then 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 2 plain and 1 single on the 6 chain; then 4 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 4 plain on the 4 chain, then 1 plain on the top of the last single stitch, 1 plain and 1 single on the 3 chain between the 3d and 4th divisions; 7 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 5 plain and 1 single on the 7 chain; 3 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 3 plain on the 3 chain, 1 plain on the last single stitch, 1 plain on the 1 chain between the 5th and 6th divisions, 1 plain on the next single stitch, 1 plain on the 1 chain between the 3d and 4th divisions, 1 plain on the next single stitch, 1 plain and 1 single on the 4 chain between the 2d and 3d divisions; and for the

2d BRANCH.—10 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back, miss 1, 4 plain and 1 single on the 10 chain; 7 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 2 plain and 1 single on the 7 chain; 5 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 3 plain and 1 single on the 5 chain, then 5 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 5 plain on the 5 chain, 1 plain on the last single stitch, 1 plain on the 1 chain between the divisions; 1 plain on the next single stitch; 1 plain and 1 single on the 1st stitches of the 4 chain between the divisions; then 6 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 4 plain and 1 single on the 6 chain; 3 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 3 plain on the 3 chain; 1 plain on the last single stitch; 1 plain on the 1 chain between the divisions; 1 plain on the next single stitch,

2 plain on the 2 chain between the divisions; 1 plain on the next single stitch; 2 plain, 1 single on the 5 chain between the 1st and 2d branches; and for the

3d BRANCH.—7 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 3 plain and 1 single on the 7 chain; 5 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 2 plain and 1 single on the 5 chain; 8 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 5 plain and 1 single on the 8 chain; 6 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 6 plain on the 6 chain; 1 plain on the last single stitch, then 1 single on the 1st stitch of the 2 chain between the divisions; 4 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 4 plain on the 4 chain; 1 plain on the last single stitch; 1 plain on the 1 chain between the divisions; 1 plain on the next single stitch, then 1 single on the 1st stitch of the 2 chain between the divisions; 6 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 2 plain and 1 single on the 6 chain; 2 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 2 plain on the 2 chain, 1 plain on the single stitch; 3 plain on the 3 chain between the divisions; 1 plain on the next single stitch; 1 plain on the 1 chain between the divisions; 1 plain on the next single; 3 plain on the 3 chain between the 2d and 3d branches; 1 plain on the next single stitch; 2 plain on the 2 chain between the 1st and 2d branches; 1 plain on the next single stitch, 2 plain on the next 2 chain, 1 plain on the next single stitch, then 2 plain, 1 single on the 10 chain.

4th BRANCH.—6 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 2 plain and 1 single on the 6 chain; 5 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 2 plain, 1 single on the 5 chain; 4 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back;

miss 1, 4 plain on the 4 chain, 1 plain on the single stitch, 1 single on the 1st stitch of the 2 chain between the divisions; 3 chain, 1 chain across the wire, fold it back; miss 1, 3 plain on the 3 chain; 1 plain on the next single stitch, 1 plain on the 1 chain, 1 plain on the next single stitch, then 3 plain on the next 3 chain; 1 plain on the next single stitch; 7 plain on the 7 chain; 1 plain on the next single stitch, 11 plain, 1 single. Fasten off, and repeat 15 times more.

THE SHELLS.

Commence with the silver twine, work 5 chain, make it round.

1st round.—4 chain and 3 plain in the foundation chain, twice.

2d.—8 treble in the 4 chain, and 3 plain on the 3^d plain, twice.

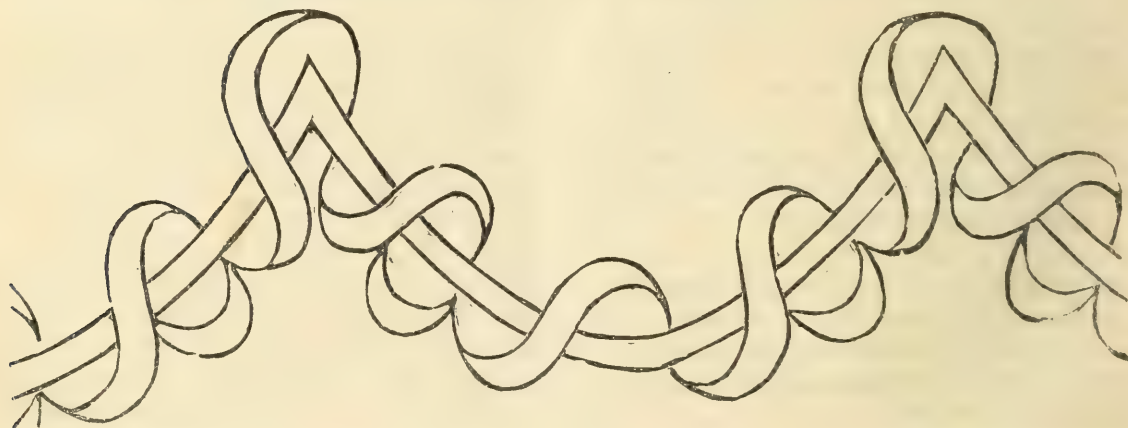
3d.—(1 plain and 2 plain in one, 4 times), 4 plain (2 plain in one and 1 plain, 4 times), end 2 plain.

4th.—5 treble, 2 long in one stitch twice, 5 treble, 3 single. Repeat once more.

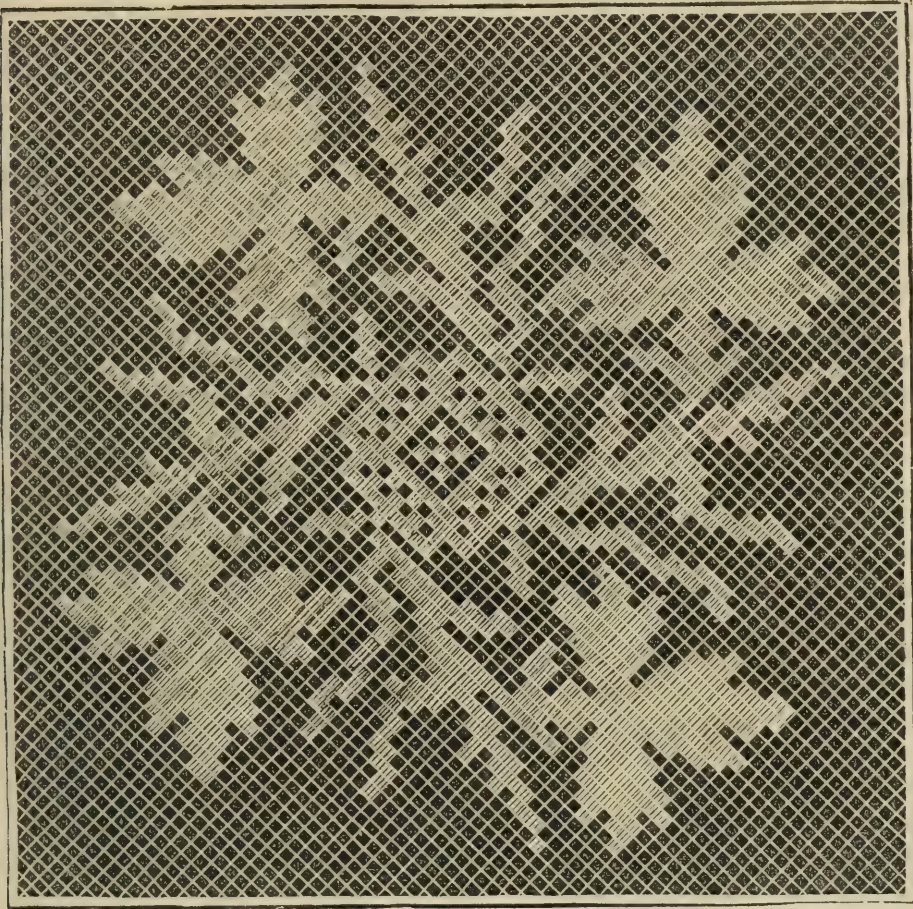
5th.—(2 plain in one and 1 plain, 7 times), 3 plain. Repeat once more.

6th.—1 chain, miss 1, 3 treble in one stitch, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 single. Repeat 4 times more, then 4 plain, repeat, once more and fasten off the twine. Work 7 shells more the same, and sew the foundation of the shells to the 16th round of the mat, placing them at equal distances. Take a piece of the coral, and place the 2d and 3d branches in the inside of the shell, bringing the stem round the foundation of the shell. Take a 2d piece and place it on the back of the shell, so that the 3d branch comes to the edge of the mat. Repeat and sew them to the mat.

TRIMMING FOR SKIRT.



NETTED D'OYLEY.



MAKE a square of netting the size required for a D'Oyley, and afterwards work the design from the pattern given in soft darning cotton, always taking care to keep the same number of threads in each square, and let all run the same

way; afterwards, finish with either a netted edging or fringe. These D'Oyleys look extremely pretty if the netting is in colored cotton and the design worked in white cotton.

VASE IN POTICHIMANIE.

(See Plate in front of Book.)

WE give another design for this very pretty work, and it will be found much easier than the one given in January, as the figures here are put on the outside of the jar. Any vase will answer; we have found an old grease-jar to suit the purpose.

Earthen vases are used in lieu of glass, and they have the merit of superiority of form to those ordinarily employed. The vases are carefully colored with oil-paint, and the figures then arranged on the *outside*. The only difficult part of the affair is to nicely varnish it afterwards, as the varnish must be laid on sufficiently thick

to make the plain parts of the vase on a level with those where the flowers are placed. The appearance is much more like that of real China than when done inside the vase.

The following letter will interest our readers. Besides the article on potichimanie, it gives some curious facts about flowers. We return our thanks to our kind but nameless correspondent.

"I hope you will not be offended if I give some hints, by which your description of the work called Potichimanie may be greatly improved. The thin glass cream-pitchers, or card-baskets for the centre-table may be made to have quite

an oriental appearance, if, after the pictures are gummed on, and a sufficient number of coats of paint have been put on to give the desired shade for ground-work, you lay either gold or silver leaf round the edge of the picture (on the outside of the glass), either in tendrils or any kind of *quirkums*, as in the Bohemian glass vases; these tendrils gracefully encircling or joining each picture, or otherwise, to suit the taste. The glass card-baskets may be cut by any glazier, out of clear white window glass, and after painting, joined, as they generally are, either with ribbon or gold-paper. The glass looks best when painted with a ground-work of ultramarine blue, Paris green, or cream-color; the paint ought to be put on with a small hog's-hair brush, such as landscape painters use; if poured round the glass as you direct, it will not flow even. The gold leaf is to be laid, as we do in the papier-mache work, or as any painter and glazier will tell the ladies how to apply it, either with gum-water or the white of egg.

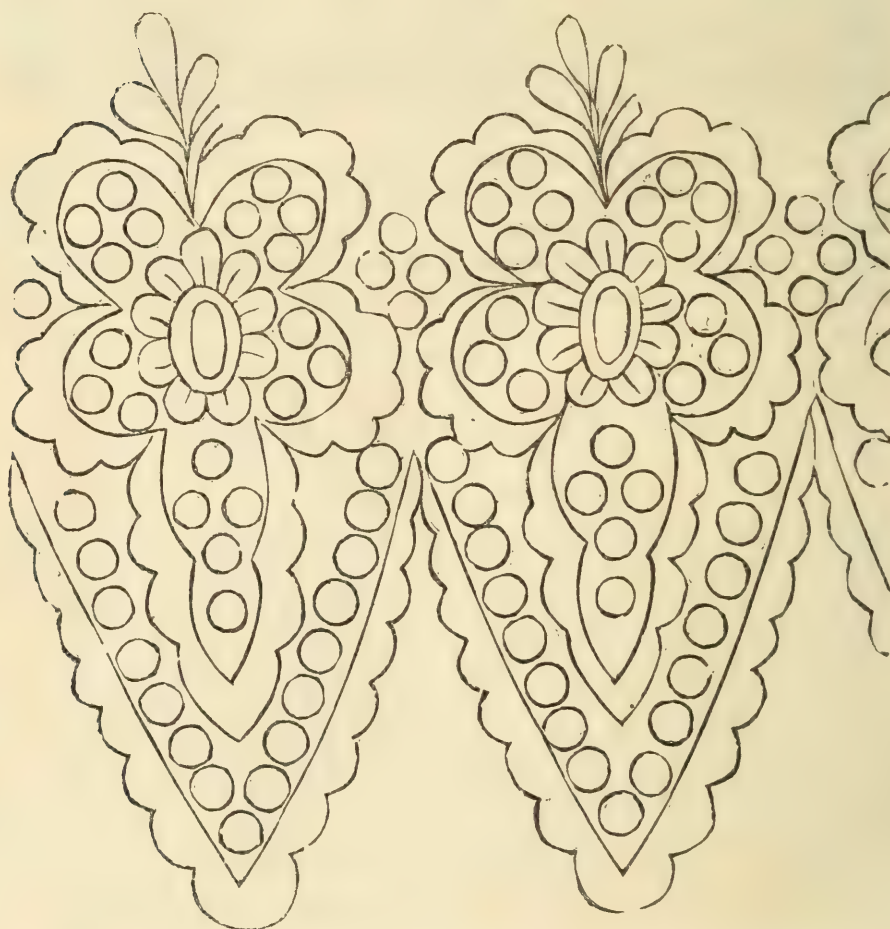
"I hope some of your fair readers will take the

trouble to make some of these articles; they are greatly admired when well done, and a great ornament for spare rooms as well as parlors. And so cheap! The paints that come prepared in tubes are the nicest for this work.

"Just for the amusement of some of your readers who love flowers as well as I do, I will tell you of a singular affair concerning one of my slips. I always root slips in water, as I am more successful in that than by putting them in earth. In September last, I put a handful of various kinds of slips in a wide-mouthed glass bottle, and as fast as the roots came out put them in earth as usual; but one petunia, instead of rooting, started up as beautiful and perfect a flower as ever bloomed, on the first of January, and now another has just opened. The joke of it is, there is no sign of a root, and, when first cut from the bush, there was no bud visible.

"All the ladies round here have very beautiful house plants, but they cannot beat this; 'tis the envy and admiration of all beholders."

EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.



CASE FOR PRAYER-BOOK OR BIBLE.

TAMBOUR, OR EMBROIDERY.

(See Blue Plate in front of Book.)

Materials.—Purple velvet, gold-colored crochet silk, gold braid, silk for lining, and three gold buttons.

Work the designs upon the velvet in chain-stitch with the silk, or the leaves may be worked

in embroidery-stitch, and the circles raised spots. In making up, insert a piece of velvet, two inches wide, between the sides; line with silk and edge the joinings with braid. An opening must be left at the top; this is fastened with buttons, and button-holes worked in the piece of velvet. A very elegant sermon-case may be knitted from the above design.

WATCH-CASE, BRAIDED.

Fig. 1.

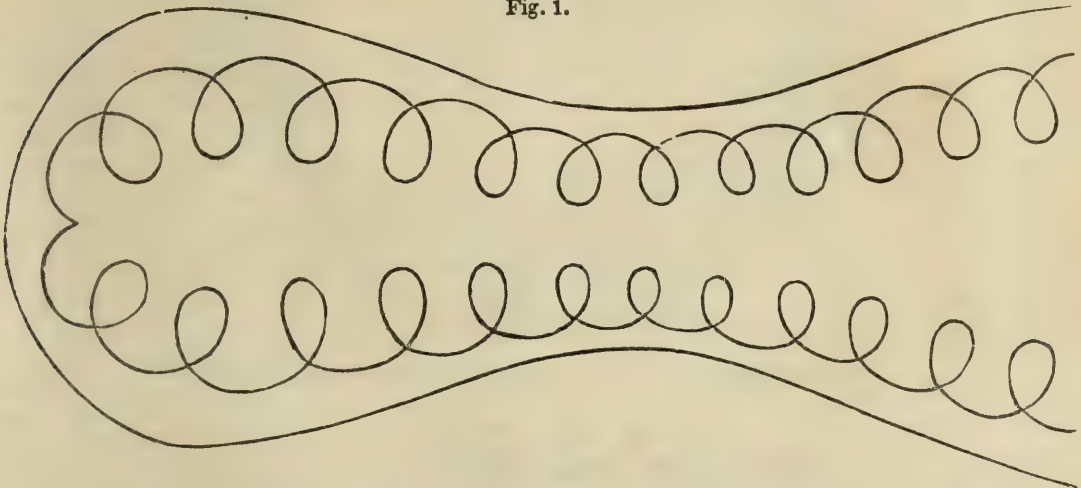


Fig. 2.

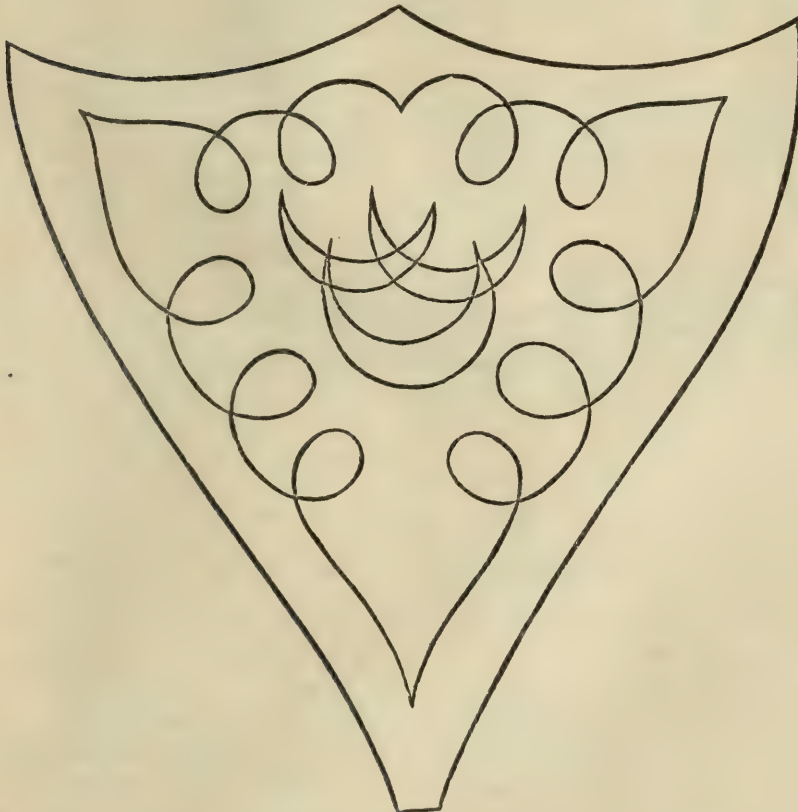


Fig. 3.

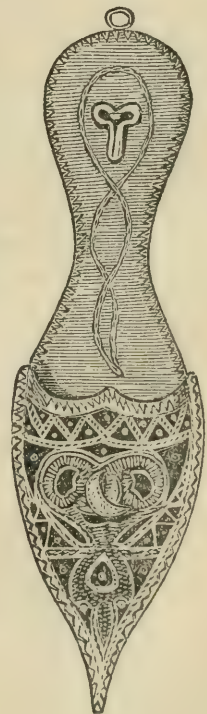


Fig. 1.—Watch-case, braided on velvet or silk with gold braid.

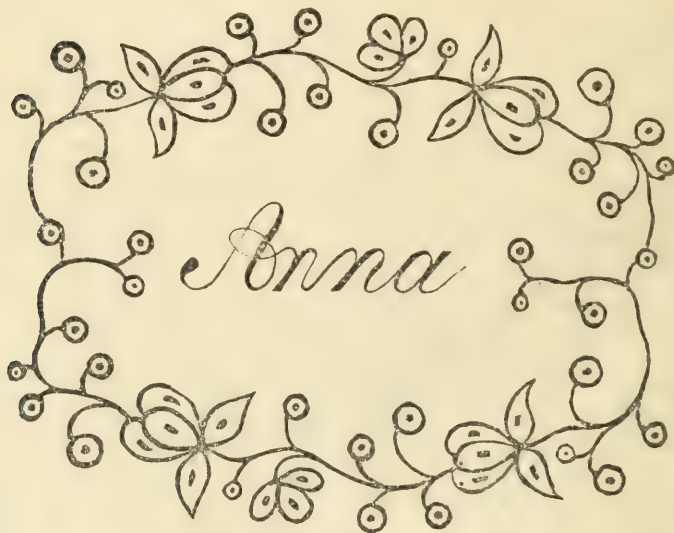
Fig. 2.—Pocket to hold the watch, fitting on Fig. 1.

Fig. 3 is another design, but shows how Figs. 1 and 2 are to be put together.

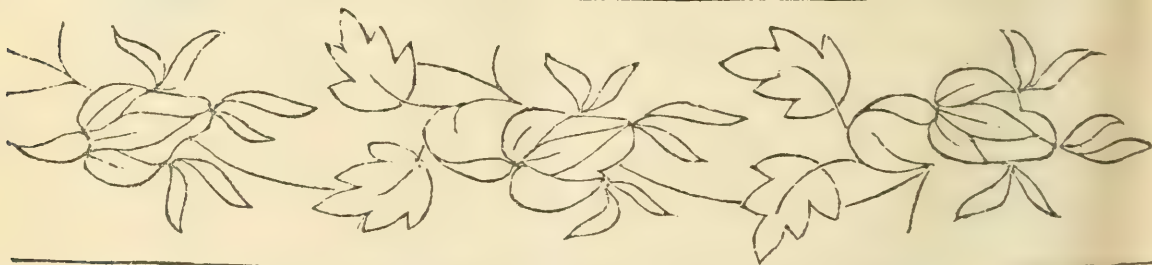
NAMES.



THESE names look very pretty worked in colored cottons.



INSERTING.



Receipts, &c.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS.

(Second Article.)

CURRANTS PRESERVED.—Take ripe currants, free from stems; weigh them, and take the same weight of sugar; put a teacup of sugar to each pound of it; boil the syrup until it is hot and clear; then turn it over the fruit; let it remain one night; then set it over the fire, and boil gently, until they are cooked and clear; take them into the jars or pots with a skimmer; boil the syrup until rich and thick; then pour it over the fruit. Currants may be preserved with ten pounds of fruit to seven of sugar. Take the stems from seven pounds of the currants, and crush and press the juice from the remaining three pounds; put them into the hot syrup, and boil until thick and rich; put it in pots or jars, and the next day secure as directed.

CURRANT JELLY.—Pick fine red, but long ripe, currants from the stems; bruise them, and strain the juice from a quart at a time through a thin muslin; wring it gently, to get all the liquid; put a pound of white sugar to each pound of juice; stir it until it is all dissolved; set it over a gentle fire; let it become hot, and boil for fifteen minutes; then try it by taking a spoonful into a saucer; when cold, if it is not quite firm enough, boil it for a few minutes longer. Or, pick the fruit from the stems; weigh it, and put it into a stone pot; set it in a kettle of hot water, reaching nearly to the top; let it boil until the fruit is hot through, then crush them, and strain the juice from them; put a pound of white sugar to each pint of it; put it over the fire, and boil for fifteen minutes; try some in a saucer; when the jelly is thick enough, strain it into small white jars, or glass tumblers; when cold, cover with tissue paper, as directed. Glass should be tempered by keeping it in warm water for a short time before pouring any hot liquid into it, otherwise it will crack.

CURRANT JELLY WITHOUT COOKING.—Press the juice from the currants, and strain it; to every pint put a pound of fine white sugar; mix them together until the sugar is dissolved, then put it in jars, seal them, and expose them to a hot sun for two or three days.

RASPBERRIES.—These may be preserved wet, bottled, or made jam or marmalade of, the same as strawberries. Raspberries are very good dried in the sun or in a warm oven. They are very delicious stewed for table or tarts.

GOOSEBERRIES PRESERVED.—Take the blossom from the end, and take off the stems; finish as directed for strawberries and currants.

TO KEEP RED GOOSEBERRIES.—Pick gooseberries when fully ripe, and for each quart take a quarter of a pound of sugar and a gill of water; boil together until quite a syrup; then put in the fruit, and continue to boil gently for fifteen minutes; then put them into small stone jars; when cold, cover them close; keep them for making tarts or pies.

CHERRIES PRESERVED.—Take fine large cherries, not very ripe; take off the stems, and take out the stones; save whatever juice runs from them; take an equal weight of white sugar; make the syrup of a teacup of water for each pound; set it over the fire until it is dissolved, and boiling hot; then put in the juice and cherries; boil them gently until clear throughout; take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them

on flat dishes to cool; let the syrup boil until it is rich, and quite thick; set it to cool and settle; take the fruit into jars or pots, and pour the syrup carefully over; let them remain open until the next day; then cover as directed. Sweet cherries are improved by the addition of a pint of red currant-juice, and half a pound of sugar to it, for four or five pounds of cherries.

TO DRY CHERRIES.—Take the stems and stones from ripe cherries; spread them on flat dishes, and dry them in the hot sun or warm oven; pour whatever juice may have run from them, a little at a time, over them; stir them about, that they may dry evenly. When they are perfectly dry, line boxes or jars with white paper, and pack them close in layers; strew a little brown sugar, and fold the paper over, and keep them in a dry place; or put them in muslin bags, and hang them in an airy place.

TO DRY CHERRIES.—Having stoned the desired quantity of good cherries, put a pound and a quarter of fine sugar to every pound; beat and sift it over the cherries, and let them stand all night. Take them out of the sugar, and to every pound of sugar put two spoonfuls of water. Boil and skim it well, and then put in the cherries; boil the sugar over them, and next morning strain them, and to every pound of syrup put half a pound more sugar; boil it till it is a little thicker, then put in the cherries, and let them boil gently. The next day strain them, put them in a stove, and turn them every day till they are dry.

RHUBARB.

RHUBARB TART.—Cut the stalks in lengths of four or five inches, and take off the thin skin. If you have a hot plate or hearth, lay the pieces in a dish, and pour over them a thin syrup of sugar and water; cover with another dish, and let it simmer very slowly for an hour; or simmer in a block-tin saucepan. When cold, make into a tart. When tender, it will be sufficient to bake the crust. Or, pare the stalks as above, and cut them into pieces about an inch long; put them into a basin, and sprinkle over and between them a little fine sugar. For a quart basin heaped, take a pound of common lump-sugar; boil it in nearly half a pint of water to a thin syrup; when skimmed, put the rhubarb into it, and as it simmers shake the pan often over the fire; simmer it gently until it *greens*, when take it off. When cold, lay it in the tart-dish, with only as much syrup as will make it very moist. Put a light crust over it, and, when it is baked, the tart will be done. Quarter the crust, and fill the dish with custard or cream.

M. Soyer, in his famed "Cookery-Book," recommends red forced rhubarb, very young, which put into a preserving-pan, with one pound of powdered sugar and a wineglassful of water; stew it quickly over a sharp fire, keeping the rhubarb very red, and the syrup very thick. When quite cold, serve upon a crown of puff-paste with a border of apple marmalade.

COMPÔTE OF RHUBARB.—Simmer in a quarter of a pint of water six ounces of sugar, and simmer in this syrup a pound of pared rhubarb stalks until they are tender. Lisbon sugar will answer, but lump-sugar is preferable. This wholesome and agreeable preparation is well suited for persons of delicate habit, who are forbidden to partake of pastry in any form; and, accompanied by a dish of boiled rice, it is preferable for children, as well as for invalids, to either tarts or puddings.

FINE RHUBARB JAM.—Let the rhubarb be drawn on a dry day; wipe the stalks clean, but do not wash them; peel off the skin and coarse fibres, and slice the stalks thin. To each pound thus prepared allow a pound of fine sugar in fine powder; put the fruit in a pan, and strew a quarter of the sugar amongst it and over it; let it stand until the sugar is dissolved, when boil it slowly to a smooth pulp; take it from the fire, and stir in the remainder of the sugar by degrees; when it is dissolved, boil the preserve quickly until it becomes very thick, and leaves the bottom of the pan visible when stirred. The time required for preparing this preserve will depend on the kind of rhubarb used, and the time of year in which it is made: it will vary from an hour and a half to two hours and a quarter. The juice should be slowly drawn from it at first.—*Robinson's "Art of Curing," &c.*

RHUBARB JAM. (*Manchester Receipt.*)—Boil gently together for three hours an equal weight of fine sugar and rhubarb stalks, with the juice and grated rind of a lemon to each pound of the fruit. When the true flavor of the rhubarb is much liked, the lemon-peel should be omitted. A very good jam may be made with six ounces less of sugar to the pound, by boiling the rhubarb gently for an hour before it is added.—*Ibid.*

SALADS, MACARONI, ETC.

SALAD DRESSING.—Boil half a pint of cream; thicken with the yolk of an egg; a teaspoonful of mustard and a small piece of butter, mixed together from the cream on them. Cayenne, salt, and vinegar to the taste.

ITALIAN SALAD is made by picking the white portion of a cold fowl from the bones in small flakes, piling it in the centre of a dish, and pouring a salad mixture over, enriched with cream; make a wall around with salad of any kind, laying the whites of eggs, cut into rings, on the top in a chain.

SPANISH SALAD.—Take whatever salad can be got, wash it in many waters, rinse it in a small net, or in napkins, till nearly dry; chop up onions and tarragon; take a bowl, put in equal quantities of vinegar and water, a teaspoonful of pepper and salt, and four times as much oil as vinegar and water; mix the same well together; take care never to put the lettuce into the sauce till the moment the salad is wanted, or it loses all crispness and becomes sodden.

FOR VINAIGRETTE.—Take any kind of cold meat, chop it finely, and lay it in a dish; chop the whites of the eggs employed for the salad very finely with small onions; add any kind of herb, and pickled cucumbers, all chopped finely; make a garnish round the meat, serve it with salad mixture, but do not stir it together, as it would spoil the appearance of the dish, which looks very pretty with the eggs and herbs in a ring.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Boil a chicken that weighs not more than a pound and a half. When very tender, take it up and cut it into small strips; then take six or seven fine white heads of celery, scrape and wash them, cut the white part small, in pieces about three-quarters of an inch long; mix it with the meat of the fowl, and, just before the salad is sent in, pour over it a dressing made in the following way: Boil four eggs hard; rub their yolks to a smooth paste with two tablespoonfuls of olive-oil, two teaspoonfuls of made mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, and one teacupful of strong vinegar. Place the delicate leaves of the celery around the edges

of the dish. White-heart lettuce may be used instead of celery. Any other salad dressing may be used, if preferred.

COLD SLAW.—Shave as fine as possible a hard head of white cabbage, put it in a salad-bowl, and pour over it the usual salad dressing.

Another way is to cut the cabbage-head in two, shave it finely, put it in a stewpan with half a teacupful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and a saltspoonful of pepper; cover the stewpan, and set it over a gentle fire for five minutes, shaking it occasionally. When thoroughly heated, serve it as a salad.

RADISHES.—Radishes should always be freshly gathered. Let them lie in cold water one hour before serving, then cut off all their leaves and almost all their stalk; serve them in glasses half filled with water, or on a plate.

Shalots or green onions are sometimes served and eaten in the same way.

TO DRESS MACARONI.—Wash and drain as much macaroni as you desire for dinner; put it on to boil in tepid water. When it is soft enough to pass a fork through, take it off, drain it through a colander, wipe out the skillet, and return it immediately back again. Then add milk enough to half cover it, salt and red pepper to your taste, a piece of butter as large as a turkey's egg, and grated cheese as plentifully as you please; stew it all together, while stirring it, for five or ten minutes; then throw it out into a dish, cover the top with grated bread-crumbs, and set it in the oven for a few minutes to brown on the top. If left long in the oven, it will dry up and become tough and unpalatable.

MACARONI, MILANESE.—Throw the macaroni in boiling water with some salt in it. Let it have plenty of room, and be well covered with water. Let it boil twenty-five minutes; drain it in a colander; then put it in a deep dish in alternate layers of macaroni and grated cheese; lay on the top slices of fresh butter; pour over it milk and cream enough to cover the whole, and place the dish in an oven where it can cook at the top and bottom equally. In fifteen or twenty minutes, it will be done. Serve it up immediately. Too much fire will make it dry.

MACARONI, A L'ITALIENNE.—Take one-quarter of a pound of macaroni, and boil it in water till tender; thicken half a pint of milk with flour and a small bit of butter; add two tablespoonfuls of cream, half a teaspoonful of mustard, a little white pepper, salt, and Cayenne; stir into this half a pound of grated cheese; boil all together a few minutes, add the macaroni, make all quite hot, and serve. This is the mode adopted at the best tables in Florence.

VERMICELLI is of the same substance as macaroni, but made much smaller, and frequently put into meat soups, as giving them additional richness; but it is, in our country, too sparingly used. To be well made, the soup should be thickened with it, and for that purpose it is preferable to macaroni.

SICK-ROOM AND NURSERY.

Cookery for the Sick and Young Children. (Continued from the April number.)

PREPARING OF FOOD.—Milk for the food of infants should not be boiled. Boiling altogether alters its properties. Either the milk should be brought to a proper

heat by the addition of boiling water, or food, such as arrowroot, sago, or panada, should be thinned and cooled by the addition of fresh milk. It is a common and very dangerous error to suppose that the food of infants is rendered nourishing by being thickened. They do not require thickened food; nor are they capable of digesting it. We have heard some nurses boast of a young infant taking a teacupful of good thick food that the spoon could stand on end in; and we have known infants, after performing such a feat, suddenly taken off in convulsions, or pining away in bowel-complaints, with all the appearance of being starved; the nurse or mother wondering what could have caused the child's illness, and least of all connecting it with its feeding. Perhaps—we can only say *perhaps*, for deeply-rooted prejudice is not always conquered even by ocular demonstration—perhaps, if they could see the size of the vessels through which the food has to pass—some of them smaller than a hair—they might be convinced that *such* food was altogether unsuitable and dangerous; that the infant's stomach is altogether unable to digest such food and convert it into nourishment, and that it cannot be eaten without causing serious pain and injury. But *all* mothers and nurses are not prejudiced. Some are sincerely inquiring after truth, and thankful for information that may assist them in the management of the important charge placed in their hands. These may be induced to give a fair trial to methods of feeding recommended by long and careful experience. Infants to whom the mother can afford a regular supply require no other food than that from the breast for at least four months, and are far better, more truly nourished, and more healthy, by never taking any other food for that period or longer. But if the supply prove insufficient, or if circumstances be such that the infant must be brought up altogether without the breast, the best substitute is fresh, pure cow's milk and water, without any kind of thickening. On this food alone many fine healthy children have been supported eight, ten, or twelve months. No variety is required, so long as the child appears plump and satisfied. It may then be brought to eat a piece of upper crust of good, pure bread, or a thin slice of bread and butter, or it may for a few weeks be fed with one, and then with two, meals a day of arrowroot, or tops and bottoms, prepared as hereafter directed; the other meals being still simply milk and water.

The milk for this purpose should be fresh at least twice a day. Some persons, who have the means at command, milk a cow for the purpose yet more frequently; but there is little if any advantage attending this plan. Cream is sometimes used in preference to milk, it being the lightest as well as the richest part of the production. In this case it must be diluted in proportion, and must never have stood more than twelve hours.

TO PREPARE MILK AND WATER FOR AN INFANT.—For a very young infant, begin with two-thirds new milk and one-third boiling water; this will bring it to the warmth of milk from the cow. In the water dissolve a very few grains each of sugar and salt; then add the milk. The quantity of sugar and salt for a meal should not exceed what will lie on the tip of a salt-spoon. If cream be used, begin with the proportion of four-fifths water to one-fifth cream. Of course, time must be allowed to bring it to a proper coolness. It should never be taken warmer than milk from the cow. As the child grows older, the proportion of milk may be

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increased as it is found to agree, till only new milk is taken, or only so much boiling water added as just to take off the chill. The richest proportion in which cream should be used is one-third to two-thirds water.

Milk and water, the common drink of children, and sometimes of sick persons, is often prepared in a careless manner, and rendered disgusting and unwholesome. The milk should be fresh, the water fast boiling; at least as much milk as water should be allowed, and it should be mixed the instant it is to be used. Thus made, it is a pleasant and wholesome drink. While upon the article of drinks, it may be as well to mention some others, which, however simple, are often spoiled in the preparation.

TOAST-WATER should be made a quarter of an hour before the time of using. For a large jug of water, a piece of bread about three inches square and one inch thick will be sufficient. It may be either crumb or top crust. Toast it very slowly, so that every part be browned and hardened; but take care that it does not catch fire. The water may be either fresh drawn from the spring, or it may have been boiled and left to become cold. The latter is sometimes prepared for invalids, but does not taste so fresh and lively. Have the water standing ready at hand, and plunge the toast in it as it is taken hot from the fire. If the water is poured upon the toast, the bread is broken and the water thickened.

(To be continued.)

THE TOILET.

A COSMETIC.—Buttermilk is certainly a good cosmetic—to those who do not prefer exercise, plain diet, and frequent use of plain soap and water.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—Before the skin is broken, rub the chilblain gently once a day with a little caustic, and in about a week it will completely disappear.

CAMPHORATED TOOTH-PASTE.—A subscriber recommends the following as the best article for the teeth that can be used: Camphor, half an ounce; prepared chalk, two ounces; scuttlefish-bone (powdered), half an ounce; rose pink, half an ounce; honey in sufficient proportion to make the whole into a paste. The "Rose Tooth-Paste" is made by the mere substitution of otto of roses for camphor; and the same paste is sold under various names and appearances by similar substitutions.

BALSAM DYE.—The fresh leaves of the common garden balsam, pounded together with a small quantity of alum, impart an orange-colored dye to wool, hair, and the human skin, similar to that of the "henna" or "kina" so much used in eastern countries, and the balsam leaves are sometimes employed as a substitute. The dye is applied in the form of a paste, and is left on for more or less time, according to the depth of the hue required.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DIAMOND CEMENT.—The best cement for broken china or glass is that sold under the name of diamond cement, which is colorless, and resists moisture. This is made by soaking isinglass in water till it is soft, and then dissolving it in proof spirit. Add to this a little gum-ammoniac, or galbanum and mastic, both dissolved in as little alcohol as possible. When the cement is to be used, it must be gently liquefied by placing the phial containing it in boiling water. The phial must be well closed by a good cork, not by a glass stopper, as this

may become fixed. It is applied to the broken edges with a camel's-hair pencil.

TO WHITEN LINEN THAT HAS TURNED YELLOW.—Cut up a pound of fine white soap into a gallon of milk, and hang it over the fire in a wash-kettle. When the soap has entirely melted, put in the linen, and boil it half an hour. Then take it out; have ready a lather of soap and warm water; wash the linen in it, and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last.

STAIN MIXTURE.—Take an ounce of sal-ammoniac (or hartshorn), and an ounce of salt of tartar; mix them well, put them into a pint of soft water, and bottle it for use, keeping it very tightly corked. Pour a little of this liquid into a saucer, and wash in it those parts of a white article that have been stained with ink, mildew, fruit, or red wine. When the stains have by this process been removed, wash the article in the usual manner.

EXCELLENT FURNITURE POLISH.—Gum-arabic, half an ounce; dissolve this in four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, add one pint of cold-drawn linseed oil and one ounce of turpentine, and shake well together. If the furniture is French-polished, it must be taken off. In using the above at first, it is best to lay it on over night, and wipe it off with linen cloths in the morning; it will require to be repeated many times before the desired effect is produced; but it will amply repay the trouble. For dining-tables it is particularly recommended, as the hot plates will not mark it.

TO CRYSTALLIZE GLASS WINDOWS.—Make a hot saturated solution of Epsom salts, or, still better, sal-ammoniac. Wet the glass windows with this solution, laid on equally with a paint-brush. The moisture will evaporate, and the salt be deposited.

PUDDING UNIQUE.—A quarter pound of raw potatoes, scraped; a quarter pound of raw carrots, scraped; a quarter pound of currants, and the same quantity each of suet, chopped fine, and flour; a little salt and allspice. Mix all these well together, and make it the consistence of a pudding for boiling, by stirring in molasses; about two tablespoonfuls will be enough, or it may require rather more. This should be put into a greased pudding-mould, and boiled two hours. It may be served up either with or without sweet sauce.

Parlor Amusements.

SCIENTIFIC.

ANCRAM LEAD MINES, Columbia Co., N. Y.

February 23, 1855.

L. A. GODEY, Esq.—**SIR:** In the March number of the "Lady's Book," under the head of "Parlor Amusements," you give a chemical mixture composed of "oil or spirit of oil," common water, and iron filings. Now, I do not know what oil you allude to, or what you mean by "spirit of oil;" but no inflammable or explosive "vapors," or any "chemical illumination," can be produced by the mixture of any fixed or essential oil, water, and iron filings. The only substances that I am aware of, which will produce any violent chemical action with water and iron filings, are the stronger acids, as the sulphuric and nitric. The former, when so mixed, will decompose the water, the oxygen uniting with the metal, and hydrogen gas will be disengaged. This gas is highly inflammable, but not very explosive, unless

mixed in certain proportions with atmospheric air, oxygen, or chlorine. The phosphuretted hydrogen gas described in your "Fiery Fountain" will burn rapidly, and with a slight explosion, when it comes in contact with the atmosphere. Carburetted hydrogen, the "damps" of coal mines, is also inflammable, and, when mixed with air, as it sometimes exists in mines, is very explosive—and these are the only gaseous mixtures produced without the aid of heat, of which I am aware, which are explosive or inflammable, and none of them can be made by the method stated in your "Chemical Illuminations." Your ob't serv't, C. NIVER.

Note. Alcoholic and ethereal vapors are explosive, but they require the aid of heat, unless mixed with camphor or turpentine, when their vapor is said to be explosive.

Water-Gilding upon Silver.—Take copper-flakes, on which pour strong vinegar; add alum and salt in equal quantities; set them on a fire, and, when the vinegar is boiled till it becomes one-fourth part of its original quantity, throw into it the metal you design to gild, and it will assume a copper color. Continue boiling it, and it will change into a fine gold color.

A Water which gives Silver a Gold Color.—Take sulphur and nitre, of each an equal quantity; grind them together very fine, and put them into an unglazed vessel; cover and lute it well; then set it over a slow fire for twenty-four hours; put what remains into a strong crucible, and let it dissolve; put it into a phial, and whatever silver you anoint with it will have a gold color.

A Water to give any Metal a Gold Color.—Take fine sulphur and pulverize it; then boil some stale spring water; pour it hot upon the powder, and stir it well together; boil it again, and pour into it an ounce of dragon's blood. After it is well boiled, take it off and filter it through a fine cloth; pour this water into a matrass (a chemical vessel), after you have put it in what you design to color; close it well, and boil it a third time, and the metal will be a fine gold color.

Another way.—Take hepatic aloes, nitre, and Roman vitriol, of each equal quantities, and distil them with water in an alembic till all the spirits are extracted; it will at last yield a yellowish water, which will tinge any sort of metal of a gold color.

To give Silver-plate a Lustre.—Dissolve alum in a strong ley, and scum it carefully; then mix it up with soap, and wash your silver utensils with it, using a linen rag.

To take Impressions of Coins, Medals, &c.—Cut fish-glue, or isinglass, into small pieces, immerse it in clear water, and set it on a slow fire; when gradually dissolved, let it boil slowly, stirring it with a wooden spoon, and taking off the scum. The liquor being sufficiently adhesive, take it off the fire, let it cool a little, and then pour it on the medal or coin you wish to copy, having first rubbed the coin over with oil. Let the composition lay about the thickness of a dollar on the medal. Then set it in a moderate air, neither too hot nor too cold, and let it cool and dry. When it is dry, it will loosen itself; you will find the impression correct, and the finest strokes expressed with the greatest accuracy. You may give a most pleasing effect to the composition by mixing any color with it—red, yellow, blue, green, &c.—and if you add a little parchment size to it, it will make it harder and better. The size is made by gently simmering the cuttings of clear white parchment in a pipkin, with a little water, till it becomes adhesive.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE OLD WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fate doth with his blast adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise;
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! Let me try
To sound the praise of Merit ere it dies.

SHENSTONE.

THE "Eastern Question" and the "Four Points" were not matters of much interest in this Western World till the war in the Crimea made itself a name. Since then, our reading public, or, properly speaking, the American people, have given unusual attention to the foreign news. The editors of the leading English journals have shown themselves vigorous and brave in exposing the errors of their government. Indignant at the miserable position to which certain incapable *Old Men* have reduced the noble British army in the Crimea, thus causing an indelible stain on England's glory, these writers denounce unsparingly such men and measures.

But why, in the name of history, truth, and reason, do they compare those blundering captains and effete statesmen to "*Old Women*?"

We feel indignant at this reproach cast on our kinswomen over the water, and for the love of justice we are constrained to defend their cause. The question is not in regard to the natural abilities of the sexes; but whether men found unfitted, either by selfishness or senility, for their duties of office, shall still be considered equal to *Old Women*, no matter how well and wisely these last have fulfilled their duties in the station whereunto God has called them.

As the comparisons have been drawn from men in public life, we must see how women in like circumstances have conducted themselves.

There was a certain *Old Woman* named Elizabeth, somewhat celebrated in history, who once ruled the British realms. Would she have permitted her English soldiers to wear French uniforms, because she had helplessly neglected to provide clothing for her own troops? Not she. Nor did any half barbaric prince smile at the purposeless waste of English gold and English blood while her officers commanded.

The Russians, also, once had an *Old Woman* to direct their affairs; and the sway Catherine II. maintained over all the cabinets of Europe is too well known to need amplification. The plans and purposes of her far-seeing and vigorous mind, never relaxed to her dying day, are now in progress, being dutifully carried out by her descendants. The British feel her influence at this moment, and her spirit animates the Russian as he hurls defiance on the besiegers of Sevastopol.

Another *Old Woman*, Maria Theresa, was the noblest sovereign that ever ruled Austria; the hero of that age. Frederick the Great, supported by the best troops of Europe, found himself baffled by the wisdom of her measures and the firmness of her character.

But to return to English annals. If modern politicians, as we see is often the case, refuse to learn by the prosaic teachings of history, we can summon the Muse of Poetry to support our argument. Poetry, from the days of "Agamemnon," has been the embalming power which has preserved the fame of nations and of great captains.

"While kings, in dusky darkness hid,
Leave but a nameless pyramid."

All antiquarians go to early poems and ballads as legitimate sources of information, and find authority there when history has done nothing. Among such poems England possesses one of undoubted authenticity, as no historian has ever impugned its legends. Let us examine this authority, in regard to the characteristics of *Old Women*. Our readers can easily follow our illustrations, for the poems in question have enjoyed a wide popularity, far surpassing that of the *Nibelungenlied*; indeed, few books have given more unalloyed pleasure, or reached so many editions, as the delightful melodies of "*Mother Goose*." Only of her may we truly say, what the great lexicographer said of Shakspeare—

"Time, which is constantly washing away the baseless fabrics of other poets, passes without injury over the adamant of" *Mother Goose*. Now, her allusions to the *Old Women of England* are remarkable for their pith and meaning; and may be divided into three distinct practical *sagas*. We give this title by way of being a little fashionably obsolete, but in fact the arrangement is a sort of the "*three orders*" system.

First we have the simple representative of the people, the honest, painstaking *bourgeoise*, in the "*old woman who lived in a shoe*." Notwithstanding the narrow limits of this simple unsheltered abode, she there brought up a large family; brought them up in excellent habits, with proper discipline. Hers was no sinecure office. With her own hands did she wash their faces; with her own hands did she whip them all soundly when they deserved it; she sent them to bed early of course, and maintained them on the wholesome, nutritious diet of broth, which the famished English soldiers in the Crimea would have found so delicious. We have no doubt that it was similar to the famous "*black broth*" of the Spartans. Of course, offspring so educated formed a hardy, honest, and active race; these were the people from whom descended the Greshams of commerce, the Arkwrights of industrial invention, and the soldiers who fought and won at Agincourt, Blenheim, and Waterloo.

Next comes the representative of the gentry of England in the cultivated and elegant *Old Woman* who "*rode to Banbury Cross*." The arts, with all their softening influences, were cherished by her; were taken about, polishing and enlightening every part of the Island of Great Britain:—

"She will have music wherever she goes."

How significant of the power of old women in promoting civilization! Music is the soul of progress. Plate includes in it "*eloquence, history, and poetry*;" and

then he adds: "One cannot infringe the laws of *music* without infringing, at the same time, the laws of the State!"

Now, we come to the third and highest class of the "*Old Women of England*." Their type is she who mounted "so high,"

"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!"

Noble enterprise! Heroic old woman! She was not of the class intended to "live in a shoe;" "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer!" Nor did she belong to the order who, in peaceful shades, cultivate "divine philosophy," "though musical as is Apollo's lute." She had a loftier destiny. She was set in a high place, and her duty was to mount higher. She did it. No paltry delays; no half measures; no palavering protocols; no doubt as to results. Excelsior! She was up and doing, waving her broom proudly as Wellington might his baton of office; and no doubt she accomplished successfully what she had proudly announced was her aim.

Would that her spirit could animate the actions of England's *old men* in power; that her wisdom could penetrate into their cabinets and "confused councils," sweeping off the cobwebs of official stupidity now lying like a wet blanket over the horizon of England's former greatness. There seems little hope of this, however; the tendency is, we fear, inevitably downward. We come to this conclusion sorrowfully, not from the humiliations England has suffered in the war she is now waging, but from the spirit her leading minds evince under these misfortunes.

Instead of calling forth that noble heroism which honors woman and the "mighty dead," though an enemy, there is a tone of ferocious exultation in the English journals concerning the death of the late Emperor Nicholas, which is perfectly savage. From the Camanches, this impotent hatred, that would delight to scalp or feast on a dead enemy, might be expected; but from Britons, from Christians, such sentiments are, beyond expression, revolting. This unfortunate, as well as unholy exultation, has done more than any other circumstance since the war commenced to turn the heart of America from England.

But we will hope that the British people are not consenting to all the sentiments put forth by the public journals. The people must feel proud of those real *Old Women* who have made England's moral glory a light and guide for the women of all nations. The names of More, Edgeworth, Balcanquhall, Fry, Porter, and Mitford are associated with duties well performed even in old age; and their memories will be held in respect when those men who now govern the destinies of Great Britain would be, but for their miserable blunderings, forgotten. The only pure, unclouded ray of glory for England, which now beams over the Eastern war, is gathered from the disinterested good works of a woman. "A distinguished member of Parliament," who visited Constantinople and the Crimea, has deposed that he met with but two persons who seemed to be possessed of common sense, and they were Omar Pasha and Miss Nightingale.

DEATHS OF AMERICAN LADIES ABROAD.—Mrs. Mary Cass, wife of Lewis Cass, Jr., our Chargé at Rome, died in the Eternal City lately; and Mrs. Schroeder, wife of our minister at Stockholm, and daughter to Col. Seaton, of the "National Intelligencer," died at the Swedish capital. She was an intimate friend of Frederika Bremer.

NEW ENGLAND FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

WE have before us the "Sixth Annual Report of the Female Medical Education Society," and we are rejoiced to find that the people of Boston are most successfully carrying out this great reform. The Society numbers over *one hundred and fifty life members*, enrolling the most distinguished names in Massachusetts and other New England States. The society has also about *one thousand* yearly members and donors, and the money contributed by these during the last year amounts to over *three thousand dollars*. The Legislature of Massachusetts has granted one thousand dollars a year, for five years, to this Female Medical College; thus with the benefactions afforded, the Faculty are enabled to reduce the price of tuition to *thirty-five dollars* per term of four months. Board can be obtained at a reasonable rate; and altogether this Medical College is now without any doubt the best for women to be found in our land. The Professors are men of high moral character, who believe the Bible, and keep their institution free from the crazy *isms* of the day. The young women who graduate there will go out, we trust, as *women*, to become physicians for their own sex and for children, without any ambitious pretension to "put on a broadcloth suit," and act the rivals of male physicians. The spirit of the report is eminently wise and true. The writer says: "Above a hundred pupils have been connected with the College, who have come from all the New England and several of the other States, and are widely scattered in their mission of usefulness. Most of these have confined their studies to departments of practice relating to their own sex, and in which there is an immediate and urgent demand for their services. Many are extensively employed in obstetric practice; one, in this city, having attended above *five hundred* cases in the last five years, and with a success that cannot be surpassed, if equalled, by the most renowned professors of the art. Indeed, it is her success, together with the natural preference for a female attendant, that has thus given her six times as large a practice as the male physicians of the city have on an average in this department. Others have pursued the prescribed three years' course of study and attendance upon lectures, and are usefully and profitably employed as physicians for their own sex and children. This is what might be expected; for the practice of midwifery, and the treatment of diseases peculiar to females, will pass into the hands of women as naturally as the material world obeys the law of gravity.

"Presiding over the nativity of mankind has devolved upon women in all ages, from the days of the 'Hebrew midwives' to the present time; and in all nations, with trifling exceptions, and those chiefly of a recent date. In our own country, it is hardly a century since men began to assume these duties. Medical schools have been open to males only; the light of advancing science, and the improvements effected by professional skill and experience, have been confined to them; women, though with superior natural adaptations for acquiring and using this knowledge, have been left in ignorance, and have thus become helpless, and almost entirely dependent on men for aid. The present state of things, then, is a modern innovation, brought about by the force of circumstances, and will give place to old and approved customs when women have equal advantages with men in acquiring medical knowledge and professional skill.

* * * * *

"Besides being distributed among the public, there are many positions in which female physicians are

especially needed. One of the graduates of the last term of the New England Female Medical College is now located in the South Hadley Female Seminary, as a teacher in physiology and sanitary science, and a medical adviser to the three hundred young ladies there assembled. How much more useful than a medical man she may be, in that position, to attend the sick, and, what is more important, to prevent sickness, by early instruction and counsel, every one can readily understand. Hundreds of ladies, thus uniting the qualifications of teacher and physician, are needed in the female seminaries of the country. Let the principals and trustees of these institutions select and send candidates to a Female Medical College, with a view to their returning as physicians. So also should the female teachers in our public schools attend the Medical College, at least one term. For this reason, the institution is quite as important to the cause of public education as is a normal school, and may be as properly and profitably aided by the State. The Massachusetts Legislature of 1850 passed an act requiring physiology and hygiene to be taught in public schools. This Medical College is just the institution to qualify female teachers to carry out that act of the Legislature.

"Women are needed as physicians in the female departments of our insane and other hospitals. Doubtless, scores and hundreds of the unfortunate female inmates of lunatic asylums might, by the tact, and skill, and sympathy of a physician of their own sex, be restored to bodily and mental health, who otherwise would be put upon the list of the hopeless and incurable.

* * * * *

Women should be introduced as auxiliaries into the medical profession because it is incomplete and defective without them; as much so as the profession of teaching would be without female teachers. Indeed, the awkwardness, embarrassment, and ill-success of medical practice, in consequence of this one-sided state of things, are far greater than they would be in the business of teaching!

"It may here be suggested to female teachers who cannot endure the confinement, the constant wear, and nervous exhaustion of the school-room, that they will find the study and practice of medicine more conducive to their health, on account of the greater variety and intermittent nature of its duties, and the more frequent contact with the fresh air. Those, however, who do not choose to go from patient to patient may attend to office-practice, or find situations in hospitals or female seminaries.

"Great benefit must result to the health and physical well-being of society from the sanitary and medical education of women."

We cordially commend the "New England Female Medical College" to women who wish to pursue the study of medicine in the best, as well as the cheapest school. Address *Samuel Gregory, M. D., Boston, Mass.*

LAST WORDS OF THE EMPEROR.—When Nicholas was convinced he could not survive, he showed that calm submission to the divine will which marks the Christian soul, while his warm affections for his family were displayed in the most touching manner. After he had devoutly partaken of the holy communion, he kissed his children, and bade each a solemn adieu, with words of advice and consolation. His wife alone remained in the chamber of death; and when, in her great sorrow, she expressed the wish that she could die with him, he

checked her, saying: "No, do not wish that. Live for my sake; live and be the centre of the family." Then he requested her to read to him the "Lord's Prayer." When she came to the words: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," Nicholas responded, fervently: "Always, always, always." Soon he added: "I hope God will open his arms for me."

ORIGIN OF THE HUDSON.

BY SARAH J. HALE.

GATHERED from earth's fossil pages,
Where the print of time is seen,
In the far-off dusky ages,
Long before the world was green,
List a weird and wondrous story:
How the lords of earth and flood,
In the strife for love and glory,
Like the gods of battle stood;
And the stoutest heart will quiver
While the thrilling tale is told,
How the gentle Hudson River
Through the Palisades was rolled.

On volcano's arm uplifted
From the burning heart of earth,
Burst the granite rough and rifted,
And our skeleton hills had birth:
One sweet fount of water only
To the thirsting rocks was given;
'Mid the chaos, gray and lonely,
Like an eye that looks to Heaven,
Lay the Lake of Wonder,* seeming
Vast and vague as visions seem
When the soul is lost in dreaming,
Till the world appears a dream.

O'er this wilderness of terrors
Reigned two night-born demons then,
Fierce with passions, dark with errors
Sin has since transferred to men.
Oron near the lake had throned him,
Veiled in shadows cold and grim,
And the trembling waters owned him,
Shrinking from their rocky brim.
Kolon o'er the hills was roaming;
And at times his glances grew
Fiery as the clouds at gloaming,
When the sun would tremble through.

Proud and stern as Demogorgon,
Thus the rival demons wait
Till from ocean's storm-played organ
Pealed the thunder tone of fate:
"Who a rill of diamond water
To the sea shall first convey,
He shall wed the Atlantic's daughter,
And a world shall own his sway."
Oron heard, and shouted: "Never
Shall my lake a tribute give!"
Kolon heard, and sighed: "Forever
In this desert must I live?"

As the mind its doubt is clearing,
Yielding to a hopeful mood;
As the heart its goal is nearing,
Seeking earnestly the good,

* *Kitahi-gummi*, or Lake of Wonder, was the Indian name of Lake Superior.

Thus did Kolon win the blessing,
 Wishing he could others bless:
 On a rock his foot was pressing,
 When, as soft as love's caress,
 Oozed a spring of diamond water,
 Down the mountain took its way,
 And he felt that Ocean's daughter*
 Would the precious boon repay.

Parting mountains, ploughing valleys,
 Gently on its course he led;
 From the spring's exhaustless chalice
 Soon he filled a rivulet's bed;
 In the baptism Earth rejoices.
 Hark! a deeper tone is stirred,
 Now like happy human voices,
 Now like hum of cities heard,
 Till where Albany is risen,
 There glad Kolon bowed the knee
 Then, like strong man freed from prison,
 Rolled the river toward the sea!

Freshly rose life's first sweet savor—
 Oh, the winds have caught its breath!
 And to Oron waft the flavor;
 'Tis to him the scent of death!
 Rivalry and pride contending—
 "Perish all or win the crown!"
 Now his trembling lake he's rending,
 Now he tramples Huron down;
 With a blow, St. Clair is shattered!
 Out the maddened waters rushed,
 And the rocks like rain are scattered,
 While broad Erie's depths he crushed.

Passion's headlong course is downward,
 Once allowed the soul to sway;
 Oron's anger, urging onward,
 Lost the power to guide his way.
 Writhing, struggling 'mid the current,
 O'er a precipice he fell,
 And Niagara's awful torrent
 Still reverberates his yell,
 As the foam high hurling sunward,
 From the dread abyss he leaps,
 And, like maelstrom whirling onward,
 Scooped Ontario's caverned deeps.

Kolon's ear has caught the clangor.
 "Ah," he cried, in trusting tone,
 "Love is mightier far than anger,
 And the prize shall be mine own
 Then he clove the hills asunder
 With a blow that lightning mocks,
 And, like bolts of blasting thunder,
 Over Oron hurled the rocks!
 Thus will God the good deliver,
 Thus will Love his empire hold,
 Surely as the Hudson River
 Through the Palisades was rolled.

CROUP.—A medical correspondent of the "New Hampshire Journal of Medicine" states that for three years he has used alum in croup, and in all that time has not seen a fatal case which was treated with it from the beginning. He usually gave about ten grains, once in ten minutes, until vomiting is induced, using at the same time tartar emetic or the hive syrup freely; the

latter subduing the inflammation, while the alum has more of a repulsive action.

JENNY LIND AND THE OPERA.—The London "Morning Advertiser" says: "Jenny Lind has entered into an engagement to revisit England in her professional capacity. From religious scruples, she has determined never more to appear before the public under any circumstances which could be construed into giving her sanction to theatrical or operatic performances. She has further resolved that all her future exhibitions before the public shall partake more or less of the character of sacred music; and, with this view, she has, we are informed, stipulated that she shall sing only in Exeter Hall. She is expected here some time in the month of April. Our readers are aware that Jenny Lind is now the mother of two children."

We hope she will visit America again after her engagement in London is fulfilled. Sacred music is her forte, and she will find here a warm appreciation of her genius thus dedicated, as it were, to Heaven.

THOUGHTS TO BE REMEMBERED.—True joy is a sincere and sober emotion; and they are miserably out who take laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind.—*Seneca.*

Learning puffeth men up; words are but wind, and learning is nothing but words; ergo, learning is nothing but wind.—*Swift.*

The patient mule, which travels night and day, will, in the end, go further than the Arabian courser.—*Persian Researches.*

Invincible fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decay of it invisible.—*Tattler.*

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The editors beg it to be distinctly understood that they can in no case undertake to return rejected manuscripts unless the request comes with the article, and then stamps must be inclosed to pay return postage. It is best for correspondents to keep a copy of the manuscripts they send. All communications requiring private answers must contain a stamp to pay return postage.

The following articles will appear when we have room: "Curiosities"—"Contentment"—"A daughter's Love"—"Epistle and Poem"—"From Home again"—"Trials of a Housekeeper" (very good!)"—"Memories. Leaf 1st" (we shall be glad to see the other leaves)—"Rosa Bell"—"Requiescat in Pace"—"To Lizzie"—"The Trees in Winter"—"The Well of Isadore"—and "My Mother."

The following are declined: "Too late"—"A Wail of Shame"—"Song"—"To Ella"—"A Welcome to Spring"—"The Husband"—"Adieu"—"Two Translations," sent from Hudson, N. Y. (our drawers are full; we seldom publish translations; the manuscripts will be returned, if wanted)—"Pride must be humbled"—"Mrs. Grey's Lesson in Book-keeping" (too complimentary; we thank the writer, but our readers might not)—"The Dying Bride"—"Shadows"—"The Meeting"—"The Errand Boy's Story"—"Gladness"—"Ode to Summer"—"White-winged Peace"—"Benevolent Societies"—"A Lark"—and "Nothing to love." Gamma's article would be excellent for a newspaper. He can have it at the office of the "Lady's Book."

* New York.

Literary Notices

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

From PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia :—

PATENT OFFICE AND PATENT LAWS; *or, a Guide to Inventors, and a Book of Reference for Judges, Lawyers, Magistrates, and others.* With appendices. By J. G. Moore, author of "China and the Indies," etc., and late of the Interior Department of the United States. The title of this work sufficiently explains the nature of its contents. The author is a practical man, fully acquainted with the official details necessary to be observed in communications with the officers of the government on the particular subjects to which his book relates. The volume contains an amount of precautionary and practical advice, which cannot be otherwise obtained than through judicial proceedings, which too frequently embarrass, if they do not ruin, those who have the misfortune to appeal to such tribunals. It was a familiar adage, in times less progressive than the present, that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. This book will put you in the way of understanding and securing your rights under the law, and will, therefore, if you are capable of understanding the advice it contains, prevent useless litigation, and consequent loss of time and money.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia :—

THE MOST EMINENT ORATORS AND STATESMEN OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES. *Containing Sketches of their Lives, Specimens of their Eloquence, and an Estimate of their Genius.* By David A. Harsha. This is a handsome volume of upwards of five hundred pages. The intimate relation which these extracts from celebrated speeches and orations bear to important historical events, and the careful manner in which that connection has been explained by the author, render this a most valuable work of history and biography, as well as of the finest specimens of public oratory. It is deserving of a wide circulation, which will no doubt be secured for it wherever its merits can be justly appreciated.

THE RAG-BAG. *A Collection of Ephemera.* By N. Parker Willis. This is a selection from the articles written for the "Home Journal" by the author. The articles are in the usually pleasant editorial style of Mr. Willis, with which the public is familiar.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PARRY & McMILLAN, Philadelphia :—

TRAVELS IN THE EAST: *a Year in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt.* These volumes are printed and illustrated in the usually neat and handsome style of the Harpers. They contain many interesting notices and incidents, considering that they were picked up in such a remarkably short time in so many countries, and amidst the hurry and bustle consequent upon rapid travelling. It has, heretofore, been objected by foreigners to the rapidity with which our countrymen devour their food for the

body, that the practice is extremely unfavorable to a healthy digestion. We hope we shall be pardoned for applying the same idea to the rapidity with which we perform our travelling duties, and produce books professing to give accurate descriptions of foreign empires, and of the character, and habits, and the religious and political institutions of their inhabitants. We would merely suggest the probability that if our travellers were to go ahead more leisurely, they might be enabled to describe whatever objects of interest might be presented to them more critically, and, at the same time, with more edification to the general reader. In former times, we justly complained of the rude manner in which our country and the character of our people were treated by insolent foreigners, who visited us as professional book-makers, but who took no time to study our habits or institutions, simply because it was their great first object to misrepresent both, and to make money by bearing false witness against us. We hope that all our literary travellers and book-makers, whether they go abroad in pursuit of facts and incidents, or select their subjects and information from sources more convenient for investigation, will, in all cases, deal justly and fairly, for the honor of the profession.

THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA. By M. F. Maury, LL. D., Lieut. U. S. Navy. This is a work of great importance in the development of a comparatively new department of physical science. The established reputation of the author is the best guarantee that can be presented to navigators and others interested in his researches for the merits of the present work, which includes "a philosophical account of the winds and currents of the sea; of the circulation of the atmosphere and the ocean; of the temperature and depth of the sea; of the wonders that are hidden in its depths; and of the phenomena that display themselves at its surface; of the economy of the sea, and its adaptations; of its salts, its waters, its climates, and its inhabitants, and of whatever there may be of general interest in its commercial uses or industrial pursuits."

AN INTRODUCTION TO PRACTICAL ASTRONOMY. *With a Collection of Astronomical Tables.* By Elias Loomis, LL. D., Professor of Mathematical and Natural Philosophy in the University of the City of New York, author of "Course of Mathematics," etc. This is a most valuable treatise on a subject which is every day becoming more and more important in an educational point of view. The time is not distant when no person will be considered as having been thoroughly or liberally educated unless he has attained a practical knowledge of astronomy. To furnish such information, in the plainest possible form, has been the object of the author, and in the attainment of that object, as far as we are capable of judging, he has been altogether successful.

THE STORY OF THE PEASANT BOY PHILOSOPHER: *or, a Child gathering Pebbles on the Seashore.* We have here a very handsome, very interesting and instructive volume for young readers, from the pen of Henry Mayhew. It is founded on the early life of Ferguson, the shepherd-boy astronomer, and intended to show how a poor lad became acquainted with the principles of natural science. The style in which the book is written, and its numerous illustrations are very attractive, and will doubtless have an encouraging and invigorating effect on the minds of all young students to whom it may be presented.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND AND ENGLISH PRINCESSES, *connected with the Regal Suc-*

cession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland, author of the "Lives of the Queens of England." This is the fifth volume of Miss Strickland's authenticated and popular work.

THE LITERARY LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. By R. M. Madden, M. R. I. A., author of "Travels in the East," "Infirmities of Genius," etc. In two volumes. These volumes have an interest far exceeding that which might be supposed to centre in the literary life of Lady Blessington. Family relations, friends, acquaintances, authors, politicians, and contemporaries of Lady Blessington, of every grade and quality, are introduced to make up the overflowing literary and personal gossip of the work. Those who still live, trembling on the verge of the grave, as well as those who have long since passed away—many of whom scarcely hold a place in the memory of their former admirers—are brought together again, and their errors, foibles, eccentricities, and virtues, if they had any, are all spread out anew, as if for a last feast for the entertainment of the remnant of the generation with whom they lived, and flourished, and faded. Among the warm admirers of Lady Blessington, among those whose admiration amounted to idolatry, is one of our own favorite authors, whose private letters form a part of the correspondence now, for the first time, as we presume, given to the public. For these and other reasons, it is quite probable that the "Literary Life" will command a ready sale. It is for those who have been aggrieved, if there be any such living, to complain. We shall hear no complaints from the dead.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York :—

HARPER'S STORY BOOK. No. 4. "Frank." We like that name. The story is excellent, and the cuts beautiful. What an immense sale there ought to be for this work!

From T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

TOM BURKE OF "OURS." By Charles Lever, author of "Charles O'Malley," etc., etc.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, the Irish Dragoon. By Chas. Lever.

These works are each complete in one volume. Price 50 cents.

From T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia, PHILLIPS & SAMPSON, Boston, and J. C. DERBY, N. Y. :—

KATE AYLESFORD. A Story of the Refugees. By Charles J. Peterson. This volume has been some time before the public, by whom, and the public press, it has been most favorably received. It opens with a vivid description of a storm and shipwreck on the coast of New Jersey, which, we think, will particularly attract the attention of nautical readers. As a writer of sea stories, Mr. Peterson has already attained considerable celebrity, which, we hope, the first chapters of the present work will not diminish. The remainder of the volume is full of stirring and exciting incidents on land, in which love and heroism predominate. The descriptive portions are very beautiful; and the whole tendency of the story will be to elevate the mind of the reader to the highest appreciation of American patriotism and honor, and to the peculiar fascinations and romance of American scenery.

From D. APPLETON & CO., No. 200 Broadway, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

GRACE LEE. By Julia Kavanagh, author of "Daisy

Burns," "Women of Christianity," etc. This is a story of great interest; the characters powerfully sketched, and ably sustained to the conclusion.

THE CASTLE BUILDERS. By the author of "Heartsease," "The Heir of Radcliffe," etc. The high moral and religious tone of this work will be its surest passport to the hearts of all pious and reflective readers.

From J. C. DERBY, New York, PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co., Boston, and H. W. DERBY, Cincinnati, through PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

THE OLD INN; or, the Traveller's Entertainment. By Josiah Barnes, Sen. There are several stories in this volume, the incidents of which are very natural, and occasionally humorous and sentimental, and the manner of their relation by the "Travellers" spirited and interesting.

From BUNCE & BROTHER, 134 Nassau Street, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia :—

MAMMON; or, the Hardships of an Heiress. By Mrs. Gore, author of "Abednego," "Dean's Daughter," etc. The author of this book is deservedly a great favorite with the readers of fiction, who will find this equal, at least, to any of her former productions.

MEN OF CHARACTER. By Douglas Jerrold. We need not say that these amusing sketches are by a master hand. The name of their author will be a sufficient passport. The volume is handsomely illustrated.

From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co., Boston, J. C. DERBY, New York, and LIPPINCOTT & GRAMBO, Philadelphia :—

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. *From the Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary in 1688.* By John Lingard, D. D. A new edition, as enlarged by Dr. Lingard shortly before his death, in thirteen volumes. We have been favored by the publishers with the concluding volumes of this valuable history. In the progress of its publication, we have not been unmindful of its merits, as far as our individual judgment was concerned, or of the general appreciation it has met from European and London critics. The probability is, from all we have been able to discover, that this work will become, in a great measure, the umpire for the settlement of the conflicting statements made by religio-political historians, who have from time to time, and under varying prejudices and partisan exasperations, undertaken to give to posterity a true history of the British empire. We consider these volumes an invaluable addition to the library of every one who aspires to be a correct and well-informed student of history.

From J. S. REDFIELD, 110 and 112 Nassau Street, New York, through W. B. ZIEBER, Philadelphia :—

ENGLISH, PAST AND PRESENT. By Richard Chevenix Trench, B. D., author of the "Study of Words," "The Lessons on Proverbs," etc. The five lectures presented in this volume will prove of the highest interest to students and others who may be engaged in acquiring a critical knowledge of the "past and present" of the English language.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD. *With Selections from his Works.* Edited by George F. Baker. The lives of such men as William H. Seward are unquestionably parts and parcels of the political history of the country. As such, they develop the causes and the nature of the changes and apparent inconsistencies which from time to time mark the eventful progress of

what is called public sentiment, and by means of which so many are prostrated, while but few reach the objects of their ambition. Mr. Seward, though born within the present century, is now one of our oldest public men. From his first entrance into political life, he has been remarkable for his opposition to the favorites of all parties whom he found in the ascendant. They, however, have at length nearly all passed away, and it is now Mr. Seward's turn to try the strength of his principles, which are very candidly stated in the volume before us. Of course, the politicians will be able to decide for themselves as to the availability of Mr. Seward's principles, in case, as is most likely, the publication of his life should happen to foreshadow his aspirations for a certain high official station. It is well that they should have a timely opportunity to make such a decision fairly. To the politicians, therefore, we commend the work, with a simple reference to the industrious habits of Mr. Seward's youth, and to the courage and perseverance with which he has sustained his views, unsound and unpatriotic as some of them are deemed to have been.

From H. LONG & BROTHER, 121 Nassau Street, New York :—

THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP. By William North. "The Slave of the Lamp," or, in other words, the toiler after ill-requited literary fame, is evidently the work of a disappointed man. It is hardly fair to criticize the author instead of his book, but here so evidently is the author his own hero, and so entirely does the book appear to have been written to illustrate and defend his own peculiar opinions, that it can scarcely be avoided. There is a subtle analytic power in the work; a generous admiration for the true and elevated, especially in womanhood; a kind of lofty scorn of all pretence or cant, that cannot fail to interest: while his utter contempt of all conventional morality; his open opposition to the sanctity of the marriage tie, and the free principles he inculcates, would make this work a dangerous one, but that fortunately it carries with it its own antidote in the short biography of the author prefixed to it. Read his last, and evidently his most characteristic book; note his principles of conduct; then trace his life from a privileged youth through a wretched manhood to a dishonored death, and no other moral will be needed.

O'HALLORAN AND HIS MAN. By W. H. Maxwell. From A. BURKE, Buffalo, N. Y., and DROVIN, 38 South Third Street, Philadelphia. This is another of the glorious novels by one of the celebrated trio of Irish authors, Lover, Lever, and Carleton. It is equal to the best, and, in fact, as a story, independent of its humor, is far superior. Burke, of Buffalo, is fast going ahead as a publisher. He prints and illustrates his books well.

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston :—

VISITS TO EUROPEAN CELEBRITIES. By William B. Sprague, D. D. This is a work full of pleasant detail about the remarkable persons whom the writer met during two tours through Great Britain and a part of Europe. With most of the personages mentioned, every well-informed reader is more or less familiar, and cannot but feel an interest in learning how, personally, they impressed so keen an observer of human nature, in all its varieties and peculiarities, as the writer evidently is. His calling led him principally among clergymen

and professional men, and it is of them that he usually treats. But he also had interviews with several ladies and some eminent reformers; and he describes all in a genial and kindly spirit, that can hardly offend, even when it descends to the most minute particulars. Everybody likes to know all about those who have, in any way, made their mark upon the age in which they have lived; and a book of this kind, where you are carried lightly and pleasantly from one old acquaintance to another, stopping now and then to linger over the page that throws some new light upon an old intellectual friend or moral benefactor, is one of the most agreeable kinds of reading that we can have.

From PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co., Boston, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia :—

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SECTARIANISM; or, *a Classified View of the Christian Sects in the United States.* With a notice of their progress and tendencies. Illustrated by historical facts and anecdotes. By the Rev. Alexander Blaikie, Pastor of the Associate Reformed (the First Presbyterian) Church, Boston. Second edition. This is a defence of the Presbyterian order of church government, and having passed to a second edition, is doubtless an orthodox and reliable work among the professors of that faith.

THE MAY FLOWER AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS. By Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," etc. This is a reprint of a series of New England sketches, published many years since, to which have been added other miscellaneous writings, which have from time to time appeared in different periodicals. The reading public are familiar with the style and general sentiments of the author.

From MUNROE & Co., Boston and Cambridge :—

ELEMENTS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND. By Dugald Stewart. Revised and abridged, with critical and explanatory notes, for the use of colleges and schools. By Francis Bowen Alford, Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in Harvard College. The value of Professor Stewart's work on mental philosophy has long been acknowledged. There is no more interesting or agreeable work of the same nature in our language, and, at the same time, no safer guide; for the principles he teaches are all founded on careful research and accurate reasoning. But the size of his volumes deters many, especially young lady students, from undertaking their perusal. Professor Bowen has removed that objection by condensing within the compass of one book of moderate size all the more important portions of that work, which, excellent as it was in other respects, was too diffuse for general use.

PERIODICALS.—Among the variety of these now offered to the public, the New York "Quarterly" deservedly takes a high place. The number for April, which commences the fourth volume, has several articles of deep interest: "New York Governed," "Post-office Improvements," and "Washington Irving; his Home and his Works," are remarkably well written. The last named is the gem of the number.

The New York "Teacher" is an excellent periodical, devoted to the interests of education. Mrs. Emma Willard is one of its Board of Editors, and other distinguished writers and teachers are associated in the work.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

PREPAYMENT OF POSTAGE.—On the first of April this new regulation went into operation. Those who write us making inquiries on any subjects which only interest themselves, must inclose a stamp to pay return postage. Remember, that a letter placed in the post-office, on which the postage is not paid, will not be sent.

PARTICULAR CAUTION TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS ABOUT POSTAGE.—Having received several complaints from our subscribers that they are not allowed the benefit of prepayment quarterly, we give the following extract from the last "Post-Office Book," page 6: "*Quarterly payments in advance may be made, either at the mailing office or the office of delivery.*" Signed James Campbell, P. M. G.

We have reweighed our "Book," and find that it does not weigh five ounces; we therefore make another extract, with the same signature of James Campbell, P. M. G., attached to it: "Over four ounces and not over five ounces $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents for three months." Subscribers will therefore please resist any attempt made to extort more postage than the above extract from the post-office laws calls for. An appeal to the Postmaster-General will be answered by that gentleman.

This is the sixth and last number of the fiftieth volume of the "Lady's Book." A quarter of a century engaged in the one occupation of preparing intellectual food, amusement, and instruction for the ladies of America. We have been asked if we do not tire of our incessant toil. We have never considered our task toilsome, but pleasant recreation, the more so, as we are greeted at every step we take with numerous letters from our fair friends, commending the "Book," and pronouncing it invaluable to them. Verily, the reading of such letters would recompense any one for twice twenty-five years of devotion to the one cause, the production of a work of which the ladies of our Union may say: "This has no equal here or elsewhere."

An assortment of notices which our subscribers may read or not, as they please:—

The Shelbyville "News" says: "One of the engravings represents 'Cupid in a Quandary,' on the 14th of February, which Godey fears his brother editors will think is a picture of himself! Now, we think Godey is entirely wrong in entertaining such an idea; for we suppose that *he* is the last one who would be suspected of being 'in a quandary.' The fashion plates are fine specimens of engraving and coloring. Godey is ahead, and will always keep ahead, in the magazine line."

The Corydon "Argus" says: "All that Godey asks of his brother editors is that they will not take 'Cupid in a Quandary' for a picture of himself. All we have to say is that *if it is* you, Mr. Godey, you are in rather a close place. You will have to choose for yourself; we will have nothing to do with the matter. If there is a lady in our town whose parlor-table is not graced with the 'Lady's Book,' there is a vacuum on that table which nothing but 'Godey's Lady's Book' can fill."

NEW MUSIC.—Messrs. Andrews, of 66 Spring Garden Street, have sent us "Leila." Words by David Bates, which is a warrant for their beauty. Music by Mark Hassler; dedicated to the "Chorus Club."

THOSE BETTER HALVES.—The editor of the Spartanburg "Press" does precisely what we would do in a similar situation. "No sooner do we finish one number than we look forward with impatience for the arrival of another, and we scarcely take time to look through it before we hurry it home, that 'our better half' may enjoy its contents with us." There is no true enjoyment in this world without we have a wife to share it.

DENUNCIATORY.—The editor of the "Lebanon Pioneer" has something in reference to "better halves;" hear him: "And we say that any man that will not take this 'Book' for his 'better half' don't deserve to have the buttons sewed on his shirts. It is emphatically the best magazine published, and the only 'Lady's Book' known. It is filled with pure, exalted, refined, and instructive matter."

PATTERNS of the cloaks in this number, from Brodie's celebrated establishment, our Fashion Editor will furnish at \$1 10 each. Patterns may be selected from anything we publish, colored fashion plate, &c., and they will be furnished at the prices mentioned in each number.

CAUTION TO THOSE REMITTING MONEY.—Don't depend upon the adhesive matter on the envelopes; always use a wafer in addition.

IMPUDENCE.—The March number of an English magazine has the following:—

"MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN BABIES—

"MR. EDITOR: I read your last article about baby. I liked the beginning very much. How I relished the conclusion, you will see from this record of *my* first experience in babies."

And then follows our article, published two years since: "My first Experience in Babies, by a Stray Waif," which article was copied in half the papers in the Union. We don't know what the London magazines would do without the "Lady's Book." While upon this subject, we will mention another instance of gross literary piracy, which was perpetrated in England, and has just come to light here.

Mrs. Southworth's novel, "The Lost Heiress," published by T. B. Peterson, of this city, has been stolen bodily by the "London Journal;" the scene changed from America to England; the title altered to "The True and False Heiress;" and without other change, its publication is commenced in that periodical for March 3d. Worse than all this, the "New York Journal" takes it from the "London Journal;" and another New York paper makes another change in the title, calling it "Duty and Revenge, or the Minister's Daughter," and begins its publication with quite a flourish, advertising it at a very extensive and expensive rate. Mr. Peterson, the proprietor of the copyright of "The Lost Heiress," has taken measures, we understand, to prevent the continuance of the reprint in this country. Unfortunately, there is no mode of reaching, by legal measures, the English beginners of this impudent piece of piracy.

GODEY'S GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS FROM PAINTINGS BY THE FIRST MASTERS.—No. 4 of this work is now ready, price 50 cents. The whole four numbers will be sent on receipt of \$2. They contain about 125 engravings. This is the cheapest set of engravings in the world.

RESPONSIBILITY OF PUBLISHERS.—No class of business men, we presume it may be justly said, are under a greater weight of responsibility to the future of this country than that which furnishes our citizens, through the medium of the press, with the proper food and nourishment for the mind. Upon the literary intelligence, the acute moral discernment, and strict personal honesty of publishers, as well as of authors, depends, in a great measure, the literary and moral character of our people, and, we may very rightly add, the prolonged existence and the glory of our institutions.

Publishers, as well as editors, authors, and book-makers, are the constructors and preservers of our national literature, and the defenders and exponents, if they were not the founders, of our political system and national jurisprudence. Publishers are held, or should be held, to be the guardians of the public morals, and the conservators of the Christian faith, on the same principle that the vendors of deleterious drugs are held accountable for distributing poisons; on the same principle, indeed, that would enact and enforce the temperance laws, which make the distributor of prohibited liquors more directly responsible to society, as a mere vendor, than the concocter, manufacturer, or importer. Publishers may, in some measure, be considered our travelling missionaries and stationed preachers; our historical referees; our lexicographers and teachers of language; the promoters of the arts and sciences; our authorities in the records of the past, and our pioneers in the developments of the future. They furnish us, in connection with the class of authors, with lessons in theology, history, philosophy; in domestic and political economy; in agriculture, commerce, manufactures; in music, poetry, and every amusement of our rational nature. In short, the publishers are, in these days, the agents who distribute knowledge and mental enjoyment among the people; and, as such, they cannot but be, in some measure, responsible to that people for the healthfulness and purity of the knowledge and enjoyment which they distribute.

These remarks we consider applicable not only to newspaper publishers, but especially so to the publishers of books; for books, being of a more permanent and durable nature than newspapers, are so much the more dangerous, if the sentiments they inculcate, and the impressions they leave on the minds of readers, are not of the highest and purest, or most honest and practical order.

Happily, in this country there is as yet no despotic, political, or ecclesiastical authority to whose dictation, censure, or expurgation, authors or their agents are obliged to submit their works either before or after their publication. But the very absence of such a tribunal creates and makes watchful another—far more to be dreaded—in the public moralist, or rather in the public itself. It is to this, which, however slow in its judgment, never fails to judge rightly, that the publishers of this age, and of this republic, are, in fact and in truth, responsible for all their business transactions.

Hence, as we are sorry to see, complaints are almost daily made of the questionable and positively dangerous character of many of the books now thrown broadcast over the land. The immoralities impliedly sanctioned or openly defended in many of these publications; the duplicity and double-dealing they teach under the guise of humor, amusement, light-reading, etc., it is contended, are sapping, and will assuredly destroy the integrity and virtue of those of our young people into

whose hands they have too easily and too numerous fallen.

Such complaints are becoming loud, and even bitter against those publishers who are either openly or secretly engaged in their profitable, but dishonorable speculations on public virtue and credulity. It does not happen, however, that those who make these denunciations stop to discriminate between the honest and the dishonest, the conscientious and the unscrupulous publisher. In the censures which deservedly fall upon some of its members, the whole publishing trade is doomed to suffer, as if there were no high-minded, careful, prudent, and truth-loving men engaged in it.

It is true, however, we have seen in critical articles reasonable and just exceptions made in favor of particular publishers; but we have also seen others thus excepted, upon whose business virtues no reliance could be placed; so that, in consequence of the confusion thus necessarily created by such a classification, all alike, whether good or bad, were liable to be praised or condemned, as the public judgment might be swayed for the time being. For instance, under the cover of thoughtless, or perhaps premeditatedly undeserved praise, certain publishers have passed off upon the public old works as new and interesting, the titles only having been ingeniously changed; and new works, written by obscure writers without merit, have been palmed upon the public as the productions of old, popular, and approved authors. In this way, not only has the publishing trade and literature, but even morality, virtue, patriotism, and Christianity suffered.

Surely, then, it is time to put a stop to this literary humbug. If literature has become the vocation of the showman, the chicken-fancier, the pugilist, and of the midnight frequenter of dark and loathsome alleys, the sooner the public is relieved from its influence, as thus exerted and exercised, the better. Our publishers, if not our authors, assuredly owe it to themselves to open up a new path, one which will lead to a higher literary stand-point for the real intellect of our country.

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We judge from the following that times are not so hard in England, although the war for one year has cost so much :—

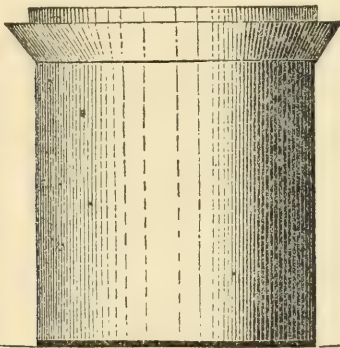
“The sale of the late Mr. R. Bernal, M. P., a great collector of rarities, is now going on. Among other things of the kind sold, were two pair of Sevres vases, fetching respectively \$9,250 and \$6,750. They were about eighteen inches high. Cups and saucers fetched prices varying from \$800, \$450, \$300, \$200 *each*. A pair of tall vases fetched \$4,500, another \$4,555; a third, \$3,500; a cabaret, \$750, and other articles of *vertu* at equally enormous prices.”

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HAIR ORNAMENTS.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles :—

- Breast-pins, from \$4 to \$12.
- Ear-rings, from \$4 50 to \$10.
- Bracelets, from \$3 to \$15.
- Rings, from \$1 to \$2.
- Necklaces, from \$4 50 to \$7.
- Fob-chains, from \$4 to \$8.

ARTHUR'S PATENT SELF-SEALING AIR-TIGHT CAN.



PRESERVING FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES, BY HERMETICALLY SEALING THEM IN AIR-TIGHT VESSELS.

In previous numbers of the "Lady's Book," we have referred to, and given drawings of a "Self-sealing Air-tight Preserving-can," patented by Dr. R. Arthur, of this city, and now manufactured and for sale, wholesale and retail, by Messrs. Arthur, Burnham, & Co., No. 60 South Tenth Street. These cans, as before stated, are constructed with a channel around the mouth, near the top, into which the cover fits loosely. This channel is filled with a very adhesive cement prepared for the purpose, and allowed to harden. In order to seal the vessel hermetically, *it is only necessary to heat the cover slightly, and press it into place.* It may be opened, with as much ease as it is closed, by slightly warming the top.

By this simple contrivance, the process of hermetical sealing is placed conveniently within the reach of every individual; and fresh fruits and vegetables may be kept with their flavor unimpaired for an indefinite time.

As many of our lady readers have inquired of us in regard to the manner in which fresh fruits are put up, we will give a few directions:—

The simple agent in the work of preservation is *heat*. If, after the application of heat for a certain time, the article be sealed up hermetically, it will remain unchanged for an almost indefinite period.

Mode of Applying the Heat.—Fill the can with ripe fruit, adding a little sugar—simply enough to render the fruit palatable—and set it in a vessel of water, either cold or hot. Let the water boil, and continue boiling until the fruit is well heated through; say for half an hour. Direction has been given to simply let the water boil, but such direction is defective, as at this time the fruit in the centre of the vessel will be scarcely warmed. Should the vessel be then sealed, fermentation will take place. *The heat must thoroughly penetrate the contents of the vessel.*

Another, and we think a better, way of preparing ripe peaches.—In our own family, the method is as follows; and we know of none whose peaches keep better, or retain more of their natural flavor than ours:—

Take half a pound of sugar to each pound of peaches. The sugar is put into a preserving-kettle, with half a pint of water to every pound of sugar, heated, and the surface skimmed. Into this syrup, the peaches, after being pared, and laid in cold water for a short time, are placed, and boiled ten minutes. The peaches are then put into the cans hot, and immediately sealed up. The same method pursued with other ripe fruits will no doubt be equally successful.

Vegetables.—Green vegetables require a higher degree of heat than ripe fruit or vegetables. They should be cooked for a considerable length of time, and then sealed up hot. Ripe tomatoes are preserved with the greatest ease. They were kept by many persons in these "self-sealing" cans last year, and retained all their fresh color and flavor. The method pursued was to put the tomatoes into a preserving-kettle or other vessel; let them come to a boil, and then fill up the cans while the tomatoes were hot, and seal.

Fresh Stewed Fruits.—All kinds of fresh stewed fruits may be kept in these vessels. It will only be necessary to stew the fruit as for the table, adding the amount of sugar required to make it palatable; fill up the vessel with the hot fruit, and seal at once.

How to know that the Can is hermetically sealed, and that the Contents will keep.—The contents of the cans, as soon as they cool, will slightly shrink, leaving a vacuum, and the top and bottom of the can will become concave, from the pressure of the external air. This shows that the sealing is perfect.

The Can may be applied to various Uses.—There are many purposes for which these "self-sealing air-tight cans" may be used in families, as well as by confectioners, grocers, and others, which will suggest themselves. For ordinary fruit-preserves, they furnish a sure protection from the air. Housekeepers need not fear the fermentation or "working" of their *sweetmeats*, even when half the usual quantity of sugar is employed, if hermetically sealed in one of these air-tight cans or jars. (The vessels are made of glass, as well as tin.)

Advantages of "Arthur's Air-tight Self-sealing Can" over the ordinary Fruit-can.—The advantages which the "self-sealing air-tight can" possesses over the ordinary tin fruit-can are: 1st. It may be securely sealed by any person in a few moments, without the aid of a tinner. 2d. It may be opened as easily as it was sealed, and without the slightest injury to the can. 3d. As the lid covers the whole top of the can, when it is removed, the can may be cleansed as easily as any other open vessel. The difficulty of cleaning the ordinary fruit-cans through the small hole in the top is well known to all who have used them a second time. 4th. As the can sustains no injury whatever, either in sealing or unsealing, it will last for years; and it is, therefore, far more economical than the ordinary can used for putting up fresh fruits and vegetables, even though the latter may be somewhat lower in price.

OUR PATTERNS.—Ladies do not seem to be aware that these patterns are *fac-similes* of the originals in color, trimming, &c. At a distance, they would be taken for the garment itself. They could be worn in a *tableau* without being detected.

WE consider the following idea perfectly beautiful. One of the last works of Alfred Deux, a celebrated French painter, was the following: A noble stag-hound stretches himself over a new-made grave. In the background a castle is gayly lighted up. Every one has forgotten the master but his dog.

What a story is conveyed in the above few words!

DRESS OF HER MAJESTY OF ENGLAND AT A LATE LEVEE.—A train of white silk, embroidered in gold and cerisse, and trimmed with gold blonde. The petticoat was white satin, trimmed with gold blonde and cerisse ribbons. Her majesty wore a diamond and opal diadem.

D. M. DEWEY, of Rochester, N. Y., has produced a book for which we predict an extensive sale, because no such book, so useful in its application, and so generally beneficial, has before been published. It is entitled "The Exhibition Speaker," containing plays, farces, tragedies, tableaux, and dialogues. It treats on the voice, elements of sound, general improvement and management of the same; the countenance, gestures, with illustrations; hints on position and action. Part 1st will contain plays, farces, tragedies, dialogues, &c.; part 2d, senatorial speeches; part 3d, comic and humorous; part 4th, miscellaneous, in prose and verse; part 5th, tableaux vivant, illustrated. To which is added a complete system of calisthenics for young ladies, and gymnastics for young men, with full instructions for teachers and pupils, with fifty illustrations, designed to furnish exercises, upon scientific principles, that will promote the health, as well as give grace and beauty to the forms of young persons.

MUSIC-STANDARD.—It gave us great pleasure to publish that music. Has "the prettiest girl in Cassville" made her appearance yet?

SOME perfectly desperate fellow made the following:—

Why are the stars the best astronomers? Because they have studied (studded) the heavens for more than 4000 years.

OUR friend D. A. Bulkeley, of Stone Hill Farm, Williamstown, Mass., has some of the finest seed in this country. He sent us some pumpkin seed last year, and when we saw the pumpkins, we did not doubt that Cinderella's very respectable godmother might have turned such a pumpkin into a coach. He has a fine variety of all kind of seed, gardening implements, &c.

THE cottage design in this number is from a very excellent work, "Allen's Rural Architecture," published by C. M. Saxton, New York. We can furnish the work for one dollar.

WE received the following draft from our consul at Pernambuco:—

"United States Consulate, Pernambuco, Brazil.

Dollars 12. At sight, please pay to the order of L. A. Godey, publisher of the best book in creation, \$12, and charge, as advised, to your very obedient servant,
"W. L.

"To G. D. JARVIS & CARMARAI, S.
"No. 51, Federal Street, Boston."

THE "Lady's Book" now goes everywhere:—

"ALEXANDRIA, March 19.

"MR. GODEY—SIR: I received the hair-pin this morning. I am very much pleased with it. I think it is very beautiful. The young ladies admire it very much.
J. S."

Here is another:—

"Many thanks for the beautiful hair-pin you had made for me: 'Unity and Love.' It has been much admired, and money could not buy it."

SELDOM is there a fire in any of our large cities that does not give occasion for the publication of some letter from the owner of one of Herring's iron safes, giving testimony in their favor. We recommend them to all. The advertisement will be found on our cover this month.

"THE tragedy of Hamlet will be presented this evening, with, by particular desire, the character of Hamlet omitted." This was the announcement once made by a company of strolling players. We were reminded of it by having our attention called to our receipt for dandy pudding, published on page 372 of our April number. Sugar was omitted. We give the receipt again:—

DANDY PUDDING.—One quart of milk; two table-spoonfuls of flour; yolks of four eggs beat well, and mixed with the milk; *sweeten to your taste*. The whites beat separately, with four teaspoons of sugar; drop it on top of the pudding, and put in oven.

PATENT DOOR-FASTENER.—We have received from J. H. Merriam, 147½ Washington Street, Boston, one of the above. It is the simplest contrivance we ever saw, and, at the same time, the most ingenious. It may be carried in the waistcoat pocket, and yet, when placed on a door, it would be impossible to open it without tearing away a portion of the wood-work. It can be applied to any door, and in an instant, without the use of tools of any kind.

OUR fashion editor has on hand some beautiful patterns: embroidered collar patterns, infants' dresses, breakfast and night-caps, fronts of skirts, baby's caps, netted antimacassars, crochet mats, &c., which are too large for the "Book," which she will furnish at twenty-five cents each.

HOW TO MAKE SUGAR OUT OF SAWDUST.—Mix the sawdust of hard wood with strong sulphuric acid; and when the mixture has become clear, saturate the acid with chalk; strain off the liquid, and evaporate it to dryness. A substance will thus be obtained very like gum-arabic; and if this gummy substance be treated again with sulphuric acid, it will be converted into sugar susceptible of granulation. Sugar may be obtained from rags and from starch by the same process; but for economical uses, sawdust is the preferable material.

Would any of our subscribers like to try the above? Sugar from rags! We should like them to be clean ones.

A CURE FOR A SCOLDING WIFE.—Price of the receipt only \$3 for twelve portions, and warranted to cure. At least, we have the word of the editor of the Georgia "Advocate," of the South, for its truth:—

"Its colored fashion plates (the only periodical, by the way, which has them), its embroidery patterns, and the thousand other *et cetera* which please the ladies, combine to make it a work which almost throws them into ecstasies upon its reception; and if any man has a grumbling wife at home, all he has to do is to subscribe for 'Godey,' and it will put her in such a good humor that she will cease to scold."

MRS. HALE is not the Fashion Editor of the "Lady's Book." We may also state that, when an order is received for the fashion department, it is handed to the editor of that department, who does not know, nor do we, whether the sender is a subscriber or not to the "Book;" and, moreover, she will not send an article until she receives the cash. She can't keep books even by single entry. We state this fact, inasmuch as some of our old subscribers have been offended because goods were not sent on credit.

BACK numbers of the "Lady's Book" can be furnished, as the work is stereotyped.

"I NOTICE a complaint made by S. P. B., of Kentucky, of the annoyances his wife is subjected to by borrowers, certain interesting young ladies, who wish to inspect the fashion plates. It is provoking. I have known deeper wrongs. I had just cut the leaves of my last number, and seated myself in my comfortable chair, when I heard a knock at my door. In came a young lady, who professed a particular regard for me, and seeing the 'Lady's Book,' she pounced upon it, exclaiming: 'La, if you haven't got your "Godey!" Please loan it to me an hour or two. I want to draw off some of those lovely embroidery patterns.' In vain I told her I had not read it, and expected to leave the hotel that afternoon, and wished to have my numbers bound; she would take no denial, and I have not seen it since, though I have sent for it repeatedly. C., Ky."

ICE can be produced artificially. Professor Brande says, that a mixture of four ounces of nitrate of ammonia, four ounces of subcarbonate of soda, and four ounces of water, in a tin pail, has been found to produce ten ounces of ice in the space of three hours.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

"Miss J. S. H."—Sent patterns March 17th.

"Miss F. R. G."—Sent hair necklace 17th.

"Mrs. A. S. P."—Sent "Bible Reading-Book" 17th.

"Mrs. S. M. A."—Sent the gift-book by Kinsley's express 17th.

Will the gentleman who sent us a club, and to whom we sent a little work on painting, favor us with his address?

"Miss S. S."—Sent hair pin 17th.

"Miss G. R."—Sent visiting-cards 19th.

"Northfield."—Will our correspondent please write us some explanation about the diagrams and drawings sent? We cannot imagine what they are intended for.

"A. J. A., St. Louis, Mo."—We are always two months in advance of date in our "Book." You requested answer in April number when May number was all printed and in the binder's hands.

"J. D. M."—Sent chenille cord 19th.

"Miss C. M. W."—Sent patterns 19th.

"Miss S. A."—Sent hair ear-rings 20th.

"Miss J. S. B."—Sent patterns 20th.

"Miss M. M. B."—Sent patterns 20th.

"Mrs. E. L. B."—Sent patterns 20th.

"Miss H."—Sent bridal paraphernalia 21st.

"Miss C. S. H."—Basque, sleeves, and surplice, 50 cents a yard.

"Mrs. M. R. T."—Sent music and patterns 22d.

"Mrs. S. O."—Sent "Bible Reading Book" 22d.

"Miss T. A."—Sent hair bracelet 22d.

"Mrs. C. M. R."—Sent patterns and Miss Wilbur's Book 23d.

"M. C. P."—Sent patterns 23d.

"Mrs. S. J. T."—Sent patterns 23d.

"M. V. R."—Sent package by Adams & Co. 23d.

"Mrs. R. L."—Sent set ear-rings and pin 23d.

"Miss O. P."—Sent diamond ring 23d.

"F. O. U."—You are Miss-taken, as you will have seen by this time. Much obliged to you for your information about KEEPING CRANBERRIES, and we give it for the benefit of the subscriber who asked for it. "You ask for information in regard to keeping cranberries from decaying. I have several times placed them in a stone jar filled with water, and kept them in an excellent state of preservation for a year, by placing the jar in a cool place in the cellar. Some of my neighbors use cider instead of water, which will keep them fresh without any appearance of decay. The cider makes excellent vinegar of a beautiful color."

"Mrs. O. V. S."—Sent embroidery pattern for baby's cap 26th.

"M. A. B."—Sent patterns 27th.

"Mrs. F. M. B."—Sent braid 27th.

"J. E. C."—Sent worked pattern 27th.

"Mrs. J. F. K."—Sent books, music, and patterns 27th.

"Mrs. S. F. L."—Sent patterns 27th.

"Mrs. S. A. S."—Sent patterns 28th.

"Mrs. A. O. H."—Sent hair rings and pin 28th.

"Mrs. W. M. N."—Sent hair bracelet 28th.

"R. S."—Sent patterns 28th.

"C. E. S."—Sent crochet-needles 28th.

"Miss E. B. A."—Sent pattern of embroidered night-cap 29th.

"Mrs. G. O. M."—Sent pattern of infant's dress (the price is only 25 cents) 29th.

"B. A. W."—Sent patterns 29th.

"O. V."—Embroidered night-caps, breakfast-caps, fronts of skirts, infants' dresses and caps, collars, &c. are only 25 cents each.

"Ida."—If he is tall enough, he ought to sit; if not, he must stand up. Ladies are allowed to wear gloves at a dinner-party, and do it; but we think it is in very bad taste.

"Mrs. R. A. P."—Sent pattern for embroidered breakfast-cap.

"R. O. S."—You must send postage stamps to pay return postage. All postage must be paid in advance now.

"M. L. A."—Sent box by Kinsley's express 29th.

"L. M. S."—Sent bonnets by Howard & Co.'s express 30th.

"Miss E. R."—Sent patterns 30th.

"Mrs. G. W. J."—Sent patterns 31st.

"Mrs. M. S."—Sent hair bracelet 31st.

"Mrs. O."—Sent "Bible Reading-Book" 31st.

"Mrs. R. R."—Delivered hair pin and ear-rings to Mr. C. April 2d.

"Mrs. J."—Sent stamped embroidery pattern for infant's talma 2d.

"Mrs. C. E. S."—Sent hair-ring 2d.

"Mrs. S. O. A."—Sent worsteds and needles 2d.

"Mrs. F. A. J."—Sent patterns and "Crochet-Book" 3d.

"M. J. V. W."—Sent Rapp's gold pen 3d.

"Mrs. M. L. Y."—Sent patterns 3d.

"Miss J. S. B."—Sent embroidery collar and sleeves 3d.

"Miss F. B."—Sent embroidery patterns for infant's cap 3d.

"Miss M. S. C."—Very much obliged to you for the patterns, but they are too large for the "Book." You draw very prettily.

"L. A. R."—Answered your letter to Newton, Ohio. It is provoking that neither you nor your post-master names what State you reside in.

"Miss M. M. L."—Black tea, we believe, is most used, but we prefer green.

"Mrs. H. B. B."—Sent needles and book 4th.

"Miss E. R. P."—Sent "Nursery Basket" and pattern 6th.

"C. A. C."—Sent gentleman's hair pin 6th.

"Mrs. R. S. C."—Sent embroidered pattern for break-fast-cap 6th.

"Miss M. E. B."—Sent pearl beads 6th.

"Mrs. M. F. B."—Sent mitts 7th.

"Mrs. J. M. B."—Sent patterns 7th.

An old subscriber at Raleigh, N. C., is informed that all the receipts she wishes for have been published several times in the "Lady's Book," and those and thousands of other useful receipts can be found in Mrs. Hale's "Household Book." Price \$1.

"Mrs. B. H."—There is no difficulty. A lady is perfectly safe in travelling alone in a railroad car, at least in this country.

"Miss J. M. A."—Will send our autograph with pleasure, but you must send a stamp to pay return postage.

"Miss A. M. R."—Sent beads and rings 11th.

"Mrs. J. C. C."—Sent patterns 13th.

"Mrs. J. S. T."—Sent hair ring and pin 13th.

"J. M. A."—Sent patterns 13th.

"T. R. S."—Sent patterns 13th.

"Mrs. S. A. C."—Sent hair pin 13th.

Many ladies do skate, but we think that it is rather late in the season for you to commence learning.

"E. A. W."—Sent hair pin 13th.

Centre-Table Gossip.

PIN MONEY.—"HOW MUCH A YEAR?"

WE have frequently urged that all our lady friends, where it is possible, should limit their personal expenses to an allowance. If they commence and keep a quarter's account rigidly, they will be able to make some calculation as to the sum necessary; and fathers, husbands, or guardians can then see for themselves whether the amount asked for is too large for careful management.

"How much ought a lady to spend on her dress for a year?" is a question that has been the subject of vexed discussion the past winter.

We have waited until the different journals have had their say before putting forth our opinions and experience as a "Lady's Book."

A New York belle declares *she* could not get on without \$1000 per annum.

An economical country correspondent, on the contrary, thinks \$100 ought to satisfy any reasonable feminine.

If by lady is meant a well-educated, neat, and tasteful woman, we have known such an one—the wife of a village pastor—who never has been able to afford more than \$30 a year out of her husband's small stipend of \$300 for her own dress, yet always looked sufficiently well for her station. This is an extreme case, however; we never knew but one, though we presume others have accomplished it by extreme care and industry.

It is useless to lay down a general rule. Every woman should be guided by the place of her residence, her position in society, and her husband's or father's income. In city life, even a moderate position demands greater expenditure than "the lady of the manor" might find necessary in a rural district, where going out and receiving visitors is not the invariable order of the day,

and dress parties are few and far between. The "moderate position"—by which, we mean the good and well-bred medium between vulgarity and the extreme of fashionable life—and a looked-up-to place in country society have been well supported year after year by a sensible woman on our list of acquaintances for \$200 a year, including minor travelling expenses. But we do not, therefore, set it down as an invariable rule.

To keep within any fixed income, care and principle are necessarily exercised. It is the best economy to regulate small expenses wisely—to "take care of the pennies," and remember that equally trite and useful proverb, "a stitch in time"—if we expect the dollars to take care of us as well as themselves; to purchase really good articles and materials when needed, but to deny one's self a neck-ribbon, a yard of lace here and there, a collar or pair of gloves not exactly needed, but thought pretty or cheap at the moment.

Pen-and-ink records of shopping are straightforward accusers to the careless or wastefully extravagant, and we would recommend to any of our lady readers anxious to solve the feminine problem of "how much a year?" to try the experiment for themselves, and work out their own conclusion.

COUNTRY LIFE.

THE charming picture of country life drawn by Whittier in his sweet ballad, "Maude Muller," reminds us of a long ago clipping from a no less distinguished author than Horace (Epode 2d), which is in itself a poem that we recall with a slumberous sense of delight in this leafy, rose-scented month of June. In the ballad—

"He spoke of grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds and humming bees,
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather."

* * * * *

"And low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

The elder poet wrote in his far away times:—

"Happy the man who, remote from business, after the manner of the ancient race of mortals, cultivates his paternal lands with his own oxen, free from all usury. He is neither alarmed, as the soldier, by the horrible trumpet, nor does he dread the angry sea; he shuns both the forum and the proud portals of citizens in power. Wherefore, he either weds the lofty poplars to the mature branches of the vine, and, lopping off useless boughs with his knife, he engrafts more fruitful ones, or he views the herds of lowing cattle wandering in the long-withdrawn valley; or he stores his honey, pressed from the combs, in clean jars; or he shears his tender sheep. Or, when autumn has lifted up in the fields his head adorned with mellow fruits, how does he rejoice while he gathers the grafted pears, and the grape that vies with the purple, with which he may recompense thee, O Priapus, and thee, father Sylvanus, guardian of boundaries! Sometimes he delights to lie under an aged holm, sometimes on the matted grass; meanwhile, the waters glide along in their deep channels, the birds warble in the woods, and the fountains murmur with their purling streams, inviting to gentle slumbers. But when the wintry season of tempestuous Jove prepares rains and snows, he either drives the fierce boars, with many a dog, into the intercepting toils, or he spreads his thin nets with his smooth pole, as a snare for the voracious thrushes; or he catches in his gin the timorous hare or the stranger-crane, or a

sant rewards for his labor. Amongst such joys as these, who does not forget those mischievous troubles which belong to love? But if a chaste wife (like the Sabine or the sunburnt spouse of the industrious Apulian), assisting in the management of the house and dear children, shall pile up the sacred hearth with old wood just as her weary husband returns; and, shutting up the cattle in the woven hurdle-pens, shall milk their distended udders; and, drawing this year's wine out of a well-seasoned cask, shall prepare the unbought meal; then, not the Lucrine oysters could delight me more; nor the turbot, nor the char, should a tempest, thundering over the eastern waves, drive any of them into this sea; not the guinea-fowl nor the Ionian heathcock would go down my throat sweeter than the olive gathered from the richest branches of the trees, or the meadow-loving sorrel, or mallows, wholesome for the sickly body, or a lamb killed at the feast of Terminus, or a kid rescued from the wolf."

CHAMBER FURNISHING.

For bedroom, oak, mahogany, maple, black walnut, or painted cottage sets are the best and prettiest; there are also very serviceable, well-polished stained wood imitations of all these three; and there are, too, very common and trumpy imitations, which turn shabby in a few months, and are generally badly put together, and do no service; two good chairs are worth a dozen of such rubbish as these latter.

As a general rule, we should advise avoidance of all cheap, showy furnishing establishments; likewise, unless you are wealthy, of all fashionable upholsterers; but patronize good, old-established houses of business, and do not spare trouble in shopping.

Never buy second-hand bedsteads, bedding, or hangings unless you are well convinced that no more than you bargain for is included in the purchase.

Iron and brass bedsteads, which can now be had of every size, form, and price, are far preferable, both as regards health, cleanliness, and lightness, to any others.

Chintz or dimity are better for bed-furniture, and chamber-curtains than damask, moreen, or any fabric containing wool; they harbor less dust, and are more readily cleansed. Nice dimity "spreads" or counterpanes may be used in place of Marseilles counterpanes by those who prefer to have their bed-covers white. They cost \$1 25 cents, and are no more trouble to the laundress than a sheet.

Ingrain carpets are best adapted for bedrooms. Let the carpet be made in about three pieces, in order that it may be frequently taken up and beaten or shaken, and the floor scrubbed clean.

Those who value health will not have a feather-bed in their house. Good mattresses of hair, and wool, and horsehair, iron bedsteads, and as little bed-furniture, curtains, &c. as may be, with a light quilt, are the best preventives against rising languid, inert, and unfit in the morning for the duties of the day.

Never crowd a bedroom with furniture; have that which is really useful and requisite, and no more; and in fitting it up, always remember that illness often comes when we least expect it, and take care that your room shall possess such articles as will then be needful for comfort and ease.

The old-fashioned cot-bedstead, so long used in case of illness, and celebrated for harboring vermin, are now replaced by folding iron bedsteads. They are really

lighter and take less space, besides being decidedly ornamental.

A suit of chamber-furniture is generally considered to be dressing-table or bureau (which includes the mirror), chairs, small round or square table, bedstead and washstand, toilet set of china or stone ware, the last including slop jar and foot-bath.

All utensils for the conveyance of water about a house should be of metal, as water-cans of different sizes, hot water-jugs with covers, shaving mugs, &c., as thereby much breakage will be saved; and these, if bought good at first, will, with ordinary care, last a very long time. The same remark applies to foot-baths. Very pretty toilet sets for the wash-stand are also now made in zinc, and beautifully painted or japanned.

Our thanks are due to the kind correspondent who has furnished the following plain directions for an

HOURLY GLASS TABLE.

A most convenient Article for a Chamber or Sitting-room.

THE frame is made of pine-wood; two circles half a yard in diameter, one and a half yards in circumference. A rod three-quarters of a yard in height placed in the centre of these two circles. It is well to place pieces of wood from the circle to the rod, as a kind of support-frame.

Materials.—Two yards and a half of Turkey red figured is prettier for a chamber; one and a half yard of fringe; one and a half yard of gimp; wadding for the top, and cambric covering for the bottom; cord and tassels to tie the centre.

Directions.—First lay a thin layer of wadding over the top of one of the circles; cover with Turkey red; nail neatly about the edges; then take two breadths of Turkey red a little more than three-quarters of a yard long, just long enough to reach from top to bottom, and tie in the middle; gather the top and bottom, and nail them to the two circles. The bottom should first be neatly covered with dark cambric; then put the fringe about the upper circle. Gimp tacks should be used. Put the gimp about the bottom circle, and tie in the centre of the rod the cord and tassel. Care should be taken in tying the cord that the fulness is equally distributed, and that the table should not look *top heavy*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AN ECONOMIST" writes us that it would not be amiss to suggest to mothers that *barège de laine, mouselines*, and in fact almost any woollen, woollen and silk, or woollen and cotton material, provided it is not too gauzy, may be washed the same as chintzes. A fine day should be chosen, that they may be dried out of doors *in the shade*, and ironed rapidly on the wrong side while still damp. In making over dresses of grown people for children, they will look almost as well as new, if ripped, washed, and retrimmed with some bright ribbon or galloon.

"MISS N."—Accept the offer by all means, and learn to care well. It is by no means an unladylike accomplishment, and saves many embarrassments to a hostess. In the time of Lady Mary Montague, it was indispensable, a guest considering himself slighted if not helped by the lady of the mansion. *Dexterity* is needed rather than *strength*, and this can come only by practice.

"MARIE."—*Bretelles* may be made of figured ribbon; but a plain, distinct shade, as blue or pink, is preferable for a white dress.

"ALINE," of S. C.—We cannot recommend *any* cosmetic in the way of rouge or powder not injurious in the end. Surely, at sixteen our frank and merry correspondent can afford to "let well enough alone."

"MRS. AUSTIN," S. C.—Tamboured curtains look much better, when done up, than those of floss embroidery; they are, therefore, more suitable for chambers. Dimity curtain stuffs, in broad figured stripes of white, with buff, or pink, or blue, are now much used for chambers. *Marseilles* counterpanes are tinted to match. The cost is fifty cents or eighty (according to the width, double or single) per yard.

"A NOVICE."—The best rule for business letters is to make them as *brief, condensed, and clear* as possible, particularly in writing to gentlemen, who usually have neither time nor patience for unnecessary particulars. In writing on your own business affairs, always inclose a stamp if an answer is requested.

"OLIVE."—We know of no magazine which pays poetical contributors. Verses are a drug in the market at present.

"THE ALLIED ARMY QUADRILLES" are by Jullien. Hall will furnish them.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, Rapp's gold pens, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Evans & Co.; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—Walking-dress of fawn-colored silk, skirt in four deep flounces, trimmed with a double row of satin quilling slightly waded. Jacket-corsage; the basque very deep, high in the throat, and fastened by knots of satin ribbon. Sleeves in three full puffs, terminated by a deep flounce to correspond with skirt. Collar and undersleeves of Maltese lace. Dress-bonnet of black guipure, mixed with pale straw and crape.

Fig. 2d.—Dinner or walking-dress of blue organdie. Skirt in robe pattern. Small scarf mantelet of embroidered lace or muslin, with dressings and knots of blue ribbon. Bonnet of fancy straw, full trimming of blonde, and fine crape flowers inside the brim.

JUVENILE FIGURES.

(See Cuts in Front.)

Fig. 1st.—Walking-dress for a little girl of six or eight years old. The dress itself of dark plaid corsage. The surcoat of white *Marseilles*, lightly embroidered with a fanciful pattern in white linen braid. Drawn hat of blue silk, with a border of blonde around the face.

Fig. 2d.—Young lady of twelve or fourteen. Half nursing-dress of black glacé silk. The basque trimmed with two rows of black *moire*. Bows of the same, fasten it across the chemisette, which, as well as the full sleeves, is of plain cambric. Drawn bonnet of lavender silk, with black *moire* bands.

Fig. 3d.—Dress of broad bands; English embroidery, on white cambric. Suitable for a dinner or party-dress without the long sleeves, which are only secured by an elastic string below the cap of embroidery. Broad blue sashbow, with flowing ends. Chip hat trimmed with white satin ribbon, and a light plume on the right side.

MOURNING.

MOURNING ATTIRE FOR A MOTHER-IN-LAW.—Black robe dress; white crape collar and cuffs; white tulle cap, with black or white crape ribbon.

WALKING-DRESS.—Black silk dress trimmed with *moire antique* ribbon. Handsome silk mantle trimmed with the ribbon and fringe; silk and lace bonnet with blonde trimming inside; black kid gloves.

ATTIRE FOR A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.—Morning-dress of Henrietta cloth trimmed with crape; linen collar and sleeves.

WALKING-DRESS.—Black *barège* robe dress; Berlin silk mantle, with rich fringe; black lace bonnet with fall; black kid gloves.

NEW STYLE FOR SLIPPERS.

WE here introduce a very pretty design for a new style of slippers.



CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

To go on with the subject of children's dress introduced by the graceful designs of the month:—

The materials most used for girls, either of nursery or school-room age, are the chintzes, jaconets, lawns, and brilliants already described; light summer silks of checked or quadrilled patterns, blue, violet, pink, or brown, pale green, and white, batiste, barège or tissue, and the smaller prints of foulard.

The skirt alone is made of one of these fabrics, in many cases, and a waist or spencer of white muslin cambric, or batiste, worn with it. They are made high, with open sleeves; the throat and sleeves edged with lace, or an edge of the same trimming over like a frill at the neck. The full infant waist, quite short, and confined by a band of insertion across the line of the chest, is a favorite style. Sashes are much in favor, and are most frequently disposed like the bretelles given in our present number; except that the point is in front, and the bow and flowing ends at the back of the waist.

The skirts, if of silk, have often narrow frills, bound or pinked; if of the other materials mentioned, three tucks edged with lace, or headed by narrow braid, ribbon, or insertion; if of white, jaconet or muslin. Some pretty white dresses for May parties, examinations, dancing lessons, etc., have been made in this way with blue or pink ribbon passed under the insertion, as in the belts of infants' robes. The sash or bretelles should match in color, of course.

Out of doors, silk mantelets, black or colored, with narrow pinked frills, white muslin with a simple edging, are most suitable for the summer months. Bonnets of fancy straw, drawn silk or lawn, or mingled silk and straw braid, are principally worn, though many mothers select gypsy hats, as in *fig. 3*, of Leghorn, chip, or split straw, usually trimmed with white satin or mantua ribbon. A blome or sacque, with trowsers reaching a little below the knee, is principally worn by boys. The material—plain mousseline, Cashmere, *Cashmere de bège*, mohair, linen, Nankeen, or Marseilles, as suits the fancy; the trowsers of the same, or white, or checked linen jean. Flat caps of straw or linen have come up again, and broad straw or light felt hats are always worn. We are glad to see a tendency to give up *over dressing* little people; the fault of the last four years, especially.

A correspondent writing from the west desires some directions with regard to a watering-place wardrobe. We have in the past two seasons been so explicit on this point, that she has only to turn for her bound volumes for a general catalogue of needful properties. Pretty morning-dresses, such as were mentioned in our last chat, are of quite as much, or more, importance than dinner or evening-dresses. For dinner, handsomely made barèges and tissues, organdies, etc., are more suitable as a general thing than heavy silks. The American fashion of appearing at a *table d'hôte* in full dress—that a low short sleeved corsage—has always been the subject of ridicule and remark from foreign travellers; there is no excuse for it the present season, when there is such a large variety of lace capes, canecons, and jackets to choose from. We have now in the hands of the engraver several exquisite designs of the most recent of these novelties. Two or three different styles would be of far more service than the lace mantle mentioned in our correspondent's letter, and are made very effective by

the ribbon bows worn with them. "Dressing" is the common phrase, and though an inelegant, it is still an expressive term. One of the prettiest of these jackets (as *basques* are now most usually called) consists of rows of needle-work and lace insertion, arranged alternately, and slanting from the shoulder to the waist. On the *basque* proper, the rows run straight, and form a rounded point. The sleeves are finished by a deep fall of lace, caught up by bows of satin ribbon with long flowing ends. The same style of jacket has been made in rows of black lace, and velvet, and others entirely of black Chantilly lace, have been imported. The more elegant styles of lace *canecons* are especially suited to watering-places; evening-dress to be worn with light tissues, and organdies, the skirts of which are handsomely trimmed and flounced. The sleeves now adopted for evening-dresses, tarleton, crape, or Swiss muslin, are often only puffings of tulle confined by bands of white or colored satin ribbon, finished in the centre by bows and flowing ends. A fall of blonde or Honiton may be worn over this, if the dress is of *moiré*, or any elegant material.

Some beautiful new designs for lace have just been introduced. One of these patterns has found great favor in Paris, and as a natural consequence, is now making its way in London. It consists of large palm-leaves, each formed of a multitude of small flowers tastefully intertwined together, and producing an effect at once rich and light. This design is admirably well adapted for deep lace flounces, which will be very fashionable this season. Some flounces which have just made their appearance are nearly three-quarters of a yard in depth, and they are accompanied by *berthes* and *pagodas* corresponding in design. Lace of narrow width is also made of this palm-leaf pattern, and is intended for trimming the *basques* of dresses having high corsages.

It is not improbable that the fashion once so prevalent of wearing scarfs in evening costume may be again revived. Scarfs of guipure, and worked muslin, and of other light fabrics, embroidered with gold and colored silk, have recently been worn. These scarfs have no trimming, and resemble those which, at various epochs, have formed part of our fashionable costumes.

Many of the new collars intended to be worn with high dresses (now occasionally adopted in evening costume) are of large size, almost resembling small or *demi-pelerines*. The two ends in front are sometimes prolonged so as to form two narrow *barbes*, which are fastened in the centre by a brooch of pearls or precious stones.

Capellines or cape bonnets of batiste will be much worn, especially by young ladies, instead of white lawn hoods and *rigolettes*. They are usually drawn, and some are made of alternate rows of straw and drawn ribbon. We have also a design of this new cape-bonnet in preparation.

One point very apt to be forgotten by inexperienced sea-side visitors, is the provision of short walking-shoes and wraps. No lady should ever undertake a journey without a soft light Highland shawl, for the emergencies of night trains or steamboats, and stormy days. Much exposure of life and health may be avoided by such trifling forethought. A dress-bonnet of any description is out of place on the actual journey, but comes in use in the pauses of travel, at hotels, etc., in almost every case. Straw, or drawn bonnets of lawn, linen, etc., are provided for actual service.

FASHION.

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Godey's magazine

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